

POETRY.

THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Now launch the boat upon the wave---
The wind is blowing off the shore---
I will not live, a cowering slave
In these polluted islands, more---
Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,
And out to sea the streamers fly---
My music is the dashing roar,
My canopy the stagnant sky---
It bends above so fair a blue,
That Heaven seems opening on my view.

I will not live, a cowering slave
Though all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave,
And sky be drawn in tints divine---
Give lowering skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.

Sweeter than spicy gales, that blow
From orange groves with wooing breath
The winds may from these islands flow---
But 'tis an atmosphere of death;
The lotus, which transformed the brave
And haughty to a willing slave.

Softer than Minder's winding stream,
The wave may ripple on this coast;
And brighter, than the morning beam,
In golden swells be round it tost---
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So power can never threaten more.

Brighter than all the tales, they tell
Of eastern pomp and pageantry,
Our sunset skies in glory swell,
Hung round with glowing tapestry---
The horrors of a wintry storm
Swell brighter o'er a freeman's form.

The spring may here with autumn twine,
And both combined may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flowers and racy wine
In frosted clusters still be near---
Dearer the wild and snowy hills,
Where hate and ruddy freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
And ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
There is a better home for me
A welcome and dearer shore;
There hands, and hearts, and souls are twined,
And free the man, and free the mind.

THE NOVELIST.

AN OLD MAN'S MESSAGE.

THREE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE LADY OF BRADGATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our feet upon some reverend history."

WEBSTER.

The merry bells were all ringing; the royal standard of England hung forth its brodered folds from the tower's grim battlements; the old bridge with its tall overhanging houses, was crowded with holiday-drest spectators; and the fair river, sparkling in the sunbeam, and reflecting a cloudless sky, glided proudly on, bearing on his placid bosom, barges gay with pennon and streamer, and each filled with a gallant freight of high birth and beauty. King Henry had set out that day to hold "joustings" at Greenwich: and there, close beside the tower stairs, surrounded by richly-dressed serving men and silken-coated pages, vainly striving to keep back the rude crowd from pressing round to gaze on her youth and beauty--stood Frances, eldest daughter of the chivalrous Charles Brandon, and wife of the wealthy Marquis of Dorset; her amber tresses were gently confined by a jewelled coil; she wore a collar of pearls, the diamond clasp whereof alone out-valued six manors; and a murray velvet gown designated her rank as Marchioness, by its double train--one reverently borne by two attendant maids, and the other drawn in graceful folds through her broad girdle; while the mantle of rich ermine--a yet prouder symbol, attested her claim to royal blood.

There was a haughty smile on that high-born lady's brow as she passed along, receiving, as her unquestioned right, the spontaneous homage always paid to nobility and beauty. She caressed the gallant merlin which sat on her jewelled glove, and looked up, with eye undimmed by sorrow to that blue expanse, whose cloudless transparency seemed a meet emblem of her own lofty fortunes. Her gilded barge with its liveried band of rowers drew near; and leaning on the arm of her steward, conspicuous with his white wand and gold chain, she was preparing to descend the steps, when an old man, hitherto unnoticed amongst the crowd, came forward, close to her side, and said; "I have a message for thee." It was a look of mingled anger and wonder that this haughty lady cast on the meanly-dressed stranger; but the proud glance of the high-born Marchioness quailed before his steady gaze; her cheek grew pale, and her eyelid drooped; "he held her with his glittering eye," and said

"Wouldst thou safely sail life's sea?
"Trust not to proud Argosie:
"Broad sail ill can blast withstand,
"Tall mast courts the levin brand;
"And wrecked that gallant ship shall lie
"While safe the light barque boundeth by.
"Cloth of gold! beware! beware!
"High and wealthy, young and fair!
"All these joys from thee must part;
"Curb thy proud mind--school thy heart!
"Ware ambition! that shall be
"The fatal rock to thine and thee!"

"Who dares insult me with unsought counsel?" cried the lady, anger having conquered the transient feeling of awe. "Who dares to name chance or change? sooner shall this wild haggard, whom jesses and creance will scarce keep on my wrist, return to me again,

than sorrow or change shall visit Frances Brandon!" With angry hand she snapped the thread which secured her merlin, unloosed the jesses--and up soared the gallant bird, while her haughty mistress gazed with triumph on her proud flight.

