

THE DYING MAIDEN.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

Her heart wildly heaved, and its quick beating now, The anguish of death was revealing, But heavenly fortitude kindled his brow With the fire of its holiest feeling.

Her eye, that had flash'd on the cold world as bright As the star burning o'er the dark ocean, Was dim as the star at the fading of light, For hush'd was its source of emotion.

Yet her spirit was wrapt in a tremulous fire, That hush'd in its purity round it; And the beautiful glimmering did not retire, Till her soul spur'd the clay that had bound it.

'Twas Hope's gentle meteor, whose ecstatic power Had clung to her life till its even; Unsullied by earth—it illumined the four That welcomed her spirit to heaven.

And the last sigh she gave—and she gave it to love— Seem'd music that hush'd her to slumbers; So the sorrowing strain of the perishing dove Is sweetest when death chills its numbers.

F. L.

NORBURY EPITAPH:

OR A FUNNING EPITAPH FOR A FUNNING JUDGE.

From the New York Truth Teller.

Here lies a man of family, Of course 'tis understood, That every bloody man must be, At least a man of blood. Still he unlike most other folk, Had wisdom at his back, How few like him could crack a joke, And fewer crack a neck.

And yet it seems an odd mistake, In changing his abode, That such an upright Judge should take, A hall's down-right road.

How well he fum'd and puff'd, God knows, Can scarcely now be guess'd— But still the monitors all supposed His last puff was the best.

No wonder if a tear drop lay, Thy cheek in bending o'er; Tho' dead, he never was in a grave— Precedent before.

But mourn not, no just cause appears, Thy brow to overcast; The rottenness of ninety years, Is safe and sound at last.

Miscellaneous.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

BY THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

Boonaparte's View of Ireland.—When the termination of his glorious campaign in Italy, left Boonaparte at leisure to turn his attention to this subject, the number of fugitives from Ireland in Paris had very much increased; and the indifferent characters of some, with the mutual jealousies and bickering of almost all,—each setting himself forth as more important and tract worthy than the others, brought discredit both on themselves and on the country of which they were the self created organs. Neither can it be at all doubted that Boonaparte, at this period of his career, when he already saw the imperial crown glimmering in the distance, had begun to shrink from the contact of revolutionists and levellers, and to view with feelings anticipatory, as it were, of the future Emperor, those principles out of which his own power had sprung—well knowing that these principles were ever more potent to overturn than to elevate, and that he had henceforth no choice but to be their victim or their master. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a race like the Irish, among whom rebellion had, he knew, been handed down from age to age, as a sort of birthright should be regarded by the candidate for empire with no very friendly eye, or that the energies of France which he now wielded should be diverted to objects more consonant with his designs. Had he happened to view Ireland and her cause with Hoche's eyes, who can say what might have been the result. That he himself, in his latter days, repented of not having played the game of ambition otherwise, appears strongly from his own avowal at St. Helena:—"If indeed, he is represented to say, of the expedition to Egypt, "I had undertaken that against Ireland, what could England have done now?—On such chance do the destinies of empire depend?"

Major Sirm in Dirty Lane.—On the 17th, Ascension Thursday, he (Murphy)



THE VINDICATOR

MONTREAL, FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 14, 1831.

had been led to expect his noble guest would be with him; but, owing most probably to the circumstances I am about to mention, his lord did not then make his appearance. On the very morning of that day, the active Town Major, Sirm had received information that a party of persons, supposed to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald's body guard, would be on their way from Thomas street to Usher's Island at a certain hour that night. Accordingly, taking with him a sufficient number of assistants for his purpose and accompanied also by Messrs Ryan and Emerson, Major Sirm proceeded, at the proper time, to the quarter pointed out, and there being two different ways, (either Watling Street or Dirty Lane,) by which the expected party might come, divided his force so as to intercept them by either road.

