

abroad regarding them, and every claimant had taken the alarm.

'Don't be cast down about it, Jack dear,' said Bessy, laying her hand on her brother's shoulder as he pulled out the empty till, when all were gone, and gazed into it with a look of stupefied misery; 'maybe we weren't as wise in worldly things as we should have been, but we will do better yet.'

'On what?' said Jack, looking fiercely up. 'We have lost every thing—our very character! Won't they call us swindlers and what not? And that girl—how she has used me.'

'No Jack,' said Bessy, 'we have not lost everything: we have still good consciences and our trust in God. Friends may be false, and fortune fickle, brother, but He never fails.'

Bessy's speech was broken by a sore cough which was growing upon her as the winter came. Care and anxiety had made the girl more than usually thin and white that season, and as if struck by some still darker thought, Jack banged in the till and rushed into the parlor. Bessy could speak to him again, but she knew not what to say: and scarcely knowing what she did the girl stepped to the shop door. It was another clear frosty night in October. The moon was shining on the quiet street, and Bessy's thoughts went back to one at the same time in which Jack and she had walked arm-in-arm behind the Jenkinsons, rejoicing over the prospect of the house and shop, then such a darling scheme with him. It had been realised; but what days of trouble and estrangement came with it. Now disappointment, debt and poverty, were on them; and Bessy could have borne that, but they were no longer what they had been to each other. Jack sat alone in his sorrow and she stood at the open door. The girl's heart grew sore and sick as she thought how they had hoped, and planned, and striven with the hard things of life together, and all to come to this. It was a bitter warning against laying up treasures in any shape on earth; health and hope were failing her fast, but she looked up to the clear sky and tried to think of her mother's fate in the better country. There was a sound of footsteps on the pavement, and turning, Bessy saw a man, who had approached unobserved, and now stood as if to take notes of the shop.

The threats and demands of that evening rushed at once upon her memory. Instinctively she stepped in, but to the increase of her terror, the stranger followed. There was evidently some confusion in his mind also.—He looked about him for an instant, and then like one catching at an apology, requested to see some pocket books that were in the window. Much relieved, Bessy laid a number of them before him on the counter. He took up one after another, asking its price, but looked all the while at her, and the girl could not help observing him. He had the manner and appearance of a gentleman, but the serious handsome face had traces of bygone strife and trial, though no whitening was yet on the dark hair.

'Perhaps you don't like the pocket books sir,' said Bessy at length.

'Oh, yes,' said the stranger, 'I will have a couple; but might I ask if you have lived long here?'

'Not long sir,' said Bessy. 'My brother has not taken the place above two years.'

'Your brother?' said the stranger, speaking low. 'Was there a gin shop here formerly, and did you ever speak to a man who hesitated at its door?'

'Oh, yes,' said Bessy. 'But that is long ago, when I was a governess with the Jenkinsons. Perhaps it was bold, but—'

'I'm the man to whom you spoke,' interrupted the stranger, 'and I have come to thank you for saving me, body and soul, that night; for your words made me think as I had never thought before, and things have went well with me since then.'

'It was not I but God, that did it sir; and maybe He would do something for us too,' cried Bessy, in her simplicity.

'Why, what evil has happened to you?—Can I do anything? My name is Jones,' said the stranger.

'Oh, sir,' said Bessy, as the tears filled her eyes, 'we can sell nothing, and every body is dunning us.'

'Here's my check book. What's the amount of the debt?' was the stranger's rapid answer.

The last words, though spoken but a little louder than the rest, smote on Jack's ear like a trumpet summons, and he rushed out in time for Bessy, who had flown with the news to seize him in her arms, exclaiming, 'Brother, you won't have to close or be called a swindler, for here's a gentleman who says he will lend us something to pay them all.'

