

for the borough, our friend T. of the Grange, with others, waited upon Peter Pure, and Peter, with large professions of gratitude—as how could he do less for so kind a benefactor?—unhesitatingly promised his vote. At this time, he observed, there was not the slightest appearance of the contest which afterwards came, and with that storm a pretty good shower of bribery. What quantity of this shower fell to Peter Pure's share, was never discovered; but it is easy to conjecture that so nice, so grateful a conscience was not overcome for nothing. Peter never liked cheap sins. The contest came, the election takes place, and Peter Pure's plumper weighed down the adversary's scale. Soon after this he had the impudence to accost his benefactor thus:—"My dear friend and benefactor, and worthy sir, I wished for this opportunity of explaining to you, with the utmost sincerity and confidence what may have appeared to you like—yes—really like a breaking of my word. It is true I did promise you my vote; but then, you know, voting being a very serious matter, I thought it necessary to read my oath which I should be called upon to take; and I found, my good friend, to my astonishment, that I was bound by it not to vote from "favour and affection." Yes, those are the words. Now, it unfortunately—only unfortunately in this instance, mind me—happens, that there is not a man in the world so much in my affection and my favour as yourself; to vote, therefore, as you had wished me to vote, would, after reading the oath, been downright perjury; for I certainly should have voted, "through favor and affection." That would have been a fearful weight upon my conscience." Here was a pretty scoundrel, Eusebius. I should be sorry to have you encounter him in a crowd, and trust his sides to your elbows, lest you should be taken with one of those sudden fits of juvenility that are not quite in accordance with the sedateness of your years. You will not be inclined to agree with an apologist I met with the other day, who simply said that Satan had thrown the temptation in his way. There is no occasion for such superfluous labor, nor does the arch fiend throw any of his labour away. Your Peter Pure's may be very well left to themselves, and are left to themselves; their own inventions are quite sufficient for all their trading purposes; there is no need to put temptations in their way—they will seek them of themselves.

You will certainly lay me under the censure that Montaigne throws upon Guicciardini. Let me then make amends, and ascribe one action to a generous, a conscientious motive. There cannot be found a better example, than I have met with in reading some memoirs of the great and good Colston, the founder of those excellent charities in London, Bristol, and elsewhere. I find this passage in his life. It happened that one of his most richly laden vessels was so long missing, and the violent storms having given every reason to suppose she had perished, that Colston gave her up for lost. Upon this occasion, it is said, he did not lament his unhappiness, as many are apt to do, and perpetually count up the serious amount of his losses; but with dutiful submission, fell upon his knees, and with thankfulness for what Providence had been pleased to leave him, and with the utmost resignation relinquished even the smallest hope of her recovery. When, therefore, his people came soon afterwards to tell him that his ship had safely come to port, he did not show the signs of self-gratulation which his friends expected to see. He was devoutly thankful for the preservation of the lives of so many seamen; but as for the vessel and her cargo, they were no longer his—he had resigned them—he could not in conscience take them back. He looked upon all as the gift of Providence to the poor; and, as such, he sold the ship and merchandise—and most valuable they were—and praying for a right guidance, distributed the proceeds among the poor. How beautiful is such charity! Here is no false lustre thrown upon the riches and goods of this world, that, reflected, blind the eyes that they see not aright. The conscience of such a man as Colston was an arbiter even against himself, sat within him in judgment to put aside his worldly interest, and make a steady light for itself to see by, where naturally was either a glare or an obscurity, that alike might bewilder less honest vision.

