POETRY.

Lines on the departure of Summer.

Sad in the North wind the trees are now bending,
And their foliage is swept far away on the gale;
The chill gloom of Autumn around is descending,
And the last blooming flowrets look pale and more pale.

See, the late glittering landscape, how fast it is waning,
How changed is the splendor of its rich emerald hue;
While the few wither'd leaves on the poplar remaining
Seem to sigh in the blast—lovely Summer, adieu!

Adieu, lovely Summer! oh, forever adieu!
Yet thou wilt return, gay and bright as before,
In thy blossom-strewed mantle unfurl'd with the dew;
But she who once lov'd thee must hail thee no more!

From the Christian Herald.

VICAR OF MADELY AND THE DUELLIST.

Mr. Fletcher had a very profligate nephew, a military man, who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service for base and ungentlemanly conduct. He had engaged in two or three duels, and dissipated his resources in a career of vice and extravagance. This desperate youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General de Gons, and presenting a loaded pistol, threatened to shoot him unless he would immediately advance him five hundred crowns; the general though a brave man, well knew what a desperado he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time expostulating freely with him on his conduct—the young mad man rode off triumphantly with his ill gotten acquisition. In the evening passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, he determined to call on him, and began with informing him what Gen. de Gons had done, and as a proof exhibited the draft from under de Gons own hand; Mr. Fletcher took the draft from his nephew, and looked at it with astonishment—then, after some remarks, putting it into his pocket, said "it strikes me young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method, and in honesty I cannot return it but with my brother's knowledge and approbation." The nephew's pistol was immediately at his breast; "my life" replied Mr. Fletcher, with perfect calmness, "is secure in the protection of an Almighty Power; nor will he suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness."

This firmness drew from the nephew the observation that his uncle de Gons though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother—"afraid of death!" rejoined Mr. Fletcher; "do you think I have been twenty-five years the minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, it is for you to fear death, you are a gamester and a cheat, yet call yourself a gentleman! you are the seducer of female innocence, and still say you are a gentleman! you are a duellist, and for this you style yourself *a man of honour!* Look there sir, the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us—tremble in the presence of your maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and forever punish your soul in hell." The unhappy man turned pale and trembled alternately with fear and rage—he still threatened his uncle with instant death. Fletcher, though thus menaced, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon, and attempted not to escape; he calmly conversed with his profligate relation and at length perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in a language truly paternal, till he had fairly disarmed and subdued him. He would not return his brother's draft, but engaging to procure for the young man some immediate relief, he then prayed with him; and after fulfilling his promise of assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side and many fair promises on the other. The power of courage, founded on piety and principle, together with its influence in overcoming the wildest and most desperate profligacy, were never more finely illustrated than by this anecdote. It deserves to be put into the hands of every self-styled "man of honour," to show him how far superior is the courage that dares to die, though it dares not to sin, to the boasted prowess of a mere man of the world. How utterly contemptible does the desperation of a duellist appear, when contrasted with the noble intrepidity of such a christian soldier as the humble Vicar of Madely.

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