

When the last of them had ridden off, I crept out and managed to disinter the captain. He showed but few signs of life; nevertheless I contrived with my one hand to drag him towards a rock, which afforded a sort of shelter, and then lay down next him, wrapping my capote around us. Night was closing in and the snow continued to fall. The last of the rearguard had long disappeared, and the only sounds that broke the silence were the whistling of distant bullets, and the nearer howling of the wolves, which were devouring the dead bodies. God knows what things were passing through my mind that night, which, I felt assured would be my last on earth. But I remembered the prayer my mother had taught me long ago, when I was a child by her side; and kneeling down, I said it fervently.

'Boys it did me good; and always remember that sincere and earnest prayer will do you good too. I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place next the captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite numb, when I saw a party of French officers was approaching. Before I had time to address them, the foremost—a low sized man, dressed in a fur pelisse—stepped towards me saying 'what are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?'

'For two good reasons,' said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

'The man speaks the truth, sire,' said one of his followers. 'I saw him marching behind the columns carrying this officer on his back.'

'The Emperor—for, boys, it was he! gave me one of those looks which only himself or an Alpine eagle could give, and said, 'Tis well. You have done very well.' Then opening this pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat, and gave it me.—That moment I was no longer cold or hungry and felt no more pain in my arm than if that ill-nurtured beast had never touched it.

'Davoust,' added the Emperor, addressing the gentleman who had spoken, 'cause this man and his captain to be placed on one of the ammunition waggons. Adieu!' And waving his hand towards me he passed on.

Here the veteran paused and resumed his pipe.

'But tell us about the cross, and what became of Captain Positive,' cried several impatient voices.

'The captain still lives, and is now a retired general. But the best of it was, that as soon as he recovered, he placed me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my breach of discipline. The circumstance reached Napoleon's ears; and after laughing heartily, he not only released me, but promoted me to be a sergeant. As to the decoration, here is the ribbon, boys: I wear that in my button hole, but the cross I carry next to my heart! and unbuttoning his coat, the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, enveloped in a little satin bag suspended round his neck.

From the London People's Journal.

CRUTCHES.

Calling the other day upon an old friend who had some time before met with an accident which had disabled him, and compelled him to betake himself to crutches for support, I was surprised to find that his sticks had never been thrown aside; the poor fellow was afraid to take a single step without his crutches. He could not go across the room without them; he did not dare to step into the street without them; the old fellow did not know how healthy he was; but there, obstinately, pertinaciously, he must shamble along on his crutch—a stick in the street would have served every purpose, and in the house even that faint support was not in the slightest degree needed. But so he moved through life: 'I'm weak sir, very weak, you see, I can't do without this.' 'Ah! sir, 'twould be a great blessing if I had the use of my limbs as you have.'—'Oh, ma'am,'—a long gasp—'well, well, God's will be done.' And so, from that day, this poor creature used his crutches and talked of his crutches, till the idea had made him an hypochondriac and martyred him to its power. To hobble had become an essential part of his life; he would have felt dissatisfied with himself if he could have gone alone; to talk against his crutches was to enter into a conspiracy against him. I ventured to throw out an expostulatory hint:—

'Now, don't you think, now that those things could be given up? why, you are only weak because you don't struggle to be strong; now, take my arm—there, there.'—Well, I got him to budge a step or two; but I believe ever since he has had a suspicion of me; he looks at me and shakes his head; he always seems demure when I approach him; if he tries to rise before me he firmly compresses his lips and teeth together, saying as plainly as silence can say—'You see what a state I'm in; and yet, you wicked dog, you want me to give up my crutches.'

