

"Lady, be warn'd! on roof and mead
The dew-drops glitter gay;
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,
Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hyeing to their covert dark,
And stags to covert fly."

Now by the rising sun I view'd
In tears my lady's face;
She gave me many a token good,
And many a soft embrace.
Our parting bitterly we mourn'd;
The hearts which erst with rapture burn'd
Were cold with woe and care.

A ring, with glittering ruby red,
Gave me that lady sheen,
And with me from the castle sped
Along the meadow green;
And, whilst I saw my leman bright,
She wav'd on high her kerchief white:
"Courage! to arms!" she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white
Reminds me of her love;
In the field of blood, with mournful mood,
I see her kerchief move;
Through foes I hew, when'er I view
Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,
"Lady, I fight for thee."

THOMAS BROWN, OF BLAND'S REGIMENT.

On the 16th of June, 1743, was fought the battle of Dettingen. In this battle served a private dragoon, in Bland's regiment, of the name of Thomas Brown; he was about twenty-eight years of age, and had not been one year in the army. The French gens d'arms, in a charge, took the standard from the regiment. Brown dashed after the gens-d'armes who bore off the trophy—laid hold of it, and then pistolled the Frenchman; with his sword in its scabbard, his hands grasping both bridle and standard, he put spurs into his horse, and, exposed to fire and sword, as when recapturing the standard, made his way through a lane of the enemy. He received eight cuts in the face, head and neck; two balls lodged in his back, and three went through his hat. His nose and upper lip were nearly severed from his face—a terrible gash from the top of his forehead, crossed his left eye—he received two other wounds on the forehead, and two on the back of the neck—besides having two fingers of the bridle hand chopped off. His regiment welcomed him back into their ranks with three huzzas, such as none but Britons know how to give. In this battle Brown had two horses killed under him. Brown's father was a blacksmith. Thomas was born at Kirkleatham, not far from Scarborough; he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker at Yarm. He stood five feet eleven inches. George II. offered Brown a commission in the army, but his not being able to write prevented his acceptance of it. The king placed Brown near his person in the life guards. As the balls in his back could not be extracted, he was obliged to quit the service. He had a pension of £30 per annum, and died at Yarm, of his wounds, January, 1746, aged thirty-one.

THE SEASON.

Spring, the year's youth, fair mother of new flowers,
New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours,
Thou art return'd, but nought returns with thee,
Save my lost joys' regretful memory,
Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund: but I am no more
The thing I was.

August 28, 1788, died at Paris, aged sixty-eight, Elizabeth Chudleigh, duchess of Kingston, a woman celebrated for beauty and profligacy. She was a native of Devonshire. Her father, a colonel in the English army, died whilst she was very young. Her mother, supported solely by a slender pension from government, frequented the heartless society of fashionable life, and through Mr. Pulteney, afterwards earl of Bath, procured her daughter to be appointed lady of honor to the princess of Wales. Miss Chudleigh attracted many admirers. The Duke of Hamilton obtained the preference, and it was fixed, that upon his return from a continental tour, the marriage should be celebrated. Mrs. Hanmer, aunt to Miss Chudleigh, intercepted the letters addressed to her niece by the duke, and succeeded in persuading her to privately marry captain Hervey, afterwards earl of Bristol. On the day after the nuptials, Miss Chudleigh resolved never to see her husband again, and they separated. The duke, upon returning to England, offered his hand to Miss Chudleigh, of whose marriage he was ignorant, and to his astonishment was refused. To escape his reproaches, and the resentment of Mrs. Chudleigh, who was likewise a stranger to the secret engagements of her daughter, she embarked for the continent in a style of shameless dissipation; and, as Miss Chudleigh, so wrought upon Frederick the Great that he dispensed with all etiquette, in consequence of her request, that "she might study at her ease a prince who gave lessons to all Europe, and who might boast of having an admirer in every individual of the British nation." During her residence at Berlin she was treated with the highest distinction. She afterwards went to Dresden, where she obtained the friendship of the electress, who loaded her with presents. Upon returning to England she resumed her attendance upon the princess of Wales; and continued to be the attraction of the court. Her marriage with Captain Hervey perpetually annoyed her, and to destroy all trace of it she went with a party to the parish where the marriage was celebrated, and, having asked for the register-book, tore out the register of her marriage while the clergyman was in conversation with the rest of the party. Shortly afterwards, captain Hervey becoming earl of Bristol by the death of his father, and a rumor prevailing that he was in a declining state of health, Miss Chudleigh, now countess of Bristol, hoping to be soon a wealthy dowager, obtained the restoration of the register in the vestry-book. To her severe disappointment the earl recovered, while the Duke of Kingston, still ignorant of her marriage, solicited her hand. She made unavailing efforts to prevail on the earl of Bristol to agree to a divorce, till at length he became enamoured of another lady, and a divorce by mutual consent was pronounced at Doctors' Commons. She had now reached the summit of her wishes, and was publicly married on the 8th of March, 1769, to Evelyn Pierrepont, duke of Kingston, with whom she lived till his death, in 1773. The duke bequeathed to her his entire property, upon condition that she should never marry again; and the duchess plunged into a course of licentiousness which exposed her to public censure, and in consequence of which she went to Italy. A magnificent yacht, built and ornamented at an immense expense, conveyed her to Rome, where she was received by the pope and cardinals with great pomp, and treated as a princess. During her residence at Rome, she was on the eve of bestowing her hand and fortune upon an adventurer who represented himself to be the prince of Albania, when he was apprehended as a swindler, and committed suicide in prison. Soon afterwards she learned that the heirs of the Duke of Kingston sought to establish against her the charge of bigamy, in order to invalidate her marriage with the duke, and set aside his will. She instantly repaired to her banker, who, having been gained over by the other party, concealed himself, to avoid giving her the sum requisite for a journey to London. She placed herself at