

THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1843.

No. 51.

VOL. I.

STORY OF A BEAR HUNT IN THE PYRENEES.

At the distance of a league from Bagneres de Luchon, on the declivity of a hill, stands a small building, called the hospital, which serves as a halt or station for travellers journeying to Spain. In October, 18—, a little higher up than the hospital, a small, temporary-looking hut was to be seen, supported and sheltered by a huge rock. It was covered with branches and dry leaves, and built with loose rough stones, constituting a rude but welcome refuge for the highland hunters. It was but the habitation of a day, being regularly destroyed and carried off by every winter storm. The approaches of autumn are terrible in the Pyrenees; and at the time mentioned, a fearful storm was bursting over the mountain. It was evening; every object was buried in darkness; but through the chinks of the door of the hut, darted at times a few glimpses of light. This door was also occasionally opened; a man's head would then appear through the lighted aperture, and be immediately withdrawn. The appearance of the inside was rather picturesque. In the middle of the hut, on a roughly-made table, were promiscuously placed a large basin of milk, some smoked bacon, a piece of goat's cheese, and some maize bread; on the right was an opening made in the rock, which served as a chimney. In this chimney lay, almost in one blaze of fire, the best part of a tree, with its branches and leaves, which brightly illuminated the centre of the hut, and glittered on the long polished barrels of the rifles, placed upright against the opposite wall. Before the fire, a deer's head was comfortably roasting; and around it were stretched five highland hunters, with their caps of brown worsted, their breeches of coarse brown cloth, and their long grey stockings. They had fled to the hut to save themselves from the storm and were now awaiting the supper which was preparing. At the farthest extremity sat, reading attentively, by the light of a wick saturated with resin, a man who appeared not to be dressed like the rest of the hunters; his occupation, the expression of his countenance, and the respectful distance preserved towards him by the highlanders, sufficiently testified his superiority over them. At the other side he suspended the open and reeking carcass of a deer recently killed.

He was cracking of the roasting meat, the hissing of the snow as it fell on the inflamed wood, the loud rumbling sounds of frequent thunder-claps, repeated and increased by the echoes of the mountain, all interrupted the silence which prevailed in the hut. There seemed a weight on the minds of the men; but, so long as they spoke aloud. "So, Janote, it was by the same bear that killed our friends before," said Baptiste, who was yesterday. "Yes," "I shall kill, Janote, or die; where was he seen yesterday?" "Near the glacier of La Maladetta." "I will go to-morrow morning and encounter him; I shall not be satisfied till this black skin has been a herd of chamois."

"Peter," said Janote, the snow has fallen for these two days, the hill is very dangerous, and Baptiste was surprised by the bear merely in consequence of his being caught by the cold; he had better not go to-morrow." "I will go," was the answer.

A gloomy pause now took place, after which the man seated at the extremity of the hut rose and came to Peter. "Peter," said he, "how many children have you?" "Five." "You shall not go to-morrow." "But," "You shall not go!" These words were pronounced with so much authority, that Peter held down his head and remained silent.

"Well then," said another, "I will have the shot, for I have neither wife nor children." "Friend," replied the man, who lives at the village, in the smithy, use?" "My mother." "You shall not go," but rejoined Peter, "now that we have, and out the villain's den, we ought to take advantage of the discovery." "He should be killed!" And by whom? "By whom?" "By myself, my friends." "Yes, my friends," they all exclaimed. "Yes, my friends," I am but a peasant, a highlander, like yourselves. I spent twenty years among the rocks of Catalonia before becoming a minister of God, and the man you now name in the village and the Reverend Curate Riego was once called Riego the Bear-hunter."

As he pronounced these words, the countenance was animated with an expression of courage and

energy. "I had come to the hill," continued he, "to admire the storm; Heaven, no doubt, has directed me to this hut to hear your regrets; and although I have not touched a rifle for fifteen years—'Fifteen years!' said Peter. 'Yes my friends; for blood, even an insect's blood should never stain the hands of a minister of God; but what I intend to do to-morrow is merely to destroy what is hurtful and dangerous; and as I have neither children, wife, nor mother, I shall go and fear not but I shall kill the bear.' Be careful, M. Riego," said Janote. "Fear not, my friend, I shall remember the days of my youth."