An able-bodied man stumbling through the world on crutches! Once for all let us admit that it is the most solemn sight the eye can rest on; and yet it is not an unfrequent and unostentatious one. Get a man into the habit of hobbling on crutches at all, and the habit will gradually become necessary to him, and he loath to give them up. And how can strength grow, and how can the body become pliant and muscular, and powerful, on crutches? thus the weak become more weak, and the incapable yet more incapable; it is a glorious moment when a man breaks a crutch, even although it be on the head of the one who persuaded him to use it; when he determines to rush along the clear, level road in his

own strong purpose and power; when he betakes himself to the work of mountain climbing, and leaves his crutches behind him at the inn where he slept the last night; when he determines to be imposed upon by, and to impose upon himself, wooden helps no longer. Some men have been in health all their days, and have never known that they are strong; but to the weak man, who has feared to take a step by himself, to the man an essential part of whose religion it had been to believe that he could not walk alone, it is a moment of high exultancy when the winds of heaven pipe round him, and distant figures before him beckon onwards, and each turn of the road reveals something new, and touching, and awful, and each piece of scenery invites to rapidity and energy at such a moment. It is, indeed, a source of high exultancy to the man who had deemed himself weak to be able to say, 'But I am strong.'

You see the drift of it, my friend; it is a problem difficult to be solved, but the probability is, that every one of you, with this brief paper in your hand, is also leaning on crutches. The lesson of self-reliance, of independence, is holy and noble; and yet, alas, almost every soul you meet has its own appropriate crutches; and alas, still further, it is not an unfrequent occurrence that the weak attempt to persuade and sometimes do persuade, the strong that they too are weak; and, for very company's sake, try to convert them to crutches. So have we seen a lop-sided man, as we should say—a man with a 'moral squint,'—and this man has really contrived to get an idea, to leech up from the unfathomable depths of somewhere, a prejudice, a notion, a whim—let us suppose it a truth; very soon he has exaggerated it, distorted it till it grows into a huge, knotty, gnarled branch of an error; then he cuts it into shape and primeness, lends his whole weight to it, makes himself a crutch of it, sets up a crutch shop, and offers—good, benevolent citizen that he is—to make you crutches too, for a price; but if you will not buy, the mischief of the matter is, that he stands at his door and lays about him, with strong hearty blows, upon all who go to other shops. He must not only have a crutch himself and have full liberty to lean upon it, but you and all men must lean upon that particular crutch too, or you shall have woeful blows.—Go into my library and fetch me down that truly direful history of the battles of the school men, or the history of the middle ages, and read me the battles of the Guelph and Ghibberline; or run your eye over the contending philosophical and religious sectarian squabbles of the day, then what does it all come to? sum them all up and call them 'the battles of the crutches.' It seems very probable that if all these disputants, instead of squabbling about a whim had exercised freely his own intellectual and moral capacity, the history of these chivalrous, intellectual, and other battles had been for ever lost to mankind.

The fact is, men are wisely economical in the use of their legs—hence the reason why they use and like crutches. Mental crutches are an apology for laziness. A great number of books are bought and read—resolve me the reason why? Would you not think that there was an intellectual voracity among men, the spirit of intellectual research, earnestness in the acquisition of knowledge? Nonsense; at least half the books bought, are never either read or cut; and two-thirds of the other half, are crutches for lame souls. Men cannot endure that their spirits should be alone; there must be company, although it should be the most frivolous chit-chat of a fashionable novel. Men cannot endure the labor of digging out their own opinions; they must obtain them ready-made, from 'orthodox' crutch-makers; for it is very curious, perfectly wonderful to know that there are, among other 'patents,' Patent Intellectual Crutch Manufacturers.

Perhaps if we were to stand behind a bookseller's counter and to interrogate the souls of the purchasers, it might seem somewhat thus:—

'Madam, in what can I serve you?'
'Sir, I feel rather weak in my religious legs; in fact, faith will not walk at all. I sometimes have fancied if I were to go direct to heaven for strength and faith, and commune somewhat with myself, I might be strong; but all my neighbors move on crutches, and I want you to furnish me with a neat, respectable-looking pair.' And in a day or two you see the lady hobbling along on her crutches, defending them, proud of them, as if she had used them all her life.

'Sir, what can I do for you?' continues the bookseller to another customer.

'Well, sir, I want a good stout political crutch; something that I can lean on pretty safely, and use occasionally on my neighbor's back, without any fear of its breaking.'

'Sir, allow me to show you several; here is a fine assortment sir: this is the Cobden Crutch; this is Colonel Thompson's; and this, sir, is Edward Miall's; and give me leave to say, that if you purchase and use them for a little time, very soon you will be able to give up the use of the crutch altogether and walk quite naturally.'

