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(ORIGINAL.)

MARY OF ENGLAND.

BY E. L. C.

For, oh, the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without!

MOORE.

It was a warm bright morning, early in August, 1514, when a band of lovely females assembled in the sweet groves of Havering Bower, in Essex, at that time, occasionally a royal residence, to while away the summer hours, unrestrained by etiquette, and forms of tedious ceremony. Among them, was the virtuous and modest Catherine of Arragon, then the beloved Queen of Henry the Eighth, and the Princess Mary, his young and beautiful sister. The attendant ladies were of the first rank in the kingdom, and of the number immediately attached to the persons of the two princesses; but the distinction of sovereign and subject seemed in this sequestered spot to be forgotten, or at least thrown aside with the gorgeous trappings, and idle ceremonies of a court.

Arm in arm, as inclination prompted, they threaded the mazes of the grove, or threw themselves to rest upon the soft turf, protected by umbrageous trees from the increasing fervor of the sun. All around them was peace and beauty; the sound of gushing waters mingled with the melody of birds and occasionally a herd of deer was seen through an opening glade of the forest, or a solitary straggler crossed their very path, and paused for an instant to gaze on the intruders of his sylvan sanctuary, then pursued his graceful flight and passed like an arrow from their view. But the Queen, naturally indolent, and accustomed to depend upon the labors of the tapestry loom, or the exertions of her attendants for amusement, soon grew weary of wandering through tangled groves, and stooping to gather wild flowers that were too lovely to be passed unnoticed. With her hands full of fragrant blossoms, she now seated herself beneath the broad shadow of an oak, and began to select the fairest, and form them into bouquets and garlands. Her ladies

gathered around her, and one of them, at the Queen's request, drew forth a book from which she prepared to finish aloud a tale of chivalry, commenced on the preceding day. The Princess Mary, and her favourite attendant, Lady Jane Nesbit, were alone absent from the group. Absorbed in earnest conversation, they had wandered away to a distant part of the grove, and re-appeared, just as the Lady Boleyn, having finished the tale, was laying aside the book.

"How now, good sister," said the Queen, "thou art a loser by thy absencé, for we have but just made an end of Sir Roland's tale, and never did our ears listen to more marvellous or goodly passages. Is it not so, my ladies?"

"Truly, your grace has cunning judgment in such matters," answered the Lady Boleyn; "naught that we have read passes the truth, and yet methinks his Majesty met with as magnificent and diverting entertainment, in the good city of Tournay, whence he has but late returned, as did this famed Sir Roland, at the castle of Bellefontaine. Neither did the lady governess prove herself a less bewitching enchantress, than this fair Rosabelle of whom we have now just read."

By the mass, thou'rt right," said Catherine, laughingly, "for she bewitched the heart of the gallantest knight in England."

"Nor need the daughter of the Imperial Maximilian," said the Duchess of Norfolk, "deem it the least of her conquests to have won the heart of the brave Charles Brandon, as your Majesty saith, the gallantest knight, and I will add, the noblest gentleman in England."

"Nay, prithee, good madam," said the Queen, "use thyself to his new honors. Margaret of Sa-

voy might not have stooped to the simple crest of Brandon, but she may not disdain alliance with the noble name of Suffolk, which with its dukedom, thou knowest, the king hath recently bestowed on him."

"And he has proved already, that he knew what source to thank for this distinction," said the lady, "since in the last tournament he wore the colours of his Flemish mistress, and indicated his devotion to her, by the significance of the motto which he wore."

"Hearest thou that Lady Mary?" said Catherine, turning playfully to the Princess, who, pale and supporting herself against the broad trunk of the tree beneath which they sat, had listened in agitated silence to this little dialogue. "This fair maid of Flanders is not such a contemner of hearts as thou art," continued the Queen, without noticing her emotion, "thou who hast ensnared so many, yet scornest them all." Even the Prince of Castile, renowned throughout Christendom for bravery and virtue, is rejected by the daughter of Henry the Seventh, while the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, disdains not to espouse the subject of an English king."

"And madam," said the Princess, with unwonted haughtiness, "the daughter of Henry the Seventh, has better right to reject an Emperor, than have most queens, to say nay to a subject," and with the blood still mantling on her cheek, she turned and walked slowly from the spot. The Lady Guildford marked and understood her feelings, and instantly rising, followed her. Tears were gushing from Mary's beautiful eyes, when the kind voice of this friend, this more than mother, addressed her in accents of the tenderest affection; but brushing them quickly away, she said with a composed air, and a smile that none could have resisted,

"I pray thee, good mother Guildford, think nothing of this weakness, I am more of a child today, than when I worried thee with crying, because my Lord Rivers refused to bring me the star that burned so brightly in the west. Yet think not I love this faithless Brandon still. Since the tournament, have I not steadfastly refused all his entreaties for an interview, convinced, as I am, of his perfidy and falsehood. But I dread my brother's ambition,—I am doomed to become its victim, and this odious French king—yet no more of him, we are observed—let us to the Queen; she marvels at my humour, and I would not she should penetrate its cause."

They turned and again rejoined the little group beneath the oak, who, busy in the gossip of court incidents, had already forgotten the momentary asperity shewn by the privileged Mary. But she, ever ingenious, and eager to atone for a fault, immediately addressed the Queen—

"I beseech your grace," she said, "to pardon the hasty reply I just now made you. I have in

truth no excuse to offer, unless your goodness will admit the often urged impetuosity of the Tudor blood, as one of sufficient weight to plead in my behalf."

"By my troth, maiden, thou couldst name none weightier," said the Queen, smiling, "for it is one which there is no resisting. I give thee pardon, sister mine, though hadst thou not stirred up my memory by this mention of it, I had quite forgotten that thou didst speak with more than thy wonted heat. But of what were we parlying at the moment? Oh, now I remember me—it was touching the Prince of Castile, my nephew, whose alliance thou didst reject, albeit he is a goodly prince, and a comely, as all who saw his picture were fain to acknowledge. But it matters not now—there are other potentates in Europe who may be as worthy of thee, and better suit thy fancy perchance. Thou knowest my Lord of York has cast thy horoscope and a crown."

She was interrupted by the sound of approaching voices, the crackling of boughs, and a trampling as of many feet. The Queen easily affrighted, shrank behind the huge trunk of the oak for concealment, and her ladies, in equal alarm, gathered silently around her. All, save the lady Mary, who, fond of adventure, and fearless in seeking it, pressed forward to listen, while the intruders came each moment nearer, and these words, sung in bold manly tones, resounded through the greenwood:

"My merry men all,
From cottage and hall,
Come, haste at the call
Of Robin Hood bold!
With arrow and bow,
On fat buck and doe,
His prowess he'll show,
With feats yet untold!

Huzza! for stout Robin Hood, valiant and free!
No king is so lawless, so fearless as he!"

A dozen voices joined in the noisy chorus, and before it was concluded, the revellers burst through the trees and stood in presence of the terrified and astonished ladies. They seemed indeed a band of merry outlaws, and wore the forest garb of Robin Hood and his followers. They were all masked, and their leader, a tall majestic figure, was distinguished by a plume of heron's feathers, carelessly fastened on one side of his cap, by a small silver arrow, while the same appropriate and diminutive ornament, confined about his throat the folds of a short cloak, or scarf, of Lincoln green. The Queen and her ladies stood prepared for flight, but they remained transfixed with astonishment to the spot, uncertain whether those they beheld, were enacting one of the numerous pageants and maskings of the day, or whether, in truth, a new Robin Hood had

his band had arisen, a second time to awaken terror and dismay throughout England. The Princess Mary, however, seeing in the adventure, only amusement, and a variety most welcome to the monotony of a court life, had not retreated a step at their approach, and while with smiling and delighted eyes she gazed on the sylvan band, her imagination transported her to the days of the real Robin Hood, and arrayed before her those marvellous feats, the detail of which, had formed the enchantment of her nursery. In the meantime the outlaws having by a silent but courteous gesture expressed their reverence for the bright being in whose presence they stood, remained stationary, for a few minutes, during which a whispered consultation passed between them. When it was ended, the leader of the band stepped towards the Princess, and bending one knee to the ground, pressed his lips with deference to the border of his robe.

"Fair nymph," he began, when the lady Guildford, jealous for the safety and honour of her Queen and Princess, advanced and unceremoniously cut short his address.

"What merry making is this, my masters," she said authoritatively, "an' ye knew into whose presence ye were thus boldly intruding, ye would wish yourselves changed to your own arrows, and sticking in the side of yonder goshawk that is hovering above us, sooner than ye had come hither with your wild and rude wassail, to disturb our quiet."

"And thou art right, fair lady," answered the fictitious Robin Hood, in a disguised voice, "granting that the wounded bird were to fall with us into the midst of this bright band of wood nymphs, who should rescue, and use us in their own sylvan bows to pierce the tender hearts of ring-doves and nightingales withal."

"Bold outlaw," said the indignant lady, "these are no rustic wood-nymphs, nor is this a place for thee and thy graceless followers, so get thee hence with all speed, or there may be force used which thou wottest not of, to thrust thee from this royal demesne."

"And it be a royal demesne, lady, so much the better for bold Robin Hood. His home is in the greenwood, and he is lord of every forest glade in merry England, but the king's forests are his chosen resort, for there go the fattest bucks and in plenty, and e'en the arrow that flies at random, never flies in vain."

"I know not what face thou wearest under that vizor," said the baffled lady, "but thy tongue wags all too boldly for such a presence as is here—so go thy ways, if thou would'at not the king should take note of thee—and come, my Lady Mary, let us to the castle."

She turned to go, but the outlaw, with a gentle, yet commanding touch, detained her.

"Nay, fair dame, I entreat thee tarry yet a little

while," he said, "thou knowest well that the king himself uses not more courtesy towards thy gentle sex, than Robin Hood and his valiant yeomen, and I, and my merry men would fain shew to these radiant beauties some touch of our skill in wood craft. Yonder sail a flock of wild geese, wilt thou that we bring their wary leader to the ground?"

Catherine and her ladies, during the progress of this dialogue, had conquered every emotion of fear, and reassured by the noble port and bearing of the seeming outlaws, they pressed forward at this proposition, signifying their desire to behold the feat. The pretended Robin Hood, with a shrill whistle, unstrung his bow, when the bow of every forester was instantly bent,—a dozen arrows sped at the same moment from the relaxed strings, and the next, the pioneer of the flock fell transfixed in as many places at the feet of the Princess Mary. The ladies were speechless with admiration, and when one of the band stepped forward, to remove the wounded bird, the Princess passed her hand lightly over its ruffled plumage, and said, with a smile:

"A gallant feat, sir outlaw, and crafty woodsmen have ye proved yourselves, or this cunning leader would not now be bleeding at my feet."

"It is no strange sight, to see more noble victims lying at your highness' feet, transfixed with sharper arrows, and hopeless of such pity, even as you lavish on this bird," answered the forester, in a low tremulous voice, as he bent towards the ground.

The Princess started, her colour varied, and her heart beat audibly. She could not be mistaken, and one hasty stolen glance over the fine proportions of that perfect figure, confirmed her first suspicion. Silent and blushing, yet with a cold and haughty look she drew back and stood behind the Queen. The forester bent low as she retired, and with an air of deep dejection rejoined his sylvan comrades.

"By your favour," said Robin Hood, "we have yet another suit to press, and since ye have seen that outlaws can be courteous, we pray ye come with us an arrow's flight through the pleasant windings of this forest, and see how outlaws live. The banquet shall not lack dainties fit for a royal palate. The venison shall be well stopped with cloves, nor shall savory jellies and sweet hippocras be wanting to flavour the repast."

The ladies looked at each other significantly as he named these articles of luxury, which in that age of semi-barbarism, were almost exclusively confined to the royal table, and which were peculiarly acceptable to the epicurean taste of Henry, of whom it was said that "he understood a man and a dish." The Queen herself made answer to this speech.

"Sir Outlaw, we are beholden to thy courtesy, but we crave the freedom to deny thy boon. We must away to the castle, where a noble company from the court have appointed to be with us, and thither, if thou and thy brave foresters will repair,

you shall be feasted with the best, and pleasantly diverted with the wit and wisdom of the wisest.

"Thanks, gracious lady, for thy hospitality, but it would be an ill seeming for Robin Hood to quit his woodland territory and banquet with lords and noble dames in bannered hall. Come thou with us, fair lady, and we will send to this gentle company and bring them also to our sylvan bower."

As he spoke, he approached the Queen with the air of one who had triumphed, and purposed to lead her off, which the Lady Guildford observing, again interposed:

"Thy disguise, bold Robin, is a cunning one, and baffles all conjecture—but if thou be of gentle blood, thou knowest well that thou art standing in presence of Her Majesty the Queen, and thou art an arrogant and daring knave, to sue for favours which none beneath his Grace would presume to ask."

"Madam," said he whom she addressed, "thou art in truth a wary counsellor, and a safe guardian for thy young and lovely mistress; but Robin Hood owns homage to no human power, unless it be to valor, or to beauty. So with thy matronly permission, I still will press my suit to her, in whose soft smiles, I only read encouragement."

So saying, he again approached the Queen, and stooping towards her, whispered a few low words in her ear. A deep glow overspread the lovely olive of Catherine's complexion, and she unhesitatingly gave her hand to the successful pleader. He cast a triumphant glance at the astonished Lady Guildford, and snatching a rose from the Queen's bouquet, said, as he gallantly placed it in her hair:

"'Tis well that England's blushing emblem, should grace the raven locks of England's beautiful Queen—but for thee, fair maid," addressing the Princess, "a lily will become thy beauty better, and the garland that shall wreath thy brow, is blooming in the gardens of France."

Mary coloured highly, and then grew pale at this confirmation of her fears, from the lips of one whose disguise she had long since penetrated, but she attempted no reply.

"Brave Robin Hood," said the Queen, "thou art not more cunning in wood-craft, than thou prove thyself in the persuasions, which our yielding sex want wit or wisdom to resist. We can no longer deny thy boon, so lead on to thy woodland banquet, to which we carry keen appetites, that I warrant me, shall soon leave empty thy whole service of oaken trenchers, and goblets of horn. My merry men, choose each a fair lady, wherewith to mate yourselves, and follow over turf and through copse, to the bower of bold Robin!"

The Queen tripped away with the leader of the band, and each one of the foresters seizing a fair and willing hand, followed their steps, singing in full and manly chorus, not unaided by the softer voices of the maidens:

"Huzza, for bold Robin Hood, valiant and free,
No king is so lawless, so fearless as he!"

The Princess Mary was the last to join the gay procession—she had sought to avoid the Duke of Suffolk—for it was he, whom she had recognized in the forester, who removed from her feet the wounded bird, but he warily prevented her design, and when she found herself compelled to accept his offered hand, she did it silently, but with a grace and sweetness that tempered even her resentments. For a short space they passed on without speaking, nor did either join in the noisy chorus with which the forest reverberated. Mary's mind was filled with remembrances of the happy past, when in every dance Brandon had been her partner, in every mask and pageant like the shadow that followed her, and when, if the mutual passion which filled their hearts was cherished in silence, it was declared by the interchange of tender attentions, and significant tokens, and revealed in the eloquent and impassioned language of the eyes. Then, came in contrast to all these soft and thronging thoughts, the consciousness of their present estrangement, and the image of Margaret of Savoy, to whom as rumor said, he was positively affianced, nor could Mary doubt its truth, when she recalled the report of his devotion to her in Flanders, and remembered that the colours and the motto which he wore at the late tournament, signified his willingness, at least, to yield himself a captive to her chains. Mary had a heart as soft and susceptible as the humblest of her sex, but she had also the pride of her high spirited race, and although this was soothed by the knowledge, that if she had been deserted by a lover for her inferior in rank, it was for a princess, more illustrious by birth than herself, and who could open to his aspiring mind higher hopes, and gratify them to the utmost extent of his ambition—yet even this consideration, could not heal the wounds of disappointed affection, nor inspire her with fortitude to tear from her bosom the dear and cherished image, that had so long been enshrined in its innermost recesses.

Had she condescended since his return, to grant one of his reiterated petitions for an interview, all might have been well—but the rumours in circulation were so well authenticated, that she could not doubt their truth. She refused to believe him unhappy, for she knew not how far he was swayed by the will of those, whom to have resisted, would have been to cast away his life. Though still faithful to the object of his early love, and recoiling from the bare idea of a union with another, he felt that at this crisis, there was danger in the open avowal of his sentiments, since the intrigues of Henry, and the policy of Wolsey were united to bring about an alliance between himself and Margaret of Savoy, which with womanish coquetry she encouraged,

though, in reality, and of this Suffolk was well aware, she was far from intending to sacrifice her ambitious views to the gratification of a soft and feminine passion. Had Mary not prejudged her lover, all this might have been told, and both have been spared the misery that was in reserve for them. But their present estrangement had produced such deep misunderstanding, such thorough misconception of each others views and feelings, that a long explanation was necessary to unravel the clue in which they had involved themselves. The present opportunity was too brief to serve that purpose.—Suffolk had not the most distant idea that the Princess really supposed him false to herself, and seriously entertaining views of an alliance with another. He believed her resentment arose from a report of some gallantries, which as the chosen knight of Margaret of Savoy, he was bound to render her, and fancied, that from this apparent departure from his allegiance, he was doomed to suffer her anger, and perhaps the loss of her affection. Mary on the contrary, actually believed him faithless, and considered her love as sacrificed on the altar of his ambition, and in the brief conversation which now passed between them, these erroneous impressions were strengthened in the hearts of each.

For several minutes they followed in silence the merry troop who preceded them. Suffolk's half suppressed sighs burst continually on Mary's ear, and once or twice she observed he made an abortive effort to address her. But the words seemed to die away upon his lips, and touched by his agitation, from whatever cause it might spring, she could scarcely restrain the tears that were ready to gush from her eyes. At length he spoke, but it was in a subdued and unsteady voice.

"These maskings and sports are joyous things for gay hearts, but it is with an ill grace, a sad one bears its part in such pageantries."

Mary breathed quick, and the throbbings of her heart were painful, as those low sad tones fell upon her ear, but she called a womanly pride to her aid, and replied with calmness and affected gaiety :

"A truly sad one, my lord duke, would scarcely trust itself among such reckless revellers, and I know not that any here deserve our pity on that score, unless it may be my good mother Guildford, anxious for the dignity of her royal mistress, or perchance her grace of Norfolk, fearful lest a sturdy yeoman may lurk among the band of vizored nobles, and contaminate her by his presence."

"Would to God, there were indeed no sorer causes of sorrow than those your highness names, in any bosom here," exclaimed the duke, in a tone of impassioned feeling. "Nothing," he continued, after a momentary pause ; "nothing except the king's mandate could have compelled me to join this band of maskers, to trust myself amidst the sylvan shades of this dear familiar forest, which was the

scene of my boyish happiness, the birth place of hopes, that, I fear me, have perished in the bud."

Mary trembled, but she answered not, and with a rapid and agitated utterance he resumed :

"Even that oak, beneath which we just now found you seated—does not your highness remember the day, when with Prince Arthur, and the King, and all of us thoughtless boys, we lured you and your royal sister, Queen Margaret of Scotland, from your attendants, to make you spectators of our mimic jousts, and awarers of the victor's prize ?"

"Ah, yes," sighed Mary, yielding for an instant to softening recollections ; "as vividly as though it were but an event of yesterday. Those were happy days, but why recall them with regret ? The joys of childhood could not satisfy you now—they have given place to dreams of ambition, and glowing hopes of power and greatness, that alone can satisfy the heart of man."