Some such idea is gloriously thus expressed by Sir Thomas Browne in his admirable *Religio Medici*. "Conscience only, that can see without light, sits in the arceps and dark tribunal of our hearts, surveys our thoughts, and condemns our obliquities. Happy is that state of vision that can see without light, though all should look as before the creation, when there was not an eye to see, or light to actuate a vision—wherein, notwithstanding, obscurity is only imaginable respectively unto eyes. For, unto God there was none. Eternal light was for ever—created light was for the creation, not himself; and as he saw before the sun, He may still also see without it." A case of conscience came not long since to be discussed, in which I took a part. We had been speaking of the beauty of truth, and that nothing could justify the slightest deviation from the plain letter of it. This was doubted; and the case supposed was, that of a ruffian or a madman pursuing an innocent person with intent to murder. You see the flight and pursuit; the pursuer is at fault, and questions you as to the way taken by the fugitive. Are you justified in deceiving the pursuer by a false direction of the way his intended victim had taken? Are you to say the person went to the right, when the way taken was the left? The advocate for the downright truth maintained that you were not to deceive—though you felt quite sure that by your telling the truth or by your silence altogether, immediate murder would ensue. The advocate declared, that without a moment's hesitation he should act upon his decision. He would have done no such thing. "People are better than their creeds, and, it should seem, sometimes better than their principles. In which case would his conscience prick him most, when the heat was over—as accessory to the murder or as the utterer of untruth? I cannot but think it a case of instinct, which, acting before conscience, pro hac vice supersedes it. The matter is altogether and at once, by an irresistible decree, taken out of the secondary "court of Conscience" and put into the primary "court of Nature."

Truth, truth! well may Bacon speak of it thus—"What is truth?" said laughing Pilate, "and wouldst wait for an answer." If there be danger in the deviation shown in the case stated, what a state we are all in! All, as we do daily in some way or other, putting our best legs foremost. Look at the whole advertising, puffing, quacking world—the flattering, the soothing, the complimenting. Virtues and vices alike driving us more or less out of the straight line; and, blindfolded by habit, we know not that we are walking circuitously. And they are not the worst among us, perhaps, who walk so deviatingly—seeing, knowing—those that stammer out nightly ere they rest, in confession, their fears that they have been acting, it not speaking the untrue thing, and praying for strength in their infirmity, and more simplicity of heart; and would in their penitence shun the concourse that besets them, and hide their heads in some retired quiet retired spot of peace, out of reach of this assault of temptation. And this, Eusebius, is the best prelude I can devise to the story I have to tell you. It is of a poor old woman; shall I magnify her offence? It was magnified indeed in her eyes. Smaller, therefore, shall it be—because of its very largeness to her. But it will not do to soften offences, Eusebius. I see already you are determined to do. I will call it her crime. Yes, she lived a life of daily untruth. She wrote it, she put her name to it—"litera scripta manet." We must not mince the matter; she spoke it, she acted it hourly, she took payment for it—it was her food, her raiment. Oh! all ye that love to stamp the foot at poor human nature, here is an object for your contempt, your sarcasm, your abuse, your punishment; drag her away by the hair of her head. But stay, take care you do not "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel;" examine yourselves a little first. She has confessed, perhaps you have not. Remember, no one knew it; no one guessed it. It is she herself has lifted up the lantern into the dark recesses of her own heart; or rather, it is true religion in her hath done it; and dark though it was there, you ought to see clearly enough that her heart is not now the den wherein falsehood and hypocrisy lurk; search well, you see more. She has made a "clean breast of it," and you had better do the same, and drop the stone you were about to fling so mercilessly at her dying head. Are you out of patience, Eusebius? and cry—Out with it, what did she do? You shall hear; 'tis but a simple anecdote after all. I have learned it from a parish priest. He was sent for to attend the death bed of a poor old village dame, or school mistress. She had a sin to confess; she could not die in peace till she had confessed it. With broken speech, she sobbed, and hesitated, and sobbed again.

"I—I—I," she murmured out, and hid her face again. "There I must, I must tell it; and may I be forgiven! You know, sir, I have kept school forty years—yes, forty years—a poor sinful creature—I—I!" "My good woman," said the parish priest, "take comfort; it will be pardoned if you are so penitent. I hope it is not a very great sin." "Oh yes!" said she, "and pray call me not good woman. I am—not—good!" sobbing, "alas, alas!—there, I—will out with it! I put down that I taught grammar—and (sobbing) I did not know it myself." Eusebius, Eusebius, had you been there, you would have embraced the old dame. The father of lies was not near her pillow. This little sin, she had put it foremost, and like the little figure before many nothings, she had made a million of it; and one word, nay one thought, before confession was uttered, had breathed upon and obliterated the whole amount. Where will you see so great truth? And this, you will agree with me, was a case of *Tender Conscience*.