'Oh, pooh, pooh, nonsense; I don't want to walk naturally; none of my neighbors do, why should I? I don't want to appear singular.'—'Sir, a nice, easy, fashionable crutch; an old English crutch,—you understand me, sir,—with a crimson cushion for the arm; something of the Gladstone or Sewel cut.' And away goes the gentleman, on his political crutch.

'Now, sir,' says the bookseller, 'let me attend to you. What kind of a crutch can I accommodate you with?'

'Well, sir, the fact is I have nothing to do, and I don't know how to set about it; and, be-

fore our friend has left the shop, he has filled his pockets with books. They will serve a double purpose; they will effectually weigh down all the powers of his brain, and he will go limping on them, in a kind of industrious idleness all his days.

Blessings on good books, and on the dear, departed spirits who gave them to us! they are our companions, counsellors, guides, friends; but even on the best of them we will not lean to the surrendering up of our own proper mental and moral dignity; we will walk arm in arm with books, and chat with them friendly by the way; but we will honor them too much to use them as crutches.

It will be a rare holiday for the world when all men determine to throw away their crutches; when the dignity—and, as one has called it, the 'elegance' of self-help is really seen; take our word of it, we have been shambling and shuffling along now for a good many ages making the most ungainly grimaces and limpings conceivable. And this has been to a great degree because we have not held our heads erect, and had faith in ourselves and our own mental muscles; we will lay it down that as a general principle, where there are many servants, many helpers, there must be some quarrelling, and to one person at least much weakness. In the holding as a most sacred doctrine the individuality of man, and in invoking the man to work out in true heroism of soul, his own opinions and faith, is our only hope from the intolerance of priestcraft and the bigotry of personal whim. And let no one dread the moment when men shall dare to exercise their mental natures thus; that moment will not only release the man himself, but reverence for his own freedom will teach him rightly to reverence the freedom of all. In a society composed entirely of men moving on crutches, want of self-respect would also lead to want of respect for all. Believe me, my friend, you may do much good to man; you may feed him, give him good laws, give him good books, train him to good manners, but if you would give him that good which sums all others, here it is,—publish a crusade against voluntary lameness, and persuade all men to throw away their crutches.

From the London People's Journal.

PRATTLE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Oh! the prattle of a little child
It hath a merry sound,
It ringeth in the list'ner's ear,
And blesteth all around;
And maketh e'en the weary foot
Leap forward with a bound.
I have a little blue-eyed friend
Who, sitting on my knee,
Will oft relate with pretty voice,
His baby love for me;
Oh! the love of such young innocence
Is beautiful to see.
I will not say how blue his eyes,
How fair his little face,
Nor seek for flowery smiles
These thoughts of mine to grace;
For, in true heartfelt sympathies,
They have but little place.
But I know he hath a loving heart,
For 'twas his own fond thought
To pray for me at eventide,
In language all untaught;
And me thinks I feel within me
All the blessings that he sought.
For 'twas a thing to ponder o'er,
That little baby prayer.
So fresh from heaven, the little heart
So free from sin and care,
The pure young breath that wafted it
Might find an entrance there.
Oh! the prattle of a little child
It blesteth rich and poor,
It cheers alike the palace hall,
Or peasant's cottage door,
Woofing away his weariness
With scraps of infant lore.

EXECUTIONS IN CHINA.

The mode of execution usually adopted is beheading; the malefactor kneels upon the ground, the executioner twists his hand in his long tail, raises the other hand, and strikes off the head with a clumsy sword of native manufacture; frequently from the want of dexterity or nerve evinced by the headsmen, the blow has to be repeated many times, before the poor wretch is decapitated. The severed head and body are allowed to remain here for some days, unless permission has been granted to the friends of the culprit to remove them; and as executions are frequent in this part, it is a ghastly sight to behold a row of human heads under a mat shed, the bodies lying near them, a mat having been originally carelessly thrown over them, which has been pushed aside by the inquisitive curiosity of the passers. It not unfrequently happens that a culprit is brought to the place of execution, gagged, and when this does occur, it is because a poor man has been substituted for a wealthy delinquent, who has bought himself off bribing his mandarin, and the latter fears that the poor wretch may make the disclosure should his tongue be set at liberty.

