

POETRY.

Sermon.

From the London Christian Observer for September 1853.

SEE A CHRISTIAN DIE.

Angels, as ye wing your way
From the realms of endless day,
Deign to grace our lower sky:
Come, and wonder;
Come, and see a Christian die.

Ye who tempt the heirs of glory,
Ye who hate Redemption's story,
See your leader vanquished lie:
Come, and wonder;
Come, and see a Christian die.

Ye who mock at revelation,
Ye who scorn your souls' salvation,
Try its truth this touchstone by:
Come and wonder;
Come, and see a Christian die.

Ye who search creation o'er,
To exhaust kind nature's store,
See a halm all yours outvie;
Come, and wonder;
Come, and see a Christian die.

Ye who still unwearied pore,
On the page of classic lore,
Feast your mind, and feast your eye:
Come, and wonder;
Come, and see a Christian die.

Kinsmen, do ye love your friend?
To his death-bed hither wend:
Hear the dying Christian cry,
Come, and welcome;
Welcome, friends, to see me die.

Ere the silver cord be broken,
Ere the last farewell be spoken,
Ere the spirit soars on high,
Come, and wonder;
Come, and see a Christian die.

Blessed Jesus! while we live,
All that's needful freely give;
When we on a death-bed lie,
Come, and teach us,
Teach us, Saviour, how to die.

VARIETIES.

THE PROPHECY.

(Concluded from our last.)

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had seduced and heartlessly abandoned, a poor, but amiable girl in the neighbourhood. This, Morley knew; yet such is the force of that happy liberality of principle inculcated among the better born of the land, when in statu pupillari at those great fountains of learning, our public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to engender a thought, that such a trifling incident could in any way operate upon Clavering's friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling towards himself; and, in spite of the stranger's warning, treated him, as he had ever done, with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and taken his degree, though his character at college had been any thing but unblemished. He had acquired some equivocal propensities, and had been suspected of some very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university. This was not unknown to Morley; and occasionally the warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted within him to be staggered by what might, after all, be nothing more than a whimsical caution, the mere chance ebullition of madness. Shortly, however, after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were at the best doubtful, and Morley was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man, who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Morley, however, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had so long felt a very sincere attachment, because some few rumoured deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof. His eyes, however, were unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his kinsman's character. To Morley's consternation, Clavering was suddenly taken upon a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount, and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but, though not indeed without a very narrow escape, honourably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty, and executed.

For a considerable period after the tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Morley's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to be beware of Clavering, and by neglecting the warning, his life had been placed in jeopardy. He remembered the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birthday. He was now scarcely three and twenty, but eleven years seemed so short a term to one who had a strong desire of life, that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its terminating so rapidly. In spite of himself he could not bring his mind to feel, though he could easily bring his reason to admit, the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance, because such divine communications have long since ceased to be made; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak—that it was superstitious,

but he could not control it. It was a sort of mental calculeture, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehension substantiated into a reality. He became an extremely depressed, that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her anxiety, he fully stated to her the cause of his uneasiness.

The caution which the stranger had given him to beware of Clavering, afforded no proof of extraordinary penetration, since one who had shown himself to be so wantonly profligate in youth, as Clavering had done, was a very fit object of warning; and surely it could be no evidence of supernatural endowment, or the gift of more than ordinary foresight, to bid a person beware of a bad man. These representations were not without their effect; yet as the clouds of despondency dispersed but tardily, his mother persuaded him to go abroad with some sprightly friends, hoping that change of scene might restore his mind to its wonted repose. Nor was she deceived; after an absence of three years, he returned quite an altered man. The impression left by the prophecy of the stranger seemed to have entirely passed from his memory. He had formed new friendships, marked out new prospects, and appeared to look forward without any withering apprehensions of evil. His mother was delighted to observe the change, though even she, as he advanced towards his thirty-fourth birthday, could not help entertaining certain misgivings, when she thought upon that melancholy prediction, which had so long cast a shadow across the course of her son's peace.