THE PEASANT'S HONE.
Dear blessings on the cottage home
Wherever it may stand,
Long may it seem to English hearts
A beauty in the land;
And long may flowers around it bloom,
And dark trees shade its walls,
And light and glad some be the steps
That near its shelter falls.
For ever be its humble hearth
A brightly honoured shrine,
And often by its joyous light
May happy faces shine—
May words of love and tenderness
Be heard like music there,
And hopes be felt that rise from earth
To mingle with the prayer.
Ah! there is much of splendour seen
Around us far and near,
And wealth, and pride, and pageantry
On every hand appear,

But there is also much of woe,
Of poverty, and pain,
To meet us if we closely gaze
Into the world again.
We may find hearts of unknown worth,
And spirits worn and weak
In many a dim and lonely haunt
If for those hearts we seek;
In many a dim and lonely haunt
True hearts, brief, and drear,
While to our eye the stream of life
May seem all bright and clear.
The cottage home is one strong link
Found in our social chain,
Which if once broken carelessly
May never unite again.
Alike in peace, and war, we ask
The peasant for his aid;
Oh! ever be his resting place
A sunny dwelling made.

From the Dublin University Magazine.
A SCENE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[The following vivid description of the Mob returning from the attack on the palace, and capture of the King and Queen of France, on the memorable 5th of October, 1789, is taken from an article in the above named periodical, entitled "The Coiffeur of Sevres." More than half a century hath rolled by, since the memorable night which followed that evening; but not the washing of a thousand winters, the unremitting labours of ingenuity, employed during that time to extenuate, account for, justify, or palliate its horrors, will ever avail to obliterate from the annals of national disgrace, the crimson stain left upon the name of FRANCE, by the deeds it witnessed. There it must remain, engraved into its very essence, affronting the eye of God and man from generation to generation, fresh, fierce, and frightful, as when it first gushed upon it from the wine-press of human depravity—and mock, as with a gory hand, the trophies of all subsequent triumphs.

The night—more than half of the next day is past—that day, which, in the words of the already-quoted writer, "seemed to blot the sun of heaven."—We are in Sevres again.

God! how the mighty mass roars! The broad way foaming with the human flood, which dashes its billows against every projecting angle and pier, up which they mount, until windows, and doors, and posts, and roofs are covered with the animated spray, flung from the boiling mass below! And, in the fearful whirl of the torrent, eddies of fiercer conflict there are—and man and man, and woman and woman, in the agony of excitement and intolerable pressure, seize madly on each other, and wrench themselves room by the very struggles of their despair—thousands and thousands of beings, crimson with passion and incubation and blood, seem to lose in the general intoxication their sole and distinctive identity—and from being individually maniacs and demons, become fused into one mighty animal, possessing in thousand-fold intensity the fierceness of its component parts, and forming a Titanic impetuosity of Madness, animated with one demonic soul—and nerved with one devastating arm. Above this surging sea, the tower of the church of Sevres stood, tall and grim, like the watcher over the bed of delirium—and up its massive dial the slow hand stole calmly, and the pulse of time beat steadily in its stony breast—and the ponderous clock and the massive tower of the temple of God were there, like time and eternity, the one visible upon the face of the other, and frowning together unheeded wisdom upon the frenzy of mortals.

Could the purple and distorted raving of that infuriate mass once again subside into humanity! Could the beings who were fused into that molten sea, ever cool and crystallize down into distinct individuals, and return to the ordinary occupations and avocations of life—to trades, families, churches? None who came within the glow of that lava flood of crime, could have hoped, or feared, that of it society should hereafter be composed. The multitude seemed finally and for ever merged in one great madness, as if human nature had been resolved into its elements, discharged of every better principle, and re-combined in the proportions most deadly and most formidable, so that hope itself could scarce promise more than that it might exhaust itself at last, and lie extinct in sullen inaction. And from the foaming lips of women, scarlet with the incubation of crime, and hideous as the grim visages which dart from the darkness of the smithy into the sudden light, smitten out of the iron by the hammer's hand, rise shrieks and shouts, in which the blasphemy is choked by the very intensity of its paroxysm, and the curse of each throat is roared into impotence by the thousand confused and conflicting maledictions which rush to the clouds along with it—till of the single execrations of fiendish malignity the concentrated power rushes aloft in one hideous yell—only the more frightful, from being wordless, tuneless, and infatuate. Amongst the few panic-struck individuals who watched from nooks and corners the gradual approach and flooding of the street with this frenzied throng, Jeannette Jacquard had posted herself at a corner of the *jalousee* of her win-