"Oh, how is mine misjudged," exclaimed the Duke ; "misjudged by her, to whom of all the world, I would its leaves were like an open book ! Had your highness granted me but one short hour, of all the many for which I have so humbly sued, you would now have understood me better, and I should not today, perchance, be mourning your altered favour."

"My lord," said Mary haughtily, "I wish no explanation ; deeds are more eloquent than words, and yours have spoken loudly. The plains of Tournay witnessed the success of your valour, and the last tournament at Greenwich, explicitly declared, at whose feet you were solicitous to cast the honours that were to win your favour."

"Fallacious appearances have proved the ruin of my dearest hopes," replied the Duke ; "but the Princess Mary has not now to learn, that her royal brother's will must be law to his subjects—aye, even to those, whom he honours with the name of friends, and admits to the familiarity of close companionship, and she may not give me credence, when I say, that the selfish and intriguing policy of his Grace of York and Lincoln, which has crushed the happiness of many trusting hearts, has in the present instance combined with the schemes of others, to overthrow my cherished hopes, and place me in a situation of the most cruel uncertainty and embarrassment."

Mary understood these words only as an apology for having deserted her, and a wish to cast the stigma of such an act upon those whose power he could not resist, and with a sparkling eye, and glowing cheek, she indignantly answered :

"My Lord Duke, if I comprehend you aright, this is language, to which Mary of England cannot listen longer. And if in carving so brilliant a destiny, your grace has had aid from king or prelate, you have surely no right to complain of the manner in which it has been rendered, nor cause to regret

the course of events, that have led to an issue, which the first princes in Christendom may regard with envy."

As she uttered these words they reached the bower of Robin Hood, and mingled with the train that had preceded them. Suffolk had no opportunity to reply to the princess, and to express his astonishment that she had so far believed the idle rumours in circulation, as to suppose him actually betrothed to another. This then satisfactorily accounted for the persevering coldness and *hauteur* of her manner, which the circumstance of a few knightly gallantries, shown towards Margaret of Savoy, seemed scarcely to justify. The discovery which his last words made of the true cause of her severity, threw not only light but comfort on his heart, for he felt that by a few words of explanation, he could dissipate her anger, and, persuaded that she neither understood his motives, nor the actual situation of his affairs, he resolved to seek an early opportunity for resuming the subject, and obtaining from her own lips, cost him what it might, the long wished for sanction to his fondly cherished hopes.

All were now pressing eagerly forward to gain the bower of Robin Hood, from whence issued strains of dulcet harmony, poured forth by a band of minstrels stationed within. It was scarcely discernable in the greenwood, from the trees among which it stood, being formed of verdant boughs, interlaced with wonderful skill and compactness. But its interior was a marvel to all eyes, for there, the tender branches were interwoven with flowers, and adorned with anagrams and hieroglyphics cut from various bright coloured mosses, in so ingenious a manner, as almost to resemble the tapestried walls of the royal banquetting hall. The floor was carpeted with moss, curiously disposed, and inlaid with lichens and other fungous plants, so as to give it the semblance of a mosaic pavement. It was likewise strewn with sweet scented herbs, mingled with the wild flowers of the forest, and embellished with many choice and rare exotics, from the king's own garden. In the centre of this tasteful and beautiful bower stood a table laden with every dainty which the period could furnish—foreign wines sparkled in the goblets, and the rich odour of spices, almost overpowered the more delicate perfume of fruit and flowers. At the head of the band stood Robin Hood, awaiting with impatience the assembling of his guests; and on his right hand was the Queen, her colour heightened by exercise, and the unusual animation of her countenance, lending new charms to its serene and quiet beauty. No sooner had all gathered around the table, than the leader of the revels gave the signal to unmask, by plucking the vizor from his face, and disclosing, as was anticipated, the gay and handsome features of the king. All present immediately followed his example, and

the ladies looked around with eager curiosity, to see who formed this gallant band of outlaws. There was the Earl of Worcester, Sir Edward Neville, and all the favourite courtiers of the king, and greetings and jests were interchanged with a gaiety and wit, that gave a zest of no common kind, to this novel entertainment.

Such as this, were the sports and pastimes of Henry's court, in which none more greatly delighted than the monarch himself. At this early period of his reign, he was not the jealous and imperious tyrant that he afterwards became, when he successively sacrificed one queen after another to the violence of unrestrained and vicious passion. At the time of which we write, he was young, handsome, and the most gallant man of the age. Graceful in the dance, chivalrous in the tournament, a lover of popularity, a patron of letters, and magnificent to a degree, which, although it impoverished his coffers, yielded him the satisfaction of seeing himself unrivalled in splendour by any prince in Christendom.

The banquet passed merrily away, with all save Suffolk, and the princess. He, though not sad, was too full of emotion, too anxious for the future, too impatient to obtain that hearing which was to decide his fate, to share the buoyant gaiety of those around him. Yet he forced himself to wear a lip of smiles, and with his wonted graceful gallantry, ministered to the enjoyment of all within his influence. Mary thought his brow radiant with happiness, and sighed that she should so love one, who could unfeelingly desert her, and yield himself a victim to ambition. Before the party rose from table, the king filled a goblet, and quaffed it to the memory of bold Robin Hood and his band, then turning with an arch smile to the Lady Guildford:

"And what think'st thou now, fair dame," he said, "of the daring outlaw who bore himself so arrogantly in presence of thy royal mistress?"

"That it is well, your grace is not minded to turn outlaw in good earnest," she answered; "else would the queen and her ladies quit bower and hall to follow in the train of the gallant forester, and share his merry life in the green wood."

"Cunningly answered, my lady," said the king; "and with a rare seasoning of woman's ready wit, and may thy queen, in seasons of real danger, find as zealous and faithful a defender, as thou hast to-day proved thyself in boldly confronting those, who, for aught thou knew'st, were, as they seemed, a band of rude and lawless wassailers. We give thee hearty thanks, and free pardon, albeit thou wast not sparing of hard names towards our own royal person. And now fair dames, and ladies all, the day wears apace, and it is the queen's good pleasure that ye mount your palfreys, and away with us towards London. My lord Ratcliffe, we accept the offered hospitality of thy castle tonight, but early on the morn we must resume our progress to our fair

place of Bridewell, where affairs of moment await our coming. Moreover, his Grace of York, gives a mask tomorrow eve, in honour of the Duke de Longueville, from which we must not absent ourselves, for the banquet will lack flavour, and the state apartments brilliancy, should the bright eyes and rosy smiles that circle the sylvan board of Robin Hood, not grace the bishop's entertainment."

As the king named the Duke De Longueville, he glanced significantly towards the princess, who had received too many intimations that her hand was to become the cement of that peace, now in treaty between England and France, not to understand his meaning. She felt there was no escape, but Suffolk was lost to her, and thus persuaded, her future destiny was at this moment a matter of indifference. The queen now made a motion to withdraw, which was instantly obeyed, and the whole party repaired forthwith to the castle, in the court of which stood ready trapped, the steeds of knights and ladies, awaiting the arrival of their riders. The dresses of the maskers were speedily changed, the ladies arrayed in hood and mantle, and the whole party mounted and away, followed by a long train of attendants of either sex. The moment of explanation to which Suffolk had so impatiently looked forward was now, as he thought, at hand, and he had already reined up his proud Arabian, by the side of Mary's beautiful jennet, the gift to her, of Charles of Castile, at the period of their betrothment, when a summons from the king called him away, and with reluctance not to be described, he quitted the envied station he had attained.

"I have somewhat to whisper in the ear of the princess that brooks not delay," said the king gaily, as Suffolk approached; "so to your knightly guidance I entrust the care of her majesty, and deem you beholden to me for so great an honour?"

Without awaiting his reply, the king turned his steed and joined the princess, leaving the vexed and mortified duke to assume, with reluctance he could ill conceal, his station beside the queen. Happily for him, Catherine seemed even more inclined than usual, to indulge the gravity and taciturnity peculiar to her character, and which she doubtless felt a relief, after the adventures and unusual excitements of the day. As the courtly train, at an easy pace, pursued its way towards London, Suffolk cast an occasional glance of inquiry towards the king and Mary, who rode somewhat apart from the rest, apparently absorbed in earnest conversation. What could be the topic which engrossed them? Strange surmises sprang up in his heart, and undefined fears were awakened, founded on the rumors which were abroad, of a contemplated marriage between the princess and the king of France. But why should this thought disturb him? She so young, so beautiful, so free from every sordid feeling or desire, to wed, for the vain pomp of royalty, infirmity and age.

No, it could never be, and he would not sully her purity by connecting with her so preposterous a thought.

Henry, in the meantime, with all the insinuating address of which he was master, had opened to Mary the subject of the French alliance—a subject which at present chiefly occupied his thoughts, and fed with brilliant hopes, the dreams of his ambition. But the arbitrary right which he assumed of prescribing to his subjects in the affair of marriage, without regard to any previously formed attachment, as best suited his own policy or caprice, he could not exercise in the present instance without some compunctious visitings of conscience, heightened by the natural yearnings of affection. Mary was very dear to him, and her youth, her gaiety and sweetness, together with her incomparable beauty, made her the delight and ornament of his court, and he had struggled long with himself before he could resolve to sacrifice this lovely creature to the superannuated prince who demanded her. But the desire which he felt to see his sister raised to the throne of France was irrepressible, nor were the suggestions of the artful Wolsey wanting, to induce him to surrender the more generous affections of his nature, of which he was not, at this time destitute, to the meaner passions of avarice and ambition. Wolsey hated Suffolk for his noble qualities, for his distinguished fortunes, and above all, for the friendship and confidence reposed in him by his sovereign. He early detected the attachment subsisting between the duke and the Princess Mary, and he was resolved, if possible, to blight the aspiring hopes of the hated favourite, and prevent his attaining that yet more exalted station to which a union with the princess must necessarily raise him. The crafty almoner, therefore, zealously forwarded the projected marriage with Louis the Twelfth of France. He ceased not to urge upon Henry the advantages to himself, of so splendid an alliance for his sister, the harmony in which it would bind the two powers, and the magnificence of the dowry offered to the bride. His arguments were but too effective. Henry was willing to believe himself governed by a wise and proper policy, and accordingly, silencing what he termed his selfish scruples, permitted the treaty to proceed, the articles to be drawn up, and every preliminary settled, before he gained the final consent of Mary. It was for this purpose that he now sought a private conversation with her, and the embarrassment which he felt in introducing it, might have told him that he had hitherto, and still was, acting with a cruel disregard to her wishes and happiness. After some minutes of silence, he turned and looked earnestly upon her face, revolving in what manner to open his subject, while she, conscious of his gaze, averted her eyes, trembling at that, to which she was about to listen.

"Our rude pastimes have wearied you, my sweet

sister," he said at length; "or is it," he added with startling abruptness, "that you have read my thoughts, and grown pale at the very apprehension of a queenly crown?"

"It is a toy that I covet not," said Mary, with a bursting sigh; "and were it mine, would gladly give it in exchange for the wild flower wreath of the humble cottage girl, if like her, I might be permitted still to dwell in the sweet and sunny glades of my own beloved land."

"I know that young as you are, you have already had the courage to reject a crown, proffered by a youthful and gallant prince—a crown, too, which at some future day, may grace an imperial brow, but I scarcely dreamed, that you inherited so little of our father's kingly pride, as to prefer a calm and lowly lot, that should make you still a dweller in the seagirt island of your birth, to the illustrious destiny, which the race of Tudor are born to inherit."

A cloud darkened the king's haughty brow as he uttered these words—Mary observed it and hastened to reply.

"My brother, I know to what this conversation tends; I am prepared for it, and you shall not have me reproach me with being a degenerate daughter of Henry the Seventh. You have already spoken to me of this alliance with the King of France, you have told me, that it would bind the two nations in perpetual amity, strengthen your power, and increase your consequence—and—and, I have schooled my heart, till I have almost learned to think of it without shuddering."

Henry, who expected to meet only opposition from his sister, had prepared himself accordingly, with many, and cogent arguments, was astonished at this unlooked for passiveness, and gazed earnestly upon her to ascertain if she were really serious. One glance at her pale, but calm and dejected countenance, satisfied his doubts, and solicitous to say all that might console and reassure her, he replied:

"Whatever I may have said touching the advantages to be derived from this alliance, for myself personally, and for the realm which I am destined to govern, is strictly true, and from my soul, sweet sister, do I thank you for the noble and disinterested manner in which you consent to forward and fulfil my views. Your own personal aggrandizement is not the least object of my desire, and should you survive the king, the arms of my love shall be open to receive and welcome you—neither, shall any motive of policy, induce me a second time, to put force or restraint upon your inclinations."

"Old as he is, Louis will probably outlive me," said Mary, with a sigh; "or if perchance he should grow weary of so spiritless a bride, and repudiate her, to make room for a gayer or a fairer queen, as he did the blameless Joan—how then will the king

of haughty England receive his fallen and degraded sister?"

"Nay you are unjust, fair sister, to speak in such a reproachful tone of this one act, perhaps the only one, which has sullied the lustre of a reign, whose benignity and virtue have won for Louis the proud title of "father of his people." Recollect that Joan was sickly and deformed, that she was married in childhood, and forced upon her unwilling lord, whose love was given to another, and let these considerations offer some atonement for his fault."

"Enough, enough, your grace, and now let us on with speed, since, tomorrow, you have told me, the Duke De Longueville receives my final answer."

"He does," replied the king; "but there is a frightful calmness in your manner that terrifies me; I know the sacrifice which I ask of you, and if by my urgency, I am driving you to adopt any desperate plan of escape, in God's name, say so, and what is done, shall without farther parley be undone."

"I have no plan, no purpose but only to fulfil your majesty's will," said the unhappy princess. "It matters little where I may abide in future, and though my heart still clings to the soil of my country, it is better perhaps that I should droop and pine far from its shores, where no fond breast will bleed to see me wither, and no anxious eyes watch my decline with anguish."

As she spoke thus, in a voice whose thrilling sadness pierced the king's soul, she bent over her saddle bow, and tears, that she could no longer restrain, fell like rain drops from her eyes. Henry was deeply moved.

"This shall not be," he said, "though it were to save my realm, I would not thus consent to seal my sister's wretchedness. I will to London this very night, and give notice to the French duke that the treaty is at an end."

"Never, never, send him word like this," cried Mary, rousing herself from her short trance of grief; "your kingly honour is at stake, my brother, and to retract at this late hour, would be to awaken the resentment of France, and plunge us, probably into a long and ruinous war. I beseech your majesty, think no more of my weakness—it was a tide of womanish feeling, that came over me for an instant, but it has ebbed again," she added, with a faint attempt at gaiety; "there will be at my bridal, such a gorgeous array, such sparkling of jewels, such glancing of embroidered surcoats, ermine and purple, that doubtless I shall be fain to forget that the crown of my royal lord covers a grey head, and a furrowed brow."

But this momentary flash of sportiveness could not deceive the penetrating Henry—he saw plainly that either an earnest desire to comply with his wishes, or some other motive more powerful, but of

which he was ignorant, prompted her passive consent to a measure which it was but too evident she regarded with shuddering abhorrence. And reluctant as he was to renounce the favourite project of her marriage, the idea of sacrificing her, for beautiful and gentle as she was, he could view it in no other light, was so painful to him, that with a generosity, of which in after years he would not have been capable, he resolved not upon the instant, to take advantage of her yielding disposition.

"I have unwittingly, perhaps, been too urgent with you on this subject," he said, "and I would not for my own benefit, or your elevation, put such force upon your inclinations, as in an after moment shall cause you repentance or regret. We rest to-night at my Lord Ratcliff's castle, and there will be time before tomorrow, to weigh this matter well and wisely in your mind. I will therefore think nought of the discourse we have just now held concerning it, but take as your final answer, what you shall say to me on the morn, and bear it as such to the Duke De Longueville. And if you shall then say nay, and in your stead I cannot find another guarantee, which the Frenchman shall think fitting to accept for the king, his master—why, then in God's name let the treaty end, and by St. Mary we will give them another *Journée des Esperons*, to teach them who they lightly challenge to the combat."

"I am beholden to your majesty, for this most brotherly indulgence, and since it is your grace's pleasure that I reserve my final answer for the morrow, I am bounden to obey; yet I have already well and duly weighed the matter, and shall swerve not a tittle from the purpose now expressed. I have naught to live for in England, save your love, and that will follow me to France; therefore, with God's and your Majesty's leave, I will go, and if so it please you to tell the Duke De Longueville, I will make ready with what speed he shall desire."

"And if you hold of the same mind tomorrow, fair sister, I will not say you nay," returned Henry, elated by her firmness, and half persuading himself that she was in truth willing to stifle all humbler regrets, for the ambition of so exalting himself. "But woman's heart," he added, "is like the changing sea, and the next wave that breaks over it may wash away the traces left by this, so you will do well to meditate fully on this step to night, for tomorrow my royal word will be pledged, and after that, even if repentance come, there can be no retreat, either for you or me."

"Be it as your grace desires, and let tomorrow then decide."

"Amen," returned the king, "and for the remainder of our ride let us hold discourse on other topics."

Mary, glad to drop a subject so unpleasant, and

the discussion of which had cost her the most painful effort, willingly assented, but she gained little by the exchange, for Henry immediately commenced speaking of the feats which he had recently performed in Flanders, of the valorous conduct of his nobles, and above all the rest extolled the gallant bearing of the Duke of Suffolk. Nor did he fail to praise the beauty and high spirit of Margaret of Savoy, and confessed it had been his aim to enthrall her and Suffolk in a mutual passion, and with self congratulation insinuated, that the high views thus opened to the ambition of the duke, would ere long be realized by a marriage with the illustrious object of his love. The unhappy Mary listened with an aching heart, seldom speaking, and sedulously averting her face from the inquiring eye of the king. All she heard, rivetted still more firmly her resolution of espousing Louis. Suffolk had proved himself unfaithful and unworthy, and though still fondly beloved, she felt an impatient desire, to escape from these scenes where she was exposed to constant encounters with him, and where his presence, and that of the objects connected with him, rendered abortive her anxious effort to forget, or at least to regard him with indifference.

It was nightfall before the royal party reached Lord Ratcliff's hospitable castle. Disguised as outlaws they had quitted it in the morning, and set forth to surprise the queen and her ladies in the woods of Havering Eower, and a godly entertainment had been prepared for their return, consisting, to use the words of an old chronicler, "of sumptuous, fine, and delicate meats." But neither of the banquet, nor of the games and sports, which according to the taste and custom of the age, succeeded it, did Mary partake. Weary, and sick at heart, she pleaded indisposition, and to the chagrin of all the young courtiers, but more especially of Suffolk, retired immediately to her apartment. Shortly dismissing her attendants, she abandoned herself to the grief which would no longer bear restraint, and wept long and violently over the ruin of her fondest hopes, and in view of the fearful fate to which she was passively resigning herself. The sounds of music and revelry which reached her solitude from the distant apartments of the castle, broke with harsh dissonance upon her ear, and the image of the gay and gallant Suffolk, mingling with the fair and graceful in that joyous band, presented itself with painful distinctness to her sad and desolate heart, till with wild and passionate earnestness she paced the floor of her apartment, longing to fly to some sequestered spot, where she might forget and be forgotten by the world. When at length the last note of merriment had died away, and all was still, her feelings became more calm, but not less sorrowful, and sitting down beside a table which stood beneath an antique lamp of chased and bur-

nished silver, that hung suspended from the ceiling, she snatched a pen, and with a desperate resolution addressed these lines to the king :

“ The term allowed me by your majesty, for considering whether or not, I will accept the overtures of the King of France, is drawing to a close, and my mind is still unchanged. Say to the Duke De Longueville, I consent to become the guarantee of the treaty now pending between your grace and Louis the Twelfth. So let there be no more words between us on the subject, but I entreat all to consider it as finally settled and agreed upon. Moreover, I beseech your grace, if I am to meet the French duke at my Lord of York's entertainment, to let it be without any shew of state or ceremony, and ill I go from England, I pray you suffer me to abide as I have done, and as I always would do, could it be so consistently with the safety and prosperity of this realm—and that is as I now sign myself, your majesty's loyal subject, and loving sister,
MARY.”

