

The daughter of James V. and Mary of Guise was born a few days before the death of her father, and at the age of six years was conveyed to France, whither she was sent for her education, by the same fleet that had brought over the French auxiliaries under Monsieur Desse. This exercised a powerful influence over her future destiny, and was the cause of all her misfortunes. Educated in France, and brought up at the most polished Court in Europe, she insensibly acquired those manners which disqualified her from reigning over her ancient subjects, the Scots, among whom the government of a Queen was unknown, and of too feeble a character to rule over a rude and semi-barbarous people, torn by intestine commotions, and struggling for the maintenance of the reformed religion. She was married April 24, 1551, at a very early age, to Francis, the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II., a prince of a feeble constitution and a weak understanding, who dying, left her a widow at the age of nineteen. After a short time, Mary, with a sad heart, took leave of that kingdom, the brief but only scene of her life in which fortune had smiled upon her. As long as her eyes could distinguish the coast, she continued to feed her melancholy with the prospect, and to utter, "Farewell, France; farewell, beloved country, which I shall never more behold!"

"To Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering bright,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade;
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And, lo! what busy tribes were instant on the wing!"

After an absence of nearly thirteen years, she landed safely in her native kingdom. At this period commenced her trials and misfortunes, all following each other in quick succession; and whatever might have been her faults, bitter and grievous was the expiation.

We are informed by Dufresnoy, who came over to Scotland in her suite, that she lodged on the night of her arrival in the "Abbaye of Holyrood," which, says he, "is really a fine building." He proceeds—"We landed at Leith, and went from thence to Edinburgh, which is but a short league distant. The Queen went there on horseback, and the lords and ladies, who accompanied her upon the little wretched hackneys of the country, as wretchedly caparisoned, at sight of which the Queen began to weep, and to compare them with the pomp and superb palfreys of France; but there was no remedy but patience. What was worst of all, being carried to Edinburgh, and restored to rest in the Abbaye, there came under her window, in the court, a crew of five hundred or six hundred scoundrels from the city, who gave her a serenade with wretched violins, and little rebecks, of which there are enough in that country, and began to sing psalms, &c. so miserably mistimed and mistuned, that nothing could be worse. Alas! what music, and what a night's rest!" On this celebrated serenade, that true son of genius, the Ettrick Shepherd, founded his beautiful legend, 'The Queen's Wake,' from which I beg leave to quote the following lines—

"Queen Mary lighted in the court,
Queen Mary joined the evening sport;
Yet though at table all were seen
To wonder at her air and mien,
Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung,
Still on her ears the accents rung,
'Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye,
For the shower must fall, and the flower must die!
And much she wished to prove ere long
The wondrous powers of Scottish song."

Passing over her ill-assorted marriage with the imbecile Darnley, which was celebrated with all due pomp and festivity, I come to that dreadful tragedy—that frightful episode in Scottish history, the murder of David Rizzio, which Mr. Hames has selected as the subject of his new historical tragedy. What heart is there that does not throb at the mention of the name of this celebrated Italian musician, coupled with that of Mary Queen of Scots? The names are inseparable. Whatever may have been Mary's culpability in this unhappy partiality and undue preference of Rizzio, it is now almost universally admitted that there was no criminality existed, although appearances seemed to favour such a supposition; certain it is that he was admitted into her confidence, and grew not only to be considered as a favourite, but as a minister. Hence the jealousy with which Darnley was inspired. Some writers celebrate Rizzio as servile, haughty, arrogant, and insolent; others, that he was shrewd and sensible, with an education above his rank. But he was a foreigner, and his destruction was therefore resolved on by Darnley, Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and Maitland, in a manner nowise suitable to justice, to humanity, or to their own dignity. Accordingly, a plan was concerted between the above-mentioned nobles, and the place chosen was the Queen's bedchamber; and on the 9th of March, 1566, Morton entered the court of the palace with 160 men, and seized the gates without resistance.

The Queen was at supper with the Countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and a few domestics, in a closet off the bedchamber, about twelve feet square, the present north-west tower of Holyrood palace, when Darnley suddenly entered her apartment by a private passage. Behind him was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, with three or four of his most trusty accomplices. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present, and Rizzio, apprehending that he was the intended victim, instantly retired behind the Queen. Numbers of armed men now rushed into the chamber. Mary in vain employed tears, threats, and entreaties, to save her favourite, but it

was all in vain; he was torn from her by violence, dragged out of the closet, through the bedchamber into the chamber of presence, and dispatched with fifty-six wounds.

