

set off by embroidered turbans and white feathers. Then with drawn broadswords came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. They were regarded with a strange interest; for it was rumoured that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen, and where the night lasted through half the year, and that they had themselves slain the huge bears whose skins they wore. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowd which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England." But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse; how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kueler. Once his grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman—perhaps one of those zealous Puritans who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel; perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful carnage of the bloody circuit—broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy. Near the prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude. That, men said, was the great Count Schomberg, the first soldier in Europe since Turenne and Condé were gone; the man whose genius and valour had saved the Portuguese monarchy on the field of Montes Claros; the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a marshal of France for the sake of his religion. It was not forgotten that the two heroes who, indissolubly united by their common Protestantism, were entering Exeter together, had, twelve years before, been opposed to each other under the walls of Maestricht, and that the energy of the young prince had not then been found a match for the cool science of the veteran who now rode in friendship by his side. Then came a long column of the whiskered infantry of Switzerland, distinguished in all the continental wars of two centuries by pre-eminent valour and discipline, but never till that week seen on English ground. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of that age, after their leaders, Bentinck, Solmes, and Ginkel, Talmash, and Mackay. With peculiar pleasure Englishmen might look on one gallant brigade which still bore the name of the honoured and lamented Ossory. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the recollection of the renowned events in which many of the warriors now pouring through the West Gate had borne a share: for they had seen service very different from that of the Devonshire militia or of the camp at Hounslow. Some of them had repelled the fiery onset of the French on the field of Senef, and others had crossed swords with the infidels in the cause of Christendom on that great day when the siege of Vienna was raised."

In Europe the demand for this work is almost unprecedented, upwards of ten thousand copies of the first issue were circulated.

In America and Canada the same anxiety to obtain this History exists. And from Quebec, Mr. Sinclair has been obliged to write repeatedly for fresh supplies to meet the demand.

THE OLD JUDGE,

OR

LIFE IN A COLONY.

By the Author of "Sam Slick." Complete. 1s. 6d.

Many people are more than half tired with colonial matters generally, and with the affairs of Canada and Nova Scotia in particular; and many others never vouchsafe a thought in the midst of the political explosions and revolutionary grand crashes nearer home. But both these classes will find the "Old Judge" potent to rouse and to fix their attention; this he does by the simple art of telling things that he knows to be true, and telling them very cleverly, and as no one else does. Now, when people get originality, genuine talent, and truth-telling in an author, we think they must be very blind to their own interest, if they turn bilious and perverse, and will not enjoy the fare he sets before them because his opinions happen to be of different political colour. Knowledge and talent are excellent things, and the more of them we get in the world the better; no matter on which side of the great world-old human contest they may be enlisted. Depend upon it, knowledge and talent do good both sides; probably (if men could see all), those who possess these blessings do as much good to their opponents as to their own party; it is ignorance and knavery do all the mischief on both sides; and therefore we, although not martially inclined, are ready to echo the cry of "Guerre aux Coquins!" But for honourable, true-hearted, capital, gentlemanly fellows, like Halliburton, the clever, we cry out "No coughing him down!" "Silence!" "Let him have his say, for it will be well worth hearing, though he may take a rise out of us."

This delightful volume is devoted to the Blue Noses exclusively: Brother Jonathan and Uncle Sam having already sat for their pictures to that first-rate crayon-sketcher, Sam Slick. The old judge who has undertaken the office of limner on the present occasion is a favourable acquaintance of the readers of *Fraser's Magazine*; and the present work is in part composed of his contributions to that periodical. There is, however, much that is altogether new to the old England reader. The Nova Scotian is, in many respects, a very different animal from a Yankee, and from other American colonists; but we could not give a better general idea of his peculiarities than by quoting the following passage from the work before us:—

MR. BLUE NOSE.

"The Nova Scotian is often found superintending the cultivation of a farm, and building a vessel at the same time; and is not only able to catch and cure a cargo of fish, but to find his way with it to the West Indies or the Mediterranean; he is a man of all work, but expert in none—knows a little of many things, but nothing well. He is irregular in his pursuits, and all things by turns, and nothing long, and vain of his ability or information, but is a hardy, frank, good-natured, hospitable, manly fellow, and withal quite as good-looking as his air gives you to understand he thinks