

POETRY.

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.
FROM CROKER'S LEGENDS.

Killarney! all hail to thee, land of the mountain,
Where roves the red deer o'er a hundred hill tops,
Or silently views, from the depth of the fountain,
His image reflected at eve when he stops.

Where the monarch of birds, from his throne on the
rock,
Ere he soars, 'mid the storm, sends his wild scream
afar;
Where the waterfall rushes with fierce foamy shock,
And echo redoubles the sound of its war.

O, who has not heard of thee, land of the lake?
And who that has seen, but enshrines in his heart
The glow of thy charms, and those feelings which
wake
A scene such as this, with a magical start.

The rush of thy torrents are sweet to my ear,
Thy lakes and their wooded islets dear to my sight,
Thy mountains majestic, thy rivulets clear,
Alternately flowing 'mid shadows and light.

Thy wide-spreading woods, yonder mountain's green
pall,
The mellow-toned bugle, the dip of the oar,
Sweet sights and sweet sounds, on my spirits ye fall,
And wake me to gladness and music once more.

THE BRIDE.

BY CHARLES JEFFREYS.

Oh! take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breath'd as now.

Remember—'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart;
'Tis one that only Truth should weave,
And only Death can part.

The paradise of childhood's hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasure'd scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears.

The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free;
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,
Its good and ill to share;
And well I know 'twill be her pride
To soothe each sorrow there.

Then take her; and may fleeting Time
Mark only Joy's increase?
And may your days glide swiftly on
In happiness and peace!

(Continued from first page.)

clined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake," cried the lady. "By our Holy Lady," he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body, until the shell struck against his breast bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet. "The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moon-light nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio; "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone!" and he held the horse, while Ascanio mounted. "But what will you do?" returned the youth. "I am not far from home; and if the hunt should come hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse; he'll carry you six leagues an hour. Good bye, Rabincau," he added, patting the steed's neck, who, by his pawing, seemed to know his master.

The lovers did indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and his gallop was as wild as if it would never end. But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio was at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge. Cellini was at this time living in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called "Il Piccol Nello." Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady for a short time, at least until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini. Among the odd whims which from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the court-yard of "Il Piccol Nello." The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles; and a very terrible affair to look upon it was. Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours; and no less by the incessant talking of the old housekeeper Catherine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small

apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed withinside, conducted him to his chamber.

Cellini's oddities and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the "Il Piccol Nello," had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the *Conseillers du Parlement*. This tailor became the implacable foe of Cellini. He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of "Il Piccol Nello," and to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court yard, and even sometimes, in the dead of the night, he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes; but, as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing on a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the "Testa di Marte" he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among the lacquais of all the *conseillers* he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in "Il Piccol Nello" was as well known as any other current lie in the city. In this chamber Beatrice was placed.

Meanwhile, the chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight; and for this reason,—two of them were dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions. The chancellor, however, pursued the fugitives, resolved in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the mean time, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies. Aware of Cellini's favour with the king, he was obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried.—The haunted head was, therefore, made the hinge on which the artist's ruin was to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the king's mistress, and his majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, entered into the confederacy against him. The confessor devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villainous project so well, that the good-natured king was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the suitana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini," said the monarch, as he approached, "did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help in your work?" "I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, "but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the Inferno, I could not find worse fiends." "But here," said the king, holding out the papers "two men swear that you have a head of the devil in 'Il Piccol Nello,' and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church." The confessor crossed himself. "I abjure the devil and his power," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervour; "and, next to them, I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long." The king decided on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was going to restore the stranger's horse according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the *Testa di Maete*, wherein the bride was lodged.

The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor the chancellor. She could not see any of the persons, unless she looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not do

lest she should discover herself. "And this," said the king, "is what they call the Devil's Head?" "Who calls it so?" asked Cellini, fiercely; "it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil, is an ass and a liar!" "Patience, good Benvenuto," said the king; "let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon."—The chancellor who had taken care on the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard, the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth; and, no longer than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagancies which Cellini committed, while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained, he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him; in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the king laughed until his sides ached. The chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident, from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting, that if he could once gain the assistance of the clergy, they would invent some pretext on which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the king was much greater than his own. The confessor fell into his scheme readily, and said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The king had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The confessor directed a large stick of faggots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure.—The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the priests crossed themselves; even the king looked grave; Cellini's hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment, Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the Magic Head, at the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the faggots.