Year after year, however, rolled on without any event happening to interrupt the uniformity of a very unchequered life, until Morley entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his age. The impression originally left by the stranger's prediction had been entirely effaced, and as he never mentioned the circumstance, his mother justly surmised that he had forgotten it altogether. She had not, however. She watched the days, weeks, and months roll on, with the most painful anxiety; not that she believed the stranger's prophecy was about to be accomplished, but because she longed to be assured of its fallacy. Anxiety and belief clashed, and the latter was shaken by the perpetual collision. The possibility of its fulfilment was even present to her mind, and this possibility, however apparently remote at first, was brought nearer and nearer every time it recurred to her thoughts, until at length it appeared before her with all the vividness and amplitude of reality. The death of her only son was an idea continually presented to her waking thoughts, as well as to her slumbering faculties; so that however strongly her reason might argue against its probability, still the phantoms of thought would arise without any formal evocation, and they addressed themselves more potently to the mind's eye, than the wisest suggestions of reason to the understanding. So manifest was Morley's emancipation from the fetters of that moody apprehension which had formerly enslaved his mind, that not only was his spirit buoyant, and his peace undisturbed, but he evidently looked forward to happiness in time as well as in eternity, since he had paid his successful addresses to a very beautiful girl, and the period was appointed for their union. It was fixed for the day after the lady should attain her one and twentieth year, which would carry Morley nearly to his thirty-fifth; so that it was clear he anticipated no intervening evil: on the contrary, he talked of the consummation of his happiness with a fluency and earnestness, which clearly showed that he fully expected to see it realized. His mother was pleased to observe that he no longer clung to those old recollections, which she even now feared to revive, and to which she could not herself revert without a strong but indefinite apprehension of danger.

The morning of the thirty-fourth birthday at length dawned, and Morley rose from a night of peaceful slumber in the best health and spirits. He seemed not to have a single care upon his thoughts, which were apparently undimmed by one painful recollection. A select party of friends had been invited to celebrate the day. The spirits of the mother became more and more elastic as the time advanced; and when the friendly party sat down at her hospitable table, every apprehension of evil had entirely subsided, since her son was at her side in full health and unusual animation. There were now only a few hours to the conclusion of this long dreaded day; and the almost impossibility of any thing like fatally supervening, seemed so clear to her mind, that she became satisfied the Eton stranger was an impostor, and her heart was consequently entirely released from dread. Morley was the more animated at observing the unusual flow of spirits which she exhibited as he had observed her of late frequently depressed, and his filial affection was of the most ardent kind. As he looked at her, a bright tear stole into his eye, but the tender smile which followed, showed that it was neither the tear of sorrow nor of agony. It was now eight o'clock, and Morley was in full health and spirits. The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were about to retire, when his mother, no longer able to conceal the joy which had been long struggling for vent, exclaimed exultingly:

"My child, has not the stranger who accosted thee on the day of the mountain turned out to be a false prophet? This is your thirty-fourth birthday; there you are alive and well. I wish he were now present, that we might have the benefit of laughing at the charlatan's confusion."

Every drop of blood in a moment left

Morley's cheeks; his eye fixed, and after a pause he murmured, "He has not yet proved himself to be a false prophet." Seeing that his mother was distressed at his manner, he rallied, and effected to treat the matter with indifference. The ladies now retired; but it was evident that the mother's ill-timed observation had aroused some fearful reminiscence in the mind of her son.

He scarcely spoke after the ladies had retired. The shock occasioned by a dreadful recollection so suddenly re-awakened, in a moment, struck like an ice-bolt through his frame, and chilled every faculty of his soul. His friends sought to divert his mind, but unavailingly. "Like a giant refreshed with wine," the thought which had now slumbered for years, carried the fresher from its long repose, and arised with it through his heart, a desolation and an agony which nothing could enliven or abate. The convulsive quiver of his lip, and the strong compression of his eyelids, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, but in vain; it was too evident that he was not at ease. Nine o'clock struck; it boomed slowly and solemnly from the church-tower through the silence of a cold autumnal evening, and smote suddenly upon Morley's ear like the wail of the dead. Every one present was aware of his morbid adventure, and attempted to banter him upon the folly of given way to such unreasonable fears; but the revived impression had taken too strong a hold upon his soul to be easily dislodged. He struggled, however, to conceal his emotion, and in part succeeded.