With a trembling hand she sealed and supercribed this note, and then seated herself at an open window to watch the slow advances of dawn, and inhale the fresh breezes that were springing up from the bosom of a broad lake that sparkled beneath. It was not long, however, before she heard the voices of the grooms, and the neighing of steeds in the court-yard, for the king had intimated his intention of setting out early for London, and preparations were already making for his departure. The princess summoned her attendants, and by the time the sun was an hour above the horizon, the whole party were mounted and in motion. She had found an opportunity, before quitting the castle, to deliver her note to the king, whose eager impatience induced him immediately to glance at its contents. They were such as to exhilarate and gratify him in no ordinary degree, and with a countenance dressed in smiles, and eyes sparkling with joyful animation, he took his station beside the palfrey of the queen, whom he no longer found it necessary to leave to the guidance of another. But again was Suffolk baffled in his attempt to engross the princess—for a young knight, by his skilful manœuvres, had already established himself close to her bridle rein, apparently resolved to retain exclusive care of the admired beauty, to whom so many hearts were ready to offer homage. Vexed and discouraged by this repeated disappointment, the duke secretly accused his good genius of having deserted him, and as all the ladies were provided with gallants, he fell in to the rear of the royal cavalcade, and rode side by side with Sir Edward Neville. In this manner they arrived at the palace of Bridewell, at that time, says an old historian, “ a royal residence and the court end of London.”

In the course of that day, Mary's fate was irre-

vocably decided. The Duke De Longueville concluded, with Henry, the treaty of peace, and signed the stipulated articles of the royal marriage. As yet, however, owing to Mary's earnest entreaties, who ever shrunk from publicity, the news of it was not noised abroad. Wolsey, and a few of the king's privy council, were alone acquainted with its final ratification; Suffolk, whether by chance or design, was not admitted to their confidence. In common with the whole court, he knew that such a treaty was in agitation, and that there were various opinions afloat respecting its issue. But he would willingly have staked his life against the probability of Mary's consenting to so unnatural a union. Indeed, so well assured was he of the utter abhorrence with which she would regard it, that the subject caused him no uneasiness, except what arose from the fear, that the ambitious views of Henry might expose her, for a time, to a species of uncomfortable persecution.

It was then, wholly unprepared for the paralyzing intelligence he was destined shortly to receive, that Suffolk repaired in the evening to Wolsey's princely entertainment. At the king's express desire, Mary had, though reluctantly, accompanied him and the queen thither. She was closely masked, as were likewise most of the company, and attired with a simplicity, which she trusted would enable her to pass unnoticed and unrecognized among the crowd. But the brilliant apartments, the exhilarating music, the quaint pageants and grotesque groups of masquers, assorted ill with the deep and hopeless gloom that hung upon her spirits. For a time she felt an irresistible impulse to fly from the festive scene, but forced as she was to remain, her senses at length became accustomed to its mirth and splendour, though all was regarded by her with the most stoical indifference, nor could aught divert her from her melancholy, or enable her for an instant to lose sight of the dark and dreary future.

The entertainment was one of those gorgeous displays of luxury and fantastic pageantry, in which, as is well known, the proud prelate Wolsey greatly delighted, and in which he even surpassed the elegance and magnificence of the royal fetes. Indeed it still remains a mystery, that the jealous and imperious Henry, and his haughty nobility, should so quietly have brooked the assumption of pomp and state exhibited by this arrogant and low born man. “ His way of living,” says the historian, “ his air and deportment, were all splendid, grand and awful; he never stirred without a prince's retinue; always attended by a crowd of domestics, for he kept eight hundred servants, among whom were nine or ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty esquires.” Erasmus says: “ He reigned more like a king, than the king himself; he was dreaded of all men, and loved but of a few, almost of none.” Yet Henry, instead of

being disgusted with his pride and impiety, loaded him daily with fresh favours, till, as was said of him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, "he became drunk with prosperity," and fell from his high pinnacle of greatness, to the lowest and most abject depths of misery and disgrace.

The Duke De Longueville, in whose honour the present banquet was designed, was amazed at the pomp and splendour that surrounded him, and in the enjoyment of a scene so consonant to the taste of a gay and brilliant Frenchman, forgot for a time his anxiety to discover, amid the motley crowd, the beautiful princess, who was so shortly to become his queen. But this object was not long absent from his mind, and when among those whose features were not concealed beneath a mask, his search was vain; he strove, by her voice and figure, to identify her among the disguised groups who thronged the apartments. He sought her in the game of mumchance, then a favourite pastime of the court, and in the various sports and mummings, as they were termed, which diversified the pageants of the evening. But secure in her simple disguise, which Henry had promised not to betray, Mary remained silent and unsuspected amidst the gay and ever shifting crowd around her. To watch the noble form of Suffolk, as he roved listlessly through the apartments, to mark his abstracted air, and sigh, as she thought that even then, his spirit was on the wing to the mistress of his heart, formed her only occupation, till even this was taken from her by the sudden disappearance of the duke.

Wearied by the unceasing gaiety around her, dazzled by the blaze of a thousand lights, and faint with the voluptuous air of the perfumed halls, she stole silently through an open door upon a balcony that overhung the Thames. It was a moment of unexpected happiness and freedom. She had escaped from sights and sounds that palled upon her aching senses, from the dread of observation, and the necessity of preserving a composure, she was far from feeling, and stood alone beneath the ample canopy of heaven, brilliant with its host of stars, and the full orbed and unclouded glory of its midnight moon. She drew off her mask to inhale the pure night breeze, so delicious after the heated and artificial atmosphere she had been so long respiring, and advancing to the extremity of the balcony, leaned over the railing in silent thought. All nature seemed at peace, and the tranquil waters reflected in unbroken beauty the moonlit heavens, and the dark shadows of the trees that fringed their banks; and as she gazed upon their smooth unruffled surface, presenting such a contrast, to her agitated mind, the thought of what a quiet resting place there was beneath those tranquil waves, arose for an instant in her heart. But quickly was the fearful suggestion hushed by the voice of conscience and religion, though

tears gushed from her eyes, at the recollection of her fearful doom and early desolation, and sinking upon a seat, she buried her face in her hands and wept. An approaching footstep startled her—she looked up, and the graceful figure of Suffolk, his brow bared and his arms folded, with an air of deep humility on his breast, stood beside her. Confused and indignant at what she deemed a bold and intentional intrusion on her privacy, Mary arose, and with a haughty glance would have passed without addressing him—but with an entreating air he cast himself before her.

"Your highness is displeased," he said; "yet leave me not in anger. You deem perchance that I have forced myself on your retirement, purposely to wrest from you the hearing which you have so long denied to my importunate desires. But fortune has at length befriended me. I stood in the shade of yonder pillar, when you came upon the balcony, and was in the act of retiring when you withdrew your mask, and disclosed the features of her whom, still with baffled hope, I had been seeking through the evening. Then, indeed, I could not resolve to depart without addressing you; I could not permit this long wished for opportunity to pass, without humbly suing for a return of that favor which has been so long alienated from me, and without which my existence is as dark and dreary as would be that of the natural world, without the revivifying and grateful influence of the sun."

His rapid and impassioned utterance almost overthrew the pride and coldness of Mary, but she struggled for composure, and replied calmly and haughtily:

"My lord, this is hardly a time or place fitting the purpose of private conversation—but yet I will take upon me to say that you accuse me wrongfully of that which was a thing of your own choosing, since it was you who voluntarily withdrew from my favour, when it was shining more fully upon you than was perhaps becoming in the sister of your sovereign to permit."

Suffolk bent low to this reply, and, though touched by the haughty tone in which it was uttered, answered with the most submissive mildness:

"Your highness does right, perhaps, to reproach yourself for the flattering distinction you once deigned to shew so humble an individual as myself, who owe all I am, and all my present fortunes, to the friendship and beneficence of my generous and gracious king."

"Nay, nay, I meant not that," said the relenting Mary, moved by the sad tenderness with which he addressed her; "I were an ingrate to chide myself for aught that I could say or do for the most loyal knight, and truest friend, that ever stood beside a monarch's throne—for the son of him, who died the victim of fidelity to my royal grandfather, and shed

the last drop of his blood in assaulting the tyrant who would have robbed the house of Tudor of its legal rights!"

The burst of feeling with which Mary uttered these words, touched Suffolk to the soul, and unable on the instant to reply, he bent his knee before her and raised her hand in silence to his lips. Mary feared to partake his emotion, and rallying her fortitude, said with as firm a tone as she could assume:

"Rise, my lord, I pardon all that may have pained me in your conduct, and pray you may be happy in the attainment of that brilliant destiny to which your fortune leads."

"In nothing have I wilfully offended," said the duke; "and of one sin only, have I knowingly been guilty! and even if death, or imprisonment, were for this to be my portion, I never can repent. I have not sought to strengthen myself by an alliance with the powerful or the wealthy—my heart was untouched by the charms of the beautiful daughter of the Viscount Lisle, to whom my sovereign would have affianced me. And in Flanders, when my Lord of York proposed to negotiate a marriage for me with the high born Margaret of Savoy, I unhesitatingly declined the honour—and why was I thus indifferent to all that could ennoble and exalt my fortunes? Because there was one to whom I dared not aspire, whose smiles were my life. Because—I beseech your highness, pardon my presumption,—because my love for Mary of England was interwoven with my very being, and I felt that the throne of the Cesars, had it been proffered me, could not have tempted me to forego the precious privilege of dwelling, even at humble distance, in her presence."

"Oh God! what is it I hear," cried the surprised and wretched Mary, gasping for breath, and sinking powerless on her seat—but in an instant she rallied, and resumed: "Are you not then secretly affianced to the Duchess of Savoy? If not, why have you permitted appearances to justify the rumour? Why have you even suffered the king to remain in ignorance of the truth?"

"The king is well aware that there is no betrothment—he has hoped, indeed, to bring the matter to that point, and in this hope he has been upheld by my Lord of York, who, suspicious of the passion which I have dared to cherish for a far more amiable and beautiful princess, designed to punish my presumption, by a pretended zeal to serve me in another cause. Yet of this I am assured, that had he foreseen the smallest chance of my success with Margaret of Savoy, he would instantly have framed some plea for relaxing his efforts, nor willingly have lent his aid to aggrandize the object of his hatred."

Suffolk paused, but Mary, incapable of utterance, remained silent. It was not till this moment that she had realized the full extent of her wretchedness. But now the consciousness of the happiness which

she had blindly cast away, and the horrors of the fate which awaited her, rushed upon her like an overwhelming tide, against which she had not power to struggle. The duke, mistaking the cause of her emotion, proceeded:

"Had your highness deigned to listen sooner to this explanation, you would not so long have viewed me as a heartless votary of ambition, whom it was your duty to despise, and banish from your presence. Even the circumstance of the motto which I displayed at the last tournament, and which has given an air of truth to the reports in circulation, arose from an incident the most trivial and unimportant. When I took my leave of the Lady Margaret, in Flanders, she presented me with a scarf, wrought with her own hand, which, with no more than fitting gallantry, I promised to wear at the next tournament, together with some appropriate motto. That which I chose, certainly signified nothing more than any knight should have expressed towards a lady who had thus far honored him, but bitterly did I regret even this trifling act of courtesy, when I was informed of the rumors to which it had given rise—when I learned that it had heightened the displeasure of your highness against me, and robbed me, as I feared, for ever, of your favour."

Again Suffolk paused, but still Mary remained motionless and silent, and he resumed:

"All that I have endured since my return to England, can be known only to God and my own heart, but to suffer any longer in silence is impossible, and I have waited but for this opportunity, to confess, at your feet, the secret of a heart, which even from childhood, has acknowledged but one mistress, one bright and chosen object of tender, deep, impassioned love—nor can it ever know another,—and if by this avowal, I offend you past forgiveness, I will henceforth quit England for ever, and dwell a voluntary exile, where I may no more pain you by my presence. But, if you deign to smile upon my hopes,—and oh, what balm and joy dwell in that blessed thought!—I will seek the king tomorrow, and throw myself upon his mercy—I never yet have sued to him in vain, though cold the words in which I may have craved the boon,—but now, all precious as it is, he will be fain to grant it to the burning eloquence of love!"

"Brandon!" exclaimed the wretched Mary, in a voice almost suffocated with emotion; "It is too late! too late to save me from the gulf into which my own folly has precipitated me. This should have been the happiest moment of my life, but it has proved the consummation of my utter, hopeless misery. This very day I have yielded my consent to wed the king of France; my word is pledged beyond recall; and soon I shall quit my native shores, and happiness, forever."

She paused, and burying her face in her mantle

sobbed audibly. With a frenzied gesture, Suffolk started to his feet; the powers of life seemed suspended, and he stood for a minute the image of mute and motionless despair. But soon the tide of feeling rushed back upon his heart; and the certainty that he was beloved overcame astonishment and anguish, and casting himself again at Mary's feet, he exclaimed in accents of impassioned tenderness:

"And must this sever us? this cruel fate for which I was so ill prepared, and to which the bitterness of death itself were joy. Tell me not so, beloved; poison not the bliss of an entrancing certainty, by cruel words of parting."

"Brandon, our doom is sealed, irrevocably sealed; no word of mine can change it, and on this night we part. Go, leave me,—leave me to my destiny, I can meet it best alone,—and yet farewell! and in this hour of grief and deep despair, I need not make to say, that I have loved you as seldom woman's heart has loved before, and had I not previously shunned this moment of free and fond communion, I might still enjoy that happiness which I have lost forever."

She spoke with the slow and measured calmness of despair, and Suffolk felt, as every thrilling word fell like molten lead upon his heart, that his misery was sealed—that fate had done her work. For an instant his scalding tears fell fast upon the small and trembling hand which he held with a convulsive pressure to his lips, then as she strove to withdraw it, he cast his arm about her, and strained her with passionate energy to his breast, then turning, left the balcony. He was seen no more that night, and early on the following day he departed for a distant estate, and Mary saw him not again before her departure for France.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BY C. MOIR, ESQ.

THE love of country, considered as a ruling passion in the human breast, may be ranked only second, if it can be said to be second, to the tie of kindred. It is a principle of our natural constitution, wisely planned by the Giver of all good for the wisest and best of purposes. Without it, man would be a roving animal, bound to no particular spot, having no affection for the land of his nativity, no chain to bind him, by one of the closest of all ties, to that soil which his fathers tilled, and with the dust of which their bones may, for generations, have mingled.

Ranked as a virtue, and one of no mean standard, love of country is of incalculable benefit, viewed both as to man's moral advancement, and in regard to his temporal comfort. Stimulated by its inspiring influence, he watches with jealous eye every attempt at innovation on his vested rights of possession. His property in the soil must not be disturbed by foreign

interference, without a strong and last attempt to preserve it free and unfettered as when, by birth, he entered on its possession. The laws and institutions of his country, framed by the wisdom of his ancestors, and secured to him, it may be, by many a severe struggle against the inroads of despotism, and the no less dangerous attacks of reckless innovation, are regarded with those feelings of reverence due to things tried by the experience of centuries. His whole heart, by the closest ties of affinity, is bound to the land of his nativity. Old recollections of infancy's hours of innocence, boyhood's thoughtless days, and manhood's busier and maturer prime, with all their sweet or melancholy reminiscences, are each and all of them links in that mysterious chain that rivets the heart of man to the soil on which his first footsteps tottered.

No advantage of climate, no temptation afforded by the changeless serenity of cloudless skies, and the profusion of a rich and teeming soil, can atone to the home-sick emigrant for even a partial banishment from the land of his birth. The ice-bound shores of Greenland, where the year is but a long winter, are as dear to its hardy race, as are to the effeminate Persian, the luxuriant gardens of the east. And the wild and untutored Indian, "the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear," would he exchange his green savannahs, and his trackless woods, for the splendid city, with its crowded marts, where civilization, hand in hand with every temporal comfort, dwells?

The love of country is so universal, that men regard with the keenest sensations of pleasure any spot, although it be a desert, provided it is their own. The Ethiopian imagines that God framed his sands and deserts, while angels only were employed in forming the rest of the globe. The Arabian tribe of Ouadelin conceive that the sun, moon and stars rise only for them. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, call their island "The Flower of the World;" and the Carribees look on their country as a paradise, and imagine that they alone are entitled to be called *men*. Who does not remember the eloquent reply of the American Indian, when an European advised him to emigrate to another district, "What!" said he, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and follow us to a foreign country!" When separation is a work of necessity, distance only renders more dear to us the land of our birth. In the Narrative of a private soldier, I think of the 71st, the author relates, with much simple pathos, the effect produced by a casual incident, where the chord was struck, whose vibrations responded to home. During the stillness of a night-watch on the Pyrenees, a comrade, to while away the long hours, began to whistle in a melancholy key, the national air of "Lochaber no more;" when, he says, "a whole flood of recollections rushed across my mind, and such a sincere longing to see my native land succeeded,

that I could only find relief in a copious flood of tears." But with how much greater effect does the "Rans-de-vache" operate on the heart of the exile Swiss ! It is said that the mere singing of that simple air is, in many cases, fitted to produce such a longing for home, that if not soon gratified, the poor emigrant from his native mountains too often falls a victim to the "maladie-du-pais." This interesting trait in their national character is finely introduced by Rogers in the following passage :

"The intrepid Swiss that guards a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant years beguiled,
Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

All the great men of this and of past ages have, in their lives, and writings, borne evidence to the strong tie of love of country. The poetry of our age teems with passages of great beauty, illustrative of the strength of this all-prevailing passion. Every one is familiar with the spirit-stirring lines of Scott,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—
This is my own, my native land ;"

where every sentiment is imbued with the true spirit of patriotism. Cowper, the sweet poet of the Task, although he looked at all times with a keen eye on the follies of his countrymen, and was a stern foe to, and severe exposé of their vices, thus breaks out in the second book of that admirable poem :—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country ! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy climate
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen-skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers."

Nor are her dear bought and much valued privileges, whatever these may be, left untouched. Leyden, in his delightful poem, "Scenes of Infancy," thus sings of his country:—

"Land of my fathers ! though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue stream her flexile branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her fingered scions shoot,
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree :
Land of dark heaths and mountains ! thou art free.
"Dear native vallies ! may you long retain

The chartered freedom of the mountain swain !
Long 'mid your sounding glades in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet !
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot, the peasant's chanted psalm !"

Patriotism, whether in the field or the senate; in the advancement of learning or of arts, by which the intellectual character of a country is raised, is with all men an over ruling passion. Did these peaceful pages allow me, how many splendid deeds, that stand, like bright stars, the horizon of history, could I lay before my readers ; striking instances of self-devotion scarcely surpassed in the annals of martyrdom. Even in our own days, living examples of the great sacrifices that good men will make for their country, are not wanting. But instead, let us turn to the pages of Scripture, and there we will find recorded many beautiful instances. We read in 1st Kings, how Hadad, yet a little child, was brought by his father into Egypt, while Joab, the captain of the host had gone down with all Israel to cut off every male in Edom. And Hadad grew up and found great favour in the sight of Pharaoh, who gave him to wife "the sister of his own wife;" yet after these marks of kindly favour, it is told in the beautiful simplicity of Scripture—"When Hadad heard in Egypt that David slept with his fathers, and that Joab, the captain of the host, was dead, Hadad said to Pharaoh, Let me depart, that I may go to my own country. Then Pharaoh said unto him, But what hast thou lacked with me that behold, thou seekest to go to thine own country ? And he answered, Nothing ; howbeit let me go in any wise." Thus when all danger was past, the love of country once more kindled within him with redoubled force, and the home-sick Hadad longed to return to the land of his birth.

