

the late fairies, mock him for his evil intentions, his credulity, and his disappointments. The fat knight is here admirably managed, he seems to rise when lowest, our disgust is forgotten, while his conduct has a portion of dignity mixed with its rich humour. He makes few excuses, but submits in the best manner, loudest himself in self-reproaches. As they severally taunt him, he exclaims:—"I do begin to perceive that I am an ass. I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief in the despite of the teeth of rhyme and reason. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross overreaching as this? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking, through the realm. I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will." And when he finds that Ann Page, has baffled the designs of her Father and Mother, during the play at fairies, how poetically he expresses his satisfaction.

"I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced."

Tho' you assailed me according to a plot, you have not secured yourselves; as hunters waylaying a deer, one of whose arrows hath glanced aside, and wounded some of the party.

*To be continued.*

## THE LOST TRAVELLER.

The little poem we give below is by Byrant, in whose descriptive pieces nature is delineated with beauty and fidelity, and with this merit, that it is nature as she appears in the N. American wilds. To those who are acquainted with the woodland scenery of the northern portion of this continent, it is unnecessary to point out the truth with which its peculiar features are touched in the following beautiful lines.

When Spring to woods and wastes around  
Brought bloom and joy again,  
The murdered traveller's bones were found  
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung  
Her tassels in the sky,  
And many a vernal blossom sprang,  
And nodded carelessly.