

THE MOTHER'S INJUNCTION, ON PRESENTING HER SON WITH A BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this.
When other days shall come,
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one—
She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy;

And bade him keep the gift—that, when
The parting hour would come,
They might have hope to meet again.
In an eternal home;
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne—
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The heart that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy—
A mother's gift—remember, boy!

The ravages inflicted by the all-subduing hand of time are not more distinctly traceable in the deserted hall of the dismantled castle, and the mouldering fane of the dilapidated abbey, than in the downfall or extinction of ancient and distinguished races of nobility, who, in ages long past by, have shook the senate and field, have scattered plenty o'er a smiling land, or, as alas! is too frequently the melancholy reverse, shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Considerations of this nature have suggested a review of the few families remaining in our peerage, whose ancestors enjoyed that distinction.

"Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage on Bosworth's purple field."

The protracted duration and alternated reverses of the contest between the houses of Lancaster and York, added to the rancorous inveteracy indispensably inherent in a barbarous age, will account for the comparatively rare sprinkling of the immediate descendants of the followers and councillors of the Plantagenets in our present house of peers. In France, on the other hand, the contemporary struggle for the throne laid between an undisputed native prince, Charles VII., and a foreign competitor, our Henry VI. The courtesies of war (imperfect even as they existed in those days) were allowed fairer play, and those who escaped the immediate edge of the foeman's sword were not handed over to the axe or the executioner.

The awful mortality which befell one eminent branch of our gallant Plantagenets at the period in question, is recorded, in emphatic terms, by their animated and faithful chronicler, Shakspeare:—

"Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold."

List of English Peerages now existing on the Roll, of which the Date of Creation is prior to the accession of Henry VII.

Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Beaufort, as Baron de Botetourt.
Marquis Townshend, as Baron de Ferrars.
Marquis of Hastings, as Baron Hastings.
Earl of Shrewsbury.
Earl of Berkeley, as Baron Berkeley.
Earl Delawarr, as Baron Delawarr and West.
Earl of Abergavenny, as Baron Abergavenny.
Baroness de Roos.
Baron Le Despencer.
Baron de Clifford.
Baron Audley.
Baron Clinton.
Baron Daere.
Baron de la Zouche.
Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby.
Baroness Grey de Ruthyn.
Baron Stourton.

List of Families now invested with the Dignity of Peerage, whose Ancestors, in the male line, enjoyed the Peerage before the Accession of Henry VII.

Where a well-grounded doubt exists, an asterisk is prefixed to the name.

Howard,
*Spencer,
*Montague,
Clinton,
Talbot,
Stanley,
Hastings,
Grey,
Berkeley,
Windsor,
Lumley,
West,
Neville,
Devereux,
Courtenay,
Stourton,
Clifford,
Willoughby,
*Basset.

A FARTHING LORD.

Lord Braco, an ancestor of the Earl of Fife, was remarkable for practising that celebrated rule, "Get all you can, and keep all you get." One day, walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he took up and carefully cleansed. A beggar passing by at the same time, entreated his lordship would give him the farthing, saying it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "Fin' a farthing to yourself, pair body," replied his lordship, and carefully put the coin into his breeches pocket.

In addition to being his own farthing *fin'er*, his lordship was his own factor and rent-collector. A tenant who called upon him to pay his rent happened to be deficient a single farthing. This amount could not be excused; and the farmer had to seek the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to his lordship, "Now, Braco, I wou'd gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud an' siller ye hae."—"Weel, mon," replied Braco, "it's no cost ye ony mair;" and accordingly, for and in consideration of the aforesaid sum, in hand first well and truly paid, his lordship exhibited several iron boxes filled with gold and silver coin. "Now," says the farmer, "I'm as rich as yourself, Braco."—"Aye, mon!" said his lordship, "how can that be?"—"Because I've seen it—an' you can do nae mair."