"Alas!" cried the old steward, "Alas! for the beautiful bird with her gorgeous hood and collar; may she not be reclaimed?" "Speak not again of her!" proudly replied the Marchioness, "onward! time and tide wait for no man!" She threw herself on the tapestried couch in her barge, the rowers seized their oars, the flutes and recorders made soft music; when, as if close beside her, she heard a clear whisper, "Pass on! What shall be, shall be; time and tide wait for no man!" She looked up: no one was near her; but the dark shadow of the tower frowned sternly in the sunshine, like an omen of ill. Onward glided the gilded barge to the soft strains of music and light dash of the oars, and like a summer cloud fleeted that solemn warning from the proud lady's mind.

There is high feasting at Bradgate; for princely Northumberland is there. Each day two hundred hounds are unkenelled, and two hundred knights and nobles range through the broad green alleys and fern-clad glades of Charnwood forest, and return ere eventide to lead the dance in the lofty halls. And now the bright autumn sun is sinking behind the purple heather spread hills, and the gallant train are returning from the merry greenwood. On the broad sloping terrace that fronts the setting sun, the Lady of Bradgate, (with brow as haughty, and almost as fair, as when, fifteen years before, she stepped into her gilded barge,) and now Duchess of Suffolk, stands listening with glad ears to the lofty projects of that bold bad man, the Duke of Northumberland. King Edward is dying: his sisters are at variance: the royal blood flows in the veins of the haughty Duchess: "Why should not her eldest daughter, and his son, reach at once the very summit of their long-cherished hopes?" The stake is high; and for it they may well venture a desperate game: the prize is no less than the crown of England.

Close behind them, unnoticed by the ambitious mother, save as the fittest instrument of her daring schemes, stands one, whose touching and romantic history has thrown a spell around every relic of now ruined Bradgate. She, the nursing of literature, the young philosopher, to whose mind the lofty visions of classical antiquity were familiar as household faces; she, who in such early youth fled from all that youth mostly loves, to hold high communion with the spirits of long-buried sages; there stands Lady Jane, with a book in her hand, her nut-brown hair parted on her high intellectual forehead. Her bright hazel eyes shrink from the cold glance of her haughty and unloving mother, but dwells with girlish pleasure on the venerable features of that plainly-drest man, in scholar's gown, standing close beside her. He is Roger Ascham, the tutor of three queens, who may well be termed the most illustrious of schoolmasters.

The Sun had hardly descended, when the steward appeared, bringing tidings that three messengers had just arrived, each demanding instant admission to the duchess. The daughter of that fortunate knight, whose "cloth of frize" had matched so highly and happily with "cloth of gold,"--the wife of that powerful noble, over whose broad lands 'twas fabled that the falcon could stretch his rapid wing right onwards for a long summer day--the mother of a goodly family each wedded or betrothed to the scions of the flower of the land's nobility--yet prouder in the plans and hopes she had framed than in all her enjoyed gifts of fortune, the duchess retired to receive her messengers with the feelings of a queen about to grant an audience. The first entered, and, kneeling before her tapestried footstool, presented a packet of letters. The silken string was soon loosed; the perfumed seal quickly broken; and she read, with uncontrollable delight, that the weak and amiable young king had determined to set aside his sister's succession in favour of the powerful house of Suffolk.

This messenger being dismissed with rich gifts and kind speeches, a second drew near. And more welcome than the former were his tidings; the king was dying: the active agents of Suffolk and Northumberland had ripened their plans for the instant proclamation of her daughter, ere the heiress of the throne could know his decease. Wrapt in deep visions of regal splendour, half dazzled by the near prospect of the coming glories of her princely family, the duchess sat unconscious of the entrance of the third messenger. At length her eyes fell upon the well-remembered features of the mysterious stranger, seen long years back on a former occasion of triumph. "Yet one more warning--and the last!" said the old man, drawing from beneath his cloak the merlin she had loosed as an emblem of her soaring destiny. He placed it on her hand: her proud breast rushed over-poweringly on her mind. The very merlin, whose return she had linked with chance and change, as things alike impossible--that bird was before her, bright as when she had freed her wing, with her collar of gold fillagree set round with turquoise, and hood of crimson silk netted by her own fingers!--Whence come? What boding? As soon as she had somewhat recovered from the shock, she looked around: but the messenger was gone; and with heavy footsteps, her joy changed to anxious fear, she regained the terrace.

The dreams of ambition can wrap, in the calm apathy of fearless repose, even those who feel themselves doomed by a thousand omens: and ere three days were over, princely Bradgate rang with mirth and revelry. Northumberland and Suffolk had concluded a double alliance of their children: all the terrors of the duchess were forgotten; and her eye rested with proud complacency on the simple beauty of the Lady Jane, for she already saw the crown of England sparkling upon her gifted daughter's sweet disapproving brow.