When he joined the ladies, he appeared calm, but grave, yet there was an occasional wildness in his eye, which did not escape the perception of his anxious mother, and disquieted her exceedingly. She, however, made no allusion to his change of manner, conscious that she had unwittingly become the cause of it, and fearful lest any recurrence to the subject should only aggravate the mischief. Morley talked, and even endeavoured to appear cheerful, but it was impossible thus to baffle the scrutiny of affection; maternal anxiety was not to be so easily lulled. There was an evident restraint upon the whole party, and at an early hour for such a meeting, about eleven o'clock, they broke up. Morley took a particularly affectionate leave of all his friends; they seemed to fall in with his humour, satisfied that his present moodiness of spirit would subside with the morning, and that he would then be among the first to join in the laugh against himself. It only wanted one hour to the conclusion of the day, and he was in perfect health, though somewhat troubled in spirit. One of his friends, a medical man, who lived at some distance, was invited to remain until morning, to which he acceded, and shortly after eleven o'clock, Morley took his candle, and retired for the night. As he kissed his mother, he clung affectionately round her neck, and wept bitterly upon her bosom. She, however, at length succeeded in composing him, when he retired to his chamber. (He slept near her. She was exceedingly uneasy at observing the great depression by which he was overcome, and severely reprobated her own folly in having so suddenly recalled a painful recollection. She, however, did not feel any positive alarm, as the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and she quieted herself that as soon as the village clock should give warning of the commencement of another day, his apprehensions would dissipate, and his peace of mind return, without any fear of future interruption. By this time she was undressed, and about to extinguish her light, when she fancied she heard a groan; she listened; it was repeated, and appeared to come from her son's chamber. Instantly, throwing on her dressing gown, she hurried to the door, and paused a moment to listen, in order to be assured she had not been deceived. The groan was repeated, though more faintly, and there was a gurgle in the throat, as of one in the agonies of death. She opened the door with a shriek, and rushed to the bed. There lay Morley, upon the drenched counterpane, weltering in his blood. His right hand grasped a bloody razor, which told all that it could be necessary to tell of this dreadful tragedy. He had ceased to breathe. By his watch, which lay on a chair close to the bedside, it still wanted ten minutes of twelve. He had not counted the midnight hour of his thirty-fourth birthday. The stranger's prophecy was fulfilled.

SUFFERINGS OF GUILLOTINED PERSONS.

A Memoir has recently been presented to the Academy of Sciences, on the subject of death by decollation, which will cause an investigation to take place, under the authority of Messrs. Magendie and Flourens. Guillotin, the inventor of the Guillotin, as well as several other distinguished physiologists, was of opinion that no physical suffering attends the act of decapitation. Sue, Sommering and Castelle entertain different views. Experiments have been made by Sue on turkeys, sheep and calves; when the head and body having been severed by a sharp instrument, gave several evidence of suffering. The body of a turkey decapitated, after remaining motionless a whole minute, rose on its legs, and remained in that position for a minute and a half, flapping its wings, and raising its claw towards the throat. The body of a decapitated sheep was convulsed with so much violence, that three men were obliged to hold it. The head of the calf, after decollation, opened its eyes and moved its mouth and nostrils for six minutes. Aldiva, who tried his galvanic experiment in 1803, in Italy, on a guillotined person, in London upon a body executed by hanging, states that muscular con-