A young man of about twenty-two years of age, called Stephano, then approached the priest, and said to him, "You I, brother, shall not go with you?" "You I, brother," replied the curate, "My mother's son!—no; you shall not come." "We shall all follow you together!" cried the hunters. "I do not want you, my friends; and, as the night is advancing, you had better take your supper, and go to rest."

Young Stephano did not again repeat his request to his brother. The hunters instantly began their meal; for there was in M. Riego's voice an irresistible accent of command.

Half an hour afterwards, each man began to settle himself in some corner of the hut, wrapped up in a sheep or goat's skin; Stephano stretched himself nearest to the door; and very soon all was silence.

At the first dawn of day, Riego fearing the hunters would insist on accompanying him, gently got up, and choosing one of the rifles, stepped out without being heard. He had put on a dress borrowed from one of the highlanders. On his head he wore the small, flat, blue beret; over his legs, the long leather gaiters usually worn by these hardy mountaineers; round his waist, a strong scarlet belt, in which he placed a knife, the thick, sharp blade of which was eight or nine inches long. He was not the same man. His step was at all times firm and erect, but slow; on this day, however, his energy amounted to impatience. As soon as he was out of the hut, he examined the rifle with the scrupulous attention of an experienced hunter; tried the lock, burnt some of the powder to ascertain its quality and dryness, loaded carefully with three balls, and was just starting, when, at ten yards before him, he perceived his young brother Stephano, ready equipped as a hunter. "What are you doing there?" said he. "I am waiting for you, brother."

"Why?" "Because I want to go with you; and I must go." The curate answered not till after a moment's reflection. "Well, let it be so. Is your rifle loaded?" "Yes, brother." "Here are twelve balls, then take them, and let us go."

The brothers started on their perilous adventure. After an hour's march, they passed the short rocky defile which separates France from Spain; and while threading its recesses, Riego would ever and anon raise his rifle to his shoulder, and anon steadily the course of some eagle, following already abroad in the keen, clear morning air. But he fired not; he deemed that there was no call upon him to shed any blood but that of the grizzly bear. At the termination of the defile, they found themselves in front of the Maladetta, the finest glacier of the Pyrenees, but the most dangerous, also, as its not inappropriate name implies. When the glacier appeared, here a mass of glittering ice, and there deadened in hue by flakes of dun snow, Riego felt the enthusiasm of former days return upon him, and he could not help exclaiming, joyfully, "The snow! the hills! Turn, joyfully, to Stephano, the priest then exclaimed, "If Janote be right, the bear must be at that fir-wood to the left. We must climb the Maladetta, Stephano. Have you the iron books and the ropes?" "Yes, brother," "Come, then, get ready," said Riego.

In a few minutes, they had buckled their iron hooks to their hands, and had united their bodies by a rope about eight feet long, the purpose of which was, that one of them might sustain the other, in case of a slip. Thus secured, the brothers retraced their route. For half an hour, they toiled silently up the precarious ascent, and were near the place of their destination, when, all at once, the ice gave way beneath Stephano's feet, and he sank downwards into a deep crevice. Dragged back by his companion's weight, the priest slid rapidly to the very edge of the same gulf; a second more, and he