"In clattering hauberk clad, through night's still gloom,
Stern Ruthven fiercely stalks with haggard mien;
With thundering tones proclaims the victim's doom,
And tears her minion from a doating Queen:
Through the arch'd courts and storied chambers high,
Loud shrieks of terror ring, and death's expiring cry!"

Towards the outer door of the apartment, on the floor of a passage which was formerly part of the room, there are large dusky spots, said to have been occasioned by Rizzio's blood staining the floor, which no washing of the boards has been able to efface. The armour of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and of James VI is shown in the room from which Rizzio was dragged out to be murdered. The Queen's dressing room is also shown; the roof of the Queen's bed-room is divided into compartments, charged with the armorial device of some one of the blood royal of Scotland, and the walls are hung round with tapestry, and ornamented with subjects taken from 'Ovid's Metamorphoses.' To conclude this tragical event, I beg to observe that in the middle of the passage leading to the interior of the abbey is shown a flat square stone, under which the unfortunate Rizzio is said to have been buried, "in order that the Queen might regularly be indulged with the sight of the tomb of her lamented favourite, as she passed to and from her private devotions." This conveys a bitter sarcasm, and speaks volumes. It is, however, merely conjectural, as no historian has pointed out the precise spot where this Italian musician is entombed—at least, so far as I am aware of.

I for the present conclude with her second truly unfortunate marriage with one whose plausible manners and graceful person were his only accomplishments; so that Mary, whose levity of manners contributed no little to alienate his affections, soon became disgusted with this painted sepulchre. These circumstances, joined to her partiality for the Italian minstrel, were the forerunners of all her woes.

LINES ON THE LATE ROYAL NUTIALS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Ocean and Land the globe divide,
Summer and Winter share the year,
Darkness and Light walk side by side,
And Earth and Heaven are always near.

Though each be good and fair alone,
And glorious, in its time and place,
In all, when fitly paired, are shown
More of their Maker's power and grace.

Then may the union of young hearts,
So early and so well begun,
Like sea and shore, in all their parts,
Appear as twain, but be as one.

Be it like Summer, may they find
Bliss, beauty, hope, where'er they roam!
Be it like Winter, when confined,
Peace, comfort, happiness, at home!—

Like Day and Night,—sweet interchange
Of care, enjoyment, action, rest;
Coldness nor Absence ne'er estrange
Hearts by unfulfilling Love possess'd.

Like Earth's horizon, be their scene
Of life, a rich and varied ground!
And, whether lowering or serene,
Heaven all above it and around!

When Land and Ocean, Day and Night,
When Time and Nature cease to be,
Be their inheritance in Light,
Their union one Eternity!

From the New York Gazette.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK.

As one of your number, and one feeling in communion with you, —the effects of recent disaster in mercantile life,—I beg leave to suggest a few thoughts to you in view of those disasters, and, believing that all things are ordained for good, would draw a few moral and practical deductions from them, such as to me seem apparent.

In the outset of life, we are very apt to fall into the current of the world, and to drift along with it, that which is generally esteemed praiseworthy and which is made the criterion of respectability in society, becoming the object at which our ardent ambition aims, and the examples of those distinguished and honoured, being those of our emulation. Hence, if public opinion be incorrect, we are very likely to fall into the common error, which once contracted, is with difficulty shaken off. Now a great error in public sentiment at the present day, seems to me to be, that *wealth is the criterion of respectability*. All that is required to ensure a passport into society, is a representation for wealth. This it is which entitles us to the attention of the elite; this, around which centre the

smiles of beauty; this, which gives distinction at home and abroad, and this it is, in fine, which is the nucleus around which centre all that is deemed desirable in society or honourable in life. The means even by which one may have obtained this potent and indisputable requisite, however dishonourable, are lost sight of: and moral, and social, and even intellectual and religious qualities, are outweighed and obscured by the weight and glitter of wealth. And is this a sound principle? Is it not one calculated to discourage high moral and intellectual aspiration; and one at war with every christian and social virtue?

