

POETRY.

Selected.

SONG.

TUNE—"A Soldier's Tear."

Upon the ocean's verge
A maiden stood and wept;
She gazed upon the foaming surge,

Perhaps that absent one
To former vows untrue
Forgot this weeping maiden, while
He rode the waters blue—

Months pass'd—this maiden stood
Again upon the shore,
Her tear dropp'd in the angry flood,

VARIETIES.

THE DYING ROBBER.

The touching sketch which follows, is extracted from the Edinburgh Quarterly Magazine.

During the awful visitation of that contagion which swept thousands to the grave, a clergyman of the Church of England, after a day spent in ministering the support and comfort of the gospel to many a sick and dying soul,

He had spent some time in prayer for a blessing on the word which he had dispensed that day, and committed his own soul and body into the keeping of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

He laid for some time, but could not sleep; the scenes he had witnessed that day, the countenances of the dying, some racked with agonizing pain, and some in the livid death-like torpor of the collapsed state,

He had just fallen into a slumber, when a knock at the hall door aroused him; he heard it opened, and in a few minutes his own servant entered the room.

"Sir, there is a man below who says he must speak with you." "Ask him his name and business." "He says, sir, he must speak to yourself." Mr. T—rose, dressed himself in haste, and taking the candle left by the servant, he descended into the hall.

Mr. T—hesitated; and at length said, "I cannot go with you; you do not even tell your name, nor the place to which you will lead me; I would fear to trust my life in your hands."

He followed the man through many streets of a large and populous city; it seemed as if they traversed it in the length thereof, so tedious did the way

appear. The watchman was calling the hour of one, and still they proceeded. At length they came to a street, long and narrow, with houses bespeaking wretchedness, and well known as a quarter of the town remarkable for the vice as well as the poverty of its inhabitants.

Mr. T—followed his guide into a long and dirty entry, which terminated in a square, where he stopped, and took out of his pocket a knife, with which he began to scrape away some earth from the ground.

Mr. T—felt at this moment the awful horror of his situation. He might have fled, but he knew the man would soon overtake him, and in the dark he could scarcely find his way back.

He therefore determined to see the end of this strange adventure, and committing himself again to the protection of the Almighty in a short ejaculatory prayer, he watched at the edge of the pit until he saw a light glimmer within it, by the faint rays of which, as it approached nearer, he saw the man place a ladder firmly, which he ascended a few steps, and entreated the clergyman to descend assuring him again of his safety.

He did descend into this pit of darkness, which reminded him of the descent of the prophet into the den of lions; for at the bottom, stretched upon the ground, in different attitudes he beheld a number of men, savage and ferocious as beasts of prey, who, raising their haggard countenances, stared wildly upon him.

Mr. T—shook in every limb; he had been used to patients in this dreadful malady, but here was one in such a state as he had never before witnessed.

Mr. T—said to the dying man, "I did," he replied in a clear and distinct tone. "Why do you wish to see me?" "Because," said the man, "some short time ago I wandered into your church, and heard you read what I wish you to read to me again; I want to hear it before I die."

Mr. T—said to the dying man, "that God knew my down-sittings and mine uprisings; that he understood my thoughts; that he compassed my path, and my lying down, and was acquainted with all my ways; that there was not a word in my tongue but God knew it altogether."

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erection. On that day, the venerable James Thompson, who had been the companion in arms of Wolfe, then in his 95th year, was present and assisted in the masonic ceremony.

By some misconception during the absence of the Earl of Dalhousie in India, a marble slab was sent out from England, having upon it an erroneous inscription, which it was impossible to place upon the obelisk; and this is the reason why it so long reproachfully continued without any legend to the memory of the heroes in whose honor it was erected.

This day the anniversary of a battle followed by more important results than any of modern times—the names of Wolfe, who fell during the action, in arms of victory, and of Montcalm, who, desperately wounded by the single gun in the possession of the British, died on the next day—have been placed upon the sarcophagus, in letters of large size, founded of brass, bronzed, so as to stand out from the stone in bold relief.

No delay will occur in placing the other inscriptions upon the obelisk, the workmen having been employed for several days in preparing the beds for the different slabs.

On the front of the surbase, will be placed the following, altered from the inscription, written by the Reverend Dr. Mills, for the plate deposited with the foundation stone:—

MORTEM. VIRTUS. COMMUNE.
FAMAM. HISTORIA.
MONUMENTUM. POSTERITAS.
DEDIT.

On the front of the surbase, will be placed the following, altered from the inscription, written by the Reverend Dr. Mills, for the plate deposited with the foundation stone:—

MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM.—
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.

The admirers of the fine arts, and friends to the embellishment of our city, will be pleased to learn that the classic obelisk, erected to the memory of the contending heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm, is at length about to be completed by affixing the long absent inscriptions.

It will be remembered that this monument was constructed in 1828, from a design composed by Captain, now Major, Young, 79th Highlanders, then on the personal Staff of the Governor-in-Chief.

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of the world. Among other distinguished personages, it has not escaped the notice of an illustrious soldier, the present King of Sweden. Major Young, while travelling lately in the North of Europe, had the honor of dining with His Majesty; and in the evening, in the drawing room was questioned respecting his services, and those of the Regiment to which he belongs.

We believe that the opinion of this illustrious soldier, the King of Sweden, will be responded to by every liberal mind. Indeed, the truly Attic elegance and simple grandeur of this obelisk, together with the chivalrous generosity and generous discrimination of its erection to the immortal memory of both of those heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm, deserves the most grateful commemoration, and the undivided applauses of every refined and educated mind.

HAPPINESS.—It would form perhaps, one of the most amusing, if not the most instructive chapter in poetic history, to compare the various opinions expressed by the inspired, respecting happiness. He who dwells in a lonely valley believes happiness resides in the crowded city among company and books; while he who sings amid the rattle of other men's chariot wheels, and the smoke of ten thousand chimneys, fixes the abode of happiness by the side of some purring brook—beside a green hill, where the wind is ever fragrant, and the voice of nature alone is heard.

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