also would have been over! Both must have perished; but gathering his whole strength, Riego dashed his iron grasper into the ice with such force, that he stopped suddenly. To loosen one of his hands, and turn the rope round his arm, for the purpose of shortening it, was the work of an instant. He then exerted his strength in raising Stephano. Soon the young man's hands could grasp the edge of the hole; by and bye his whole chest appeared. "Courage! courage!" cried Riego, putting forth his whole powers upon a final effort, which, being aided by the youth's pressure on his own elbows, was successful. Stephano was freed from his danger; but he fell almost in a fainting state upon the snow. A mouthful of spirits, from the small store of provisions which the hunters had brought with them, restored Stephano to the power of motion, and the priest said to him in a cheerful voice, "Courage, brother!—you are all right again; let us move on." Stephano replied, "Yes, brother," and resumed his march; but a great change had come over the young man. The narrow passage which he had made had overturned his resolution. He walked on, pale, tottering, and exhausted—a different being, altogether, from what he had been a few moments before. Riego, who moved foremost, was too much occupied with the outlook for the bear, and with the difficulties of the path, to be fully sensible how much his brother was changed by the accident. The bear was not to be seen at Maladetta when they reached it. The hunters then turned into the Spanish Pyrenees, which they entered by La Picada. Scarcely had they gone a few yards in this direction, when Riego stopped a sign, and without turning round, made a sign to his companion to stand still. The priest then laid his ear to the ground, and heard a low growling sound, which he immediately pronounced to be the snarl of the bear. "He is not far off," said Riego in a whisper. "Let us mount this platform, and we are sure to see him. Follow me." The brothers ascended the platform in question by a narrow ridge, flanked on the right and left by steep precipices. On the side opposite where the hunters were, there was another precipitous pass. Having completed the ascent, the brothers looked round, and in a few moments saw, a enormous bear, moving slowly down the rocky bed of a torrent. "Here he is!" cried the curate. "Stephano, make ready; he will immediately pass the corner before us, close to that fir-tree; fire at him there. Mark for the left shoulder—a little behind it! It you miss him I will then shoot."

Just as Riego concluded his directions the bear came to the point mentioned. "Now, Stephano!" cried the curate. The young man fired; but whether from agitation, or the distance, he missed the animal, as appeared from the splinters of ice broken off by the side of the brute, which at once turned round, saw the hunters, and advanced towards them. He was at first little more than twenty yards distant, but fortunately the path took some greater. At a favourable instant, calmly and steadily raising his gun, Riego fired. The brute, however, chanced to slip a side at the moment, and of the three balls only one struck him in the flank. A terrible cry of indignation burst from every tongue. "Away with him! drive him from the village!" were the exclamations of all. The unfortunate youth seemed in a condition of despair, which nothing could add to; and he was moving mutely away, when a man covered with bloody cries made his appearance. "Riego!" cried the astonished villagers. It was indeed the priest. Stephano fell on his knees before his brother in a state of speechless rapture, and with looks of imploring entreaty, kissed his feet and knees. The priest looked on him with an aspect of affection and mild forgiveness. "Did you not fall over the precipice with the bear?" cried one of the people. "I did," said Riego; "but heaven protected me. My belt was caught by a sharp rock, the bear was forced to quit its hold, and perished alone at the bottom of the gulf."

Exclamations of joy now rang from every quarter. Stephano continued sobbing aloud. "My brother! oh, my brother! was all he could say. What meant this as I entered?" said the priest in a severe tone; "why would you send away the boy?" "Because the coward!" "Coward! he is no coward," cried Riego. "His presence of mind was destroyed by his having narrowly escaped death a few minutes before. Are you sure that the

same effect would not have been produced on any one of yourselves! Surely none will blame him when I forgive and embrace him! And now let him return thanks to God, and let the festival proceed."

Riego's wounds were soon healed. As for Stephano, by many a brave feat the young man has since wiped away the reproach which was drawn upon him by his want of firmness at the death-scene of the great bear.

NATIVE GENIUS.—The 'Uncle Sam' gives the following extract from the oration of a gentleman, in the interior of Massachusetts, delivered in the meeting house on the glorious Fourth:

Fellow Citizens:—Shouts of victory comes up from the neighbouring marshes—the cry of freedom deafens the voice of nature, and all nature sings aloud for joy! On this glorious occasion I have not words to express the sentiments of my mind—when I think of the great doings of our posteriors, how they licked the British, and my father was in the army, and I was not born, and the country was not courted yet, and the glorious arms of Thomas Jefferson and General Jackson. On this day I call upon you to gird on your swords and beat your spears into plough-shares and cry aloud and spare not. On this day let the common roar aloud—let the flags be waved on high—let the gleaming of your swords flash in the rays of the sun—let the shouts of freedom fill the air—let the trumpet send forth its blasting strains—and let the gentleman who borrowed my umbrella, bring it back again as soon as possible!

