W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

# EDGEFIELD, S. C., MARCH 20, 1851.

VOL. XVI.-NO. 9-

From the Temperance Banner.

THE INEBRIATE'S LAST ADDRESS. Mr. Editor,-the following verses are in substance the language of a poor inebriate, who died some years ago, under circumstances of the most humiliating character. His insatiable thirst for alcohol knew no bounds, and even in the last hour of his existence, upon the threshold of the

grave, he thus addressed his wife :-Yes, Mary, I have worshipped long. At Alchy's burning shrine, And still I have an aching thirst, To quaff the ruby wine. Up, quickly bring my goblet here That I may drink again Before I die, or I shall die In agonizing pain.

Although I feel upon my brow, The chilly damp of death, And know my spirit soon must be With God who gave me breath. Still there's an itching in my breast For Alcoholic bane, Which stamps upon the brow of man, A stigmatizing stain.

I never knew when I began To tipple at the bowl, That I would fill a drunkard's grave And die a ruined soul. But O, alas! I've quickly sunk 'Neath Alchy's potent power, Without a single ray of hope To cheer my dying hour.

O where are those I've reveled with ! From morn 'till setting sun, Ah! could I leave a parting word With each and every one, My prayer would be that all The bitter cup to drink, To turn their eyes away from hell And for the future think.

But here, alas! I'm left alone, In this the darker day, And all, save thee, my loving friend Have coldly turn'd away. And tho' I've wreck'd thy brightest hopes, And marred thy peaceful sky, I would that thou wouldst kneel and say, Forgice, before I die.

Of thy devotion need I tell! What boots it now to say, Dark retrospection does but serve To fright my soul to-day." Then round my cold form quickly kneel And hear my last farew For I am surely sinking down Into a burning hell.

And when I'm gone inter me deep In yonder darksome cave, And never let my children know I filled a DRUNKARD'S GRAVE. And at the stilly hour of eve, At twilight's deep'ning gloom, Bring flowers of every hue and kind And scatter o'er my tomb.

#### Human Life, or the Pirst and Last Minute.

MINUTES PASS .- The anxious husband paces across his study. He is a father; a man child is born unto him. Minutes pass. The child has been blessed with a parent whom it cannot recognize; and pressed to that bosom to which instinct alone guides it for sustenance—the young wife, too, has faintly answered to the husband's questions, and felt his warm kiss on her forehead.

Hours Pass .- The low moanings from the closely covered cradle, tell of the first want of its infant occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse speaks of sufferings around her: while her clad countenance says that the very suffering which she is trying to alleviate is a source of joy, and the nameless articles which, from time to time, she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

DAYS PASS .- Visitors are thronging the chamber; and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent illness, is receiving their congratulation and listening proudly to their praises of the little treasure, which lies asleep in its rocking bed at her feet. The scene shifts, and the father is there with her alone, as the twilight deepens around them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

WEEKS PASS .- The eves of the young mother are sparkling with health, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention, and the father is once more mingling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheritor of life; to watch over his dreamless slumbers-to trace each other's look in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity, of which he is the bearer friends in New York, says, "You inform

MONTHS PASS .- The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strown with playthings, and there is a little one loitering among them whose half lisped words, and hearty laugh, and sunny countenance, tell you that the entrance of life is over a pathway of flowers.

YEARS PASS.—Childhood is strengthenel into boyhood; and boyhood is gamoded along into manhood. Old connectors are broken-parents are sleeping in tien graves, new intimacies are formeda new home is about him; new cares distract hm.—He is abroad struggling amid the business of life, or resting from it with

those whom he has chosen from his own

become men, and are quitting him, as he

MONTHS PASS .- He gradually diminish es the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad, when he finds so many new faces, and he grieves to meet his former companions, after a short absence, they seem to have grown so old and infirm.

WEEKS PASS .-- Infermity keeps him in his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair

DAYS PASS .- The old man does not leave his bed-his memory is failing-he talks but cannot be understood-he asks questions, but they relate to the transactions of a former generation-he speaks of occurrences, but the recollection of no one around him can go back to their

Hours Pass .- The taper grows dimmer and dimmer-the machinery moves yet more and more slowly-the sands are -the motion of those above him is unheeded or become a vexation-the " silver chord" is fast untwisting-the pitcher is broken at the fountain-and time "is a burthen." The course is run-and utter weakness brings the cold damp, which ushers in the night of death.

