

An arrow for his purpose wrought,  
A true one and a tried.

With aim unerring two were sped,  
But harmless fell. The third,  
Which many a foe before had bled,  
Brought quickly down its bird!

Sir Kenneth fell! and quick as light,  
The Emir by his side  
Stood spear in hand, to end the fight,  
And cure his wounded pride.

But e'er an instant's pause were told,  
Sir Kenneth grasp'd his foe,  
By belt and sash in dudgeon bold,  
And would not let him go.

(For 'twas a feint alone he made,  
To draw the Emir nigh,  
When the third arrow's force essay'd  
To drain his life-blood dry!)

But e'er the Knight could strike a blow  
The belted Emir fled,  
Leaving his disappointed foe  
His weapons in his dread.

The leathern belt not tightly clasp'd,  
Was soon unloos'd and free;  
Sir Kenneth held it in his grasp,  
But the Emir where was he?

With outstretch'd arm upon his steed—  
No weapon by his side,  
(For Kenneth held the iron meed  
Of belt and weapons tried!

No longer able to contend,  
He still disdained retreat;  
A truce he pray'd Mahound would send,  
And thus essay'd to speak:—

"Let there be peace Sir Knight I pray,  
For ne'er did Nazarene  
Show courage more in fight or fray,  
Than thou hast done, I ween!"

"I am content," said the noble Knight—  
And his lance he lowered down,  
In proof that thus should end the fight,  
And peace again abound.

"And by the cross upon my sword,  
I swear true faith to thee,—  
But what beside thy single word  
Will be thy guarantee?"

Thus said the Knight,—and the Emir sware:  
"By the Prophet's God so true,  
And by the Prophet, I declare  
I will be true to you!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The Diamond of the Desert lie  
Amid the palm-tree grove,  
The fairest of all springs to eye—  
The Arab's second love.

Beside its gushing fountains, where  
A goodly shade was spread,  
The Emir and the Knight so fair,  
Partook their noon-day bread.

Each faithful to the vow he'd made,  
They sat in peaceful state;—  
As each his courage had display'd,  
With equal glee they ate.

And gentle reader—this bold Knight,  
Disrobed of his disguise,  
Was Scotland's hope, in peace or fight,  
The light of her proud eyes.

The Emir with his shield and spear,  
Was greater still I ween:  
The one a prince—tho' bold, sincere,  
The other—SALADIN.

Bridgetown, (N. S.) 1843.      ARTHUR.



NANKIN, formerly the capital of the whole Chinese empire, is situated near the mouth of the river Kiang, which empties itself into the Gulf of Nankin in the Yellow Sea. Its inhabitants are regarded as the most civilized of the Chinese, and here the ancient emperors constantly held their court until reasons of state obliged them to transfer it to the neighbourhood of Tartary, and fix on Peking as their place of residence. Without including the suburbs, the old site of the city occupied an area seventeen miles in circumference; but, since the removal of the capital to Peking, it has shrunk to one fifth its former dimensions, and its former wall is now in the midst of cultivated fields. A large part of this space, however, it is supposed, was occupied by the imperial gardens, similar to those now in Peking, and which are described by Father Artier, a French Jesuit who obtained permission to visit them, as being magnificent beyond conception.

The principal garden is a league in circumference, its front embellished with paintings, gilding and varnished work, and its interior supplied in profusion with everything most rare and valued in China, India and Europe.—The gardens of the palace, collectively, form a vast park, in which at proper distances artificial mountains rise to the height of fifty or sixty feet, separated from each other by little valleys watered with canals. These waters unite to form lakes and broad ponds, which are navigated by magnificent pleasure-boats,