"Fiends! monsters!" he cried, "advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit!" Beatrice heard his voice, and, almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm, and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach. "What means all this?" cried the king. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl, to listen to the question. The old chancellor, however, who recognised Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation. "My gracious liege," he cried, "this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me? the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household, and having carried off the maiden by force." "It is false," cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the king's feet, "they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant.—Here, at your majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection." "But what says the youth?" asked the king of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupefying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the forest of Fontainebleau. "Has he any witness besides that maiden, who is so deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?" "He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers," cried the chancellor in a rage; "he has no witness." "Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand chancellors," replied the youth; "and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but on weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion. No, my liege," he added, turning to the king, and kneeling

—"I have no witness, save God and your majesty." "And may every honest man have witnesses as good in the time of need, to oppose to perjurers and lawyers. He is no murderer, chancellor;—by my holy patron, Saint Denis, I believe he could himself have killed these three murderous villains whom thou didst retain; but know, that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor, Sangfen, whom in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dared not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress: and if he had not been there, I had done it myself."

The king and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again; he kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in "Il Piccol Nello" for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence; and said, that of all the works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as *LA TESTA DI MARTE*.—*Hommage aux Dames.*

SELECTIONS.

RESPONSIBILITY OF DRUNKENNESS.—It is a maxim in legal practice, that those who presume to commit crimes when drunk must submit to punishment when sober. This state of the law is not peculiar to modern times. In ancient Greece, it was decreed, by Pittacus, that he who committed a crime when intoxicated should receive a double punishment, viz., one for the crime itself, and the other for the ebriety which prompted him to commit it. The Athenians not only punished offences done in drunkenness with increased severity, but, by an enactment of Solon, inebriation in a magistrate was made capital. In our own country, at the present time, acts of violence committed under its influence, are held to be aggravated, rather than otherwise; nor can the person bring it forward as an extenuation of any folly or misdemeanour which he may chance to commit. A bond signed in intoxication holds in law, and is perfectly binding, unless it can be shown that the person who signed it was inebriated by the collusion or contrivance of those to whom the bond was given.—*Anatomy of Drunkenness.*

VALUE OF CHARACTER.—Colonel Chartres (who was the most notorious rascal in the world, and who had by all sorts of crimes amassed immense wealth), sensible of the disadvantages of a bad character, was once heard to say, that "although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand for a character, because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it." Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?—*Lord Chesterfield.*

USE OF TOBACCO BY THE HOTTENTOTS.—Mr. Barrow, in his *Travels*, speaks of the use made by the Hottentots of this plant, for the purpose of destroying snakes: "A Hottentot," says he, "applied some of it from the short end of his wooden tobacco-pipe to the mouth of a snake, while darting out his tongue. The effect was instantaneous as an electric shock: with a convulsive motion that was momentary, the snake half untwisted itself, and never stirred more, and the muscles were so contracted that the whole animal felt hard and rigid, as if dried in the sun."

AN EXPENSIVE SNACK.—During a trial at Maryborough lately, one of the petit jury, after being sworn, slipped out of the box.—When the jury was called to try the next case, he was missed. He at length appeared; admitted that he had not been present when the verdict was given, and craved mercy, as he had merely gone to get a *snack*. He was fined £100.

ADVERSITY.—About half a league from Palos, on a solitary height overlooking the sea-coast, and surrounded by pine trees, there stood, and stands at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. A stranger travelling on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the guardian of the convent, Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and, observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son. He was on his way to the neighbouring town of Huelva, to seek a brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.—*Washington Irving.*

It is evident that nature has made man susceptible of experience, and consequently more and more perfectible; it is absurd then to wish to arrest him in his course, in spite of the eternal law which impels him forward.—*Du Marsais.*

Printed and Published by D. E. GILMOUR, at the Star Office, Carbonar, Newfoundland, to whom all Communications must be addressed.—Subscription, ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM, payable half-yearly.