## Shall we Submit, because South Caro-

istence, without danger of being swallowforce of the large. This is eminently so be ruled and laughed at by those who dein the history of the past three or four light to prey upon you? You have the years, and will be true, as far as concerns the United States, before very long, if disunion does not scatter the combustible materials now threatening momentary ignition. Is it not known to all, that civil war is a calamity ten-fold more to be entry: dreaded than other wars? Once strike fire in the Union, and no man will live to see, posterity won't see, the end of the conflagration that will burst from that sections, and religions-with fanatics on one side, holding a religious and political end that will fire and consume the world in its career, once let blood madden their brains. Disunion, separate State secession, can now take place peaceably, and

A CALIFORNIAN writing to one of his me that Dr. G. and others are crossing the Plains this season; well, I am glad to hear of it, as "misery loves company," but if they do not buckle right in to hard work like honest men, they can't mess with this end of misery's crowd."

arrest and avert these threatened dangers.

-Abbeville Banner.

SOMETHING GRAPHIC.—The following letter was written sonfe time since by a boy down in Alabama to his father in

ALABAMMY, PIRE CY., Jan 1851. Dear Daddy-Corn is riz and brother Henry is dead likewise.

Yours, omnipotent,

To Cotton Planters.

I desire through the columns of your

an almost unprecedented decline in your

preat staple, Cotton. For this decline. I

assert without the fear of rational contra

diction, there exists no good and sufficient

cause. There is but one apparent cause

-the increased receipts up to this date:

but there is no man pretending to the

slightest knowledge of the subject, who

will say that there is anything in this fact

simply, to indicate a larger crop than the

almost universal estimate made some sixty

What, then, is the cause of this decline

It, in my opinion, results from a regular

and systematic combination on the part

of the English manufacturers, and their

most desirable object in the world to them

-and for this opinion I offer the follow-

ing reasons. Judge, then, for yourselves.

pool-men quite as honest as those who

are intrusted with taking an account of

the Cotton there on the first of January

-that the stock was falsely reported, and

not to be relied upon; in plain words,

that it was not as large as it was given

Having got thus far, the manufacturers

aided by the Bank, (for Cotton is the life-

blood of England, and the cheaper the

more nourishing,) and others interested,

out to be.

It is believed by many, even in Liver-

or ninety days since of twenty-one or

twenty-two hundred thousand bales.

NEW ORLEANS, March 1.

YEARS PASS .- His own children have

widely circulated journal, to address a also quitted the home of his father. few plain words to the Cotton Planters of the South; and I trust there is not a paper published in the Cotton region that will refuse to lay them before its readers for what they are worth. I would then address this body of men as follows: Gentlemen-You have lately witnesse

fewer as they measure the allotted span

MINUTES PASS .- His breathing grows softer and slower-his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out, and the blaze flashes not before it expires. His "three score years and ten" are numbered. Human life is "finished."