LADY BYRON AND HER DAUGHTER.—A foreign correspondent of the New York American thus speaks of Lady Byron and her daughter:

I promised to tell you something of Lady Byron, whom it was my pleasure to meet in London. I have rarely been more interested in any lady on either side of the Atlantic, than in this lovely, winning woman. She appears as mild as the blue sky of an Italian evening. Instructed by her intelligent conversation, and charmed with the softened graces which modestly sparkled on the current of her thoughts, I said to myself, "Can it be that blue eye, that mellow voice, those bland manners, belonged to the Lady Byron, the wife of the wild genius, whose erratic fire, while it startled the round world with its glare, withered all that was sweet and beautiful within its own domestic circle, and ultimately consumed itself, by the intensity of its own heat?" Hidden under the wan cheek and quiet countenance of this unfortunate lady, there may lie the smouldering embers of fierce passions that once shot their flames through the very veins of the noble bard, and made him the despairing suicide he was—but they now slumber so profoundly that I cannot, will not believe they were ever in being.

But this is a needless conjecture. Moore, the partial friend of the poet, admits that Lady Byron was gentle and lovely; and the impartial world cannot wholly acquit her of blame in the unfortunate affair to which I have alluded. Let oblivion cover it.

There is a sprightliness in the conversation of Lady Byron that wins and weaves her listener, and a dignified common sense that edifies him. The tinge of sadness—shall I call it melancholy—which flows through it, gives a serious and sincere hue to the vein of pure morality which pervades much of her discourse. Her address and mien are familiar and easy. Decidedly plain looking, her countenance when lying in repose is rather dull and uninteresting. When excited by the ardent conversation of a kindred spirit, it beams but never flashes. Even in her bloom she could not have been handsome. The portraits of her which are usually met with in the shops or appended to the works of Lady Byron, are tolerably faithful to the original.

As might be expected, she is very sensitive to all allusions, however remote, to her late husband. I am told she often leaves the room when his name and his story are introduced—not rudely, of course, but on some feigned or real excuse. I was standing near her when a well-meaning but bungling gentleman spoke to her of her 'illustrious husband.' With much readiness she adroitly, turned to his advantage.

the conversation, and disengaged herself from the circle. It is not so with Ada Augusta, her daughter, the present Lady Lovelace. She loves to talk of her father, and is delighted when you tell her that his works are universally read not only in the seaboard cities of America, but among the far off hills and prairies of the New World. Ada is gentle, witty, and pretty, but neither beautiful nor large-minded. She is said to be the happy wife of Lord Lovelace.

RISE AND FALL OF NAPOLEON.—* Ten years afterwards there broke out by far the most alarming danger of universal dominion, which had ever threatened Europe. The most military people in Europe became engaged in a war for their very existence. Invasion on the frontiers, civil war and all imaginable horrors raging within, the ordinary relations of life went to wreck, and every Frenchman became a soldier. It was a multitude numerous as the hosts of Persia, but animated by the courage and skill and energy of the old Romans. One thing alone the Romans wanted, to enable them to encounter the world—a general and a ruler like himself.

