

Partry.

THE GRAVES OF THE EMIGRANTS.

BY MRS. TRAIL.

They sleep not where their fathers sleep, In the village churchyard's bound; They rest not 'neath the ivied wall, That shades that holy ground.

Nor where the solemn organ's peal, And spring-flowers blossom fair, Upon the graves of the ancient men, Whose children sleep not there.

Where do they rest, those hardy men, Who left their native shore? To earn their bread in distant lands, Beyond the Atlantic's roar?

They sleep on many a lonely spot, Where the mighty forest grew, Where the giant pine, and stately oak, A darkling shadow threw.

The wild bird pours her early song, Above their grassy graves; And far away through the stilly night, Is heard the voice of waves.

And the breeze is softly sighing, The forest boughs among, With mournful cadence dying, Like harps by angels strung.

And lilies nursed by weeping dew, Shed here their blossoms pale; And spotless snow-flowers lightly bend, Low to the passing gale.

The fire-fly lights her sparkling lamp, In that deep forest gloom; Like Hope's blest light that breaks the night, And darkness of the tomb.

The mossy stone or simple cross, Its silent record keeps, Where mouldering in the forest-shade, The lonely exile sleeps.

Select Tale.

THE DESERTER'S MOTHER.

BY H. J. VERNON.

In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasbourg. He was a native of that half-civilized, half-savage part of Burgundy known by the name of Morvan; and his comrades ever spoke of him "as a tough customer." Always the first and last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder, and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one day our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman, and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The colonel's reply to Pierre's application was "That as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained."

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; and then a second letter was received by the colonel in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying that "he could not state his reasons for this request—it was a family secret—but earnestly imploring the colonel not to deny him this favour."

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said, "Pierre, the colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your poor old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as the regiment leaves Strasbourg to-morrow."

"And the regiment leaves Strasbourg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pierre. "For Austria," replied his officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois; we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow."

Pierre Pitois made no reply, he seemed lost in deep thought. The captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily, said—

"Why do you not speak, man? are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that in less than a week you are to have the pleasure of a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news; nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, captain, I have heard every word, and

I thank you, with all my heart, for your news, which I consider very good."

"I thought you would," said the captain. "But, captain, is there no chance of obtaining the leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?" was the reply. "Leave of absence the very day before taking the field!"

"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are then on the point of taking the field, and at such a time, I suppose, leave is not given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right—it is never even asked—it would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get along without it."

"And you will do well," replied the captain.

The next day the twelfth regiment entered Germany, and the next—Pierre Pitois deserted!

Three months after, when the twelfth regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making a triumphal entry into Strasbourg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of gens d'armes. A court-martial was immediately called. Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted at that very moment when his regiment was to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singular spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried—

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest men in the army; you, on whose breast the star of honor glitters; you, who never incurred either punishment or even censure from your officers; you could not have quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you! This motive the court demands of you, for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you, which it ought not, perhaps, either to do or desire—at least to recommend you to the emperor's mercy."

On the other side stood the accused, who answered,

"I have deserted without any reason, without any motive; I do not repent. If it were to do again—I would do it again. I deserve death—pass sentence."

Pierre Pitois heard the sentence read with the most unflinching gaze. He was warmly urged to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed.

He was carried back to the military prison, and it was announced to him that, as a mark of special favour, he had three days given him to plead for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

In the middle of that night on which was to dawn the day fixed for the execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the camp-bed in which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping, and after gazing on him some time in silence, awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about him, said,

"The hour, then, is at last come?"

"No, Pierre," replied the officer, "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come."

"And what dost thou want of me until then?"

"Dost thou not know me, Pierre? No matter, I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz—and bravely didst thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had a regard for thee no less warm than sincere. Yesterday, on my arrival at Strasbourg, I learned thy crime and condemnation. I have prevailed on the jailor, who is a relation of mine, to allow me to see thee. And now, that I have come, I would say to thee, Pierre, it is often a sad thought for a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and intrust with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I will be to thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre.

"Why, hast thou nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What!—not one word of adieu to thy sweet-heart—to thy sister?"

"A sweet-heart! a sister! I never had either."

"To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in my arms."

"Thy mother, then?"

"My mother! and Pierre, whose voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated "my mother! comrade, do not utter that name; for I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart—without feeling melted like a child; and even now, methinks if I were to speak of her—"

"What then?"

"The tears would come—and tears do not become a man. Tears!" continued he—"tears when

I have but a few hours to live! Ah! there would not be much courage in that!"

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people; and yet I would not be ashamed of weeping, were I to speak of my mother."

"Ate you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. "You, a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?"

"When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me so much, and I too, love her dearly."

"She loves you, and you love her? Oh! then I may indeed tell you all. My heart is full—it must have vent; and however strange my feelings may appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen, then, for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die, to have a heart into which he can pour out his own. Will you listen to me and not laugh at me?"

"Surely I will listen, Pierre. A dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."