Nehemiah is a fine instance of that true patriotism that burns in the breast of every good man. When he was told of the misery of Jerusalem; that her walls were broken down, and the Jews left of the captivity in great affliction, his heart was stirred for the sufferings of his brethren, and he prayed earnestly to the Lord, as he was the king's cup-bearer, that he would grant him favour in his sight. "And it came to pass, in the month Nisan, in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes the king, that wine was before him ; and I (Nehemiah) took up the wine, and gave it unto the king. Now I had not been before time sad in his presence. Wherefore the king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick ? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid, and said unto the king, Let the king live for ever ; why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my father's sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire ? Then the king said unto me, For what dost thou make request ? So I prayed to the God of

heaven. And I said unto the king, If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favour in thy sight, that thou wouldst send me unto Judah, unto the city of my father's sepulchres, that I may build it."

And in the Prophet Jeremiah we find the following fine passage: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." Who can doubt, then, after such passages as these, that such an affection is planted in our nature for a wise and beneficent purpose? The heartless man of the world, whose groveling desires rise not beyond the mere accumulation of worldly riches, may hold in contempt those finer constituted natures, that assimilate love of country with love of kindred; whose native soil is dear to them, because it holds the graves of their fathers; whose streams are sacred, because in their waters they were wont to bathe their infant limbs; and whose old familiar trees are hallowed in remembrance because, in days of other years their leafy screen has shaded them from many a scorching summer sun; still it is such men who in the annals of every nation are found chronicled as her brightest benefactors.

The Father of all implanted love of country in the hearts of his children; that by its inspiring influence every social blessing, as well as every better gift might not be wanting among them; that by following out its impulse, men might bestir themselves to found civil and sacred institutions, by which alone the wisdom of a people is known, and their happiness enlarged and established. For if love of country be not found in us, we will never be careful that her name should be revered, not alone for the extent of her mercantile resources, but for "that knowledge that exalteth a nation." Let us, then, be thankful for such a wise provision of our nature, for the kindness of Him who placed an affection within us, the true application of which, while it extends the blessings and increases the comforts of thousands, doubly repays him who exercises it, in the satisfaction he necessarily feels in doing a good action, and the reward that awaits him, when his career on earth is closed, from the hand of a kind Father, to whose throne, through the merits of the Redeemer, the savour of a good deed riseth not up in vain.

Oxenstiern's Description of England.

The following description of England, in the seventeenth century, is given by Count Oxenstiern, the lawgiver of Sweden: "England is undeniably the Queen of islands, the empire arsenal of Neptune; with this, she is the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the land of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the stay of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of oppositionists, and the paradise of freemen.

The women are fair, but their beauty is arid: her sons are brave, but their bravery oftentimes degenerates into savageness; wit and wisdom prevail to an extent which is probably unknown in other countries, but insupportable pride abstracts from their merit; it may be well said that fortune has here distributed her largesses in profusion, but these insular beings know not the proper use of them where the stranger is in question; the language is an admixture of almost every tongue in Europe, but they combine with it the following drawback—namely, they set it above every other. In short, the English are a people who want for nothing that can conduce to happiness, except wisdom in the art of enjoying it."

TRUE LOVE.

How oft our tears in heavy showers fall,
For what in vain we thought would bring us joy.
Think then how changeable is man below:
His earthly hopes and expectations rest,
Too oft, alas! upon the flitting sand.
The summer leaves, which now we see around,
Shall soon decay. But Love shall ever bloom,
And bear sweet fruit.—Soon shall delusive streams
Of false delights be dried, and pass away;
But from a sea, eternal, true love flows,
E'en time itself cannot make true love old.
Fine gold can neither buy nor sell true love;
True love is firmer far than tempered steel,
And than the magnet more attractive. Whence,
I ask, have sprung all deeds of mercy soft,
Of pitying kindness? Whence, but from true love.
The honey far in sweetness it exceeds.
How happy they, who have it in their hearts.
Breadalbane, Lochiel, Oct. 13, 1834. J. McL.

MARCOLINI—A TALE OF VENICE.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named.—"Lovely Giulietta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blessed as thy Marcolini?" But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou here?" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claim thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next moment will bring forth! He returned by the church of St. Geminiano, and in

three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Sanitor Ranaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, everything served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood—with blood not yet dry—it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained.—Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure: an energy when they speak, and a composure; when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life, Giulietta her reason.—Not many years afterwards, the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessed his crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that has long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, “Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini!—Remember the poor Marcolini.” Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge directed that henceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for that purpose; and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where, on a scaffold, Marcolini breathed his last.—*Rogers' Italy.*

THE GOVERNOR OF JERUSALEM.

The Governor of Jerusalem, as is the custom of governors in the east, and probably as Pontius Pilate did in the time of our Saviour, sat in a large room, ready to receive every body who had any complaint to make: his divan was a raised platform, as an iron camp-bedstead, covered with rich Turkey rugs, and over them a splendid lion-skin. His face was noble, and his long black beard the finest I ever saw; a pair of large pistols and a Damascus sabre lying by his side, and a rich fur cloak, thrown back over his shoulders, displayed a form that might have served as a model for a Hercules. Altogether, he reminded me of Richard in his tent on the plains of Acre. At the moment of my entry he was breathing on a brilliant diamond, and I noticed on his finger an uncommonly beautiful emerald. He received me

with great politeness; and, when I handed him the Pacha's firmin, with a delicacy and courtesy I never saw surpassed, he returned it to me unopened and unread, telling me that my dress and appearance were sufficient recommendation to the best services in his power. If the reader would know what dress and appearance are a sufficient recommendation to the best offices of a Turkish governor, I will merely mention that, having thrown off, or rather having been stripped of, most of my Turkish dress at Hebron, I stood before the governor in a red tarbouch, with a long black silk tassel, a blue roundabout jacket buttoned up to the throat, gray pantaloons, boots splashed with mud, a red sash, a pair of large Turkish pistols, sword, and my Nubian club in my hand; and the only decided mark of aristocracy about me was my beard, which, though not so long as the governor's, far exceeded it in brilliancy of complexion.—*Stephen's Incidents of Travels in the Holy Land, &c.*

THE INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

BEING desirous of seeing a large establishment for the reception of lunatics, I applied for admission and was shown through the various apartments, which were in admirable order, but some of them void of furniture; in these the most violent and ungovernable were placed. On arriving at the garden, which was cultivated at a great expense, and with the most sedulous care, I was told that all the inmates were permitted at certain hours to recreate there, and that nothing was ever disturbed even by the most violent of the unfortunate. There flowers of every description were to be seen, and roses, violets, pinks, and jessamines, shone with more than usual splendour, and there was nothing to prevent their being destroyed. Notwithstanding many of the patients were without the least shadow of reason, and when in their own rooms obliged to be restrained, yet you saw them walking and apparently enjoying the harmony of nature and the fragrance of the flowers. The sight was irresistibly touching to a reflecting mind, for I was told that in the apartments they occupied nothing could resist their rage. Their furniture was made either of the hardest wood or of iron, and even then it was frequently destroyed. Although the greatest precaution was taken in their apartments, none was necessary in the garden, for you saw them stop with respect before the flowers, as by enchantment, and as though there was some secret intelligence between the flowers and the mind. This mystery of nature encloses something worthy of investigation, and proves that these fragile ornaments of the garden are more powerful than the most experienced and best informed of the faculty, and that if they cannot cure, they at least can assuage the anguish of the mind.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

THE "COMBATS DES ANIMAUX."

THE excitement derived from the spectacle afforded in this amphitheatre, where animals are made to fight and tear each other to pieces, seems to be quite in character with the feelings of its patrons, the ferocious and blood-thirsty inhabitants of the remoter suburbs and outskirts of Paris.

The unfavorable epithets which I have assigned to the people, may seem undeserved to those who see in the order and force with which the law holds its supremacy during periods of tranquillity, a moral and willing subjection on their part to its ordinances, but on closer inspection, it will be found that order is only maintained by the unceasing and vigorous superintendence of a powerful police, backed by a large military force, who are of themselves, when so inclined, competent to maintain a larger body of men than the Parisians in complete, nay, abject submission to the ruling powers. The class that I particularly allude to, are now designated in the Parisian Journals *les ouvriers*, or working class, and they have, since the first revolution, received this appellation in lieu of the contemptuous one of *canaille* which was first applied to them by the haughty and degenerate nobility, before that period. To give a notion of the utter degradation meant to be conveyed by this word, it will suffice to explain the meaning. *Canaille* signifies the gutter or canal in the centre of the more ancient streets of Paris, which is constantly streaming with offals and liquid mud.

Although, politically speaking, they hold a higher rank in the constitution, their moral deportment remains the same, and by all who have any stake or interest in the permanence of the laws, they are regarded with horror and detestation. In the many conversations I have held concerning them, with respectable persons, whose opinions were unbiassed by the possession of either wealth or rank, they were invariably termed by the original appellation of *canaille*, and otherwise spoken of as being among the most fallen of our race.

The total decay of morals observable in their mode of life and sentiments, must be referred to the tremendous convulsions and unspeakable atrocities that marked the era of the first revolution; from the effects of these they have not yet recovered, nor can it be reasonably expected that any reformation will be effected, until the more than Pagan infidelity, unblushingly avowed, and licentiousness of every species, openly pursued, shall be replaced by the light of a pure religion, and the conduct of those to whom they naturally look up as examples, shall have removed from the capital of France the foul stain of corruption attached to its fame. If I have expressed myself thus vehemently, it is because the truth of every word laid down here, has been tested by actual observation.

After passing the *Barrière des Combats*, one of the outer gates of the city, which receives its name I believe, from the amphitheatre, erected immediately beyond, our steps were attracted towards a large wooden building, by the incessant yelpings and barkings of numberless dogs. The houses in the neighborhood were nearly all *cabarets* or wine-shops. This beverage is sold at a cheap rate here, as not having passed the *barrière*, the town tax is not levied on it; they were filled with persons who were busily employed in swallowing the stimulus, and discussing the delights to be soon afforded them in the approaching entertainment, and the space before the building was occupied by groups of men and women, whose general appearance, although picturesque, unequivocally demonstrated the small distance in point of humanity, that separated them from the savage animals within.

The tickets of admission were sold by a woman; and I may here mention, that in all places of public amusement, the box offices are attended by women, from the Grand French Opera down to the *Marionette*. You will find the fair sex occupying the above situation, as well as that of box openers.

The interior of the amphitheatre disclosed a large circular area, enclosed by a shed, the upper part arranged into boxes and the lower into cages, through the gratings of which we distinguished the wild beasts. One of these was a wild boar, an animal that it had long been my desire to see. At that time it was passing its long curved tusks upwards and downwards along the bars of its prison, and at the same time emitted from its mouth a prodigious quantity of white foam, which not only covered the bars, but even descended to the ground beneath. The colour of its hide was of a beautiful iron grey, and the bristles were long and collected into shaggy tufts. Its small fiery eye was a type of the indomitable spirit within—but its size was less than that of many of its civilized brethren.

Two men now appeared at the opposite sides of the arena, leading in a pair of white short legged and pink-eyed bull terriers. They were allowed to gaze at each other until thoroughly enraged, when they were let loose, and fought like incarnate devils.—Several other single pairs followed this, and the first part of the spectacle concluded with a general *melee*. In order to prevent fatal consequences, a man went about furnished with a long pole, having a flat piece of iron at the extremity, which was inserted as a lever into the dog's mouth when he held on too obstinately, or had seized his antagonist by the throat. This operation was in instance one quite necessary, and the animal, when released from the deadly gripe, lay for some time on his side with hardly any signs of life.

A wolf was brought in and secured to the centre of the ground by a thin rope, which, however, permitted a long run round. The gaunt and famished creature,

true to its instinct, betrayed the most unbounded terror, and in efforts to escape, it turned over and made several somersets, as it galloped round the ring, while occasionally it stopped to gaze at the door through which the dogs were to appear. These, to the number of seven or eight rushed in, but the aversion which dogs naturally have to the wolf, proved in this instance so great, that a considerable time elapsed ere any of them ventured to attack it in earnest. At length, encouraged by the cowardice of the animal that stood trembling before them, one more daring than the rest, led the way, and his example was quickly followed by the others; the wolf at first made no resistance, but by degrees it became outrageous, and seized its foes right and left with its shark-like mouth, which caused them for the first time to howl with pain, and several slunk away with their tails between their legs. The sullen silence maintained by the wolf during the contest, was as remarkable as the ease with which it gained the victory, for the apparent disparity between its means of resistance, and the formidable band of enemies opposed to it, seemed to place defeat beyond doubt. Its size was about that of a large greyhound, and from its extreme emaciation, I judged that its weight was even less.

It required the force of three men to pull the unwilling bruin out of his cage, and when left alone in the arena, he sat on his haunches the very picture of woe, and gave vent to his misery in piteous moans. His teeth were filed down to a level with the gums, and the miserable condition he was reduced to, proved how unfavorable to obesity is unkind treatment. Without entering into the details of his sufferings, it will be enough to learn, that he was taken back to his den with his mouth and sides streaming with gore, where he sought the sympathy and consolation of his companions, who, to the number of three or four, politely made way for him as he entered.

A bull next appeared, his horns covered with folds of cloth, to prevent his goring the dogs. He was a small but beautiful creature, and his legs were as symmetrically formed as those of an antelope. Unlike his predecessors, he seemed to prepare for the contest—he moved slowly forward and bellowed in a tone of defiance, as he pawed the ground. He afterwards defended himself valiantly, and tossed the dogs with astonishing strength high in the air, but he retired from the list sadly mangled, with his neck and the loose skin that hangs between the forelegs much torn.

The last part of this inhuman exhibition was the least cruel and abundantly amusing. In the course of a few minutes, a donkey trotted into the ring, propelled to this unusual display of alacrity by a severe blow applied to his hinder parts; when he had recovered from his astonishment, and began to reflect upon his situation, a cloud of disagreeable

recollection doubtless crossed his brain, for he immediately set to braying in the most absurd fashion. As far as personal appearance was concerned, it was quite in his favour; he was a well fed and well carried fellow, neat in the limbs and free from the stupid look, peculiar to "that most patient of God's creatures." He was interrupted in the midst of his song by three of the fiercest dogs flying at him simultaneously; but they found in him an enemy not to be despised, for he dodged, kicked, and galloped about in splendid style, and he evidently acted on the old saying ascribed to one of his ancestors: "Every man for himself and God for us all, as the Jackass said, when he danced among the corks." He sent them sprawling in every direction, and directed his heels with such precision, that the crest fallen dogs not merely gave up the contest, but several very nearly gave up the ghost.

The gallant hero was led back to his stable in triumph, and without having received a single wound, amid the reiterated cheers and laughter of the spectators.

On gala days, when the receipts at the door will repay the loss of the animals, the exhibition is of a far more sanguinary description, and more gratifying to the taste of the *canaille*, than the less fatal show got up on the present occasion; the last merely serves as a *whet* to the grand entertainment.

E.

LOVE, TREACHERY, AND DESPAIR.

THE following romantic story is related as a *fact*, in a letter from Thessalonica, dated November 10:—
 "Mustapha Pacha, reputed to be the ablest of all the police officers of Turkey, has just delivered Macedonia from a formidable band of brigands, who have infested the country for upwards of four years. The means he took are too singular not to be mentioned. Having learned that a young Albanian girl bearing the name of Theodosia Maria Saunk, residing at Mielnik a town on the frontier of Greece, had secret communication with the Robber Mustapha, had her watched and questioned, but could not obtain any disclosures. He then engaged one of his lieutenants, named Ismael, a young man of remarkable personal beauty, to go and endeavour to gain her affections. The officer succeeded to such a degree that she became warmly attached to him, and informed her that her name was Eudoxia Theres Gherundazi, and that she was the niece of the chief of the brigands, Michael Gregorio Gherundazi, whose troop mounted between 1,400 and 1,500 men. She painted in glowing terms the charms of that errant and adventurous life, and urged Ismael to join them. He pretended to yield to her entreaties, and then learned further from her that her uncle would hold a general muster of his band on October 28, in the forest of Pheloidos. All this Ismael communicated

to Mustapha, but in order to avert suspicion, went with his fair one to the rendezvous. The wily Mustapha collected his troops, surrounded the assembled freebooters, and as they refused to surrender, attacked them with all his forces. The greatest number of the brigands fell on the spot—preferring death on the field to capture and ignominious execution. A few escaped for a moment, but they were afterwards taken, and are now waiting their sentence in the citadel of Thessalonica. Among the dead were found the chief Gherundazi, whose head was cloven by a blow of a sabre, and the young lieutenant Ismael, whose breast had been penetrated by a musket-ball. Mustapha cut off the heads of all the killed, and has paraded them in triumph through the town. The wretched Eudoxia, on discovering the treachery of her lover, has fallen into a state of complete abandonment, and is believed to have entirely lost her senses. Mustapha has taken her into his own palace, and ordered that every care her deplorable condition requires shall be lavished upon her.”

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES.

TO A WITHERED LEAF.

Poor shrivell'd spectre of the joyous thing
That erst in summer air was wont to wave!
How soon alas thy little race is run!
For thee nor breeze shall blow, nor shower lave,
Nor the full splendour of the glorious sun
Rejoicing to thy blighted bosom bring!

And who can see thee thus, and not recall
All that thou wast a few short hours ago;
For thy mute voice too plainly speaks of all
That blesses or embitters life below;—
The few bright moments of the young—the flow
Of joy so soon to cease—the deep delight
That grief can quench forever at a blow—
The sun of hope so soon to set in night—
Nor e'er again o'er life to fling one gleam of light!

Thy form is faded now, though still I trace
A vestige of the hues that once were there,—
So droops the heart, when joy's last resting place
Is blasted by the night-wind of despair,
Though haply still some record hath it kept
Of days long lost where mem'ry loves to rove,
When hope exulting, like an eagle swept
A cloudless sky of happiness and love!

And other leaves shall spring where thou hast grown,
So to renew the mimic game of life,
And smile as gayly though thy form hath flown,
As if among their bow'rs 't were never known;—
But life at best is but a sick'ning strife
'T'wixt sin and righteousness,—nor ever long
The fray, for good is weak, and sin is always strong.

F. G. J.

THE AGE OF PINCHBECK.

Nothing is beautiful but what is true; the truth only is lovely.