A similar plan having happened to be adopted by Lord Edward's escort, there took place, in each of these two streets, a conflict between the parties; and Major Sirm, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his quarter, was near losing his life. In defending himself with a sword which he had snatched from one of his assailants, he lost his footing and fell; and had not those with whom he was engaged been much more occupied with their noble charge than with him, he could hardly have escaped. But, their chief object being Lord Edward's safety, after snatching a pistol or two at Sirm, they hurried away. On rejoining his friends, in the other street, the Town-Major found that they had succeeded in capturing one of their opponents, and this prisoner, who represented himself as a manufacturer of muslin from Scotland, and who skillfully assumed ignorance of Irish affairs, indeed, in a day or two after his discharge as innocent, proved to have been no other than the famous M. C. C. Lord Edward's confidential agent, and one of the most active organizers in the whole confederacy.

SALICETTI.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Passing through the south of France in the autumn of 1828, I heard related the particulars of the following story.—The events, which were then of recent occurrence, had excited deep and general commiseration, and they are, indeed, as tragical as any that have darkened the annals of domestic life.

About the close of the preceding spring, a lady arrived at Bayonne, accompanied by a youth of delicate and prepossessing appearance. He was her only son, on whom, since his father's death, her hopes more anxiously depended, but whose declining state of health at this time had rendered her fears predominant. Indications of constitutional weakness had of late given some grounds to dread the approach of consumption; and by the advice of her physicians, and prompted by her own apprehensions, Madame Armand had journeyed with her son from their home in Normandy, to seek for him the more beneficial climate of the southern provinces, which, with the change of scene, it was hoped would check the threatened advance of this ruthless malady.—Madame Armand had some letters of introduction to Bayonne, in whose neighbourhood it was her intention to procure a residence for her son, and it was her desire to board him with some respectable family, where he would be secure of the attentions so grateful to the invalid, and might enjoy the cheerfulness of society, without being exposed to its irritations and fatigues. In answer to her inquiries on this subject, she was given to understand that the advantages she was in quest of were likely to be obtained, could a pension be procured in the family of Salicetti, a farmer-general, very favourably known, and who possessed a mansion pleasantly situated in the vicinity of Bayonne.

Having received the most agreeable impression from the beauty and air of repose which hung around the scenery of Chateau Valette, she sought an interview with Salicetti. She started to him the object of her visit, and felt disappointed when he evinced some reluctance to meet with her proposal. There

was much, however, to excite interest in the appearance of the young man himself, and maternal solicitude expressed in the countenance of Madame Armand had the effect of awakening in the wife of Salicetti a sympathy which passes quick between the breasts of mothers, and which in the present instance, pleaded powerfully in behalf of the former lady, who, before her departure, had the gratification to find the Salicetti had acceded with cordiality to her wishes. In a few days, Henry Armand became an inmate of Chateau Valette, and his mother with reanimated hopes, bade farewell to the family, returning to the north, from whence necessary affairs did not permit her to be longer absent.

The character of Salicetti was one which was the good will of mankind, and not undeservedly. Its features were free from the guise of art, or the tricks of cold and artificial politeness. With a little deficiency of exterior softness, he was a man endowed with generous feeling, and with honourable principles to the expression of which he was always prompt and sincere. He possessed, perhaps, over highly, the glowing temperament of his Pyrenean clime, but his ebullitions, though liable to be misdirected, naturally tended to the side of liberty and justice. By the careful improvement of a slender patrimony, and his frank and honest bearing, he had advanced his station in society, and had eventually become one of the most respected of that class in France denominated farmer-generals. He had married a young and pretty Provençale of good connections, to whose beauty he was not insensible, but in whose gentle affections, and characteristic virtue as a wife, he had still stronger reasons of reconciliation than himself; the inequality with the relationship they had mutually formed. One daughter had been the fruit of their union, little Madeline, a child now four years old, whose beauty and airy play diffused within their compass a summer gladness, and drew still closer around her parents the ties of home. Prizing thus the happiness which flowed within the circle of his dwelling, we may explain the doubtful sequence of Salicetti in the admission of a stranger to his fireside, where even trivial changes are sometimes apprehended as sufficient to alter the current of accustomed and cherished enjoyment.