tractions took place during two hours after death in the hanged, and three quarters of an hour in the decapitated man. Major, Professor of Physiology at Geneva, having produced at Paris a system of investigation of the result of the Guillotin, states that having exposed two heads, a quarter of an hour after decollation, to a strong light, the eyelids closed suddenly. The tongue, which protruded from the lips, being pricked with a needle, was drawn back into the mouth; and the countenance expressed sudden pain. The head of a criminal, named Tiller, being submitted to examination after Guillotin, the head turned in every direction from whence he was called by name. A report hitherto treated as fabulous, may therefore be believed; that, when the executioner gave a blow on the face to Charlotte Corday's head, the countenance expressed violent indignation. Fontenelle asserts that he has frequently seen the heads of guillotined persons move their lips. Sivelling declares, that by touching the spinal marrow, the most horrible demonstrations of agony succeeded. Many animals retain the power of locomotion after decapitation. A tortoise will live for six months executing its ordinary functions, after the extraction of the brain; and twelve days after the head has been cut completely off. Charras, an operator at the Jardin des Plantes, having cut off the head of a viper, two of his pupils were dangerously stung by it, 60 hours afterwards. Gallien records, that the Emperor Commodus was so skilful, in the decapitation of ostriches, that these birds did not at first pause in their speed, after the loss of their heads. Boerhave, cut off the head of a cock, which was running towards a trough, at a distance of 20 feet, and the body fulfilled its intention. Perrault decapitated a serpent, and the body crawled towards its usual retreat. Beetles advance cautiously, examining the ground first with the right leg, then with the left after losing their heads; the heart of a frog palpitates two hours afterwards; and flies and butterflies fly about for many minutes. Monsieur de Fontenelle's memoir contains many other apparently incredible, but equally well authenticated facts; and the further investigation of Magendie, and his learned colleague, will be laid forth with before the French Government. It appears, on the present showing, that the Guillotine is the most cruel mode of destruction ever yet devised, no limit can be placed to the agonies of death after its operation. — Court Journal.

SUCCESSFUL COURAGE.

The narrations of a frontier circle, as they draw round their evening fire, often turns upon the old race of men, the heroes of the past days, who were hunting shirts, and settled the country. In a boundless forest, full of panthers and bears, and more dreadful Indians, with not a white within a hundred miles, a solitary adventurer penetrates the deepest wilderness, and begins to make the strokes of his axe resound among the trees. The Indians find him out, ambush and imprison him. A more acute and desperate warrior than themselves, they wish to adopt him, and add his strength to their tribe. He feigns contentment, uses the savage's insinuations, outruns him in the use of his own ways of management, but watches his opportunity, and when their suspicion is lulled, and they fall asleep, he springs upon them, kills his keepers, and bounds away into unknown forests, pursued by them and their dogs. He leaves them all at fault, subsists many days upon berries and roots, and finally arrives at his little clearing and resums his axe. In a little palisade, three or four resolute men stand a siege of hundreds of assailants, kill many of them, and mount calmly on the roof of their shelter, to pour water upon the fire which burning arrows have kindled there, and achieve the work amidst a shower of balls. A thousand instances of that stern and unshrinking courage which had shaken hands with death, of that endurance which had defied all the inventions of Indian torture, are recorded of these wonderful men. They read of being roasted alive by the Indians, call into action all their hidden energies and resources.—I will relate one case of this sort, because I knew the party, by name Baptiste Roy, a Frenchman, who solicited, and, I am sorry to say, in vain, a compensation for his bravery from Congress. It occurred at "Cote sans Dessein," on the Missouri. A numerous band of northern savages, amounting to four hundred, beset the garrison house, into which he, his wife, and another man, had retreated. They were hunters by profession, and had powder, lead, and four rifles, in the house. They immediately began to fire upon the lead, and assisted in loading, occasionally taking her shot with the other two. Every Indian that approached the house was sure to fall. The wife relates, that the guns would soon become too much heated to hold in the hand; water was necessary to cool them. It was, I think, on the second day of the siege that Roy's assistant was killed. He became impatient to look on the scene of execution, and see what they had done. He put his eye to the port hole, and a well aimed shot destroyed him. The Indians perceived that their shot had taken effect, and gave a yell of exultation. They were encouraged, by the momentary slackening of the fire, to approach the house and fire it over the heads of Roy and his wife. He deliberately mounted the roof, knocked off the burning boards, and escaped untouched from the shower of balls. What must have been the nights of this husband and wife? After four days of unavailing siege, the Indians gave a yell, exclaimed that the house was a "grand medicine," meaning that it was charmed and impregnable, and went away. They left behind forty

bodies to attest the marksmanship of the besieged, and a peck of balls collected from the logs of the house. — Flint's July.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

It tells thee Crapo—once again I tell thee,
So nimble were his fingers o'er the strings,
That he could make his viol talk—and I
Have heard it talk most sensibly.

