

is the greatest shame they hadn't a bull-bait to make him tender. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's bull you got them? They'd do for wadding they're so tough.

I'll tell you, Tim, where I got them—'twas out of Lord Shandon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—Asda churpnaur hagushek.

Amen, I pray, Paddy. Out of Lord Shandon's cow? near the steeple, I suppose; the great cow that couldn't walk with tallow. By J—, these are fine tripes. They'll make a man very strong. Andy, give two or three LIBBERS more of 'em.

Well, see that! out of Lord Shandon's cow; I wonder what they gave her, Paddy. That I might—but these would eat a bit of potatoes. And how, they're good for the teeth. Paddy, what's the reason they send all the good mate from Cork to the Blacks?

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavouring to help Tim, uttered a loud 'Thonom au diaoul! what's this? Isn't this flannel? The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy, in his hurry, had not removed, and all was confusion. Every eye was turned to Paddy; but with wonderful quickness he said, 'tis the book tripe, agragal, don't you see!—and actually persuaded them to it.

Well, any how, says Tim, it had the taste of wool.

May th's choke me, says Jack Shev, if I did'n't think that 'twas a piece of a leather breeches when I saw Andy chewing it.

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self-possession was nearly altogether lost, and he could no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. After looking at Paddy for some time with a very ominous look, he said, Yorroo Paudhrig of the tricks, if I thought you were going on with any work here, my soul and my belly to the devil if I would not put you into garters. By the vestment I'd make a furhumeen of you.

Is it I, Andy? That the hands may fall off me!

But Tim Cobill made a most reasonable diversion. Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool, any how. What do you know, that wasn't ever in Cork itself, about tripes. I never ate such mate in my life; and 'twould be good for every poor man in the County of Kerry if he had a rub of it.

Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had got for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid siege to the tripe again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him. His eyes were rivetted on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, Kirhappa, dar dhia!—[A button by—]

What's that you say? burst from all! and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

Oh, 'he villain of the world! roared Andy, I'm poisoned! Where's the pike? Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he?—yeer bloods, won't ye catch him, and I poisoned?

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee-buttons sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however, was not confined to Andy.

As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was a universal rush for Paddy and Jillen, but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters, to vent their rage, but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after.

#### FROM THE GLASGOW CHRONICLE.

##### Mr. Harris' Thanksgiving Sermon on the passing of the Reform Bills.

Whilst the recent triumph of the Reform cause has diffused a spirit of rejoicing throughout the land; and while free scope is given to the manifestation of that spirit in processions and public entertainments, we do not see but it is also a legitimate subject for religious application, and for religious thanksgiving, although this is the only sermon that we have yet heard of, either preached or published on the important occasion. We commend the author for his design; and we commend him for the manner in which he has executed his design. The sermon contains an able vindication of the rights of man, to emancipation from every species of political and religious despotism—and to the unrestrained enjoyment of these important blessings which their benevolent creator has prepared for them, and which he will not always suffer to be intercepted by the selfish appropriation of any one class. We will not attempt to test the structure of the sermon by the standard of Claude, nor its orthodoxy by the institutes of Calvin; but without approving, or without interfering with the author's particular creed, we recommend his discourse as an able pleading in the great cause of freedom, and as an able exposure of some of the pernicious consequences of corrupt principle, and of mal-administration either in church or state; and especially of that spirit, which, under the guise of religion, has perverted the best of institutions into the worst of purposes. We give the following extracts as specimens of the author's principles and style:—

The sound of liberty, with which the interests of humanity are indissolubly blended, has ever been to me sacred and holy. From revered parental lips the love of freedom was instilled into my youthful mind; it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; it has become interwoven with my whole mental and moral constitution, it has been sanctified as a life-giving principle, by the teachings of Jesus Christ. Yes, where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty—and a liberty too, which is alone worthy of the sacred name—the liberty which knows no distinction of ranks, which has no privileged orders, but which bestows its blessed and benignant influences on man as man, regardless of his station, his country, his colour, or his creed. Christianity has called its disciples to liberty; those whom the Son of God has made free, are free indeed. They suffer no human power to pollute the hallowed chamber of the conscience; the sanctuary of the human mind is too holy for earth's intrusion; the spirit of humanity too ethereal for man's coercion, to attempt to limit its exercise were as vain as to imprison the waters of the ocean.