Among their dependants and the neighbouring villages Salicetti, with his wife, enjoyed a merited popularity.—He was the liberal patron of the village festival, where his presence was hailed with pleasure, and in vintage time was happy to promote those rustic gayeties, so congenial to the spirit of that jocund season. His wife, while indulgent to this holiday gladness, had yet stronger claims on the hearts in many a cottage home. She was a "friend in misery too," and to the sorrowing and the sick was even a willing visitor, exercising the charities of a benevolent nature, and diffused, by her gentle sympathy with human ills, more benefit and solace than the hand of science is able to bestow. Need we have wonder that, in "huts where poor men live," so many tongues were ready to welcome and bless the wife of Salicetti?

Henry Armand soon became domesticated in Chateau Valette. Obliging and unaffected manners were away all feeling of restraint, and his society communicated an agreeable interchange of thought and event to the little circle of Salicetti. He was a lover of nature, and had a taste for scenery, forced and the landscapes of his native Normandy. To gratifying this taste, and as promotive of health, he frequently accompanied Salicetti to various parts of the country, which, in the course of his avocations, the latter had occasion to visit, and it was not long ere he felt the restorative agency of exercise, and the cheerful impressions from new and smiling objects. When not engaged in these excursions, his time was pleasantly occupied with books, with music, and other tasteful pursuits, or in visiting with Madame Salicetti, for kindly purposes, the surrounding cottages, where he was received with a smile and hearty regard. Such were the circumstances at Chateau Valette, producing an a-

mount of happiness, which they who try the more ambitious modes of life have seldom purchased for all their "pomp and applauses to boot." But change is the doom of mortality, and there is little security for human joys. Of this the sequel to the history of Salicetti affords a melancholy instance; and it needs not to dwell long on its painful recital.

There are some in the world so enviably constituted, that to them the happiness of others is an offence, and a joy it is to see the fabric of that happiness destroyed. One of this class had already marked Salicetti for a victim, and commenced to execute the plan of his malignity. One night the following anonymous letter was handed to Salicetti:—"Salicetti, a friend bids you take heed—be not careless of your honour with the stranger and your wife." The suggestion had the effect for a moment of sickening the soul of Salicetti; but it quickly gave way to a sounder feeling, to the confidence, hitherto unshaken, in the virtue of his wife, and to a flush of burning indignation at the vile insinuation of his house. Regard to the feelings of others prevented him from making any disclosure of the circumstance, and he had nearly succeeded in banishing the irritation from his own thoughts, when another secret and similar communication reached him.—This was less equivocal than the first, and insidiously insinuated each "thin airy circumstance," as contractions of unflinching conduct, and giving such a colour to particulars as was fitted to kindle and mislead the open and the too vehement temper of Salicetti—finally, professing that nothing save a disinterested zeal for his honour could have induced the writer to inflict the laceration of a recital so unhappy.

The contending emotions which were excited Salicetti struggled vainly to allay. The poison had been absorbed, and spread and rankled with a subtle power. At times, when the conviction that his fears were groundless had almost prevailed, and his breast felt relieved of hideous oppression, would withering doubts return, and wrap his thoughts in darkness. But it is easy to conceive the progress of passion so well known, in a mind whose character was more passionate than reflective. It is sufficient to state that the unhappy Salicetti soon suffered all the wretchedness of a "mind diseased." Difficult as was the task he had hitherto been able to control his emotions before the individuals, unconsciously their cause nor had he practised any unworthy artifice to confirm or impede the innocence of the suspected parties. But this state of restraint or suspense was too intolerable to be long endured, and he resolved to end it. He accordingly intimated one morning that he had to set out on business for the little town of C—, which would detain him for a few days. His intention was to return unexpectedly at night, prepared with some fitting reason for having deferred his journey till the following day.

