

I'll hurl the wolf in yon craggy gulf
 If near thy slumbers prowling,
 And the serpent shall start and glide apart
 To hear the savage howling !"

Fatally, fatally, Eadmer drank
 Of the deadly dew as it fell ;
 Till in slumbers deep his eye-lids sank,
 O'erpower'd with a magic spell !
 At the raven's croak, with a start he woke,
 His flesh with terror creeping—
 And he softly stept where his lady had slept—
 But he found no lady sleeping !

Wildly, wildly, o'er rock and steep,
 Then hurried the frenzied knight,
 With many a curse on his treacherous sleep,
 And many a curse, more dread than deep,
 On the treacherous elfin sprite !
 Up started then, from his gloomy den,
 The fiend in his anger proudly—
 "I care not for ban of a perjured man !"
 He cried to Sir Eadmer loudly.

Boldly, boldly, Sir Eadmer's brow
 He crossed, then hallowed his blade—
 Cried, "Holy Virgin ! O, help me now !"
 And cleft down the elfin-shade !—
 With an eldritch scream, like a fading dream,
 The grizly shade departed ;
 And his lady dear, from the cavern drear,
 To his eager bosom started !

Gaily, gaily carols the lark
 At the smile of the rising morn,
 And gaily, gaily, speeds a bark
 O'er the ocean surges borne !
 Sir Eadmer there, and his lady fair,
 A boundless joy pervading,
 And the Demon's Isle, from their ken the while,
 Far, far, o'er the billow is fading !

A FOOLISH CUSTOM REPROVED.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote being one night in company with the minister, Sir Robert Walpole, at his house, and being asked what he would like for supper, made free to mention beef steaks and oyster sauce. After supper an hour or two was spent in conversation over a glass of good wine : at last Sir Gilbert rose to bid his friend good-night ; but in passing into the hall, he found it lined with the liveried attendants of the minister, to whom he now turned and asked, "Pray, Sir Robert, be so good as to point out which of these I am to *pay* for my beef steak ?" Sir Robert, taking the hint, gave the signal for the servants to withdraw immediately.

ALL TRUTHS USEFUL.

WE hold it to be in absolute contradiction with the nature of things, that a truth can exist, the knowledge of which is not useful to mankind. The earth contains no poison, the air no pestilence, which Providence has not at the same time endowed with some principle which mankind will, some day or another, turn to use. All is not, indeed, discovered at once ; but let us look at the most deleterious substances known in nature or in art, and see the murderous arsenic, how useful it is in hardening types, and thus ministering to a free press ; in forming specula for reflecting telescopes ; in making glass ; in dyeing ; in printing cotton stuffs ; nay, in pharmacy as a tonic. How many lives might a pound of opium not destroy ; how many pangs may it not allay ! Neither does any substance exist which can do no harm. If a patient will submit to the trial, he will find himself as effectually killed by a sufficient quantity of boiled chicken, as of corrosive sublimate ; and the "*question à l'eau*" (torture of water-dropping) could be made as unpleasing as any other species of torture, and would still be so were that water Tokay.

PLOUGH AND HARROWS.

A clergyman in one of the agricultural districts of Scotland had busied himself in producing an improved plough, about which he was for some time very "full," as the Scotch say, and accordingly, wherever he was, he was sure to overflow in reference to the subject. He afterwards employed his busy brain in editing a school Horace, of which for some time he was also very "full." Calling one day upon a farmer in the neighbourhood, he said, "Well, have you seen my Horace ?" "Na, sir," quoth the agriculturist, "I haena seen your harrows ; but *weel I kent your ploo !*"

BURNS often made extempore rhymes the vehicle of his sarcasm : having heard a person, of no very elevated rank, talk loud and long of some aristocratic festivities in which he had the honour to mingle, Burns, when he was called upon for his song chanted some verses, of which one has been preserved :—

Of lordly acquaintance you boast,
 And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
 Yet an insect's an insect at most,
 Though it crawl on the curl of a queen.

FLATTERY.

What a blot it is upon the memory of Alexander, that he could be so weak as to be pleased with his courtiers imitating his wry faces !