An iron lamp dimly shows a low vaulted room; the damp floor scantily strewn with withered rushes. The flickering light falls upon a rude couch, where lies in disturbed slumber, a woman, whose features, though wasted by long sickness and sorrow, yet show some faint traces of former beauty. A single atten-

dant watches over her. Only by the emined robe that wraps the sleeper, or by the gold-clasped bible, opened where the vellum leaf bears in beautiful characters the name JANE GREY, would a stranger learn that the mother of that queen of a day--the proud Duchess of Suffolk lay before him--a prisoner in the tower. The bolts of the iron-barred door grate harshly; and the governor of the tower enters, with an order "For Frances Brandon to be set at liberty, thro' ye Queen's greater clemency." This once-powerful and dreaded woman is considered too weak and insignificant to excite the fears even of the jealous Elizabeth. Supported by the arm of her sole attendant, the half-awakened sleeper threaded her way through many an intricate long winding passage; until the cool damp night-breeze, and the plash of oars, indicate their approach to the water-gate.

Here the liberated prisoner stood for a moment and looked wildly around her; the place brought vague and painful sensations to her memory, and dim remembrances of all that she had been and suffered, were crowded into a few hurried thoughts of agony.

"The boat waits and the tide is on the turn," cried the rough waterman. "Come away, Madam!" "Aye," replied a distinct voice, close at her side, "onward! time and tide wait for no man." That voice was well known: it had been heard when she stepped into her gilded barge, with a pride that repelled all thought of sorrow; it sounded when a royal crown was ready to clasp with delusive splendour the sweet brow of Lady Jane;--now, son, daughter and husband had fallen beneath the axe of the headsman, and she was thrust from prison, a homeless wanderer, herself dependent, perchance, on the precarious bounty of her ere-while dependants. She drew the mantle over her throbbing brow, and her reason quivered and well-nigh failed beneath the weight of her remorse and bitter anguish.

The sorrowful life of Frances of Suffolk ended about two years after her discharge from the tower. In bitter mockery of her fallen fortunes, Elizabeth, who so often "helped to bury those she helped to starve," decreed a magnificent funeral for her whose last days had passed in neglected poverty: honours, the denial of which had galled that haughty spirit more than want itself, were heaped with unsparing profusion upon the unconscious dust. Surrounded by blazing torches, bright escutcheons, and the broad banners of the noble house of Suffolk and the royal line of Tudor, surely we may hope her heart of pride was well laid to rest beneath the ducal coronet, and in the magnificent chapel of Henry, from all the sorrows and changes of her eventful life.

Princely Bradgate sank with the fallen fortunes of its mistress. The house passed into the possession of a collateral branch of the family; and being, ere the lapse of many years, in great part destroyed by fire, fell into ruins. Grass of the brightest verdure still clothes its slopes; the wide spreading chestnuts, and the old decaying oaks still wear their most gorgeous livery; but Bradgate's proud towers are levelled with the ground. Save that velvet terrace, where the crown of England was given in project, and worn in fancy, and from which sweet Lady Jane would look up to the west at the sun's bright setting, and commune with the spirit of Plato--nothing but crumbling walls and mouldering heaps of red earth, mark the site of its ancient magnificence.

SELECTIONS.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD ERSKINE.--Here I may relate a circumstance which manifests an extraordinary revolution in the life of a conspicuous character. A lieutenant in the royal navy had written a political pamphlet, but, being called to his duty, was not able to see it through the press. He therefore placed it in the hands of a bookseller, desiring that he would give it to some literary man, who, for duly preparing it for publication, should have half the profits. The bookseller gave it to Mr. Cooke, who soon discharged his duty. The work was published, and the profits were thirty pounds, all of which was given to Mr. Cooke, who took his portion, and reserved the other half for the author, whenever he should call for it. Many years elapsed, and he heard nothing of him. At length a gentleman called on him, told his name, and declared himself to be the author of the pamphlet, telling him he knew that fifteen pounds were due to him, on account of the pamphlet, and adding, he was ashamed to take it, but "his poverty, and not his will," consented, as he had a wife and an increasing family. Mr. Cooke had the money ready for him, which the stranger took, and expressed his gratitude at parting. This necessitous author was the late Lord Erskine.--Taylor's Records of his Life.

