

NOVA-SCOTIA REGIMENT OF FENCIBLE INFANTRY.

Colonel	P. Beaver	Ensigns
F. A. Wetherall	G. Wetherall	R. Hammill
Major	T. Haly	H. B. Armstrong
George Thefiger	Lieutenants	R. Dupord
Captains	G. Wetherall	S T A F F.
Henry Wright	H. Bowerman	James Moore, Adj't.
A. Lloyd	O. Schwartz	Francis Gillman, Qr.
A. De Yonge	R. Green	master
J. W. Weeks	H. J. Reynett	J. Frazer, Surgeon
W. Tonge	R. A. Armstrong	William Greaves,
N. Lindegreen		Assistant Surgeon.

BERENGERIA, QUEEN OF CASTILE.

BERENGERIA united to all the attractions of evanescent beauty, the eternal loveliness of a cultivated and expanded mind. She was in the castle of *Ozema*, with a very inconsiderable number of forces, when it was besieged by the Moors. She considered the terrors of her situation. The ammunition of the fortress was nearly exhausted, and to try the hazard of a sally, would be certain destruction to her few, but brave troops. In this dilemma, she sent the following message to the generals of *Texusia* :—" Berengeria of Barcelona, queen of Castile, could not have imagined that cavaliers so renowned for their valor and gallantry, would have seriously determined to attack a castle which was defended by a woman.—These simple wards, in an age which is now called barbarous, were sufficient to induce men to abandon victory, when that victory would be the vanquishment of weakness, though the acquisition of territory. The Moors declared they would immediately retire ; only begging the queen would honor them with a view of her person, from any distance that might prefer. Berengeria adorned herself in the most magnificent and graceful manner and appeared on the walls with a majesty and sweetness that drew forth the loudest exclamations of applause and admiration from her gallant enemies. The Moors made every testimony of reverence and obedience, and filed off, leaving her exulting in her own presence of mind, and deeply impressed by their heroic honor.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN A PASSION.

FORBEAR, nor let the tempest scowl

O'er all that lovely face ;

Let not the peals of thunder roll,

Obscuring ev'ry grace.

Altho' the power of speech remains,

Refrain that slender tongue ;

For, was it fix'd with stoutest chains,

It soon would be unstrung.