There was long talking in the back parlor before Jack could be brought to comprehend that their visitor was indeed Mr Jones, son of the great manufacturer and his former employer, and the haggard, shabby man to whom Bessy had spoken at the door of the gin shop, when Mrs Jenkinson's remarks were such a terror to him. The contrast between that individual and the great manufacturer was almost beyond Jack's comprehension. Bessy understood him better when he briefly explained, that, having made an unequal match—a foolish one, no doubt, as the world goes, 'but there are worse people than my poor Sally—the consequent loss of friends and fortune in his young and unstable years, the domestic disquiet naturally resulting from a difference of habits and education in his helpmate, with which the undisciplined mind of youth was ill suited to cope, had driven him to wild and intemperate courses for comfort. As pride and spirit both declined in that downward way, he had come to Birmingham, and temporarily established himself in a wretched

lodging, in hopes of seeing and extracting something from his father, when the brother and sister, in the midst of their own commings, saw him hesitate for a moment at the door of the gin shop. The thorns had grown up but not entirely checked the growth of his better days, and Bessy's simple speech fell upon that like dew.

'It taught me what neither school or college had done,' said he: 'to make the best of things as they were, and look above my own wisdom. I have had some strivings and much to regret in life; but tell me the amount of your debt for mine can never be paid with money.'

Before noon next day Jack was a joyful man, for all his creditors were paid in good bank paper; and Mr Jones shortly after offered him the situation of foreman of his own department in fabricating the Royal Coburg button. At the same time the grateful capitalist secured the house to Bessy, by a lease, which he purchased for her own and her brother's life, and requested her to fill the shop in her own fashion, and at his expense.

There is not a better attended shop kept in the neighborhood than that of Bessy, nor a prettier back parlor than that which Jack comes home to at night. People call them the Jenkinsons now, for of the greater family the twin girls were out last year as nursery governesses. George Frederick, after sundry removals on the descending scale, emigrated to London; he said to astonish the booksellers, but later reports mention him as prompter in a minor theatre.

The factory of the royal Coburg button still smokes and thunders among Birmingham's thousand chimneys, and Jack, though in the receipt of good wages, has never grown too great for his sister, or run after superior young ladies. Their neighbors say, that neither he nor Bessy will ever marry, they are so happy together. Better times have taken away her cough and sickly look, but she is still the same kindly and cheerful spirit. Few have ever heard the substance of our tale from her. Bessy says it was God's work, and should be spoken of with reverence; but Jack's factory friends often laugh at his anxiety to advise all ill-doing character, especially at gin shops, and many of them have been puzzled to find the meaning of his uniform reply—'Ha, let me alone; I learned by Bessy's example what good might be done by a word in season.'

From the London Working Man's Friend.

#### ON THE SOLDIERS

WHO PERISHED IN THE WRECK OF THE  
STEAM-SHIP BIRKENHEAD.

By Alfred B. Richards.

Lo! there, as if embarking  
On some trim polish'd deck,  
Five hundred men stand calmly  
Upon a parting wreck;  
Yet the fierce waves may only  
Bid senseless timbers quake—  
Yon living hearts of oak not all  
Their bubbling terrors shake.

No voice was heard complaining,  
No shriek rose on the air;  
Though God, the sky, the shipwreck,  
And sea, alone were there;  
No succour met their glances,  
While firmly they obey  
Their officers stern voices,  
Heard through the blinding spray.

She breaks, like some sea vision,  
While mast and funnel sweep  
Rank after rank unbroken,  
To perish in the deep;  
But saved were child and woman  
Within the fragile boat  
No soldier's grasp would peril  
To keep himself afloat.

Is there a Roman story  
That tells of nobler deed?  
'Twas not in strife, when passion  
Spurs on the crested steed;  
Where, 'mid conflicting feelings,  
Hope fires each manly breast  
To be the heir of glory,  
Or seek a hero's rest.

There still is hope for England,  
When deed like this is found;  
There's glory in Old England,  
When hearts like these abound;  
Rome hath her pillar'd ruins,  
Thermopylæ her stone—  
Of this (the only boon I'd crave)  
Let brave men speak alone.