## lina is Small and Weak.

proceeded to effect their purpose of low-The burthen of taxation will fall lighter ering the price of Cotton in this manner: upon the shoulders of our citizens, under an independent State government, than it It is known that they are literally without does now, or ever has done in the Union. stock; in other words, that they are work-Is this doubted, and can a plausible reason be given to make the doubt worthy of be- five hundred thousand bales in Liver- ing, and you will acknowledge at the end, ing entertained? The complaint of our pool, and then, instead of purchasing their lives has been, that we are robbed of the supplies there, they leave that market to fruits of our labor, by a partial system of sink by its own weight, and send here to excessive taxation, which falls heaviest buy just barely enough to keep their mills upon us of the South, and is scarcely of going. The effect of this course is plain a feathers weight upon the industry of and certain. The holders of Cotton in the North. We of the South have sup- Liverpool-speculaters and shippers-find before my father came into the country, ported the extravagant profligacy of this no demand for it there, and of course the government, and South Carolina pays ten article rapidly declines, and is followed times more than her just tribute to minis- by a still more rapid decline with us .ter to this bloated profligacy. Not half, Having gotten up this decline, and consescarcely one tenth of this tribute, now quent panic, from which it is hard for us paid to this bloated tyrant, would be need- to recover, they have from sixty to ninety ed by South Carolina to support a sepa-rate government. The idea that the low prices, which they generally succeed smallness of South Carolina as an object in doing: and this is repeated, year by tion to her separate existence, is a two year, as it becomes necessary. And now, penny argument, hardly worth an argu- gentlemen, is there a man amongst you ment. To refuse it, let any one cast his so dull as not to see the keen art and terieves over the map of Europe, and see ble potency of the tactics, and the entire what a large proportion of governments practicability of carrying them into effect are smaller in extent of territory than by such a body as the manufacturers of South Carolina; and that their positions Manchester? You have felt, and are feelare not near so favorable for a strong, ing, their effects to your hearts' content. peaceful and prosperous government as Nor can any man give you any other reaours. Surrounded by monarchies and son why Cotton, that was worth thirteen despotisms, Switzerland maintains her ex- cents sixty days since, should now be worth but nine and a half cents, and ed up by the rapacity of her powerful which will be worth thirteen three months neighbors. Holland, Denmark, Portugal, hence? Belgium, and other small sovereignties in Gentlemen, I have given you but one the heart of Europe, stand respected and specimen of legerdemain; many more respectable before the world, with no concould be produced If these be factsstant fear of being crushed by more puis- and I see not how they can de deniedsant powers. They are among the oldest might it not with propriety be askedestablished Governments in Europe, and how long you intend enduring this disbefore now have measured their swords, graceful vassalage to another peopleboth on land and sea, with the giants of disgraceful to your self-esteem as men, the earth. At this epoch, there are more and destructive to your interests? How reasons to apprehend civil war within the long, by refusing to protect an interest at borders of large States, than that small home, which would be antagonistic to this, States will be crushed by the superior and consequently friendly to you, will you

nalizer in California makes the following three miles distant, among the gold washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl, by spark. It will be a war between races, the side of a stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, Three weeks and an ounce." Her reply eminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B-, who met a girl returning from market, and asked her, "How deep did you find the stream? and what did you get for your butter?" "Up to the knee and ninepence," was the reply. 'Ah !" said the Judge to himself, "she is the girl for me: no words lost there;" turned back, proposed, was accepted, and married the next week; and a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never unied, the nuptial lamp never waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last capsized, take a lesson of the Judge. That "up to the knee and ninepence" is worth all the rose letters

remedy in your own hands whenever you

A WOMAN OF FEW WORDS .- A Jour-

dare to use it .- N. O. Crescent.

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasp ing, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he said my uncle Toby. "A boy," replied friend!-I wish I had him here." would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

"I never, in the longest march," said remember the story, an' please your Hogenst please ground on the outside for potatoes.

and melancholy rhymes ever penned."

pleted the stereotype plates for the execu-tion of the first of these works. It is My uncle Toby laid down his knife and stated that the first volume will comprise fork, and thrust his plate from before him, art a good-natured fellow." Mr. Calhoun's elaborate Disquisition on as the landlord gave him the account; Government, and a Discourse on the and Trim, without being ordered, took it ed the Corporal, "I thought it was proper Constitution and Covernment of the Uni-ted States, in which are displayed in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe vant, and that your Honor (though a his father, and sat down upon the bed and systematic manner the author's opinions and tobacco. upon the whole subject of the phylosophy of government. These treaties, it is un-uncle Toby.
"Trim!" said my uncle Toby, after he derstood, were been many years ago, and though they had not received the lighted his pipe, and smoked about a doubt they ultimate revision which was intended, they are whiffs. Trim came in front of his zen whiffs. Trim came in front of his zen whiffs. Trim came in front of his zen whiffs. are very complete, and by the careful master, and made his bow; my uncle Toand judicious editing of Mr. Cralle, his intimate friend and confidential secretary,

himself. The series of the entire works of this great man, together with his biogra-phy, written by Mr. Cralle, will, it is of wrapping myself up warm in my rothought, be embraced in six volumes.

[Charleston Sun.

will perhaps appear as perfect in all their

A LIFE-BOAT, quite novel in its design, has been invented in England. It has aids, to depress the article-which is the air-tight seats all round the side, but the bottom consists of open work of iron, so that the water passes freely through, and even wets the feet of the rowers. The advantage is, that the water inside and outside is on the same level, and the boat is ballasted and kept upright by the water itself.

### THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

WE give our readers, to-day, the Story of Le Fevre, taken from STERNE's TRIS-TRAM SHANDY. It has long been regarded the gem of that auther's productions. The style, in places, partikes, rather too much. of the affected quantness of the narrative upon which it is engrafted. Divest yourself of any little prejudice this may ing from hand to mouth, but they report awaken, and read attentively the followthat a better story was never better told.

It was some time year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,-which was about seven years -and about as many after the time that decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe :- when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard,-I say, sitting,-for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)-when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain his point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. -This bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes, for five and twenty years together. But this is neither here nor there-why do I mention it? Ask my pen; it governs me .- I go-

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village, came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. "'Tis for a poor gentleman. I think, of the army," said the landlord. " who has been taken ill at my house head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack, and a thin toast. "I

head, "it would comfort me." "If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will "If I get better, my dear," said he, as he still mend," continued he; "we are all of gave his purse to his son to pay the man,

us concerned for him." "Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; " and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they

will do him good." "Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, 'he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, vet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too. There must be something more than common in him. that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host:"-"And of his whole family," added the Corporal, "for they are all concerned for him." "Step after him," said my uncle Toby, "do, Trim; and ask if he knows

"I have quite forgot it truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor again. "Has he a son with him, then?"

stand (says the Columbia Carolinian, of does nothing but mourn and lament for company:—What could be the matter kerchief,—"then well may I." "In say the 11th inst.) that Mr. Cralle has com- him night and day. He has not stirred

"Stay in the room a little," said my

by smoked on, and said no more. "Corpo- answer; for his heart was full: so he Toby. rai!" said my uncle Toby; the Corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceedparts as if re-written by Mr. Calhoun ed no further, but finished his pipe. "Trim!" said my uncle Toby, "I have a

quelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman." "Your Honor's roquelaure," replied the Corporal, "has not once been had on, since the night before your Honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honor your death, and bring on your Honor's torment in your groin." "I fear so," replied my uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me." "I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my of it. How shall we manage it?" "Leave it, an' please your Honor, to me," quoth the Corporal. "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your Honor a full account in an hour. Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby, " and here's a shilling for thee to

as a crooked one,—he might be said to dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, le left Dendermond to itself,—to be rehave thought of nothing else but poor Le in his rear to-day; harassing others to- lieved or not by the French king, as the

smoked it. knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inu, and gave him the following account :-"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, " of being able to bring back your Honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant." "Is he in pray,-he prays as heartily as a parson the army then?" said my uncle Toby. "He is," said the Corporal. "And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby. "I'll tell your Honor," replied the Corporal, "every thing straight-forwards, as I pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee, till thou hast done; so sit seen who have done their duties in this down at thy ease, Trim, in the windowseat, and begin thy story again." The Corporal made his old bow, which gene- hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the rally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it-Your Honor is good :- And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same | God Almighty is so good and just a go-

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, " of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honor, about the lieut. and his son :- for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myfour days ago, and has never held up his self sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,"-("That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby") "I was answered, an' please your Honor, think," says he, taking his hand from his that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses. which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning he came." -" we can hire horses from hence." "But alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence," said the landlady to me,for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his -and take a couple of bottles, with my son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already."

"I was hearing this account," continued the Corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of:"-"but I will do it for my father, myself," said the youth. " Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman," said I, " taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it." "I believe, Sir," said he, very modestly, any acquaintance with him, that he knows "I can please him best myself." "I am sure," said I, "his Honor will not like the ever; that the person his good-nature has toast the worse for being toasted by an laid under obligations to him, is one Le the word, and blotted it out for ever. old soldier. The youth took hold of my Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's; but he hand, and instantly burst into tears."-"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby; "he musing; "possibly he may my story," has been bred up from an infant in the added he. " Pray tell the captain, I was with the Corporal; but I can ask his son army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most sounded in his ear like the name of a unfortunately killed with a musket-shot,

with me, an' please your Honor?" " No- ing this, he drew a little ring out of his thing in the world, Trim," said my uncle bosom, which seemed tied with a black Toby, blowing his nose,-" but that thou

"When I gave him the toast," continustranger) was extremely concerned for wept. his father; and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar-" And thou might'st have added my purse too," said (which was meant to your Honor) but no pipe?" "Do, Trim," said my unclewent up stairs with the toast." "I warrant you, my dear," said I, as I opened again. M. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire, but said not he, as well as she, upon some account or a word, good or bad, to comfort the