SINGULAR STORY.--The Kinderley family having been mentioned in a former page, it may not be uninteresting, in this place, to relate the following anecdote, which an old servant, who had lived fifty-two years with Mrs. Kinderley and her daughter, Mrs. Smith, frequently related, as a fact, with which she was well acquainted, and, in part a witness of. The Rev. John Kinderley's connexion with Scotland had procured him the acquaintance of several families in the north, among whom Lord D--- was one of his most intimate friends. This nobleman had met with a lady at Bath, both young and attractive, and who passed for a widow of an officer. His lordship becoming attached to this lady, he married her, and they soon after left England to reside on the Continent. Here, after a few years, she was seized with an alarming illness, and earnestly desired her lord, in case of her death, that she might be conveyed to England and interred in a particular church, which she

named. Upon this event taking place, Lord D--- accompanied the body in the same ship, and, upon landing, at Harwich, the chest in which the remains of his lady were enclosed excited the suspicions of the custom-house officers, who insisted upon ascertaining its contents. Being a good deal shocked with such a threat, Lord D--- proposed that it should be removed to the church, and opened in the presence of the clergyman of the parish, who could vouch for its containing what, he assured them, was within. The proposal was yielded to, and the body conveyed to the appointed place, when, upon opening the chest, the attending minister recognized in the features of the deceased his own wife! and communicated the unwelcome discovery to his lordship on the spot. It appeared, upon further conversation: that Lady D--- had been married against her inclination to this person, and, determining to separate entirely from him, had gone he knew not whither, and under an assumed name and character had become the wife of Lord D---. The two husbands followed her remains to the grave the next day; and, on the same evening, Lord D---, in great distress of mind, attended by one servant, came to his friend's house, in Norwich, for consolation. It was winter, and about six o'clock when he arrived. Mr. Kinderley was called out to speak to a stranger, and, returning to his wife, desired her to leave them together, pretending that a stranger from Scotland was arrived on particular business. Lord D--- sat up with Mr. Kinderley the whole night, to unbosom his affliction and extraordinary fate to his friend; and, at day-break, in order to avoid any interview with his hosts family, for which his spirits were unequal, he departed.--Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir J. E. Smith.

A HUMAN SACRIFICE AT KALEE GHAT.--A hindoo had been accustomed to make an annual sacrifice of living goats to Kalee. This year, having determined to make an extraordinary sacrifice, he sent for a Mahomedan barber to shave him. After this was performed, he desired the barber to hold the legs of the goat while the act of decapitation was performed, to which he agreed. The usual ceremonies commenced, Kalee was invoked, flowers and incense scattered, and the barber stooped down to the ground and firmly held the head of the victim, while the Hindoo prepared for the sacrifice with an enormous knife; but instead of striking the goat, struck off the head of the barber with one blow; the head rolled on the floor, which was soon bathed in a stream of blood. The fanatic, nothing astonished at this event, deliberately lifted the head by the hair, and carrying it to the altar performed the accustomed pooja, as if it were a matter of indifference whether the sacrifice was completed with a human head or that of an animal. The spectators now assembled round, and the police apprehended the offender; who was tried for his life, and sentenced to die by Mr. Tucker. On a reference to the Nizamut Adawlut, Mr. Rattray confirmed the sentence, and the execution is now about to take place.--East India Magazine.

MARCO SCIARRA, THE ROBBER OF THE ABRUZZI.--It was about this time that the robber chief's life was ornamented with its brighter episode. Marco and his merry men had come suddenly on a company of travellers, on the road between Rome and Naples. The robbers had begun to plunder, and had cut the saddle-girths of the mules and the horses of the travellers, who speedily obeyed the robbers' orders, and lay flat on the earth, all save one, a man of a striking and elegant appearance. "Faccia in terra!" cried several of the robbers in the same breath, but the bold man, heedless of their menaces, only stepped up to their chief, and said, "I am Torquaro Tasso." "The poet!" said the robber, and he dropped on his knee, and kissed his hand, and not only was Tasso saved from being plundered, but by the mere mention of his name, all those who were travelling with him were permitted to mount their horses and continue their journey, without sustaining the loss of a single scudo. A very curious proof this, that a captain of banditti could form a juster and more generous notion of what was due to the immortal but then unfortunate poet, than could princes of royal or imperial lineage.--Court Magazine.

BACHELORS AND MAIDENS.--The march of matrimony has made no progress in the parish of Elmsthorpe, in this county, which contains only four houses, occupied by 34 individuals, the whole of whom are living in a state of single blessedness! The Rectory of this parish is a complete sinecure, no service having been performed since the year 1798, and then only when the Rector read himself in! The church is now a fine picturesque ruin, richly clad with ivy.--Leicester Chronicle.

M. UDE.--This celebrated providore was once cook to the Earl of Sefton, and quitted his Lordship merely because one of the guests put pepper into his soup. "Milor," said the enraged artist, "c'est un affront to suppose my soup can want pepper."

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