From Hogg's Instructor.

#### THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

Old age owes a portion of its dignity to the authority it has won from experience, and a still greater degree consists in its proximity to that great future which will soon resolve the eternal destinies of men. Peace of soul beams unobscured from the brow of those devotees of excellence, who have preserved unstained the sacred treasure of moral virginity. Especially is its radiance majestically serene, as a halo of heavenly beams, around the head of age, when adorned with the attractiveness of frugal virtue, and crowned with the memorials of a beneficent life. The termination of such an earthly sojourn is a repose calm and impressive, but a repose full of sublime vigour, like a mountain relieved against the clear evening sky, and radiant with the sun's richest splendours. The smile of heaven and the sweetest dews descend on brow and bosom, with the assurance that, though the shades of dun night are gathering round, the glories of a bright s-

morn will succeed. It is in relation to the same subject, that Wordsworth suggests:

'Rightly it is said  
That man descends into the vale of years;  
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,  
And not presumptuously, I trust, of age,  
As of a final eminence, though bare  
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point  
On which 'tis not impossible to sit  
In awful sovereignty—a place of power—  
A throne.'

An aged man, in whose soul purity and piety constitute the chief springs of action, and whose life, therefore, has been upright and useful, exercises a mild but potent magistracy upon earth. We instinctively revere him, and, without being commanded so to do, we are obedient to his exalted thoughts. In his presence animosities are subdued, passionate desires are calmed, guilt is stricken with compunction, and innocence is fortified with augmented strength. This power of venerable virtue is the more real and praiseworthy because its control is not ostentatiously exercised. It is spontaneous in its goodness, and, like the sun, shines abroad quietly only to bless. It is a power that we approach with involuntary delight; we consult the venerable patriarch in the atmosphere of his own integrity, and felt ourselves better for honouring him; we covet his esteem, and the profoundness of our regard for his worth is the best commentary on the text, 'The beauty of old men is the grey head.'

Purity of mind and habit is essential to vigour of body, manliness of soul, the greatest force of thought, and the longest duration of life. 'A chaste soul,' said Bernard 'is by virtue that which an angel is by nature; there is more happiness in the chastity of an angel, there is more of courage in that of a man.' The remark of Cicero on this subject is striking, if we consider the age and country in which it was made. 'This grand law,' says he, 'differs but a little from the religious institutions of Numa. It requires that one should approach the gods with a pure heart, the central sanctuary of a chaste body; but we should understand that, if the body is required to be chaste, the soul is vastly superior to the corporeal frame, and therefore has still greater need to be pure: the stains of the body will of themselves disappear in a few days, or may be washed off by a little water; but neither time nor the greatest rivers can remove stains from the soul.'

It is an interesting fact, that Providence allows only such creatures as are pure long to remain among mankind as the object of their admiration. Corrupt genius, however potent, has never created a lasting work of art that is lascivious in character. The hand of violence or contempt, despite the depraved instincts of the heart, soon consign such works to oblivion, Paris, Rome, Florence, have no production of art essentially beautiful, grand, or sublime, that are of a nature to create on the cheek of a vestal the slightest blush. Many have attempted lewd subjects, but, by the conservative law of God's holy government, such nuisances are speedily driven into darkness and consigned to the worm; while those masterpieces which illustrate and edify virtue, like truth, live on for ever. The virgin mothers and cherubic youth of Murillo and Raphael are heavenly beings on canvas, and will perish only when matter itself must die, and even then the recollection of them will live in the memories of the sanctified as an emblem of immortal bliss. The group of Laocoon, which sends a thrill of emotion through one's soul years after it was first seen; Niobe, and her despairing children; Brutus with his impressive mien; the Gladiator, sinking in his own hearts gore; Appollo, beaming with supernatural glory; and the exquisite work of Cleomenes, 'that beading statue that delights the world,' are all imperishable, not because they are cut in marble, but because the ideas they embody are divinely pure.