IF this axiom be correct, then, most assuredly, there is nothing less beautiful and lovely than the age we live in. In the infancy of the world there were the golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages. The present age may be aptly denominated the age of pinchbeck. In very truth, there is nothing so spurious as this generation, in which every thing is counterfeit, and where nothing but humbug prospers. The progress of civilization and industry has been so extensive, that nature has been pushed from her throne on all sides, and we have lost our relish for the purity and severity of truth in all matters, things, and circumstances. Go into the world, and move in those circles where the *élite* of society congregates—select the most brilliant ball for an example, and it will be full of counterfeits of all kinds, both materials and feelings. The richest and most distinguished ladies will make no scruple of wearing false jewellery, for the art of the lapidary has made such exquisite advances, that Golconda is but an empty name, and the most productive diamond mines are in the Palais Royal or Regent-street. Unless you have a special revelation of the subject, and have verified all that is found in holy writ, which, in this respect, may most certainly be called the “Book of Gems,” you would find it an impossibility to distinguish the true from the false in a modern collection of jewellery. Let us proceed a little lower in the walks of life, and get among the middle classes. Here you will not find false diamonds, but imitation gold and imitation laces. The beaux and elegantes among merchants and lawyers' clerks descend a degree lower in the scale of deception; and among these gentlemen the system of false collars, half-boots, and shirt-fronts which only cover the bosom, is extensively patronized. All the most *recherché* and costly productions of nature have been counterfeited. Precious stones, gold, and laces, are but mere trifles in the scale of artificial imitation; it is in the physical beauties of the male and female form that the prevalence and refinement of the art are most conspicuous, not only in improving nature, but in furnishing what she has denied. For instance, walk along one of our most frequented promenades; out of a hundred females that you may meet, you will not find ten genuine. You may see exquisite shapes, rounded contours, complexion, rivalling the lily and the rose, exquisite hair, perfect teeth, and vermilion lips. Alas! alas! how much of all this is real and genuine? There are females who are made, built up, and altogether counterfeit, from the very top of their false hair down to the heels of their shoes, which they wear high in order that they may look the taller. And such is the perversion and exaggeration of this imitative pre-

ensity, that where nature is generally most liberal in the full development of the curve of beauty, art pertinaciously persists in amplifying and rounding, until a full-dressed lady approximates more closely to a balloon, or to the figure 8, than to anything else in air, earth, or water. Humbug, which follows us in every object intended for seduction or gratification, entraps each of the five senses by a peculiar and appropriate deception applicable to each. The touch is deceived by borrowed forms; the smell by fictitious perfumes; the sight by false colours; our ears are imposed upon by the false notes into which the majority of public singers distort their voices, while the palate is pleased by every variety, combination, and accessory of luxury with which that "*magister artium* the stomach requires to be pampered, and which the science of cookery boasts as the *ne plus ultra* of human refinement. In the different qualities and characters of wine no little humbug is practised; and heaven knows that we too frequently swallow glass after glass of a decoction of liquorice root scented with the essence of violets, when we fondly fancy that we are enjoying the choicest of Bourdeaux Lafitte; and nobody knows the gallons of logwood wash, rendered astringent by alum, that pass down our throats as veritable Port or Burgundy? When an over-dressed *habitué* of Regent-street smartly strikes his glass through his fore-finger and thumb to make his Champagne sparkle and rush upward, like the creamy foam on the crest of a small wave, he has no suspicion that he is only drinking some fine extract of apples or gooseberries, where the crystals of sugar and the pungent alkaline particles are in solution. This deception, by which the choicest wines of France are falsified and adulterated, must necessarily have been greatly developed during the last year, as the dreadful winter of 1837, which was felt so severely everywhere else, had not spared the favourite vineyards of France. The storm passed over the vines, and the hail bruised the tendrils of Médoc and Vougeot! "Adieu, baskets, the hope of the vintage is withered."

M. De Talleyrand was the first who had the audacity to deify falsehood by his notorious maxim, that "speech was only given to man as a means of enabling him to disguise his thoughts;" but it was not him who invented it. In all times and countries falsehood and hypocrisy have been current; and this not only in diplomacy and politics, but in every thing in which the tongue is the organ of communication. False speeches by a necessary and obvious inducement, led to false oaths, swindling of every kind, false faces, masks, and all the artillery and munitions of imposture. Formerly false devotees existed, but none such are known now-a-days, and religious hypocrisy is every where scouted. It may, perhaps, revive again. In the meantime, we have lots of false braves and sham heroes, false calves, counterfeit notes, base money, and mock auctions. There

is, however, one class of conspicuous personages in this famous town, who, we freely admit, are not counterfeits—we mean the mustachioed couriers and swaggering gamblers who may be seen under the Quadrant any day after two o'clock. They look the incarnation of viciousness and audacity, and they are so; our only wonder is that the very stones do not rise in judgment against their ineffectuality.

The theatre, which first introduced false complexions, false daggers, and the "false friends," has been singularly outdone in all these matters by society. Everything has become false in the world, and they have even gone the length of falsifying death. You cannot even believe the obituaries in a public newspaper, and may reasonably expect the funeral announcements of this evening to be contradicted by the marriage advertisement of the party in Monday morning's paper. After all this, why punish with death (as in France and some other countries) the forgers of bank-notes and five frank pieces? Since everything here below is false and spurious, there seems something retributive in paying sham and imitation merchandise with imitation money. All these are merely superficial instances of seeming and pretence, obvious to every one who has been at all in the world, and floating on the surface of society like straws without weight or substance. But for the deeper scrutiny of the heart, and the tearing away of fold after fold, and of the hypocrisy and counterfeit presentment with which its core is surrounded, study La Rochefoucauld as your text, La Bruyere for your commentary, and the artless children of this generation as examples.—*London Atlas*.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON THE VOICE.

THE influence of temper on tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill nature will infallibly communicate a like quality to the voice. That there really exist amiable tones, is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low soft tones of gentle amiable beings, seldom fail to please.

FAITH.

THE human mind is so mutable, that no individual can fix a standard of his own faith; much less can he commission another to establish one for him and his posterity. And this power would in no hands be so dangerous as in those of the statesman or priest who has the folly and presumption to think himself qualified to exercise it.—*Percival*.

WORSHIP.

THE true worship of God does not consist in words (as many think) but in deeds.—*Turkish Spy*.

(ORIGINAL.)

A MILITARY SKETCH,

CONTAINING THE DESERTERS—THE GUARD ROOM—THE SENTINEL.

BY E. M. M.

THE DESERTERS.

"THERE is bad news this morning, Serjeant Macintosh," said Corporal Dawkins, entering the Serjeant's room, at an early hour.

"Bad news! I am sorry for that," replied the Serjeant, looking up from the desk on which he was writing; "what is it, Corporal?"

"Three of our men have deserted: Harper, Wilson, and Drew; they were all in at roll call last night, but this morning the three were absent.

"That is bad news, indeed," said the Serjeant gravely; "the desertion of Wilson and Drew does not surprise me, but I had hoped better things from Harper. Corporal Dawkins, I am really concerned."

"I thought you would, Serjeant; you have taken much pains with that man, but I fear he has pretended to be better than he is."

"May God forgive him, and bring him to repentance," said the Serjeant solemnly.

Two or three other men now entered, to talk over the occurrence of the morning. All expressed the same surprise at Harper's unfaithful conduct.

"He must have been sorely tempted," remarked one; "I always thought him a steady, good man."

"Aye, still water runs deep," said another; "he was a different man when the Serjeant was present. Amongst his comrades, he could laugh and jest with any one, but the moment the Serjeant came in, he would put on a demure, sanctified face directly."

"Well, my lads," said the Serjeant, "we are not met here to discuss the faults of others; particularly when they cannot defend themselves. Let us look to the beam in our own eye, and fulfil our duty. Above all, never boast of our superior strength in a moment of temptation. We have nothing in ourselves, and without God's restraining grace, there is not an hour in the day we should not sin."

These remarks of the Serjeant's were received with respect, and all were silent for a few moments, when a young man, named O'Connel, suddenly rushed in, exclaiming:

"Arrah now, do you know what has happened; by the powers, I'm so frightened, I don't know whether its myself I am."

"Frightened man, at what?" asked several; "have you heard any thing about the deserters?"

"Not a word; they are clane off, every mother's son of thim. It wasn't about thim I mint, the vagabonds, but my own little accident."

"An accident," said Corporal Dawkins; "what is it man. Don't stand gaping there, but speak out?"

"Why, thin, Corporal, so I will; but you must give a man time to recover himself. "I was on sintry, last night, down by the river side—sich a night I niver wish to be out in again,—I was pacing up and down, as innocent as any child, thinking of nothin' at all, when, by the powers, a clap of thunder burst over my head, like the roar of a cannon, and immediately after, sich a flash of lightning in my face!"

"What, after the thunder, O'Connel," said the Serjeant smiling; "I thought the flash always came first."

"Whether it was first or last, Serjeant, I don't rightly rember—it's sometimes one, sometimes the other—that don't mather. Well, do ye see, the rain began falling in torrents, and I was drenched to the skin in a few moments. O, my darlint, its at that fun ye are, says I; so in I popped to the sintry box, with my musket all snug and tight. Now you may rage on, and welcome; and if it didn't take me at my word, my name is not Pathrick O'Connel. Wind, rain, and storm, all fighting like devils. Well jist when I was beginning to fale comfortable, and was thinking of my own dear country and the cabin at home, with its bright turf fire, and wishin' I was in it awhile to dry myself, I heard another report jist close to my ear, that set me all of a trimble, while the rain came down in the box as if there was none there at all, and I was still standin' under the heavens. Thunder and turf, it's surely the ould one himself, thinks I, as I looked up, more dead than alive, whin what should I see but the roof as nately blown off by my own musket, that samed standin as quiet as a lamb, in the corner, niver spakin a word at all at all. Why you ill mannered thief, thin its bad luck to you for sarving me sich an ugly thrick, says I, giving it a kick; and to choose sich a night, ye vagabone, while all the illiments same met

together for mischief. Jist thin the relief came, and Harper took my place. Ah, thin, my lad, I wish you joy, says I; glad enough sure to be relaxed. And you have got a snug little tinimint to shelter you, barrin it wants a roof, but you get it chape and pay no rint, so you can't complain. He muttered something about not wanting it long, and so I lift him."

A loud laugh followed O'Connel's story, when Serjeant Macintosh inquired:

"At what hour came the relief?"

"Why thin, Serjeant, I had no manes of knowin'," replied O'Connel; "it was twelve o'clock whin I went on, but it was too dark to see the hour whin I came off, two hours after."

"Harper then deserted his post; what a fearful addition to his crime," said the Serjeant sorrowfully; "bitterly will both he and the others rue their breach of trust. I never knew conduct like theirs to prosper."

"But I am told," said a young soldier present, "that great bribes are held out by the Yankees, and that one who deserted some time ago, has been made a drill serjeant."

"That may even be the case, Barker, and still he will neither be a richer nor a happier man. For a time wickedness may seem to prosper, but it ever, in the end, brings its own punishment in this world. And we all know to what it leads in the next. Does not our blessed bible teach us: 'That an inheritance may be gotten hastily, at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed.' We cannot expect to prosper if we break God's commands."

"Is there a command about desertion, Serjeant?" enquired Barker.

"Yes, my lad, there is—do you not, when you enlist, make a solemn oath before a magistrate, and kiss God's book as you utter it. Is not that oath registered in heaven? and will it not be recorded against you if you break it?"

"I never thought about it—I remember kissing the bible when it was given me, but I was thinking more of being a soldier, at the time, than of any thing I said."

"I fear that is too often the case, my friend—that God's blessed name is taken in vain, and used lightly and irreverently. But remember what He tells us: 'If a man vow a vow unto God, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.' Now if you, by desertion, deliberately break that oath, will not God bring you to judgment?"

"It is a good thing to be a schollar, Serjeant," said Barker; "now I can neither read nor write, so how can I know my bible?"

"You can listen to it at church," replied the Serjeant; "or get a friend to read it for you. You could even by perseverance learn to read it yourself,

when you would gain a treasure beyond all price. I should have much pleasure in assisting you.—Thanks be to a gracious God, we have no need to be deeply learned to understand its blessed truths, if we receive them as a little child, believing all things because his word has revealed them to us, and praying for the light of His Holy Spirit to guide us."

"I'm thinkin', Serjeant," said O'Connel, who had listened attentively to all Serjeant Macintosh had been saying; "what a big scoundrel a man must be to desert, and betray the trust reposed in him. If my officer commanded me to stand and guard a certain position, what a blackguard must I be to snake off like a thief in the night, and lave it in the power of the inimy. O, be the powers, then, Patrick O'Connel, its yourself that would desare contempt. Could I thin think of the home, and the ould mother, and the dear land of my birth; all of which I had dishonoured, and my heart not break as I felt I should never see them more; that I was a disgraced man, an outlaw, a traitor to my country, a traitor to my God."

Tears filled the eyes of the honest creature, as he spoke. Serjeant Macintosh looked kindly on him, while Corporal Dawkins said:

"It is too true that money is the root of all evil, and a golden bait has been the ruin of many. I once knew a man who had risen to the rank of pay-serjeant, his character had always appeared excellent, but in an evil hour he deserted with the company's money, intending to proceed to the United States. He had fitted himself out with every thing new, and was on the eve of embarkation when he was taken; he was tried by the civil court, and sentenced to transportation for life, but owing to a favorable report being made of his former conduct by his captain, his sentence was commuted to confinement in the penitentiary. Here the health of the unfortunate man declined. Weighed down as he was, by shame, grief, and remorse, when it was found that his days were numbered, he was permitted, with much humanity, to be removed to his own home, where he died, fulfilling the prophecy that "He who sows iniquity, shall reap vanity."

"An awful lesson, indeed, to all," returned Serjeant Macintosh; "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. A soldier has so little excuse for deserting. He loses so much and gains so little. What can he be a prouder feeling to a man of honor, than the reflection that he is serving his king and country; to be a traitor to these brands him at once as a degraded being, on whom all must look with scorn. The love of our country is one of the most powerful motives to noble actions; it leads a man through all dangers; and may God grant that when I cease to be a loyal subject of that land, which I glory in, the land of true freedom, (because its laws protect the weak and punish the wicked,) I may cease to live."

"Hurra for the bonnets of blue," cried a young soldier, catching the spirit of enthusiasm from Sergeant Macintosh, and throwing his cap up to the ceiling; "wha wad na be a bonny Scot?"

"Musha thin its myself would be an Irishman, Saunders Macaulay," said O'Connel, with a kindling eye.

"Well, well, my lads," interrupted the Serjeant, smiling; "love each your own land, and be faithful to it, but respect all equally, who do their duty, be their country what it may. God has made us all, and will reward every one alike, who obeys His commands, let him be English, Irish, or Scotch."

"But suppose he has the misfortin to be a Yankee, Serjeant?" enquired O'Connel doubtfully.

"My friend, remember that to be prejudiced against any nation, is always a proof of ignorance," replied the Serjeant; "there are good and bad in all countries, and a noble heart may beat in the breast of an American as surely as in that of an Irishman."

"I don't think its made of the same materials, any how," returned O'Connel; "since, do ye see, Serjeant, the word 'loyalty' is not written there."

"Ah, well, my lad, it is not for us to judge such matters," said the Serjeant, rising and collecting his papers; "if we serve under the banner of Christianity, as good soldiers of Christ, never mind what its colours are composed of. Let us only guard it faithfully, and remember that we are all bound to the same country at last."

The Serjeant then walked out with his reports, and the little party separated."

THE GUARD ROOM.

ABOUT a week after the above conversation, Serjeant Macintosh was on guard, with Barker, O'Connel, and others, when the conversation of the soldiers naturally turned upon all those subjects which were the most interesting to them. The elder ones fought over their battles again, while the young listened with eager attention to their stories of hair breadth escapes, by sea and by land. There was one veteran among them, who was proverbial for his marvellous tales, and who, on that account, had become a great favourite. He was a singular man in appearance, whose furrowed face bore testimony that the sun of many climes had shone upon it. None knew his origin or his country, and the name his comrades gave to him was Wandering Willy. As a soldier, he was remarkably steady, and such was the opinion of his shrewdness, that he was generally selected for any important embassy. He had been sitting for some time silent, when a young man, who was engaged in reading a newspaper, suddenly started, and uttered an exclamation.

"What is that, my lad," asked Willy; "you look astonished?"

"I am astonished, and sorrowful," he replied; "two of our lads, who deserted, have been drown-

ed in crossing the river, on the Niagara frontier; their names are not mentioned, but only their regiment, so there can be no mistake."

"Unhappy young men," said the Serjeant, "their crime has indeed received its punishment speedily; could Harper have been one," he continued, in a tone of regret; "I felt no common interest for that young man, there was much in his character to work upon. Wilson and Drew were old offenders.—No warning seemed to have the slightest effect upon them; night after night was wasted in the tavern, while the repeated mean vice of selling their kits, showed a total want of honesty and principle, but Harper was above all this."

"By my sowl, Serjeant, I am not so sure of that," returned O'Connel; "the only difference I saw in him, was, that whin the others would come bouldly out of Mrs. Flaherty's front door, he would snake out at the back, but I am not the less sorry for him, and I would lose my right arm, could that save them all—the loss of a comrade always makes us sad, but we are comforted whin we follow him to the grave like a soldier, and lave him to rest in peace and glory; but an end like theirs is without hope, laving no little green spot in the memory of a friand to console him."

"Harper has often told me he was an only son," said Barker; "he used to speak of his mother with affection, as a pious good woman—what a grief for her."

"Well, before I'd bring the grey hairs of the old mother in shame and sorrow to the grave," replied O'Connel, feelingly, "I hope I may be denied absolution when I take my nixt trifle of mishdemanors to his Riverence; all the holy wather in the world would niver wash out sich a sin as that."

"No, my lad, you are right," returned Serjeant Macintosh, "nothing but the atoning blood of Christ would efface that, or any other sin."

"But don't you think, Serjeant, that doing penance is a mighty fine way of shaking off our sins?"

"It would be a very easy way, my lad, if it were effectual; but how can you for an instant suppose that any self infliction can remove sin, or outward show of penitence cleanse the heart; did you ever feel a better man after such punishment?"

"Why, I don't rightly be knowin, Serjeant, I remember onst in my own dear little county Athlone, that Father Dennis commanded me to walk for a whole week with peas in my shoes, which I did to please him, but whether it did me good or no, by the powers I can't say, to be sure I giv the peas slyly a boil which maybe destroyed the benefit."

His comrades laughed, while the Serjeant said: "The best punishment sin can have in this world, is remorse, which leads to contrition, to hope, to pardon."

"Your words remind me of a tradition handed down in the family of an old Scotch Laird," said

Willy, "I do not vouch for its truth, but I will repeat it to you in the words it has been told to me many and many a time. The Laird lived on his estate in the Highlands, with his lady, and her braw sons, and amongst his domestics he had one who he considered particularly faithful, named John Clark. From time to time valuable pieces of plate became missing, for which none could account. The old Laird even went so far as to suspect that his good lady must have purloined them for some hidden purpose. One day, his sons, attended by John Clark, went to bathe in the stream which flowed past the grounds—they had crossed over to the opposite side, and recrossed back again, when one of the boys remembered that he had left his cap; he was on the eve of returning for it, when John Clark bade him desist, and said that he would go. He plunged into the stream, and had just reached the middle, when he paused, and ere help could be afforded, he sank and was drowned. The distress of the two boys may be imagined. A few days after this sad occurrence, the Laird was walking along the banks of the stream, and happening to cast his eyes on its smooth surface, he perceived it become ruffled at a particular spot—when, to his utter amazement, the form of John Clark rose out of the water, and solemnly revealed to him that he it was who had stolen the plate, which would be found in a large chest in the room he had occupied. The Laird, it will readily be believed, was much struck by this circumstance. On his return home he searched in the spot where he had been desired, and there, sure enough, discovered his property, exactly as it had been stated."

The men listened to this marvellous tale with distended eyes, and when Willy ceased, Barker turned to the Serjeant who was his oracle, and enquired:

"Do you believe that story to be true, Serjeant?"

"My lad," replied the Serjeant, "the only answer I can give to that difficult question is, that with God all things are possible. We know that the spirit when it leaves this mortal frame, goes to him who gave it; those who have died in the blessed faith of their Redeemer's atonement, and exemplified that faith by good deeds unto Paradise, there to remain in a state of happiness until the judgment. Where the spirit of the hardened impenitent sinner goes; it is awful to reflect, nor dare we trace its darkened wanderings; unquiet, and unhappy must it be, whithersoever it wends its way—but whether it is ever permitted to revisit the earth, I know not, nor do I wish to know—my first care is my duty to God, my next is to my neighbour—these are clearly laid down in Scripture for us all—but where the Almighty has chosen to cast a veil, I seek not to raise it, or disturb my mind with mysteries which might unsettle and weaken it, without making me a wiser or a better man."