There was wanted a master hand to restore and maintain peace at home, and to concentrate and direct the immense military resources of France against her foreign enemies. And such an one appeared Napoleon. Pacifying La Vendee, receiving back the emigrants, restoring the church, remodelling the law, personally absolute, yet carefully preserving and maintaining all the great points which the nation had won at the Revolution, Napoleon united in himself, not only the power, but the whole will of France; and that power and will were guided by a genius for war such as Europe had never seen since Caesar. The effect was absolutely magical. In November, 1799, he was made First Consul; he found France humbled by defeats, his Italian conquests lost, his allies invaded, his own frontier threatened. He took the field in May, 1800, and in June the whole fortune of war changed, and Austria driven out of Lombardy by the victory of Marengo. Still the flood of the tide rose higher and higher, and every successive wave of its advance swept away a kingdom. Earthly state has never reached a prouder pinnacle than when Napoleon, in June, 1812, gathered his army at Dresden, that mighty host, unequalled in all time, of 450,000, not men merely, but effective soldiers, and there received the homage of subject kings. And now, what was the principal adversary of this tremendous power? by whom was it checked, and resisted, and put down? By none, and by nothing, but the direct and manifest interposition of God. I know of no language so well fitted to describe this tremendous advance to Moscow, as the language of the prophet with respect to the advent of the subsequent destruction of vance and the subsequent destruction of the host of Sennacherib. "When they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses, night of frost, in which twenty thousand horses perished, and the strength of the French army was utterly broken. Human instruments, no doubt, were employed in the remainder of the work; nor would I deny to Germany and to Prussia, the glories of the year 1813, nor to England the honour of her victories in Spain, or of the crown-victory of Waterloo. But at the distance of thirty years, those who lived in the time of danger and remember its magnitude, and now calmly review what there was in human strength to avert it, must acknowledge, I think, beyond all controversy, that the deliverance of Europe from the dominion of Napoleon was effected neither by Russia, nor by Germany, nor by England, but by the hand of God alone.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

RISE AND FALL OF NAPOLEON.—* Ten years afterwards there broke out by far the most alarming danger of universal dominion, which had ever threatened Europe. The most military people in Europe became engaged in a war for their very existence. Invasion on the frontiers, civil war and all imaginable horrors raging within, the ordinary relations of life went to wreck, and every Frenchman became a soldier. It was a multitude numerous as the hosts of Persia, but animated by the courage and skill and energy of the old Romans. One thing alone the Romans wanted, to enable them to encounter the world—a general and a ruler like himself.

There was wanted a master hand to restore and maintain peace at home, and to concentrate and direct the immense military resources of France against her foreign enemies. And such an one appeared Napoleon. Pacifying La Vendee, receiving back the emigrants, restoring the church, remodelling the law, personally absolute, yet carefully preserving and maintaining all the great points which the nation had won at the Revolution, Napoleon united in himself, not only the power, but the whole will of France; and that power and will were guided by a genius for war such as Europe had never seen since Caesar. The effect was absolutely magical. In November, 1799, he was made First Consul; he found France humbled by defeats, his Italian conquests lost, his allies invaded, his own frontier threatened. He took the field in May, 1800, and in June the whole fortune of war changed, and Austria driven out of Lombardy by the victory of Marengo. Still the flood of the tide rose higher and higher, and every successive wave of its advance swept away a kingdom. Earthly state has never reached a prouder pinnacle than when Napoleon, in June, 1812, gathered his army at Dresden, that mighty host, unequalled in all time, of 450,000, not men merely, but effective soldiers, and there received the homage of subject kings. And now, what was the principal adversary of this tremendous power? by whom was it checked, and resisted, and put down? By none, and by nothing, but the direct and manifest interposition of God. I know of no language so well fitted to describe this tremendous advance to Moscow, as the language of the prophet with respect to the advent of the subsequent destruction of vance and the subsequent destruction of the host of Sennacherib. "When they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses, night of frost, in which twenty thousand horses perished, and the strength of the French army was utterly broken. Human instruments, no doubt, were employed in the remainder of the work; nor would I deny to Germany and to Prussia, the glories of the year 1813, nor to England the honour of her victories in Spain, or of the crown-victory of Waterloo. But at the distance of thirty years, those who lived in the time of danger and remember its magnitude, and now calmly review what there was in human strength to avert it, must acknowledge, I think, beyond all controversy, that the deliverance of Europe from the dominion of Napoleon was effected neither by Russia, nor by Germany, nor by England, but by the hand of God alone.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.

INGRATITUDE.—Of all vices, for this is a vice, ingratitude is the most base. The man who forgets kindness and friendship is capable of any wrong, and doing any deed. He that commits it, is contemptible. He that deserves the scorn of man. To be, and deserves the scorn of man, is to forget a favour or abuse a benefactor, to show one's self a rogue at heart, to scoundrel in grain, and callous to the feelings of nature. Never trust your friendship with a man that you know has been ungrateful to another; he will betray you and wrong you the instant he finds it to his advantage.