

weak Charles flowed on the scaffold of Whitehall—his friends and followers were dispersed, outcasts and exiles—wanderers, and, bitterer than all, pensioners upon foreign bounty.—Yet still the woodman's hut stood safe and secret in the green solitudes of Sherwood; and the fair family it sheltered by its obscure humility, bloomed free, and virtuous, and happy! Years passed—long years! the men of iron passed away, the sway of the saints ceased, the might—the majesty of Cromwell vanished from the face of the earth! The men of silk succeeded, the reign of luxury and sloth returned, the king enjoyed his own again. Nor had he long enjoyed it, before there was a bright assemblage in St. George's Chapel; broad banners waved above them—the banners of the high order of the Garter—plumes danced and velvets rustled—and all the fairest and the bravest, the wisest, noblest, stateliest of the land stood round the glorious pair, who plighted their eternal faith before God's holy altar. It was the primate of the English realm who spoke the nuptial blessing, it was the monarch of the British isles who gave the blushing bride; and who were they who vowed—both young and in their prime, both beautiful, both noble, and both how surpassingly brave! Hugh Desborough, Earl of Nottingham, and the acknowledged heiress of the proud house of Rutland, long sheltered in her foster father's hut, long hidden from the world, under the humble seeming of THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.



#### PRIDE.—(ORIGINAL.)

"Pride which not a world could bow."

*Lord Byron.*

"The proudest Peer I now look down upon."

*Lord Thurlow.*

AMONG the various dispositions of the human mind, there are few more interesting, and none, perhaps, more important than Pride. It is not, however, always directed to its proper objects, or grounded upon proper principles. It is amusing, indeed, to observe the different inclinations of this disposition among mankind, and to examine the variety of reasons which are assigned for its existence.—One is proud of being the son of a Peer—this is being proud of what Lord Thurlow, in a speech from the Woolsack, called being "the accident of an accident;" and of which he spoke as perfectly contemptible in comparison of the rank, fame, and pre-eminence which men of great abilities and worth acquire for themselves. If a young nobleman's

conduct is such as to add to the glory of his ancestors, then, I think, he is fairly entitled to the additional lustre of his rank;—but if, on the contrary, he should act in such a manner as to tarnish his family escutcheon, then his rank ought to be an additional disgrace to him. Another is proud of being rich! If his wealth were the legitimate result of honest industry, I think he would not be proud wholly without reason. But the absence of this circumstance makes no difference; for whether he has become rich by his own dishonesty or that of his ancestors, his wealth is equally the source of pride. Wealth acquired by disreputable means, ought to entail disgrace, not respectability, upon the possessor. But the most amusing species of pride prevails in new countries, and is based upon a sort of mushroom rank! Whatever may be said in favour of hereditary rank, and family respectability, in old countries,—and every well regulated mind will venerate and admire both—respectability must, in young colonies, depend, in a greater degree, upon natural superiority, education and correct conduct. True respectability is in the *mind*; and therefore talent and integrity, adorned by education and polished manners, and guided by high principle and a nice sense of honour and propriety, *must*, in a new country, confer respectability; while the *little* efforts made by *little* minds, to get, in their own *little* ideas, a *little* above their neighbours, are really too contemptible for a mind of any noble or generous feeling to contemplate. The idea always reminds me of ants in a disturbed mole of sand, where one may see the greatest activity among the little creatures to get one above another!

There is, on the other hand, something worthy of admiration in the character of one who, conscious of his own *real* superiority, is modest and unassuming. His native dignity of character bids him stand erect. He feels that he has inherited from nature a sound understanding, superior powers of mind, and every noble and manly virtue of the heart; and, while he looks with complacency on those around him, he is too proud to be envious.—This natural superiority is, after all, the only true basis of rational pride; for no man makes any considerable figure in the world unless the plastic hand of nature has given him the impress of pre-eminence. I regard this natural superiority, indeed, as the gas in the balloon: it lifts the individual above "the vulgar level of the great," while *little* haughtiness remains in the dust.

NEANISKOS.

*St. John, September, 1841.*