But if sculptured excellence is worthy of admiration, how much more so is living worth; A virtuous and enlightened old man is the noblest object to be contemplated on earth. Says Solomon, 'Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.' Priam, venerable in aspect as Mount Iba, like the bleached oaks of Gargara, hoary headed, and seated on his throne in the midst of an august court and his numerous household; and Plato, in the grove or on the point of that cape his favourite seat, where dashed the billows of the sea, bending his broad, venerable brow to teach throngs of youth the nature of God and eternal bliss, were among the ancient specimens of beautiful old age which we should do well to emulate.

When the affections have early been divorced from earth, and the wings of the mind have been accustomed through succeeding years to stretch further and further above the rank vapours of vice, they are prepared, when the ties of earth are sundered, to soar in triumph to the infinite expanse of immortal joys. As in the ashes lives the wanted fire, so, in the persons of the virtuous, the bright lamp which spiritual purity has kindled never grows dim. Mammon has not prostituted it; Bacchus has not obscured it, and though its light expires to our limited vision, it is not extinguished; angels have raised it to a higher sphere, where it for ever shines in unclouded day.—*Magoon.*

#### THE DEATH OF BLAKE.

The crowning act of a virtuous and honourable life accomplished, the dying admiral turned his thoughts anxiously towards the green hills of his native land. The letter of Cromwell, the thanks of Parliament, the jew-

elled ring sent him by an admiring country, all reached him together out at sea. These tokens of grateful remembrance caused him a profound emotion. Without after-thought, without selfish impulse, he had served the commonwealth day and night, earnestly, anxiously, and with rare devotion. England was grateful to her hero. With the letter of thanks from Cromwell, a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving a squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders: with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of command entirely with him; and as his gallant friend Stayner was gone to England, where he received a knighthood and other well won honours from the Government, he raised Captain Stoake, the hero of Ponto Ferino, and a commander of rare promise, to the responsible position of Vice-Admiral in the Spanish seas. Hoisting his pennon on his old flag ship, the St. George, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts, and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes road he was weak. 'I beseech God to strengthen him,' was the fervent prayer of the English resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay, he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling lawns, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and fore-castle, eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid him farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbour rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more, were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the St. George rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into view of the thousands crowding the beach, the pierheads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielding up his soul to God—*Life of Blake, by Hepworth Dixon.*

#### WEDNESDAY'S MAIL.

From the Halifax Sun.

#### THE FISHERIES.

PUBLIC MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF HALIFAX.

Pursuant to a requisition to his worship the Mayor, published in the papers of yesterday morning, a public meeting of the citizens of Halifax was convened at 10 o'clock, a. m., in the hall of the Province Building, to petition Her Majesty in regard to the rumored surrender of the rights of fishery secured to British subjects by the convention of 1818.

There was a large gathering—a thorough representation of all classes and interests.

On motion of John Esson, M. P. P., his Worship the Mayor was called to the chair.—On his Worship's assuming the chair, Mr. J. P. Oxley was appointed Secretary.

His Worship the Mayor briefly stated the object for which the meeting was convened—to petition Her Majesty against the concession of the rights of her subjects in this colony in regard to the fisheries.

Mr. George R. Young rose, and, after some allusions to individuals present, which were promptly checked by the chair, protested against the utility of the meeting, affirming that the concession had been made. The London Times said so, and that was enough.

Mr. Doyle, M. P. P., introduced a series of resolutions which had been prepared by gentlemen, which he read.

The Resolutions.

1. Resolved, That the citizens of Halifax feel deeply grateful to Her Majesty's Government for the determination to remove all ground of complaint on the part of the Colonies in consequence of the encroachments of the Fishing Vessels of the United States upon the reserved Fishing Grounds of British America, expressed in the Despatch of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated the 22nd of May.

3. Resolved, That the citizens of Halifax have regarded with interest and satisfaction, the judicious measures adopted by Vice Adm-