Night came and Henry Armand had retired to rest accompanied by little Madeline, whose childish fancy to sleep with him had occasionally been indulged. The mother had completed the last domestic cares, and was about to seek repose, when a person called to solicit her presence for a little time in a cottage hard by. A young girl lay there very ill in whom she was very much interested, and she proceeded straightway to the cottage. While she was forthwith on this benevolent errand, Salicetti entered the garden, which lay extended behind the chateau. It was a dewy eve—one of more than ordinary beauty—the moonlight sleeping sweetly on the bank, and the air full of lingering aromas, exhaled during the day from a thousand flowers. They who, with inquiet thoughts, have been placed in scenes of such placid repose, can tell what an exquisite appreciation they have of their beauty which yet they cannot enjoy for the care within. As Salicetti approached his dwelling, every object around him was fitted to fill the sense with pleasure, but these only made him now feel more acutely the loss of his internal peace. Joking from the stillness within that the house-

hold was at rest, he advanced to the door which opened on the garden, and felt it startled at finding it open; he entered softly and proceeded to the chamber of his wife. To avoid alarm he took a slight entrance, he knocked gently on the door, but to this summons no reply of course could be returned. Pausing yet a moment, he entered the room—his eye quickly searched and found it vacant. The imagination may picture the effect of this discovery on the morbid mind of Salicetti. Driven by a crowd of distempered fancies, he hurried to the apartment of Henry Armand. Through the latticed window the moonbeams streamed into the little chamber.—Salicetti beheld two sleeping forms, and deemed that the proof of his dishonour was before him. In phrenzied rashness he drew a pistol from his breast, plunging it into the bosom of her he believed his guilty wife. Scarcely was the fatal act committed when his ear caught the sound of a light coming footsteps. He turned—he called aloud—"Who goes there?" His wife appeared; she stood with looks of anxiety and surprise. Salicetti was smote as if an unearthly apparition had met his gaze. He stood, but for a while had no voice of utterance to her inquiries. At length, between the pangs of hot and hurried breathing, he put a few eager questions, which she answered with rapidly increasing alarm—explaining the cause of her absence from the house. "And Madeline?" cried he, "where is the child?" Reply was made to this question, when a sickly spasm shook the frame of Salicetti as he ejaculated—"Eternal horror—I have murdered my own child!"

In another moment he had driven the dagger into his own heart. His hapless wife was spared this sight, but overwhelmed with the electric rush of misfortune, she had sunk, cold and unconscious as the marble floor on which she fell. Well had it been for her had she never awoke from that icy trance.

Important to Dissenting Ministers.

Two cases of great importance to dissenting ministers have lately been decided by the King's Bench. They appear in the last number of the reports of that court, by Barnwell and Creswell, vol. 10, p. 713. In both cases the question was, whether a minister, duly elected, and placed in possession of the chapel, with a dwelling house attached to it for his residence, (the chapel and house being vested in trustees in the usual way, to permit the chapel to be used for the purpose of religious worship,) could be turned out of such possession by the trustees at a moment's notice; and it was decided that, as such a minister paid no rent for the property, he is only a tenant at will, and is bound to quit on demand.

New and Destructive Engine of War.

We have this week been favoured with the sight of some experiments made with a newly invented pistol, for which a patent has been taken out. This important invention, which appears destined to produce a new era in modern warfare, is decidedly the most destructive weapon in all its forms, that has ever been afforded to the consideration of any government. Its extreme simplicity, the facility with which it can be cleaned, its prodigious and varied powers, render it particularly applicable to every purpose of naval and military warfare to which fire arms can be applied. 1st. A pistol, either for cavalry, for the defence of breaches, or for boarding, which can be loaded and fired ten times in one minute, projecting at each discharge 12 missiles in one horizontal line, diverging laterally from 12 to 18 feet, and within an elevation of six feet at the distance of 30 or 40 yards. Each man discharging 120 missiles per minute, 100 men in ten minutes are enabled to discharge 120,000 missiles, each equal in effect to an ordinary pistol-ball. Suppose that a squadron of 100 men charge an enemy's squadron of equal numbers, and that 75 direct their aim so badly that not one of their missiles took effect, there will remain 300 well-directed missiles at the first discharge; or, even imagine it possible that only one in 100