dow, which she had now of her own accord closely shut—and thence observed, with pale cheek and sinking heart, its passage by. Vague fears had hung about her all the morning—events were evidently in hot progress. The butchers of Paris, a gory throng, had passed like a night mare in the darkness towards Versailles—and the continuous tramp of the national guard had followed, hour after hour, in the same direction—the discharge of ordnance had once or twice come upon the ear from that quarter—and now, the advanced guard of the insurgents were on their return. Oh, with what success? what had been the royal defence? who had interposed their lives between majesty and outrage?—The tender girl could not bear to allow her imagination further rein, where the subject touched her heart so nearly, but bent all her energies to discover by what was passing some clue to the history of the preceding night and that morning. The good barber, like the rest of the tradespeople, with the exception of the proprietors of a few cabarets and provision shops, had shut his shutters close and taken down his sign, so that he might pass as unnoticed as possible by this inflamed and degraded rabble. He had himself retired into his back shop, and it was from the window above that his pretty daughter peeped fearfully upon the sea of heads rolling beneath her.

"Ah! how they press on! so fierce and impatient, that they choke the passage and retard themselves! See, there is a wretched woman, who would extricate herself from the press, she bears a child in her arms! a drunken smith wields his hammer beside her, and the heavy head swings close past the forehead of the infant. Oh, will they not hold down his hands for the mercy of heaven! And see! she has seized him by the waist, and she supplicates him, and he cannot wring himself away, but places his black hand upon her forehead, and crushes her down into the crowd. Where is the child? They are borne on by a rash from behind, and I see them no more!"

"A heap of women cast upon some carriage—a heavy cart—no—a cannon—without horses, without men, to draw it; it moves on in the press, borne by the weight of thousands. Torn and dishevelled wretches, are they indeed women? They cry, and toss their arms aloft, some of them bloody with wounds, others stupefied with fatigue, excitement, and intoxication. Aye, some have been hurt—and see, there are more, covered with blood, and they bear a senseless wretch on their shoulders—yet shouting—shouting amain, and yelling with frantic laughter. Oh, have the gallant guards had to contend with all these? What is the blood that flows? Not drawn by their hands surely! They would not draw sword on these wretched creatures—but what would not these do to them? Oh, De Varicourt, thou wouldst stand to be torn in pieces by them, ere thou wouldst use violence towards the vilest amongst them!"

"Whose is yon grey head, and black gown I see issuing from the church? Surely, surely, it is not our abbe, dragged out amongst them! And now he struggles in the midst, and holds his hands aloft, as if in exhortation and warning. Yes, yes, it is the holy man, come forth in the strength of his God, to preach peace to the tempest. May the Virgin be thy speed, reverend father, and grant the strength, if thou canst not prevail with them, at least to escape unscathed from amongst them! See, he points aloft, and then up the street, with anger and indignation on his pale visage—and they answer him with a shout of derision, and point up the street too; and, ah! from the windows and roofs, I see pale faces straining in the same direction. What is it? I will open the shutters a little more, and—ha! here comes something—and the shouts and screams redouble, and the crushed mass dances before it. What are they? Things formless and filthy, on poles, dashed from side, and tossed like the masts of a vessel on an angry sea. They are flesh, and—God! can it be—No—no. What hideous things! Add a red stream runs into the hands of the holders. I must draw back—turn away—sick, sick!"

A Lay Sermon.

AUTUMNAL WARNINGS.
Text—The autumn leaves now falling fast,
To all this warning give,
Prepare to die, ye sons of earth,
Ye shall not always live.

My hearers—I fear that too many of you flatter yourselves with the idea that you are to live to a great and good old age, and then die in the pious-bought hope of a happy hereafter, and I know that some of you appear to live as though you were perennial plants of morality, never to be transplanted to the soil of some unknown island in the vast ocean of eternity. But, erring friends, do not deceive yourselves. The evidence of decay is exhibited upon every earthly object around you; change, wondrous change is daily taking place in the world, and all things animate are steadily progressing towards one common tomb. Could we but see at a glance, what multitudes of us, insignificant insects that crawl along life's narrow pathway are hourly being crushed beneath the big boots of Time we should shake in our shoes, through fear lest we be the next victims; but being blind, as we are to danger, we canter fearlessly along in our wicked career, till we feel the dart of death sticking in our gizzards, when we