The visit of the officer on duty, and the words

"guard turn out," stopped further conversation at this time.

Serjeant Macintosh was highly respected both by officers and men as an excellent soldier, and the Christian advice which he took every opportunity of offering amongst his comrades, was always well received by those who possessed good feeling, and good principles—even the thoughtless and unsteady ones could not help looking up to him as a superior, so upright, so honorable was he in all his dealings. And yet full of charity towards the faults of others; he felt the value of religion himself, and he earnestly desired that others should share in its rich blessings. Nothing therefore delighted him more than gaining the attention of the young, as he discoursed upon those things which belonged to their everlasting happiness. He had received an excellent education in his youth, and he made the best use of it by employing it in the service of his Divine Master—he was a real patriot, he loved his country, and he showed it by being faithful and loyal to his sovereign, by respecting the laws, and by fearing God.

THE SENTINEL.

It was full three weeks after this, that our friend O'Connel was again standing sentry of the night guard down by the river side, but more fortunate than the last time, it was one of the most beautiful that could be conceived; the moon shone forth with a resplendant lustre, while the stars in rich profusion spangled the heavens, sparkling, as O'Connel said, like the eyes of Kathleen O'Moore—he paced up and down a considerable time, musing on the past, the present and the future—he had been much fatigued during the day, which had been one of extreme heat, and he felt unusually wearied. "By the powers this will not do," said he, endeavouring to rouse himself; he began to whistle, but even his favourite air of St. Patrick's Day died on his lips. He leaned against the sentry box, and in a few minutes afterwards all was forgotten, and the young soldier slept. How long we know not, but he was suddenly awakened by a violent shake on his shoulder, "Arrah now, Kathlane, my darlint, be asy honey," said poor O'Connel, opening his eyes; in a moment he was fully aware of his situation, for his officer stood before him.

"You scoundrel, what have you to say for yourself," he demanded in a voice of thunder; "here I find you sleeping on your post—you are a pretty rascal to trust—where is your musket, sirrah?"

It was gone—O'Connel was struck dumb—he stood like one petrified.

"Speak, sir," continued the officer, "have you anything to say—it is such rascals as you, who are daily deserting and disgracing the name of soldier."

Here O'Connel proudly drew himself up, while a flush of indignation mantled on his cheek—but he

checked it instantly, as in a tone the most respectful, he replied :

"I deserve to be suspected of any baseness, when found guilty of the crime of slaping on my post, but may the rebels make mince mate of me, if ever I desert to sarve in the ranks of a Yankee. No, your honour, shoot me dead on the spot, if you think me villain enough for that."

There was an honesty in his manner which could not be mistaken, the officer gazed on him a moment, and then in a softer tone repeated the enquiry for his musket.

"As sure as your honour is standin' there," replied O'Connell, "I was carrying it on my showlder when I jist leant up against the box, but it's walked off like a blackguard as it is, for I don't see it now any how."

"O'Connell, this is an unlucky post for you," said Corporal Dawkins, who happened to be the non-commissioned officer on duty.

"You are aware of the serious nature of your crime," observed the officer; "I am sorry for you, but if you neglect *your* duty, I must perform mine."

"I know you must, your honour," replied O'Connell, struggling with his feelings; "it is a black crime, but, thank God, I am as innocent of intending to commit it, as the babe unborn—I niver remember to have been so overtaken before."

"Do you know this man's character, Corporal?" enquired the officer, who was a very young man.

"I do sir," replied the Corporal, touching his cap; "he is remarkably steady, and well conducted; I never knew any blame attached to him before."

"How long has he been with us?"

"Just a twelvemonth, sir; he joined us at Cork—he is known to Capt. H——, who would, I make no doubt, corroborate what I have said in his favour."

The young officer paused to reflect, and then turning to O'Connell, said :

"Considering the good character Corporal Dawkins has given you, I will, for this once, look over your very serious neglect of duty; but remember, these are not times to show such carelessness, and if ever it occurs again you know the consequences."

"Long life to your honour," exclaimed O'Connell, while tears started to his eyes; "you have saved me from worse nor death—from disgrace."

"Restore him his musket, Corporal," said the officer, who had purposely withdrawn it; "and see," he added to O'Connell, "that you guard it more faithfully."

O'Connell grasped it in ecstacy, saying, "welcome my darlint—*caed mille la falla*,"—then presenting arms in the usual form, he watched the retreating footsteps of his officer, while he breathed a prayer of thankfulness, and a thousand blessings on his young preserver.

"Thin its lucky for you, Patrick O'Connell, you had to dale with sich a tender heart," said he, as he

again commenced pacing on his beat; "an I'm jist thinkin' he has a touch of the Irishman in himself, for whin he was in a towering passion, (an' good cause he had for that same,) as nate a little bit of the brogue slipped out, as any one would wish to hear—he's not the worse of that."

It may readily be believed that O'Connell was now completely roused, and his senses, (from his late alarm,) rendered more acute than ever. Half an hour had scarcely elapsed after the visiting rounds, when they were put to the test, by the sound of a canoe paddling on the water, and on looking out in the direction, he beheld one containing two persons nearing the land. He watched it as it drew to the bank, when one of them leaped on shore, while the canoe immediately pushed off and pursued its course. In a moment O'Connell challenged the stranger, but received no answer. As he approached he repeated his challenge; still all was silent.

"By the powers then, you had better spake out at onest," said O'Connell, presenting his musket, "or a bullet will whiz through your jacket, my lad, and tache you the good manners to answer a civil question when it is asked you. Is it a friend you are, and bad luck to you?"

"O'Connell," said a hollow voice, as the stranger drew near.

O'Connell started, and had nearly let fall his musket to the ground.

"Harper, you misfortunate man, is it you," he exclaimed; "or is it your spirit—spake, for you don't look mortal."

"O'Connell, I am very ill, I fear I am dying," replied Harper, for it was indeed he; "but I could not die in peace without seeing the Serjeant. Is he at the barracks?"

"Why thin my poor fellow, I am very sorry for you," said O'Connell, as he gazed on the altered being before him; who, from having been a fine athletic young man, was now pale, emaciated, and bent double from weakness and exhaustion.

"Sit down on the grass, my man," continued O'Connell, "and when the relief comes, I will help you to the Serjeant, and its sorrow he will feel whin he sees you."

"I have not tasted a morsel the whole of this blessed day," said the unhappy man, sinking on the ground; "O'Connell, if I could but recall the last month, when I parted from you at this very spot, I should be a happier man at this moment—but the past can never return, and I am disgraced, branded as a deserter, and ruined for ever—and my poor old mother without a soul to help her in the world."

He buried his face in his hands as he spoke. O'Connell was much affected.

"Harper," said he, "we have all our sins to be forgiven—look on the bright Heavens shining above us—a God of mercy dwells there; pray to him my lad, and he will comfort your sowl."

"O'Connell, I cannot pray, the words I would utter seem to choke me—God will not hear the prayer of a traitor."

"But He will hear the prayer of a penitent sinner," said O'Connell firmly; "His own blessed Son," he added, devoutly crossing himself, "has promised that he will."

The figure of the young man, as he uttered this, was most interesting, as he leaned upon his musket and looked down on the prostrate man, his handsome features softened into an expression of the deepest pity for his fallen comrade. Harper shook his head.

"O'Connell, you are a kind fellow," he replied, "and had I taken the advice you have more than once given me, I should not have been the wretch I am—but I was deluded by false promises, and bribes held out to me, that I should be a rich man if I went over to the States—and what was my reward? I was sneered at, scorned, and treated with every contempt, till I could bear it no longer, when I determined to return, and give myself up at head quarters—but without money and without friends, what could I do? For nights I slept in the woods, exposed to wet and cold, glad even if I found a raw turnip to relieve the pangs of hunger; and what was worse, the burning thirst—I felt my strength daily sinking, till it failed me altogether, and but for the humanity of a stranger, who I fortunately met yesterday, I never should have reached this place alive.

This sad account was given with much difficulty, and at intervals, being constantly interrupted by a short hard cough, which seemed to exhaust what little strength remained.

At this moment footsteps were heard, and the relief came up. The surprise of the non-commissioned officer was great, on beholding Harper. He spoke to him harshly, and ordered him to rise and follow him to the guard room.

"The poor fellow is ill," said O'Connell, as he assisted the unfortunate man, and supported him with the utmost tenderness.

On reaching the guard room, he fainted; much humanity was shown him, and by order of the officer he was conveyed to the hospital. There he received every necessary attention, and was placed in bed. When the surgeon in attendance, after due examination of his case, pronounced him to be in a rapid decline. The morning which succeeded this eventful night, rose bright and beautiful—all Nature seemed rejoicing in the rays of the glorious sun; but there was one darkened chamber, and one mourning heart, and that was Harper's. He had passed a restless night, repeatedly enquiring for Serjeant Macintosh, who, the moment his duty allowed him, hastened to the sufferer, and sitting down by his bed side, spoke to him in accents of pity, of kindness, and of hope. He reminded him

of all that he had particularly warned him against, and of the misery which one sinful action had led to, in thus bringing him, in the flower of his youth, to the brink of the grave.

"I have no doubt, my lad," continued the Serjeant, "that when you found yourself amongst those who were enemies to all you had been taught to respect, and honour, you ceased to be happy."

"Happy," repeated Harper; "I was miserable when I thought of my comrades, of the many scenes we had encountered together, of their return to old England, while I should be left a disgraced outlaw in a foreign land, without one to care whether I lived or died. When I thought of my old mother."

Here he paused, quite overcome, as he covered his face with his emaciated hands, through which tears were seen trickling down copiously.

At this moment, the bands of the several regiments struck up—while the troops, marching out in review order, passed through the town, the quick tramp of horse and the firm tread of soldiers were heard immediately under the windows. Harper's pale face became lighted up by a momentary enthusiasm, but it faded away, as in a mournful tone he said:

"I shall never go out with them again."

"All that is indeed over, my lad," replied the Serjeant; "but thanks to our gracious Lord, he has preserved you for repentance, and to prepare to meet Him in a better world.

Harper became much agitated. "What hope can a sinner like me have," he faintly said.

"Has not our blessed Saviour died to save sinners," returned the Serjeant; "and by the shedding of His blood, has He not paid the debt to justice. And will not all those who sincerely repent, and trust in him alone for salvation, be forgiven?"

"But I have done nothing to deserve God's mercy."

"No, my lad, and if you lived a thousand years you never could. He accepts your sorrow for the past, if you have faith to believe in Christ. And this living faith would lead you, (were you to recover,) to forsake the paths of sin, and to abhor all the ways of wickedness. Those who continue in sin may believe Him in their words, but they deny Him in their works; they cannot hope to be saved. The promise is to those alone who lament and forsake their sins."

A long pause followed, during which Harper appeared reflecting. Gradually his countenance became more calm. The Serjeant at that time spoke no more, but was rejoiced to see him yield at length to an overpowering weariness, and sink into a gentle slumber.

From this period, Serjeant Macintosh spent as much of his time as he could spare with the poor invalid. He read portions of the Bible to him, particularly from the Gospel and Epistle of St. John.

and from Romans, where the whole plan of our redemption is so beautifully and clearly explained, and he had the comfort to witness the mind of Harper by degrees opening more and more to its blessed truths. He was mercifully spared a whole week after his return, and the last evening the Serjeant spent with him, he endeavoured to express his grateful sense of his kindness, but was unable, from extreme weakness, to utter his thanks. The pressure of his hand alone told his feelings.

The last bugle had sounded, when the eye of the young soldier kindled, for a moment, as it caught his ear, like the flickering of an expiring lamp—as suddenly it closed. A slight convulsion seized him, and when the Serjeant turned to look at him again, his spirit had fled forever.

The death of Harper could not fail to make a painful impression on his comrades, and Serjeant Macintosh endeavoured to render it still more deep and lasting.

“My lads,” said he to several who were collected in a group, talking over the late events, a few days afterwards; “attend to the advice of an old soldier. Let the warning you have received be a lesson to you all. Give no heed to the voice of the tempter, when he would lead you to break your oath of allegiance, and to become a traitor. Spurn him as you would the reptile, whose sting is death; fulfil your duty to God and to your country, like men, and bless Him that you were born in a land of true freedom, where, the moment the slave sets his foot upon its soil, he is at liberty; respect the laws, which are given to protect the weak and to punish the wicked; love your Sovereign as faithful subjects; hold high the Royal Standard, my brave boys, preserve it pure and unsullied from reproach, serve under its banner gallantly and loyally, and so may God reward you both here and hereafter.”

Loud cheers followed this speech of the Serjeant's, as he walked slowly away, while O'Connell exclaimed:

“Thin its long life to you, and a blessin' into the bargain, for your good advice. By the powers, and it was a mighty fine oration that, an' I fale it tingling down to my finger ends. Ah, but its a mortal pity he is not an Irishman,” he continued, gazing after him; “if he had only been born on the right side of the wather, why thin (pausing) its the General himself, God bless him, would not have been a finer man; an' greater praise nor that, to my thinkin', Patrick O'Connell you could not pay, if you were to sake for it iver so early o' the mornin', and whoever says, ‘that's blarney, now, Mистер Paddy,’ why bad cess to thim, that 's all.”

TRUTH.

TRUTH, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the under-

standing; whatsoever is besides that, however authorised by consent or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance or something worse.—Locke.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CHILD AND BUTTERFLY.

BY E. L. C.

Beautiful child, with radiant eye!
Chasing yon gaudy butterfly
In his erratic flights;
Bounding o'er beds of fragrant thyme,
To where, in yon bee-loving lime,
The golden wanderer lights.

Quick, little trembler, grasp him now!
Here, where on this laburnum bough
He rests—a living gem!
His emerald eye, and velvet wing,
Glancing like lady's jewel'd ring,
Upon the flower-wreath'd stem.

Ha! flown again, my truant bold?
Dost weary 'mid these flowers of gold,
And seek'st the lily's breast,
To revel in its cup of snow,
Or in the soft and fragrant glow,
Of the young rose to rest?

Then fare thee well, gay epicure!
Thou'rt but a tasteless insect, sure,
Or here thou would'st alight,
On this small hand, that longs to hold
Thy gauzy form of paly gold,
With colours rich bedight.

Come, for thou'lt see the violets hue
In this soft eye of loveliest blue,
So pure, so sweet, so calm!
And on this cheek the tender flush
Of the fair rose,—its very blush,
With joy's bright colouring warm!

He heeds us not,—will ne'er be won
By thy fond wiles, my cherished one,
So sweet a spell to me!
Then leave him to his gay parterre;
Nay, grasp him not,—prythee, beware!
Let the gay vagrant be!

Ah, that glad laugh! thou hast him now,
Triumph is on thy infant brow,
The captive is thine own!
But, dearest, in thy eager grasp,
Thou'st crush'd thy prize,—see, see him gasp?
His transient life is done!

Nay, dry thy tears, and ever more,
When years shall bring an added store
Of wisdom to my child,—

May she recal this morning hour,
Spent in her garden's shaded bowers,
When youth and nature smiled,—

And feel that every earth born joy
Is but a perishable toy,
Mocking the vain pursuit;
In heaven alone her search may find
Enduring bliss—worthy the mind
That craves immortal fruit.

Montreal.

A FRAGMENT.

On a projecting point of rock, the base of which dipped into the clear green water of one of our beautifully wild Canadian lakes, stood a solitary individual, in an attitude of listless quietude, apparently observing and enjoying the beauty of the scenery before him. His age might have been perhaps nineteen, and the symmetry of his slight but evidently active form, the intelligent play of his features, and, above all, the expression of his dark eagle eye, as it roved from one striking beauty of the landscape to another, conveyed the certainty of his being a gentleman or at all events, that he was one of no ordinary mind; and this in defiance of the plainness of his habiliments, which consisted simply of a fustian shooting dress, with long boots of half tanned leather. He was armed with a rifle, of apparently superior construction, the butt of which, richly inlaid with silver, rested upon the rock, whilst 'the barrel, on which he leaned, with folded arms, in its finished smoothness, and some slight but tasteful gold embellishments, proved its superior costliness. Near him lay scattered about in all the confusion of voyageur irregularity, various articles of baggage, or goods in boxes, bales, and packages—and the appearance of a kind of rude path, which the eye might follow for a few yards, until it was lost among the branches of the trees and brushwood, indicated that this was the extremity of a portage, and the probability that the canoe men, after having deposited one portion of their lading, had returned to the other end for the remainder.

The lake, though small, was one of singular beauty: near the portage it was contracted into a narrow bay or cul de sac, from which its waters issued by means of a stream about fifty feet broad, in a strong rapid. Beyond this bay the lake opened into an expanse, almost equal to its length, and studded here and there with pretty islets, covered with foliage. The borders of the lake also were fringed down to the water edge, with trees of many varieties; among which might be seen the light green larch, the dark balsam, the sumach, with its red tufts, and the scarlet beviad mountain ash, in luxuriant profusion and native wildness—all reflected in the crystal mirror below. Beyond the far

extremity of the lake, the ground, after rising gradually for perhaps a mile, suddenly arose into bold eminences, called, as all hills are called in Canada, mountains, and feathered to their summits with maple and the hardy birch, in lovely variations of green, whilst here and there from among them a giant pine reared its majestic head, and proudly asserted its claim as monarch of the Canadian forest, by looking far down upon the less aspiring vegetation below.

It may be proper to mention that the time was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the month September. The day had been oppressively sultry and the lakes, over several of which the canoe had passed, unruflled by the slightest breeze. The morning had been bright and cheerful, but after mid-day the air gradually acquired that kind of scorching glare which, whilst it leaves the heaven above one uninterrupted canopy of intense blue, gradually dried up, and rendered more and more visible hazy vapours all round the horizon, until at the hour specified, a curtain of reddish mist seemed to rest on the extreme distance, and hang upon it in heavy sluggishness, whilst higher and higher it gradually softened, until it blended into the pure ether over head. Although the sun had so far declined in his course, no agreeable coolness succeeded. The human frame was overpowered by a listless languor, and more than one of the canoe men had predicted an "orage," to which the grizzled headed conductor had responded by a silent nod. As yet, however, no indication pointed out the quarter whence a storm would rise, for not a cloud was to be seen rising above the bank of haze around; not a ruffle of the lake shewed in what direction the wind might be expected, and its waters lay sleeping in still repose, reflecting accurately the blue arch above, and the figure of every rock, stem and branch, whose more prominent outline and more vivid colouring rendered it conspicuous to the eye of the observer.

The canoe men now came up with the remainder of the packages, and by their number, evidently were the crews of two canoes. To the apparent vexation of the youth, he now learned that they had again to go back for the frail boats, the extreme heat having prevented the men, hardy as they were, from their usual exertions. Even with their diminished loads, the sweat literally streamed from every pore of their bodies, and the moment each had thrown down his burden, he hastened to the brink of the lake, and (which none but Canadians dare do under such circumstances,) drank with impunity a copious draught of the cool element, and immediately after went off shouting and singing to complete the third portage.

The richest luxury will pall, and the most splendid scenery will weary the eye when long regarded; particularly should the mind, from some unlooked for

disappointment, be rendered unfit to harmonize with it as in calmer moments. Such was the case with our young stranger, now again left alone, and with a mutter of vexation, he turned his back to the lake, and strolled leisurely into the forest. By and by he stopped opposite the smooth trunk of a magnificent beech, which towered considerably above the neighbouring trees, and for a while contemplated in silence this beautiful production of the forest. The beech is my own especial favourite among trees, from a boy I loved it, and in later times have even written some of my best verses upon it—these, however, I shall not here inflict, for my modesty is at least equal to my genius, however admirable the latter.

