

TRAVELS OF MINNA AND GODFREY, IN MANY LANDS.

THIS is an amusing little volume, containing many interesting scenes, and in it the reader is introduced to the Rhine, Nassau and Baden, as they appear to the modern tourist, the description being often accompanied with sketches from the traditional tales of the continent. The following sketch of the heroic Templars, is a fair specimen of the book:—

Miss Cavendish paused, and Minna, after waiting a few minutes, said—"But the castle there, Aunt Ellen, you said the Templars were connected with those ruins."

"Its tale is a fitting termination of the tragical history," resumed Aunt Ellen. "When the Knights of the Rheinland saw that their Order was destroyed, many entered that of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Many renounced their vows, and sought refuge in other vocations; for Peter of Aichspalt, archbishop of Mentz, threatened all with destruction who remained within his territory. Twelve of the bravest threw themselves into their castle of Lahneck, then a strong fortress, and determined to defend it to the last man. The castle was surrounded and summoned, and the knights were offered a free departure with a safe conduct; but they returned for answer, 'We fight for our honour and our privileges, and we will fight to the death, before we yield our castle.' The fortress was soon nearly destroyed by the artillery of the burghers of Mentz, on whom the besieged showered down stones and rubbish from above. Enraged at being thus baffled by twelve men, an assault by night was determined on. The night was one of black darkness—there was a fearful storm abroad over the water and the rugged rocks. Amid the lightnings, which relieved the gloom, the besiegers pressed upon the castle. The knights fought like lions—their swords flashed in the dark night, like Heaven's own lightning! They reached the great entrance. The knights were headed by an aged hero, whose name history does not give us. Sinking at last, transfixed by the stroke of a lance, he cried to his companions as he fell, 'Brothers! surrender not, Remember the fiery stake which awaits you, and think on those glorified spirits of our brethren, who died pure and free. Think on our noble master who fell in defence of our holy Order. Remember him as the everlasting pattern for all brave men! Remember him, whose sword and spirit alike maintained the dauntless conflict of light with darkness!' Saying this, he hurled his sword among the enemy, and expired. With deep, but tearless sorrow, his comrades looked on the fallen one, and the conflict was renewed.—'Surrender!' cried the enemy, But amidst the howling of the storm was heard the bold reply.—'The Templars know how to die—they know not to surrender!'"

"When the morning dawned over the dark forest, all was silence within the walls of the fortress!—One man alone stood on the arch of the bridge. The leader of the burghers advanced towards him full of reverence. 'Hold!' said he, 'you have done enough; so brave a man must be saved.'"

"Not more brave than my brothers," returned the Templar, scornfully. 'Have I hitherto done my duty; so will I do it to the last. Who ventures on the bridge?'"

"They were about to attack him in numbers, when a stranger knight rode up to the walls—'Orders from the emperor,' cried the leader to his soldiers—'Back!' Turning again to the Templar,

'The emperor,' said he, 'offers you mercy, and will preserve to you your possessions and your honour.'

"'Honour is still our own,' was the reply.—'Mercy is with God alone, not with men. This our brothers learnt who were allured from Cyprus!' He rushed on the enemy, and sank dead amid the fallen!"

"Your tale is striking, Ellen;" said Mr. Cavendish, as he looked on the tearful eyes of Minna and Godfrey. "It is certain that this castle, one of the possessions of the Order, fell into the power of the Archbishop of Mentz, in the 14th century. The archbishop you have named had been physician to the Count of Luxemburg, and had cured the Pope of an illness at Avignon. For this, he was first made Archbishop of Basle, afterwards of Mentz.

"The emperor mentioned in your story was Henry VII., who at first joined the Pope and the King of France in their persecution of the Templars; but he soon relented, and became just and mild towards them; and they remained in peace, and in the enjoyment of their honours and possessions longer in Mentz and Trèves, than elsewhere. It is said by some, that the freemasons have sprung from the ruins of the Templars."

The musical department of the present number of the *Garland*, will be found particularly attractive, Mr. Warren having favoured us with a fine original air and accompaniments, to several favouriteanzas. We are certain that our fair readers will find the words and music alike worthy of their "sweet voices."

We have to tender our acknowledgments to Mrs. Moodie, for her contributions to the *Garland*. The Volunteer Song breathes a spirit, the influence of which will be widely felt among the heroic population of the Canadian provinces. "The Otonabee" is a fine rolling strain, every way worthy of the fair author's fame.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR readers will be pleased to find "A Military Sketch" from the pen of our generous correspondent, "E. M. M." The aim of the story is deserving of every praise, and the language in which it is told, is well worthy of its subject.

"Mary of England" is too lengthy for one number. We have been reluctantly compelled to postpone an equal portion of it to our next. "The child and the butterfly" from the same pen, is a sweet little poem.

"E. L." will observe, that we have at last been enabled to publish his mirth-moving sketch. "Mr. Octavius Skeggs" will be published in a future number.

The lines "To a withered leaf," although rather out of season, are full of poetic beauty.

"A fragment" from "J. E." Coteau du Lac, is an affecting and well written sketch. It will be found in a preceding page.

A "Leaf from my portfolio," from "W. S." is well written. We trust the author will remember his promise.