There has also been (says he) a superabundance of political Christianity—a motley mixture of statecraft and priestcraft, in which misnamed religion has been made the pander to political corruption, and by which the wheels of antichristian hierarchies have been made to crush alike the intellect and the hopes of man.

It is one of the strange anomalies of that constitution, which has been more boasted of, I fear, than enjoyed by the people, that whilst no man in 'holy orders,' as it is called, can sit in the Commons' House of Parliament, yet, that Spiritual Lords—lords over God's heritage—lords of a religion which has only one Master, even Christ—lords of a religion whose spirit is that of equality, far all are brethren; yet that these Spiritual Lords should still erect their mitred fronts in the House of Peers! And whilst they are stationed there to guard the paradise of corruption from the entrance of the profane vulgar, and to manifest to the world the necessity of uniting Church and State, and by their dues and tithes and taxes, making the people feel, that the dove bites like the serpent, and converting the lamb into the lion, but all for the good of their countrymen, and the happiness and salvation of their souls! whilst they are there to defeat among Lords, the acts of mercy and liberality passed by the Commons—whilst this monstrous combination of lordly craft and priestly servility is allowed to exist, it is the imperative duty of the religious teacher, who would not have Christ mistaken for Belial, and corruption misplace purity, and despotism usurp universal freedom, and bigotry put down charity, to stand forth, and whilst protesting against the abomination, task himself to the utmost to accelerate the advancement of that knowledge, which will shame to its congenial darkness, such outrages on reason, benevolence, and Christianity. It is only he who practically realises the brotherhood of humanity, and who believes that he and all his brethren are under the guidance of a Father's wisdom, and the recipients of a Father's love; and who holds, that whoever may possess the nominal sovereignty among the nations, the throne of universal empire is really and only filled by the King of Kings and Lord of Lords; that he causes order to spring out of confusion, making the very combination of earth's despots to issue in the demolition of their gore-bearded power, causing spiritual and political wickedness in high places, to crouch before the awakened energies of those they attempted to trample to the dust, and so overruling all events, as to make the bitterest enemies of humanity the instruments of its elevation and its happiness, causing wickedness to lead to virtue, and despotism to freedom, and corrupt institutions to national regeneration, and partial evil to universal good, who can at all times and in all seasons, whether of peril or of peace, be the unflinching advocate of the rights and liberties of the world. The temple of liberty he would rear, has no outer-court worshippers, into its sacred portals all have entrance free, for that temple is truly catholic, the ample earth its area, and the arch of heaven its dome.

#### THE PRINTER'S LOVE.

We love to see the blooming rose  
In all its beauty dress'd,  
We love to hear our friends disclose  
The emotions of the breast.

We love to see a ship arrive,  
Well laden to our shore—  
We love to see our neighbours thrive—  
And love to bless the poor.

We love to see domestic life  
With uninterrupted joys—  
We love to see a youthful wife  
Not pleased with trifling toys.

We love all these—yet far above  
All that we ever said,  
We love—what every PRINTER loves,  
To have SUBSCRIPTIONS paid.

#### THE SABBATH.

In an article under the head of 'the days of the week,' descriptive of the feelings and habits which occupy the busy part of mankind on each day, a writer in *Tait's Magazine* thus concludes:—

'Sunday rises amidst the universal hymn of Nature to Nature's God. Aurora on that morning seems, as if she had borrowed the glorious robes of Religion to deck her more lustreously forth. She walks up the east with a statelier step, and pours down upon our heads a more perfect effulgence. There is not a work-day movement, or a work-day sound to mar the general solemnity. But nature's own sounds—the whistling of the birds, the hum of the bee—or, what is not less beautiful, the far tinkling parish bell, warning of the approaching hour of prayer—these all come with a greater force upon the ear. The time of worship arrives, and the humble denizens of this world enter the temples of their Creator, to consecrate their affections to him, and soothe every rough feeling, under the blessed influence of devotion. Where there nothing but old habit in this practice, it would still be delightful and meritorious. To think that the prayers that are read were composed by the Fathers of the Church, some of whom perished for their faith at the stake, and have, ever since, been used by a large class of individuals endeared by country or by relationship; or to reflect, that the psalms which we sing, (supposing a presbyterian place of worship,) are still the same which were sung by the ardent and steadfast Covenanters, amidst the wilderness to which they were driven, to think that the Great Book itself contains the communications which God, in long past ages, condescended to make for the benefit of his fallen creatures, together with the glad words which he afterwards vouchsafed for their redemption;—these are ideas which come over the mind on this occasion, to elevate and purify it above its ordinary state. In the evening, the same repose reigns unbroken, and men at last fall asleep in the hush of nature, as if they were never again to rise.'

FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE MONTREAL COURANT.

#### GASPE AND NEW-BRUNSWICK.

It has been announced by the newspapers some time since, that the inhabitants of Gaspé had petitioned to be annexed to the Province of New-Brunswick. The district of Gaspé, however incongruously, has heretofore formed a part of Lower Canada; and the petitioners are understood to have grounded their desire of having that territory annexed to New-Brunswick, upon the injustice with which they have been

treated by the Provincial Assembly of Lower Canada. That Provincial Assembly has illegally excluded from his seat, during a series of years and in various Parliaments, Mr Christie, member for Gaspé, legally eligible and duly elected, and thereby has virtually, by its sole vote, election after election, and parliament after parliament, disfranchised the electors. The members of the Assembly, forgetful, that they are, or ought to be, the servants of the people, and that it is their first and chief duty, to preserve the rights of the people, their masters and electors; have thought fit to violate those rights which they were appointed to maintain, and the maintenance of which is the sole object of their election, for as to the members themselves, considered exclusively, and apart from those whom they represent, they form too small a fraction to merit consideration. It is but as the representatives of their legitimate masters, the people, that they are entitled to weight, and their duty to their masters requires that their legal rights of the latter should not be set aside to gratify the caprice, the spleen, or the resentment of the representatives. It is certainly not unnatural, that after a repetition of injustice and injuries like those which have been committed against them by the Assembly of this Province, the inhabitants of Gaspé should have become desirous of being annexed to another Colony, rather than of continuing subject to the domination of Lower Canada, whose representatives, in the gratification of their own animosities, are so regardless of what is due to the sacred rights of constituents. But let us see whether, although the inhabitants of Gaspé have been driven by wrongs to petition that they may be permitted to take refuge under the Legislature of another Colony—there may not besides be powerful and decisive motives, (independent of any wrongs the inhabitants may have suffered) not only to justify, but to require that the district of Gaspé should be annexed to the Province of New Brunswick.

First, whoever glances at the map of North America, will see from the position of Gaspé, that it is the natural and indispensable prolongation of New Brunswick, of which, on account of geographical situation and natural boundaries, it ought always to form an integral part.

Second, whoever considers the common interest and objects of both, will perceive that Gaspé ought to be included within the limits of New Brunswick. Commerce and maritime occupations must form the most constant, important, and lucrative pursuit of both; one of the finest sea ports in the world (that of St. John) open at all seasons of the year, is situated in New Brunswick, and with this, the improvements of internal intercourse to be speedily expected, would enable Gaspé at all times ready to communicate. The far greater part of the population of Gaspé is from the British Isles, and the population of New Brunswick is almost, if not wholly, of British origin and descent, and therefore both must probably be desirous to increase their connexion, intercourse and commercial relations with Britain, their parent country, the greatest commercial nation on earth, and whose shipping can have access to New Brunswick at all seasons.

Third, The parent country has also an important interest in enlarging the limits of those sea-board Colonies, over which her influence is likely to be most lasting and powerful from interest and affection, and to which she can at all times of the year convey the benefits of her commerce and assistance.

Fourth, The maritime pursuits of New Brunswick, as well as the sympathy arising from other causes, must qualify and dispose her to appreciate the wants of Gaspé, and to devise the measures necessary for the advancement of her fisheries and other interests, with more feeling, favor, and judgment, than could be expected from the Legislature of Lower Canada, an inland country, whose chief pursuits and objects are of a different nature, which is shut out from intercourse with England during a winter of nearly six months, and which has never shown, nor can be expected to show, any other than a very secondary and minor interest in those views and pursuits, which must always exert the highest influence over, and require the utmost energies of Gaspé and New Brunswick, and upon which their future well-being and prosperity mainly depend.

Fifth, The same cause which shuts out Lower Canada from access to English shipping during nearly six months out of twelve, namely, the long winter, closes also the intercourse between Gaspé and Lower Canada, and its capital Quebec, for all the beneficial purposes of commerce and business. However, Quebec, being also shut up during that period, and being at a very great distance from Gaspé, the want of communications by land are of comparatively little moment. But communications from Gaspé to the sea-board of New Brunswick, besides being far more easy of establishment, and far shorter in length, would afford Gaspé every advantage she could desire, by conveying her merchants at once to a sea port always open.