

guns. Depress the pieces, and sweep the deck. Gun for gun, and shot for shot. Fire!"

A dozen flashes lit up the narrow space between the two brigs—a dozen of the cutter's pieces bellowed forth their contents upon her antagonist's deck, and long ere the vast clouds of smoke had rolled to leeward, the *Vengeance* was heading rapidly toward the narrows.

All are familiar with the subsequent actions of the renowned rover. It is well known how deeply he imbued his hands in bloodshed and rapine, ere justice overtook him in his short but criminal career. Years upon years have rolled away, but still he is not forgotten. Legends and tales, fearful and marvellous, connected with his memory, have been multiplied in every variety of form, and spread to the utmost corners of the earth. Well, too well, did he redeem his pledge to the Earl of Bellamont, for his name was, indeed, bruited from one end of the known world to the other, but associated with deeds of such frightful hues, that the bare relation would well nigh chill a stoic's blood with horror.

PALESTINE.—The following masterly view of the impression made on the mind of a christian visiting the Holy Land is from the pen of Chateaubriand. Extraordinary appearances (says he.) everywhere proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery—every grotto announces a prediction—every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it had heard the awful voice of the ETERNAL.

From *Heath's Book of Beauty*, for 1841.

On the Portrait of Lady Seymour, as Queen of Love and Beauty.

BY MISS POWER.

The olden days are come again,
Whose records live in story,
And high and noble deeds of arms
Restore old England's glory;
And courtly knights and lovely dames
Around the lists assemble;
Proud steeds prance forth, beneath whose tread
The very earth doth tremble.
But see yon star, amid the crowd
Of Britain's fairest daughters,
Whose very glance sheds down a beam
Like moonlight on the waters:
So bright she looks, as though she came
A visitant from heaven,—
A spirit, for a moment's space
To mortal vision given;
E'en as we gaze we fear to see
The bright illusion vanish,
And tremble, lest we break the spell,
The waking dream to banish.
Bright Queen of Beauty! far as she
Who rose from out the ocean,
Beneath whose sway all empires bow
In passionate devotion;
Victors are vanquish'd by those eyes,
And humbly yield thee duty:
Long may'st thou reign with power divine,
Bright Queen of Love and Beauty!

WHAT IS DEATH?—The laws of nature are all directed by wisdom, for the purpose of preserving life and increasing happiness. Pain seems, in all cases, to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the mere process of dying seems to be falling into a deep slumber; and in animals, who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination, it can hardly be accompanied by very intense suffering. In the human being moral and intellectual motives constantly operate in enhancing the fear of death, which, without these motives in a reasoning being, would probably become null, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust; but imagination is creative of respect to both passions, which, if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or as instincts. Pain seems intended by an all-wise Providence to prevent the dissolution of organs, and cannot follow their destruction. I know several instances in which the process of death has