

On severing of a tiny seal !
 All that soothes and all that maddens—
 All that elevates and gladdens—
 Whatever Henry's weird, 'tis now
 About to break upon his brow ;
 For the feeble lines he traces,
 Seeming still to change their places—
 Few the words—enough for him !

Dancing on the paper dim :
 " By the fountain seek for me !
 There I told thee I should be,
 Let what would betide to thee !
 Pass thou mayst without perceiving
 Her thou partedst without grieving ;
 Though thy love no longer burn,
 I shall wait for thy return ;
 Search again, and thou shall have me :
 All is well !—O ! God forgive me !"

From Henry's prophet breast arise
 More than woman's wildest cries,
 In her spirit agonies !
 Summoning the household band,
 Torches blazing in each hand,
 Over height and over hollow,
 With a speed they strained to follow—
 To the fountain he led on,
 To the fountain cut in stone ;
 He hath sprung into the water,
 In his arms he hath caught her—
 He supports her to the bank,
 Shading back her tresses dank,
 Printing fast the frenzied kiss
 On a cheek—no longer his !
 Offering provinces to give
 Him whose skill would bid her live—
 Vowing vengeance on his head
 Who should dare to think her dead !

Sure the arrow was and keen,
 That had pierced the garden queen !
 Threats, or promises were vain—
 She would never bloom again !

This affecting romance is not the less touching that it is founded upon the " thrice told tale" of the high-born wooer deserting his lowly love, and leaving her to the hopelessness which follows the betrayal of the heart, when he has stolen from her the treasure of her young affections, and planted in her trusting heart the " worm which dieth not." It is rare that " man, vain man," dreams of the spirit's torture which he inflicts upon her whose " whole existence" is garnered up in him ; he finds it easy to forget, circled round, as he is, with the " sordid and busy crowd," and jostling among thousands whose only god is self, that there is one pining in sorrow and solitude, living in memory upon the fond words he has breathed into her guileless ear—and while there are cases in which we must acquit the destroyer of actual crime, inasmuch as he meant not to destroy, we cannot the less mourn the ruin that has been wrought, nor can we too harshly condemn the lightness and levity which can thus trifle with a gem so priceless as a woman's heart.

The volume contains a number of " fitful fancies,"—sweet little songs and poems,—each one a gem in its way, and all of them deserving a very high degree of praise.

THE BOOK OF ROYALTY.

AMONG the many beautiful specimens of typography with which the London press is daily teeming, we have seen none to which this volume may be deemed inferior. It wears, in sooth, a " most royal" garb, the " outward seeming" of the volume we have seen, being of crimson morocco, redolent of burnished gold. It consists of a number of coloured drawings, representing interesting historical scenes, connected with British sovereigns. To our judgment, indeed, the drawings are not as well executed as the other departments of the work, and the literary illustrations, although coming from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, possess no particular merit. This latter is a too common feature with the elegant volumes which, under the general titles of Annuals, Scrap-books and Albums, seem designed only to ornament the drawing-rooms of the great, without adding any thing to the literary character of the country. We have copied from the volume, the following song, which will be appreciated for the spirit which breathes through it. The reader will pass his own judgment upon its poetical merit :

God save the Queen ! all Britain through,
 One burst of joy repeats the prayer ;
 And all are loyal, firm and true ;
 Subjects are lovers every where.
 Our tributes are the hearts we bring,
 The debt of loyal love we pay ;
 God save the Queen we gaily sing ;
 God save the Queen, in fervour pray :
 We think of days our sires have seen :
 The brightest page of Britain's story
 Record, her wealth, her power, and glory
 When England's sovereign was a Queen—
 God save the Queen.

Great, glorious, peaceful, firm and free,
 God keep the reign of England's Queen,
 Who rules the isles that rules the sea,
 Still proud as she hath ever been :
 But should a foreign foe assail,
 Once more the land—once more in vain—
 We'll show how hearts with swords prevail,
 And turn our ploughs to swords again ;
 Her troops will be her chivalry ;
 There's something in the very name,
 To promise triumph, honour, fame—
 Victoria must victorious be :
 God save the Queen !

At home, God keep us sound at heart,
 And bless us with domestic peace :
 May loyal love in every part,
 Make rivals friends, bid discord cease—
 May knowledge spread all Britain through,
 And bear its healthy fruit at length,
 And that religion, pure and true,
 From which our land derives its strength ;
 Still freedom be the right of all,
 And still the rich protect the poor,
 And justice stand with open door,
 To come at every Briton's call—
 God save the Queen !

God save the Queen ! God save and bless
 A nation's hope and joy and trust—