To return to the solitary individual of whom I write—after standing some time gazing on the noble tree before him, suddenly his eye brightened, as with some new occupation of thought. He hastily, but carefully leaned his rifle against the stem of the beech tree, and searching his pocket, drew forth a penknife, with which he began to carve upon the bark, evidently amused with the task he had commenced—and here for a few minutes I shall leave him, for the purpose of continuing my narration in its proper order.

In less time than I have taken to describe the circumstance of the stranger's leaving the side of the lake, and his subsequent actions, a fearful and portentous change had taken place in the aspect of nature; so rapidly too, that it might almost be termed instantaneous. As if by magic, or at least, as if by some unnatural impulse, at once arose from every quarter of the horizon numerous masses of small lead coloured clouds, which, without the accompaniment of a breath of air, felt below, ascended rapidly upwards toward the zenith, as apparently the general focus of attraction. The edges of these clouds were hard and abrupt, and in their course upwards they appeared to have a rotatory motion, as if not impelled by a direct wind alone, but as if they were forcibly driven through a region of whirlwinds. Long successions of these clouds continued rising, even after the first had attained the mid heaven, and by their union had assumed a more condensed and embodied appearance. As the succeeding masses rapidly closed towards the point of attraction, and the blaze of the sun became eclipsed, the gloom grew deeply profound, and at length assumed the omenous aspect of a dark black cloud, which overspread, as with a mantle, all the heavens, excepting a broad circle of light which remained parallel to the horizon wherever it was visible.

Hitherto not a breeze had stirred the surface of the water; but the change above had now communicated to it so deepened a hue, that it might be justly likened in appearance to a vast basin of ink. A singular moaning noise too could now be distinguished among the trees of the forest, though as yet

not a leaf fluttered visibly to the eye. Suddenly a deep rushing sound was heard, as if approaching from the farther extremity of the lake, and on looking towards the stately pines on the hills beyond, their mighty heads were seen at once to bend, as if they had been rushes, whilst some were wrenched sheer off and tossed about through the air like feathers. Other trees fell bodily, with an awful crash, plainly distinguishable from the outlet of the lake—and now poured the tempest down upon the water with terrific effect, for in an instant its hitherto placid surface was lashed into monstrous waves, and covered with broad jets of white foam, which came surging violently upon the rock where the traveller had stood, and completely broke over it some distance inland.

This overwhelming blast continued for nearly five minutes, before it lulled—the heaven above was now shrouded in utter blackness—a fearful pause ensued for the space of a few seconds, when a blinding blaze of lightning, (it could hardly be termed a flash,) accompanied by crackling thunder, loud as the reports of a thousand great and small cannon, directly overhead, burst through the gloom in unutterable brightness—the mountains, far and near, reverberated the tremendous volleys of the thunder claps, until gradually their echoings subsided into silence. Then poured forth, from the shattered clouds, a deluge of fierce rain, as if a water-spout had burst overhead and threatened complete inundation of the district; again the mighty voice of the wind arose, bearing on its wings destruction to the tall forest trees, hundreds of which were uprooted by the roots, and fell prostrate before its violence. This again gradually died away, until it subsided into a cool agreeable breeze. On looking upwards, the mass of clouds appeared scattered, and to be now driving away hastily before the upper current of air, which continued steadily from the westward; the rain also diminished now to a shower, grew lighter and lighter, and in a few minutes the descending sun, emerging suddenly from behind the most western of the departing clouds, shone out in sobered radiance upon the scene, and all nature assumed the appearance of recovered beauty, as if rejoicing at the termination of this severe but necessary visitation.

A short time afterwards the sound of voices was heard approaching. It was the party of voyageurs returning with their canoes carefully poised on their shoulders, and dexterously avoiding any impediment of rock, branch, or fallen tree, that obstructed their passage. The clearing up the weather had perceptibly added to their usual light heartedness, and even with their cumbersome burthens on their shoulders, these happy fellows found time and spirits to utter their jokes, often interrupted in the middle, however, by a "garde la." Having with much care placed their canoes on the ground, and then launched them into the lake, they began the task of

busily arranging the loading, which, from the careful precautions used, of secure packing, had received little or no injury from the rain that had fallen during their absence. During this business their conversation principally turned on the satisfactory subject of being able that evening to reach their point of destination—a fur trading post far inland, where some of them expected to meet old companions, and where all of them knew that they should enjoy a respite of some days from farther hard labour. At length all their preparations for embarking were completed; their short pipes were all lighted, and the bowman of each canoe was already in his place, paddle in hand, when suddenly one of the party called out, “*Mais où est que c’est notre Bourgeois ?*” Until now apparently the absence of the young stranger had not been noticed. A loud yelling summons was now uttered by some of the men, which was loudly re-echoed from the shores and hills around—they then paused silently awaiting a reply. None reached their ears. Again they called in louder and more prolonged halloosings—they listened and still came no reply. “*C’est étrange,*” said one of the men who had not yet embarked. A third time they raised their voices to the highest scream, the whole number now uniting in their efforts to render effectual the hail. Again they listened, and looked at each other in anxious silence. No welcome sound cheered them in return. At length almost in a whisper, the gray headed old conductor uttered “*Porage,*” and immediately proceeded to search of the absent youth—the others remaining in fearful suspense by the lake side. In less than a minute a loud agonizing call to the party was heard from the old man. They simultaneously rushed towards the place whence his voice proceeded, and there, extended at the foot of the beech tree which I have already mentioned, lay the body of the absent one quite dead. Awhile they stood aghast in dreadful dismay, until the old man, without uttering a word, slowly pointed with his finger from the bottom to the summit of the tree. They looked and beheld a narrow split in the bark, reaching from the highest part down to some letters which the young man had evidently carved, and there it stopped. “*La tonnière la frappée,*” said the conductor. The others assented by silent gestures. On searching farther, they discovered a penknife, the blade shivered into fragments; and on taking up the handsome rifle which lay upon the ground, the lock was found to have been wrenched from the stock, and the silver inlay partly discolored, though strange to say, the piece had not exploded. A few minutes consultation decided them: they took up the body of the young man and carefully embarked it in one of the canoes, carefully also preserving the remnant of the penknife, and of the mutilated rifle. They then re-embarked, and in the course of a few hours, arrived sorrowfully at the post, the termination of their la-

bours, to which they had hitherto looked forward with so much eagerness.

It only remains to be told, that one of the gentlemen of the post, a few days after, having to pass the portage distinguished by the melancholy event, curiosity led him to examine the beech tree, on which the young man had, according to the story of the voyageurs, been writing—and there exactly at the termination of the lightning streak, he distinctly read the word ELIZA, and beneath it

VALEN†.

J. B.

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN.

BY MR. HOLLINGSWORTH.

A bumper fill high of the choicest and best,
 Let the goblet with nectar o'erflow;
 My theme is the joy of each true Briton's breast—
 It alone in the heart can ere grow.
 Still with each coming day may this be our theme—
 Old England for ever! and long live the Queen!
 Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!
 Old England for ever! and long live the Queen!
 A true heart's a gem, to honesty dear,
 Of more worth than a Crown ere could boast;
 It's the safeguard of honor, of villains the fear,
 And in Loyalty's cause 'tis a host.
 May Victoria's reign be blest and serene.
 And Britons protect their dear country and Queen!
 Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!
 Old England for ever! and long live the Queen!

PREJUDICE.

THERE is a high degree of difficulty in questioning opinions established by time, by habit, and by education: every religious and political innovation is opposed by the timidity of some, the obstinacy and pride of others, and the ignorance of the bulk of mankind, who are incapable of attention to reasoning and argument; and must, if they have any opinions, have opinions of prejudice. All improvements, therefore, in religion and politics must be gradual. There was a time when the most part of the inhabitants of Britain would have been as much startled at questioning the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation, as they would, in this age, at the most sceptical doubts on the being of a God.—*Anon.*

TO OYSTER EATERS.

RECEIVE oysters from the hand of the opener, taking care that they be eaten off the deep shell, to preserve every drop of the precious liquor, so peculiarly their own. Laying an oyster, after being opened, on a dish, no matter for how short a period of time, diminishes materially the piquancy of flavour, and deteriorates the fish.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

(ORIGINAL.)

LEAVES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

I.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

SOCRATES called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carnades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed, that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favour bestowed by the gods.—*From the Italian.*

WHAT a host of bright and soul-stirring associations are comprised within this youth-catching subject! Under which, with conceded favour, we will venture a few observations, perchance guided by an experience which has neither been common place, nor limited altogether to our own personal observation.

There are few, we would say *none*, who, not yet having entered upon "the lean and slippered pantaloons," are not in a certain degree susceptible of the power of beauty—of beauty such as at times it is presented to us, with all its sweet and hallowing influences, in the form of kind and gentle woman. At least, such is the impression we have formed, although perhaps this has been from an acquired, yet not singular, habit of judging of others by ourselves; for be it confessed, that never a feeling of purer enjoyment has occupied our breast, than has at times kindled within us, as we have gazed upon some young and innocent creature, in whose expressive countenance and graceful form, we have discovered those attractions, for which, according to our creed, it would be a species of heresy to profess insensibility. Illustrative of our *penchant* in this way 'twas but the other day, whilst talking an afternoon stroll along *Notre Dame Street*, in turning the corner of *Place D'Armes*, (we are particular as to the locality,) that we encountered one of those lovely forms and faces, which occasionally cheer us in our onward pilgrimage through life, seeming to cast over our existence such a hue of ethereal feeling and sentiment, as is at times left on our minds by the impression of some sweet dream, wherein we have seen and conversed with angels.

Previously to this encounter we felt dull and low-spirited, unmoved by the genial ways of the bright-warm sun, which was pouring down upon us, and unexcited by the many gay equipages, and lively groups, which, redolent of wealth and pleasure, were constantly crossing our path. But after the casual meeting with the beautiful creature of whom we write, our sensations and ideas had undergone a total revolution—the hidden chain of association that binds us alike with the remembered past and ideal future, had been struck, and its vibrations brought to our desponding fancy, images of the most

lively and cheering description. The lovely being was evidently returning from school, at the time we refer to, and so vivid is the impression of unalloyed admiration, which her appearance has left on our mind, that we fancy we can see her now, even as she caught our attention then. Her reticule of dark velvet, apparently containing her school paraphernalia, suspended from her left wrist; her right arm raised to beckon some of her companions, who were loitering behind; and her whole form so disposed as to afford us a sufficient opportunity for observation. A pretty straw bonnet, trimmed with green ribbon, having a veil of the same colour attached to it, which hung gracefully over the left shoulder, surmounted a countenance, wherein the bright hues of health, and the mingled graces of a beauty, which partook both of the character of the woman and of that of the girl, from which she seemed just emerging, produced an expression of the most rare loveliness, which was sensibly heightened by a form of exquisite mould, displayed at the moment we speak of, (by the position which she had casually assumed,) to such advantage as the painter would have loved to profit by.

We have described this fortuitous encounter as producing an entire change in our sensations and ideas, at the time; of course, we experienced no sentiment beyond admiration, and it was only owing to that property of the mind being acted upon, in the way we have mentioned, that this change, furnishing us with a practical proof of the "power of beauty," independent of its love-inspiring influences, was produced. That power is, indeed, manifold in its influences. Besides rousing into existence our most powerful passions producing love, and anon despair, jealousy, and revenge, it is alike the object of our most tender wishes and desires; and, whether contemplated in the fair face of nature, as she sheds her loveliness over the earth, or viewed in the image of the great creator of the universe, it has, equally with the charms ascribed to music, the power to "soothe the savage breast." But it is this power, in woman which has the most immediate influence on our existence; not that we would measure beauty by any fixed rule or standard; for we agree with the poet—

"What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms though bright no mortal man can bear;
Some, none resist though not exceeding fair."

Beauty, then, as we understand it, is the spirit of the golden dreams of our waking and of our sleeping fancy. It is that pervading power in nature which makes up the greatest measure of our earthly enjoy-

ments. We become enamoured of it under one form or other, and we seem to live in a new existence, where every object breathes of the hallowed charms of poetry. The green woods, and the murmuring stream, and the voice of birds, and the gentle rustling of the winds, as they stir the shaded foliage, or ruffle in gentleness the quiet lake, assume for us each an interest unknown, unfelt before. We no longer look upon them with the same unmoved eye. We immediately associate their charms with the aspirations of our love-imbued fancy, and all that our material vision can embrace of mild sublimity, or quiet beauty, is regarded with a soul-excited eye for admiration and enjoyment.

W. S.

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

"THERE was never anything so beautiful from the palette of a mere mortal!" exclaimed old Berto Linaiulo.

"The boy has signed a contract with the father of mischief, for by no other means that I know could this be effected!" added Antonello.

"What delicacy—what brilliancy—what harmony of colouring!" observed Donato.

"I really am perplexed and confounded," rejoined Berto. "I begin to believe there is magic in it."

"All the master spirits of Florence," remarked a fair lady of high rank, who, among the rest, had come to gaze upon the painting—"all the master spirits in Florence may hide their heads now."

"Your art, signors," added her companion to the surrounding artists, "can produce nothing like that."

"Did you say a boy, *Giulietta*!" demanded the lady.

"Ay, madam, and with a shape as scemly as my own; and that is something, I ween."

"So young and handsome?"

"His face is as fair and unsullied as any on his own canvass—as fair—I had almost said as yours, madam."

"Nay, then, if he be so, it were worth a coronet to see him."

"And have you never, is it possible, beheld him?"

"Never, how should I; he has been away—abroad; he is just returned to Italy."

"Ay, madam; but before he went, and since his return he has, I am almost afraid to say, often crossed your path."

"Mine, *Giulietta*! what do you mean?"

"Alas! madam, this young painter loves you—has long loved you with a kind of adoration which belongs only to enthusiasm, refinement, intellect and genius."

"How you run on! You are a child, *Giulietta*—you jest."

"No, madam."

"And if you do not, what care I. This young man is audacious if he presume to think of me before I have interchanged a word with him—before I know his character or listen to his voice."

"Ah! but, madam, you have listened to his voice. It was he who sung beneath your window last year, and who saved you in the path by the river from the ruffian *Bandenelli*. Despairing of your favour—for genius is ever modest—he withdrew from Florence and went abroad to foreign lands—beyond the Alps I scarce know where. There his genius for painting drew all eyes, and he has carried his art so far that no noble is richer and no painter more renowned. He has just returned. This is his first work here. The critics are all in raptures, and his brother artists are dying of envy."

"Well, I hope he has long ago forgotten me," said the lady, with a passing blush. "I remember the boy you speak of, a mere child; noble and princelike, certainly, but a silly boy. I never supposed he had been bold enough to think of me; travel has doubtless cured him. It was an idle dream."

"Ah! no, madam, Signor *Dominico* loves you yet; he sought me yesterday, and, to say the truth, induced me to persuade you here that he might learn your opinion of his production."

"It is most beautiful, it is heavenly; but where found he a face so lovely—not on earth, surely?"

"It is your portrait, madam, from memory, and he has really succeeded in—"

"Hush, *Giulietta*, your tongue has no bounds."

"Look, madam, he has entered the hall at this moment."

"Let us go, *Giulietta*, instantly."

"It is too late."

"He bows to you, *Giulietta*, and with the prettiest blush. Yes, it is the stranger who has so mysteriously hovered near me—gained an interest in my heart and then abandoned me."

"How, madam?"

"What have I said! Ah! *Giulietta*, you have betrayed me; you have made me betray myself. He is coming this way, too."

"Yes, he approaches—he retreats—he will retire—you may never see him again."

"Well, let him come, I will speak to him."

At a sign from the maiden, the young man approached, with a deep obeisance and a colour that rose perceptibly at the unwonted honour of being thus publicly presented to the haughtiest and most beautiful of the Florentine nobility.

"Young painter," said the lady, resuming her self-possession, and with a grace and sweetness that dazzled the eyes and the heart of that servid worshipper of beauty, "your production, which attracts the attention of all Florence, has not escaped mine. It has afforded me unmingled pleasure."

"I am too much honoured," replied the artist in a low voice, "when such eyes deign to dwell even

for a moment upon the humble work of these hands."

"No," said the lady, raising her dark, soft eyes modestly to his, and then lowering them beneath his ardent gaze, "you are wrong; genius like yours is humble only to itself. It sighs over what to all other minds is perfection; and even when it most triumphs, unconscious of its power, it most despairs."

"Speak again!" said the youth. "Years of toil, of despondency, of solitude and hopeless gloom are repaid by the sound of your voice. Oh! speak again."

"You may claim from us of the present day, what will be certainly paid you by posterity—the meed of praise. Report speaks of your having travelled."

"I am but just returned from Flanders—"

"Where you have been studying the delightful art in which you so far excel all your contemporaries."

"Did you mark that?" said Castana, a Florentine artist, in an under tone to his companion.

"Silence," said the other, "let us hear the rest."

"My time was devoted to study and one other occupation."

"What was it?"

"Grief for the absence of one I loved."

"Is it in the north that you have learned this matchless skill of the pencil?"

"I am the possessor of a secret."

"A secret?"

"Ay, by which, more than by any skill of my own, I produce on the canvass the effects which please you."

"By such a frank acknowledgment, you make us feel that you have something better than a skillful hand—a generous heart. You are every way fortunate. We have on this side of the Alps seen nothing so beautiful. In what way can I express my gratitude for the pleasure you have caused me in matter more substantial than words?"

"You embolden me to give utterance to a wish which has long dwelt in my breast."

"Speak it. I know you would ask nothing which I may not grant before you name it."

"Yonder face," said the painter, in a lower tone, "is the copy of one borne only in my memory, and till I approached the original, I deemed it not wholly unworthy. But now—I am in despair—my pencil is uninspired until I attain the triumph of my art by copying it anew from nature. I am a claimant for the honour of painting your portrait."

A slight colour grew deeper at this request, and their eyes met. The lady opened her lips to utter a negative to a request couched in such bold language, but as she encountered the glance of this young aspirant after immortality, she changed her mind, as women sometimes will, and said—

"Signor Dominica, I consent; you may take my portrait. Addio, signor."

The artist bowed.

"At four tomorrow, at the palazza D——."

"Madam, I shall be punctual."

And they parted.

Dominica had received from nature the gift of genius. The same partial providence which had invested him with inspiration, had bestowed upon him the form of Narcissus and the heart of Leander. It sometimes happens that such beings appear among men, recalling the golden days when the gods walked through the woods and mingled among the shepherds. The lady of his dreams was like himself of half celestial mind and form. To his enthusiastic soul, this young creature had presented herself as the star of evening. He watched and worshipped it as something not of the earth—above his reach—a light created to illumine other and distant spheres—thrice happy he if, like a sad wanderer over the deep, he might sometimes behold it, and utter to its kindling beams his unrequited, his unheeded prayers.—What was his wild emotion when certain tokens awoke in his bosom a hope, a dream, an instinct indefinable as the light which first heralds the morn, but more intoxicating than the breath which rises from the vallies and plains, when the grass, trees and flowers are moistened with evening dew. He had cherished only two burning hopes—the one was fame, the other love. The first he had acquired—Europe began to murmur his name with applause, and it was already recorded where future generations might read; and now, as if fortune in a laughing mood had resolved to fill his goblet to the very brim—the wildest and most delicious vision of his fancy was about to be realized. He was going to stand before that young seraph, whose eyes had already said more than his tongue dared to utter, more than his heart dared to dream. He muttered to himself in a kind of blissful phrensy—

"Tomorrow—tomorrow—at length tomorrow—roll on leaden hours—oh, when will it be tomorrow?"