"You must know that since I came into the world I never loved but one being—that being was my mother. But her I love as none love—with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe I used to read her eyes, as she read mine; I guessed her thoughts and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweetheart or wife; I never had a friend; my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take up arms; and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of despair I declared that they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose."

"Pierre," said she, 'you must go—it is my wish.'

"I knelt before her, and I said 'I will go, mother.'

"Pierre," she added, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son we not the only ones a man has to fulfil.—Every citizen owes! Thou art going to be a soldier. From this moment thy life is no longer thine own; it is thy country's. If its interest demands it, lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of heaven that thou shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears; but I would say, 'He gave and he has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!' Go, now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' Oh! how precious those holy words; I have never forgotten them. 'Do thy duty,' she said. Now the duty of a soldier was always, and in all things to obey; and in all things and always I obeyed. It was to go straight forward—to face danger without hesitation, without second thought; and I went straight forward—faced danger without hesitation—without second thought. Those who saw me thus seek, as it were, to meet the bullets; said, 'there's a brave fellow!' They might have better said, 'there is a man who loves his mother!'

"One day a letter brought me the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother! I longed to go to her. I asked for leave of absence; it was not granted. I remembered her last words—'If thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' I submitted. A little after I heard that she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me; at any risk I determined to travel to the country. Whence proceeded so ardent, so impetuous a desire to see once more a place where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother, and she loves you, and as you love her, you will understand me."

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race. We have not received that instruction, nor attained the knowledge that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the town folks call superstitions. What matters the name? Be they superstitions or beliefs, one to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave mould, such a virtue that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear, how sweet! With it death has no terrors—for death, without forgetting or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep and calm repose after a long toil. That flower—I panted to see it bud—I panted to gather it! I abandoned my post and went on my way. After ten days of long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh—no flower appeared. I waited. Six weeks elapsed, and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower—'Forget-me-not.' As I plucked it, I shed great tears, for methought that little flower was my mother's soul; that she had felt that I was near; and under the form of that flower, had given herself to my heart once more."

"There was nothing new to detain me in the

country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower; what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—do thy duty! I sought the gens d'armes, and I said, I am a deserter, arrest me."

"And now I am to die; and if, as you assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do for me the only service I require. The flower, which, at the risk of my life I plucked from the grave, is here, in a little case, next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother; and if I thought it would be broken—oh! I should not have the courage to die. Say do you promise to do what I ask of you?"

"I promise!" said the officer.

"Your hand that I may press it to my heart. You are very kind to me; and if the Almighty God were in his Omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted.

The next day had dawned. They arrived at the place of execution, and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmur that ran through the ranks changed into almost deafening shouts.

"The Emperor! the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; and then with his short quick step, he walked up to the condemned.

"Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. "Pierre," continued the Emperor, "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devote it not to me, but to France! She, too, is a kind mother! Love her as thou didst thy first—thine own." He then turned to depart, and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him till he was out of sight.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guard fell mortally wounded on the field of Waterloo. Amid the din of battle, he was heard to shout in his death pangs,

"Long live the Emperor! France forever! My mother! my mother!"

It was Pierre Pitois!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—Cook had not then navigated the South Seas; Polynesia and Australia was unknown in Geography; no Humboldt had climbed the Andes; the valley of the Mississippi had not been explored; no European traveller had ascended the Nile beyond the first cataract; the Niger was wholly veiled in mystery; and the Bramapootra was unknown even by name, among the rivers of India.

The language and dialect of the Eastern world were as little known as the phenomena of the country. No Sir William Jones had risen to set the example of the Oriental scholarship as a polite accomplishment; the Sanscrit had as yet attracted no attention from Western philologists; the Holy Scriptures had been translated into few vernacular dialects, except those of Western Europe; no Carey or Morrison, no Martyn or Judson, had girded themselves to the task of mastering those languages which had hitherto defied, like an impenetrable rampart, all attempts to gain access to mind of India and China. A hundred years ago there was neither Protestant Missionary Societies or Protestant Missions, save only those which had been formed for the propagation of the Gospel in the American Colonies, the Danish Missions in South India, and the Moravian Missions in Greenland and South Africa. In fact the obstacle to success, in almost all parts of the world, arising from the ascendancy and intolerance of Papal, and Mahomedan powers, and the poverty of our resources, would have proved little short of insurmountable.—*Prov. Wesleyan.*

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY TO PRINTERS.

Not long since a promising citizen on familiar terms with a printer, on opening his morning paper read, to his astonishment, his own name, in the following connection:—

"Died, at his residence in this town, yesterday, Mr. —, aged —, a promising citizen, and much lamented."

Not being convinced of the truth of the statement, with all speed he repaired to the office, to ascertain the author of the deadly libel. "What?" you here? said the printer; did you not say that if you lived you would fulfil your promise last night?"

You must be in error, Sir—if you are a man of your word, you must have died; go home and be buried."

The man thus reminded of his remissness has never since forgotten his promise to the printer. He was better pleased with the joke when he learned that his death was only inserted in the copy which was sent to him.