The Politician.

The Colonial Press.

From the St. John Morning News.

THE POLITICAL CORRUPTIONS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

MR. NEEDHAM'S LECTURE.

The next member of the Government was the Hon. R. L. Hazen. His offices are Recorder of the City of St. John, Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty, Member of the Legislative Council, Member of the Executive Council.

The lecturer said that people did not seem to think that Executive Councillors received any pay; but he contended that they did.—Mr Hanington, and Mr Chandler received ten guineas each, every time they went to Fredericton to do business, which was at least once a month—while the Executive Councillors residing in St. John got five guineas each—the prices being regulated according to the distances.

The lecturer said that the Recorder should not be allowed to hold a seat in the Legislature, as he is obliged to absent himself from the city several months in the year; so that both the Mayor and Recorder were away at the same time, getting paid by the City while doing duty, irrespective of their offices in Fredericton. He said he made a motion at the Common Council Board respecting the Recorder's absence, in order to have the principle remedied, but there was not a member to second his motion. He would persevere, however, and thought he would yet succeed.

Hon. Mr Hanington was in receipt of the sum of £341 per annum out of the different offices which he held. His offices are—Deputy Treasurer, Tide waiter, Member of the Executive, Member of the House.

The other members of the Government, as yet, were unprovided for—but the fact of the matter was the monopoly seemed to exist in the hands of three or four of the Government—who were the almoners for dispensing place and power, to whoever they pleased. The others he called the rings in the tail, used by the leaders to quiet the people at a distance, whenever they grumbled at the Government. Now he had no objections to the Members of the Government holding political offices, agreeably to the British practice of governing by Heads of Departments; but did not like to see them grabbing everything beyond political controul.

This was the economical government made up of men who took office with the word 'economy' and 'retrenchment' burning upon their lips. The people could see how they had carried out their principles in themselves. Instead of cutting down their own salaries, they went at the Judges. They acknowledged that the pay of the Judges was too high—yet they thought it best to wait until the present generation had died off, and let posterity come in for the benefit. But even in this course of economy, the Government had taken two steps backward for one in advance. They pretended that they could not disturb the Civil List compact with England—which amounted to £14,500 per annum. But what was the fact? This agreement had originally been made for ten years. As soon as the Family Compact had all the offices pretty well in their families, they passed a new law making the agreement perpetual. They could extend the time, but could not reduce it. Oh—No! It would never do to meddle with a contract, made perpetual by a hungry set of over-paid, over-fed and over-conceited officials. But since the new treaty there had been enough done by England to upset fifty such agreements, by the concession of so much of our territory to the Americans.

A Committee of the house of Assembly reported at the close of the session of 1847(?) that with respect to the contingent expenses, they had made the most searching inquiries into the various expenditures, and were happy to add that they were prepared now to recommend the reduction of two hundred pounds in the expenses. Wonderful reduction truly! But the beauty of the matter is, the two hundred pounds saved upon the House was swelled up in the Council by that much additional being added to their 'contingents.' Here was gross hypocrisy for you.

He would now allude to a few of the items that had been charged on the 'contingent bill'—and he wished every one to pay particular attention to his statements, which he intended to make upon the best authority in the world—viz: on the authority of members themselves, the names of which he would give up there and then, provided any member of the Legislature present (and there were several there) denied his charges. That's fair. (Loud applause.) He found that a sum exceeding four pounds had been expended in the Book Store of Messrs. McMillan, for embossed paper, and valentines, of the most costly description—(which was tacked into the contingent bill)—to be sent round among the ladies of Fredericton, on St. Valentine's day.

Locks hinges and screws had also been charged, as having come out of the store of Messrs. Robinson & Thompson, (Market Square)—but when he (the lecturer) called upon these gentlemen they denied having supplied any such articles for the house of Assembly, but they did supply, according to order, silver pencil cases, and pen knives. (Loud stamping and groaning, as if in derision of such disreputable conduct.)

He (the lecturer) also learned since his first lecture, that the snuff bill had amounted to £20.