

earth's annual orbit, it would exceed 24 millions of miles, and make the earth's hourly motion in that orbit, greater than the common mode of calculating by 260 miles. But however little your correspondent's differs from the common plan (the foregoing investigation warrants the conclusion that) it is all that little farther

from the truth, and should your correspondent  $\Delta$ , be convinced of the truth of this assertion, I trust he will not withhold the proffered reward.

Musquodoboit, }  
Sept. 24, 1827. }



A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

LATE in the evening of a summer's day, in the year 1527, two travellers were seen approaching Florence from the south. As they descended the hills, and the Etrurian Athens, with its fair white walls lay before them, bathed in the glorious light of an Italian sunset, whose magic hues still hovered over the tops of the distant mountains; while the woods that skirted them stood out with their deep and solemn shadow, in rich harmonious contrast against the glowing sky,—the elder of the travellers, whose bearing rather than his dress proclaimed him the superior, reined in his horse, and sat motionless, absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before him. The other checked his steed likewise, rather, it should seem, from respect to his companion than from admiration of the landscape; for he cast an indifferent eye around, and then began muttering an Ave Maria, that the time might not be altogether thrown away.

“By St. Anthony, this is a glorious sight!—what thinkest thou, Giascopo?”

“Aye, Signor, it is well enough,” replied Giascopo: “but I think that as it is a good half league to Florence, we had better prick on our horses, or the gates will be closed.”

“You are right,” said the other, rousing himself, and putting his horse to speed.

They reached the city just in time to gain admittance that night. The travellers alighted at the first inn, and seated themselves on a bench before the door, where two or three

of the better sort of the citizens were eagerly discussing the affairs of the republic over their wine-cups. The street in which the inn stood, presented an animated and pictorial effect, as the eye rested on the long perspective of houses, built after the old Italian fashion, with their deep embayed windows fantastically carved, and now gilded with the last rays of the setting sun; the groups of citizens in their picturesque dresses, some sitting before their doors, singing to the accompaniment of the lute—others in passionate discourse on the rival factions, whose discord at that time set all Italy in a flame, presented countenances and attitudes worthy of a Raphael.

“Your Florence, Signori, wears a different aspect from some of the cities I passed through in my way hither,” said the elder traveller, at length breaking silence.

“You are a traveller, then Signor,” said one of the persons addressed. “Perhaps you can tell us whether it be true that Charles of Bourbon is to be joined by the Regent of Naples, in his attack upon Rome.”

“I have heard so.”

“Shame,” rejoined the other, with flashing eyes, “that one who bears so noble a name should league with felons and murderers in laying waste his native land!”

“Felons and murderers!—these, methinks, are strange names to apply to the followers of Charles, among whom may be reckoned some of the noblest in Italy.”