

A few lament, a few the outlaw laud,
 Who dies so manly, and who looks so fair;
 And some allude to fiery red maraud,
 And hint, such ruffians well the land may spare.

Alas! they saw not how his hopes were kill'd,
 How pined his lov'd ones 'neath oppression's frown;
 What petty wrong and rapine daily filled
 His bitter cup, until he dash'd it down.

They see not now, how far from that dread tree,
 His soul is wandering, and what tender thought
 Comes o'er the final hour; no felon he!
 His bleeding breast with patriot hopes are fraught.

A self-deem'd martyr, and a seer he dies.
 His clay-cold corse his gnashing comrades bear,
 Far from the city's atmosphere of lies,
 To lonely cottage mid the moorland's air.

Robin once more reposes in his cot!
 No child, or wife, or lord, his rest can break!
 Norry unconscious, waits him in the spot
 Where overhead the ivy'd ruins quake.

Past is his name from this capricious scene;
 His lone hut, haunted, crumbles on the heath;
 Gay wandering children from his grave-heap green,
 Pluck simple flow'rets for their May-day wreath. T.

SHAKESPEAR.—A CRITIQUE.

(Continued from page 208.)

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(No. 2.)

As we proceed with our task, we intend noticing the quotations from Shakespear, which have become familiar as household words, and which are frequently used without the utterers understanding their original application or signification. The phrase, "*thereby hangs a tale*," which has been used ten thousand times to denote more than is expressed, occurs in a dialogue between Fenton, Ann's lover, and Mrs. Quickly. The latter, intimating that she and Ann had many private conversations respecting his suit, and wishing to raise his hopes and excite his curiosity, for her own pecuniary purposes, says,