was efficient, 100 men in ten minutes could put 1,200 hors de combat. 2d. A short carbine, capable of being discharged with the same rapidity as the pistol, but propelling 16 instead of 12 missiles, and particularly applicable to naval warfare, as 50 men, directing their fire on the enemy's deck, while the fire of 50 more was directed against the men on the masts and rigging, would in one minute pour a shower of 16,000 missiles over the whole vessel; thus rendering her defenceless, and the boarding and capture consequently easy and almost instantaneous. The pistol was about 3-4 lbs. in weight, with an elliptical muzzle and loaded with great ease and simplicity at the breech. The specimen was admirably finished as a piece of workmanship, and the balls were thrown with such force that they rebounded from a brick wall, at thirty yards, more than half-way back.—Literary Gazette.

In consequence of information, a large quantity of smuggled silk was traced by Mr. Dorme, an officer of the Customs, to the houses of some of the first people in the trade in the city of London, and three Excise officers having been sent in the early part of last week to three houses, one in Newgate Street, one in a lane near Cheap-side, and the third in a Court in Fleet street; they each seized to the amount of not less than £10,000.

Choice of a Wife. (Burleigh's advice to his Son.)—When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of thy life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market without gentility. Nor choose a base uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others and longing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt forget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will beke thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it to thy great grief that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

Church and state.—A rencounter took place last week, in the neighbourhood of Fenchurch church, between the Earl of M—, and the Rev. Mr. O—, an English gentleman, which is likely to lead to every disagreeable consequence. It is reported that the Earl had trespassed on the shooting ground of the Rev. gentleman, and that, upon being challenged for it, very high words passed between them, till in the excitement of the moment the Earl fired at the Rev. gentleman, but without effect, which led to language still more irritating, when the Earl fired again, and hit the Rev. gentleman's horse. A message was forthwith sent to Perth, and a warrant procured to apprehend his Lordship, who was brought into town and examined by the Sheriff, who committed him, and he was kept in custody until liberated on sufficient bail.—Perthshire Journal.

SALE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MANUSCRIPTS.—On Friday the original manuscripts of the Waverley novels, all in the hand-writing of Sir W. Scott, Bart, were submitted to the hammer by Evans, of Pall-Mall. The manuscripts were in good preservation, and distinguished by comparatively few corrections. They excited much curiosity amongst the company. The sale commenced with the autograph manuscript of the Monastery, 3 volumes in one, perfect. The few alterations or additions which occur, from the first conceptions of the illustrious author to their final transmission to the press, are remarkable in this curious manuscript. After a spirited competition, it was knocked down to Mr. Thorpe at 18l. The second lot was the manuscript of Guy Mannering, three vols. wanting a folio at the end of the second volume. The alterations in this MS. were more numerous; it was purchased by Mr. Thorpe, at 227 19s.—The third lot was Old Mortality 3 vols., perfect, and bound in green morocco; it was knocked down to Captain Basil Hall for 233.—The Antiquary, 3 vols.; warranted perfect, was also bought by Captain Hall for 242. Lot 5 was Rob Roy, in 3 vols. 4to, complete. After great competition, it was knocked down to Mr. Wilks, MP., for 250, the highest price brought. The sixth lot was the MS. of Peveril of the Peak, 4 vols. bound up in 2, and was sold at 242. The seventh lot was Waverley, 3 vols. very imperfect, purchased by Mr. Wilks, MP., for 218. The MS. of The Abbot, 3 vols. imperfect, sold for 214. Invanhoe, for 212, bought by Mr. Rumbold, MP. The tenth lot was the