For in the first place is it not a prostitution of the noble capacities of our nature to allow them all to be absorbed in any one worldly pursuit? And do they not receive an impress and character from that employment, which disqualifies them for the exercise of their legitimate and higher functions? For example, all the faculties of the mind brought to the acquisition of wealth, receives an impression from avarice, and are rendered cold and selfish, if not obtused by it. Hence the man whose whole mind is absorbed in the pursuit of gain, is rendered as incapable of enjoying the pleasures of social and domestic life, as he is of contributing to them. He sees all through the eyes of avarice—his friends lose all charm to him, when they cease to minister to his avarice, and his wife and children incur his displeasure and frown, in no way so surely as in asking for the means of comfort. Here then we see this desire for gain breaking down and supplanting all the better susceptibilities of nature, interrupting our friendly relations and destroying our social and domestic peace, as well as of detracting materially from the happiness of those connected with us by the ties of friendship, of nature or of affection. In reply to the question of how is this to be obviated? I would say, let us not appropriate the whole of our time to any one thing; as we have necessities let us as a matter of duty devote enough of our time to the acquisition of as much money as is required by them, and let us at the same time endeavour to provide a surplus for old age, but beyond these all the thought that we apply is misapplied; all the exertion we make is made to our own detriment, because it is made at the expense of some other duty required by our moral and intellectual natures.

JIM BROWN AND HIS ECHO.

Jim Brown having got as blue as "Kentucky ketchup" could make him, and the cabaret being an every day resort of his, he sighed for change; he sought novelty, looked out for some new state of existence, and finally found it in an old steamboat boiler that lay on the Levee. Into it he introduced his person, and when inside, thinking it impregnable to any assailing party, he cut up sundry and divers shines in the way of singing and talking to himself. As the concave form of his temporary habitation gave an echo to every thing he said, the watchman, who heard the noise, fancied there were two Jim Browns instead of one. Jim Brown, in the boiler, and Jim himself was somewhat puzzled to account for the phenomena. "Go ahead, steamboat," shouted Brown. "Go ahead, steamboat," responded the echo. "Fire up," said Mr. Brown, and "fire up," answered the echo. Charley was a believer in supernatural and natural spirits, and debated for some time in his mind whether or not he should examine the boiler, or go to a groggery and liquor. At length he summoned up courage, proceeded to where the noise came from, and asked, "Who's there?" Jim and Jim's echo answered, "It's none of your business." "Oh, there's a pair of ye there," says the watchman. "No," says Jim, and his echo endorsed every word that he uttered. "No, sir; I'm of the single cylinder make, two hundred horse power with a strong stroke. I'm a regular buster, and no mistake." "You're vagrants; come out of that," said the watchman. "You'd better out of that yourself. I'll blow up—I'll collapse in two minutes," retorted the loafer, who had steam enough in him, at all events, to warrant the assertion. Charley finally got Jim Brown out of his hiding place, but was at a loss to discover where Jim Brown's friend could have vanished to. Jim swore that he didn't see no gem'man there but himself. "Well," said Charley, "if there warn't no invisible hindividual there with you, the sympathy that seems to exist between you and that ere boilers, the strongest case of hannimal magnetism, that I ever did see in all my wast hobserwation." Jim Brown and Charley were seen moving along towards the watch house in Baronne street; what has since become of him depondent knoweth not.—*Picayune.*

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert were receive by the entire assemblage with enthusiastic cheering, which the Royal pair acknowledged by bowing graciously and repeatedly. Her Majesty was attired in deep mourning, relieved by a profusion of diamonds, disposed in a compact and massive border or tucker, full two inches and a half broad, which extended from shoulder to shoulder round the upper part of her dress. A splendid star depended on her bosom from a brilliant necklace; and the beautiful coronet, ornamented with roses, shamrocks, and thistles in diamonds (which has already attracted so much admiration,) formed her resplendent head-dress. Her Majesty also wore brilliant drops in her ears, and her hair full in long bands on the cheeks, passing under the ears, and terminating behind them. Prince Albert, sat beside her on her left, and equally in front, wearing a uniform of a Field Marshal, with the ribbon and star of the Garter in diamonds, and on his arm the symbol of mourning. His manner was reserved and dignified, yet perfectly attentive to all the observations that her Majesty was so frequently pleased to address to him. His form is much more matured than either his age or his features would lead the beholder to expect.