One of our contemporaries, a few days since published a curious article, translated from the French, containing an account of a new Musical Language, invented by M. Sudre, and embracing official reports from the military and naval commissioners appointed by the French Government for the purpose of ascertaining the applicability of the new discovery to the operations of the army and navy. If we are to believe in the accuracy of these reports, and of the statements put forth in the article, M. Sudre has made a most extraordinary and important discovery, and one that will cause his name to travel down to posterity with copious notes of admiration! According to the account there given, he has invented a language that will soon become universal, since it consists in the application of musical notes to language; and as the notion of music is the same in all countries, we don't see, for our parts, but the time may be very speedily looked for, when not only all nations "will rejoice together," but when they may converse together in a common language, and "compare notes," without understanding one word of each other's written speech. A man has only to learn his Gamut, and the relations it bears to words and ideas according to M. Sudre's system, and he may flote or fiddle himself through the world with the utmost comfort and facility. An Englishman without a particle of lingual knowledge beyond his Anglo-Saxon, may hold very pleasant communion with the inhabitants of Nova Zembla, provided always, both parties have some acquaintance with the eight notes; and an honest burgher of Amsterdam, whose whole stock of literature is made up of a limited amount of Low Dutch, may make love to the gayest belle in the capital of modern Gaul, if he can manage to master a few lessons upon de trommel. The grave Spaniard may negotiate solemn treaties with the volatile diplomatist of Paris through the medium of his national guitar; and a Don Cosmeck, from the remotest corner of Muscovy, may woo his lady love in sunny Italy, without understanding one syllable of her soft and flexible vernacular—saving what she strums upon her harp—all which he can answer by a strain or two from his bugle. The intercourse between the sexes will be marvellously improved, for the whole business of blushing, sighing, and whimpering, can be carried upon harmonious principles—on a scale of so many crochets to a bar. Your true swain who is too timid for a direct declaration, and trembles at the very footsteps of his innamorata, has only to approach her flute in hand, and blow himself into her good graces by a few well digested protestations arranged upon musical principles, and there's an end of it. Who the deuce wouldn't find it much less embarrassing to exhibit his semi-quavers in this way, than to fidget through them in the old mode? Oh! the convenience of chromatic courtship.

Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the Admiral's ship. Look up, and read you Jock, said the one to the other: England expects every man to do his duty—not a word for your air Scotland on this occasion. Jock cocked his eye at the object for a moment, and turning to his companion thus addressed him—Mon, Geordie, is that all your sense?—Scotland kens well enough that her bairns will do their duty—that's just a hint to the Englishers.

AWFUL CALCULATION.

An ingenious, authentic, and valuable statistical work, published a few years since, calculates that the number of inhabitants who have lived on the earth, amounts to about 36,627,843,275,075,846.—This sum, the writer says, when divided by 3,096,000, the number of square leagues of land on the surface of the globe, leaves 11,830,698,732, persons to each square league.—There are 27,864,000 square miles of land, which being divided as above, give about 1,314,522,076 persons to each square mile. Let the miles be reduced to square rods, and the number, he says, will be 2,853,275,600,000 which being divided as above, gives 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod; which being reduced to feet, and dividing as above, it will give about 5 persons to each square foot of terra firma on the globe. Let the earth be supposed to be one vast burying ground, and according to the above statement, there will remain 1,283 persons to be buried on each square rod; and a rod being capable of being divided into 12 graves, it appears that each grave must have contained 100 persons, and the whole earth have been one hundred times dug over to bury its inhabitants, supposing they had been equally distributed! What a lesson to human pride, vanity, and ambition.

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