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs." "I believe," said the landlord, "he is going to say his prayers,for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I

saw his son take up a cushion." "I thought," said the curate, "that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all." "I heard the uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?" "Leave said the landlady, "very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it." "Are you sure of it?" re-plied the curate. "A soldier, an' please your Reverence," said I, " prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has drink with his servant." "I shall get it the most reason to pray to God of any

morrow: detached here: countermanded | French king thought good; and only con there; resting this night out upon his sidered how he himself should relieve the arms; beat up in his shirt the next; be- poor lieutenant and his sone the arms and his sone the arms are the sone the so It was not till my uncle Toby had numbed in his joints; perhaps without prayers how and when he can." "I be- this .lieve," said I, " for I was piqued," quoth the -"I believe, an' please your Reverence," said I, "that when a soldier gets time to -though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy." "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby,--" for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:-At the great and general judgement, (and not till then)-it will be world,-and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I scripture," said my uncle Toby; " and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that vernor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,-it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not." said the Corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, " with the

story. "When I went up," continued the Corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,-he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon his pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which, I supposed, he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time." "Let it remain there, my dear," said the lieutenant. "He did not offer to speak to me, till I

had walked up close to his bed-side." "If you are Captain Shandy's servant," said he, " you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me." "If he was of Levens's," said the lieutenant. "I told him your Honor was." "Then," said he, "I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him, -but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of nothing of me. You will tell him, howknows me not,"-said he a second time, as she lay in my arms in my tent." "I

Mr. Calhour's Works .- We under | tasted almost as little as his father: he | my dinner, as I had to cry with him for | said he, wiping his eves with his handribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice." "Here, Billy," said he; the boy flew across the room to the bed-side; and falling down upon his knees, took the ring in

> deep sigh,-"I wish, Trim, I was asleep." "Your Honor," replied the Corporal, " is too much concerned. " Shall I pour out your Honor a glass of sack, to your

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign the kitchen-door, "your father will be well and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that other, (I forget what) was universally youth. I thought it wrong," added the Corporal. "I think so too," said my uncle story thou art upon." "Tis finished already," said the Corp'l, "for to longer; so wished his Honor a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed. and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me; they had come from Ireland, and were ontheir route to join the regiment in Flanders." "But alas!" said the Corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is

over!" "Then what is to become of his

poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby. It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor,-though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when coop'd in betwixt a natiural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,-That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the seige of Den! dermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner. -that nevertheless he gave up to Denderall out of him," said the Corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world." "Twas well mond, though he had already made a lodging the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; "But when a soldier," said f, "an please whole thoughts diwards the provide disting the door.

\* My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; "But when a soldier," said I, "an please whole thoughts towards the provide distance and had it not been that he now and then your Revergee, has been studing for wandered from the point, with considering twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his kneer in cold water,—or engaged," which he might be said to fixed to red the the curtain of the tenaille a straight line, said I, " for months together, in long and seige of Dendermond into a blockade,

> -That king Being, who is a friend to straw in his tent to kneel on; must say his the friendless, shall recompense thee for

"Thou has left this matter short," said Corporal, for the reputation of the army, my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell the in what, Trim."-" In the first place. when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre,-as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou know'st he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay, -that thou didst not make an offer to learnt it." "Then, Trim, I'll fill another review of us all, Corporal, at the day of him of my purse; because, had he stood in need; thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." "Your Honor knows," said the Corporal, "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby,-"thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,-but certainly very wrong as

> "In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby,-" when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too: A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,-we could tend and look to him.-Thou art an excellent nurse thyself Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mire together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs."-

"In a fortnight or three weeks," adde ! my uncle Toby, smiling,-"he might march." "He will never march, an' please your Honor, in the world," said the Corporal. "He will march," said my uncle Toby, "rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off." "An please your Honor," said the Corporal, "he will never march, but to his grave." "He shall march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch-"he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it," said the Corporal. "He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby.-"He'll drop at last," said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy! "He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly. "A-well-a-day! do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point,
—"the poor soul will die." "He shall not die, by G-," cried my uncle Toby. The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd

as he gave it in; and the recording angel. as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon

My uncle Toby went to his bureau,put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning of-