"A secret!" cried the knot of artists, gathered together in conclave in the grand square by the old tower.

"I knew as much!" said Berto.

"I could have sworn it!" cried Antonello.

"To be sure!" exclaimed a third—"I always said it was a secret!"

"The lucky dog! I, too, will visit Flanders!" cried Berto. "I am only five-and-eighty—quite a boy!"

"And how my haughty mistress, who queens it so before the rest of us, how she softened in his favour!"

"He is a rare fellow, and rolls in gold."

"She will marry him if he wishes—she is young, and untamed—and her own mistress, withal."

"Jupiter—what a lucky dog!"

"I swear," said old Berto, "I will go to Flanders too!"

It was night, and a very bright moon slowly ascending in the heaven, rendered everything as visible, only in more softened outlines, as in the day. The young lover had wandered forth in a secluded path by the river, which wound for nearly its whole course through thick groves. He was not, however, long allowed to be alone. Castagna, the friend and guide of his infant years, joined him, and they walked together a long time, and conversed earnestly. At length Castagna said—

“Dominica, you know I have ever cherished for you an affection all paternal. I have watched over your interests with fidelity and vigilance. I have been your best friend.”

“And so I esteem you, dear Castagna.”

“But what is friendship, Dominica? It is mutual confidence. It is an interchange of each other's thoughts and sympathies. If you have troubles, you communicate them. If you have pleasures, you divide them. Ah! I have a soul for friendship.—Too well I know what it is! Too long I have sighed for a true and real return!”

“Am I not your friend, Castagna?”

“No!—oh, no!”

“No—how—you jest!”

“You hold a secret from me, Dominica. Between friends there are no secrets.”

“But Castagna, this is a part of my profession. To ask it of me is to ask my fame. You are yourself so good an artist, that you stand at the head of the art in Florence.”

“Not now—not since you have returned.”

“But I freely confess to all that, not skill alone, but a remarkable mechanical discovery only, places me in the eminence which—how—you weep, Castagna—”

“Did I?—why I believe there was a drop—I felt it rise to my lids. I did not know that it had left my lashes. I am old, and tenderhearted—and sometimes I think that I am almost falling into my dotage. Yes, Dominica, I did shed a tear—not from disappointment at losing the secret—oh, no!—but at the fading away of a vision—a rainbow of the heart—a bright, deceitful, false—”

“My dear and good Castagna, what is it you would say?”

“Your friendship, my beloved and once-trusted Dominica, I thought it mine. I pleased myself with the idea that you loved me. Except yourself, there was no one on earth to whom my heart clung secretly. I have seen you a boy at my feet. I have watched your course to manhood with a father's solicitude and delight. I have not always, perhaps, sufficiently discovered my feelings—but—”

“Yes, my dear Castagna, I know you have always loved me. You once saved my life at the risk of your own—”

“I did. I was determined not to remember that incident *first*.”

“Moreover, when I was in want, you furnished me with gold.”

“That, too, I feared you had forgotten.”

“And, Castagna—perhaps—indeed, I feel convinced that I have not been right in concealing from you my inmost thought and knowledge. Yet, in relating to you the secret which you desire, I am about to make a great sacrifice. You are now the first Florentine artist, after myself. Possessed of this secret, you will be the first! Yet, on condition that you never reveal it, it shall be disclosed to you.”

“I solemnly swear it, dearest Dominica.”

“Know, then, that at Burges I met a learned man, who taught me to despise water-colours, and to paint—”

“Well!”

“*In oil!*”

“In oil?—I see. And you have told this to *no one*?”

“Not one human being this side the Alps has the slightest conception of it but we two. This paper contains the details. It will teach you all you desire. Now, have I not tested my friendship, Castagna? Have I not earned your confidence?”

“Nobly, Dominica—most nobly—embrace me—and my thanks be—*this—and this—and this!*”

The moonbeams glanced from a glittering blade; its keen point, at each thrust, pierced deep to the heart.

There was a heavy splash in the river—the cloud sailed silently from before the moon—the breeze gently waved the tree-tops—Castagna stood alone.

“At length!” cried he—“at length, then, I am the first in Florence. I am *without a rival!*”

This incident, which marked the introduction of oil-painting into Italy, is related on the authority of Lanzi.—*New York Mirror*.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE historian and the antiquary are alike interested by recent communications from Mexico, which state that the owner of some farm-lands in the Bolson of Messini, to the north of Durango, has discovered a grotto, in which a thousand dead bodies are deposited. They appear to have been grouped in distinct families, and buried at different periods and ages, as the groups are composed of both young and old, all being enveloped in clothes which resemble, though imperfectly, the mode of treatment peculiar to Egyptian mummies. The clothes are fine in texture, of various colours, and remarkable for a high state of preservation.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE OTONABEE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Dark, rushing foaming river ;
 I love the solemn sound,
 That shakes thy shores around,
 And hoarsely murmurs ever,
 As thy waters onward bound,
 Like a rash unbridled steed,
 Flying madly on its course,
 That shakes with thundering force,
 The vale and trembling mead—
 So thy billows downward sweep,
 Nor rock, nor tree can stay
 Their fierce impetuous way ;
 Now in eddies whirling deep,
 Now in rapids white with spray.

I love thee, lonely river !
 Thy hollow restless roar,
 Thy cedar girded shore,
 The rocky isles that sever,
 The waves that round them pour—
 *Katchawanook basks in light,
 But thy currents woo the shade
 By the lofty pine trees made,
 That cast a gloom like night,
 Ere day's last glories fade.
 Lament, lament wild river !
 A hand is on thy mane, †
 That will bind thee in a chain,
 No force of thine can sever.

Thy solitary voice—
 The same bold song that sung,
 When Nature's frame was young,
 No longer may rejoice,
 The woods where erst it rung—
 In murmurs soft and lone,
 Thy furious headlong tide †

*The Indian name for one of the many expansions of this beautiful river.

† Alluding to the projected improvements in the Trent, of which the Otonabee is a continuation.

‡ Some idea of the rapidity of this river may be formed from the fact—that heavy rafts of timber are floated down from Heriot's Falls, a distance of nine miles from Peterboro', in less than an hour. The shores are high and rocky, and abound in beautiful and picturesque views. Above Heriot's Falls, we trace the river through a variety of fine lakes, varying from half a mile, to five miles in breadth, back to the Ottawa. A branch of the same river, from the head of Balsom Lake, communicates through the Talbot River, with Lake Simcoe, from thence, through the Severn, with Lake Huron. Should the projected navigation, ever be carried into effect, it would open up several hundred miles of fine country; and enrich the shores of these romantic lakes, with well cultivated farms, and picturesque dwellings. A consummation devoutly to be wished, by all who have the interest of the Colony at heart.

Is destined yet to glide,
 To meet the lake below—
 And many a bark shall ride,
 Securely on thy breast,
 To waft across the main,
 Rich stores of golden grain,
 From the vallies of the west !

Melsetter, Douro, U. C.

ANCIENT ARTILLERY.

ACCORDING to Gibbon, the cannon used by Mahomet in the siege of Constantinople threw stone balls, which weighed above six hundred pounds.—The measure of the bore was twelve palms. We get a more precise notion of the awkwardness with which the artillery was served in the infancy of the science, from a fact recorded in the "Chronicle of John II," that at the siege of Setenil, 1407, five lombards were able to discharge only forty shot in a course of the day.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves—if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms as the shade and the shadow are to the rose, confirming its beauty and increasing its fragrance.

HINTS CONCERNING MARRIAGE.

THERE are some plaguy pretty galls there, and some on 'em have saved a considerable round sum too; don't let 'em walk into you now afore you know where you be. . . . Marriage won't do for you my hearty, till you've seen the world and made somethin' handsum. To marry for money is mean; to marry without it is folly; and to marry both young and poor is downright madness; so hands off, says you; love to all, but none in partikilar, if you find yourself a getting spooney, throw brush, pallet, and paint over the falls, and off full split; change of air and scene, to cure love, consumption, or the blues, must be taken early in the disease, or it's no good.—*Sam Slick.*

A WORD AND A BLOW.

THE Prince Metternich steamer lately arrived from Trebizonde at Constantinople. Two cases of plague having declared themselves on board, strict orders were given that the crew and passengers should undergo a severe quarantine. Two Persians disregarded this order, jumped overboard, and swam

to shore. They were arrested and conducted before the *cadi*. "Were you," said that officer, "passengers on board the *Metternich* steamer?" "Yes." "Did you break the quarantine?" "Yes." The *cadi* made a sign, and the two heads were rolling at his feet.

(ORIGINAL.)

DICK SPOT, OR SIX AND FOUR ARE TEN.

BY E. L.

IF you have ever been to Oswestry, you must well remember, on entering the town from the London high road, a small old fashioned building, which, though now fast falling to decay, still retains enough of its former appearance to denote that it was not always, as at present, the habitation of squalid poverty; and should your memory carry you as far back as the latter end of the past century, when you were a laughing sportive youngster, you cannot fail to remember the strange and somewhat peculiar air of desertion, which, even at that period, appeared part and parcel of the cottage; nor will you have forgotten the mixture of admiration and awe with which you have listened to the many wonderful tales related of its former mysterious occupant, the humorous Dr. Langstaff, or in more familiar parlance, Dick Spot, a soubriquet obtained from the appearance of a dark red spot on the middle of his brow, and which you were very sagely informed, was the point of the little-gentleman-in-black's finger, when that worthy sealed the compact that was ever after to entitle Dick to the appellation of "The Devil's Own."

Dick Spot, thou mighty *settler* of goblins—thou renowned dealer in physic and brimstone; and, far above these, thou facetious man of Dunse, fain would I dwell upon thy wondrous feats—thy eccentric deeds, replete with mischief and with fun. Had I not one definite subject to follow out, how many a humorous trick could I not relate of thee. How, when the good old wife had placed before the liquorish chops of her hungry mate and squalling progeny, a delicious smoking dish of black puddings, and was about to put one into the fists of each of the famished urchins, who watched the movement with painful eagerness, lest a larger one might fall to the portion of their brothers—the black puddings would suddenly vanish, and a little black figure irreverently said to bear a very strong resemblance to thyself, would stand in their place, and popping its thumb to its little cock nose, at the same time extending the fingers, exclaim, in good vernacular Welsh: "don't you wish you may get it," then disappear in a crack, leaving the affrighted wretches to enjoy their disappointment. How—but 't were vain to attempt it—for what pen could ever do justice to, or recount the hundredth part of thy marvellous pranks;—would that thou wert alive now, to divert the good

city of Montreal; but *Cæsar* died, and so did Dick Spot."

In the immediate neighbourhood, about two stones throw from the learned Doctor's, was a rambling dirty looking dwelling, of about the same date as Dick's, intended for an inn, for so a sign swinging in front meant to inform you, and which, on nearer inspection, you were enabled to decipher, as representing a tub filled with suds, into which a poor negro was immersed up to his waist, while three strapping wenches, who, never having seen a black before, naturally concluded his colour arose from dirt, were most unmercifully scrubbing away at his dark hide, one of whom was exclaiming, "scrub away Moll, I'll warrant we'll scrub the black devil white;" and underneath this rude scene, were the words "Labor in Vain," the name by which the tavern was designated. On entering, you were not long in discovering, that, like most country inns in those days, it could boast of little in the shape of comfort, and that despite the notice in the window, of "good accommodation for man and beast," besides the tap-room, from which you naturally turned away, there remained for you but one decent—(so the worthy hostess termed it) parlour; a cold, damp room up stairs, occasionally aired by a half starved fire-light on special occasions, such as your arrival, when all would be life and bustle at the "Labor in Vain." Bob, the ubiquitous pluralist Bob! for he comprised in his single character, butler, stable boy, waiter, boots, errand boy, &c. and besides made himself generally useful, was all life and bustle. You would have imagined he had all the business of the Chief Secretary of State on his hands. "Bob!"—"coming, sir." In an instant, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, he glided before you.—"Did you call, sir?"—"I wish to dine!—what have you in the house?" Then to have heard him run through some two or three dozen of articles that he had NOT got, until he so bewildered you that you were glad to leave it to his own choice, and he brought you what he *had* got—an elderly male fowl, which upon your first appearance had been killed and spitted, having made up his mind that that was to be your dish, thereby proving himself somewhat of a diplomatist; and afterward, to have heard the admonitory hint from Mrs. Wiggins, mine hostess, of the "Labor in Vain" "to stick it into him, Bob," and to which that gentleman invariably replied with a knowing wink of the left eye, by which he meant to imply, that he was perfectly "up to his business," and intended to stick it into him. I say, to have heard all this, must have warmed your heart to the simplicity of these good old times.

Late one evening, as Dr. Spot was in the very act of terminating a new species of devilry, with which he intended the following night to terrify his already panic-stricken townsmen, and was pacing to and fro his chamber, with the hurried step of a

man internally agitated and anxious for the completion of a scheme which had cost some mental labour, a horseman was perceived entering the town at the opposite end, at a slashing pace, his hair hanging in long loose knots something after the manner of rope yarns, the perspiration trickling down his lank cheeks, and the whole appearance of horse and rider denoting they had travelled with much despatch; five minutes had scarcely elapsed from their first appearance ere the stranger suddenly pulled up at the door of the Doctor's, and in another second, was closeted with that learned personage. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when both were seen to hurry out of the house, mount their steeds, and clapping spurs into their flanks, the town was soon left far behind. To suppose that such an occurrence could happen, without exciting a very lively sensation amongst his neighbours, would indeed be a libel upon the inquisitive inhabitants of this quizzical little town. Numerous, indeed, were the conjectures, but all seemed too vague to gain more than partial credence; the most general opinion was that started by some good old ladies, and these, I say it my fair readers with deference, are never wanting on such occasions, who, by a course of reasonings and deductions, I do not at the moment remember, very clearly demonstrated that the stranger was no less a personage than the confidential clerk of His Satanic Majesty, bearing despatches of moment from head quarters to Governor Spot. Still, at the same time, I am bound to declare, that one or two very obstinate young men, (and young men are sometimes *very* obstinate,) shutting their ears and blinding their eyes to conviction, insisted that the stranger was the liveried servant of a neighbouring Squire, bringing intelligence to the Doctor, that his professional services were required in a case in which ladies *only* needed his skill. Be this as it may, as the impartial recorder of facts, I am bound to state that there were two opinions, but for my own part, I rather incline to that of the said old ladies; for how should a man enter a town at night, on horseback, at a slashing pace, his hair hanging over his face, and above all, stop at the door of Dr. Spot, and that person "be after any good."

It happened on the same evening, that the otherwise quiet town of Oswestry, had been so greatly disturbed by the above mysterious circumstance, that six worthy burghers had assembled in the best parlour of the "Labour in Vain," to discuss the affairs of the parish—they being the officers elect, for the time being, and having voted that sixpence a-day, for the support of a poor widow and two children, as granted by their predecessors, was exorbitant, and, consequently, unanimously agreeing that in future it should be reduced to fourpence; and also taking into consideration the case of a man who had obtained a coffin at the parish expense, he having represented his wife had died of cholera, and when, of course, none of the officials ventured to see

the body, but who immediately on receipt of the coffin had by the aid of his said wife (of course miraculously resuscitated,) set to and speedily reduced it into the more useful, and to them, profitable shape of matches, all which called forth a very learned speech from the overseer upon the prodigality of the times; there being no further business before the Board, the question was put, seconded, and carried, "that after their arduous duties, the Board do enjoy themselves at the parish expense, after the most approved method of such meetings in general; and which Mrs. Wiggins was immediately ordered to serve up in the "Labour in Vain's" *best*. Supper being ended, and pipes and porter introduced, the conversation turned upon the prevailing topics then current in Oswestry, and of course the circumstances above narrated were not forgotten.

"I say I should not be at all surprised," exclaimed the fat overseer, after a long desultory conversation on this subject; "I shouldn't be at all surprised, on rising some morning, to find the house, owner and all vanished."

"Why, it was only last night," observed a piece of rotundity holding the office of churchwarden, but resembling very much a bear with a frill round his neck; "as I was passing his house, on the opposite side, that I heard a most dismal howl, followed by a low guttural moan, and immediately a faint shriek, when all was silent as the grave."

"No you don't say so!" exclaimed a little nervous functionary opposite, looking rather anxiously around the room, and gradually edging nearer the rest; "you don't mean to say that, Mr. Higgins?"

"But I do," replied the churchwarden, throwing the dust from his pipe, "and even this very night, as Mr. Sykes and I were on our road here, we saw a *something* enter the town, and flying."

"Flying!" interrupted the audience in a breath.

"Aye, flying past us like a flash o' lightning," continued the warden; "and entering Dick Spot's house; in less than five seconds they were both flying back again; for my part, I think his time was come, for—" Here the warden's eye rolled cautiously around the room, and a general approach towards each other was the consequence; then added, in an under tone, "Mr. Sykes says he saw the club foot."

"No, did he though?" exclaimed the now alarmed vestrymen.

"How dark it's getting," added the aforesaid nervous functionary; "I wish I was home, without having to pass his house."

"What was that shot by the window?" exclaimed another, in evident alarm.

All started from their seats, and seizing the tongs, fire-shovels, chairs, &c. like valiant and desperate men, stood prepared for the worst.

There was no time for conjecture—the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs, fell on the ears of the

affrighted vestrymen—the door flew open, and in stalked, not the monstrous looking being they had pictured in their heated imaginations, but a little good humoured lively looking personage, who, having bowed very politely to the assembly, “who,” he observed, “welcomed him in so courteous a style, on their legs”—begged them to be seated, and without waiting for an invitation, drew a chair towards the fire, and threw himself into it, with the air of a man determined to make himself perfectly at home. Whether he had so well disguised his features and general appearance, or from the dread in which he was held, they were little known to his townsmen, I am unable to say, but certain is it, there were none present who entertained the most distant idea that they were really in company of the most terrible, the most dreaded Dick Spot; for so the little gentleman turned out to be. It was certainly at first noticed that he sat with his hat on, whose broad brim completely concealed his forehead; but he apologised for not uncovering, stating his great susceptibility of cold, and which plea was readily admitted. So companionable did Dick become, that their hearts gradually warmed towards him, and confidence being quite restored to the honourable board, his intrusion was speedily overlooked, and he was invited to partake of their cheer. But being a very independent sort of a gentleman, he declined, choosing to order and pay for his own, not thinking it at all necessary the parish should be put to any expense on his account, simple man!—accordingly he ordered Bob to bring him a welsh-rabbit, and a go of gin and water, giving particular instructions that the latter was to be *cold without*. But not to be tedious, after a warm debate, in which Dick’s wrath was kindled at the treatment of the generous Vestry to the poor widow, which he had learnt, in the course of conversation with those gentlemen, he finished by declaring it to be his opinion, that instead of sixpence being too much, fourpence at least should be added to that sum, thereby increasing it to tenpence, and entreated them to make it so; but these public spirited men, who held the interests of their fellow citizens too dear, to lavish away their money to starving widows and orphans, who deserved to starve, seeing they were guilty of the crime, (for so I believe it is generally acknowledged to be) of poverty, refused to listen to the charitably disposed Doctor, who could not refrain from expressing his surprise, that persons so tenacious of the purses of their neighbours, when required for the aid of the needy, should have so little regard to it as to be themselves recipients at that very moment—but seeing his good intentions only tended to confirm the resolution of the dogmatical officials, he ceased to importune them, and the conversation gradually dying off, from the lateness of the hour, aided either by the strength of their potations, or the secret agency of Dick, the

half dozen select vestrymen were soon buried in a deep sleep. Perceiving all around so comfortably occupied, Dick rang the bell for the reckoning, which, after receiving the usual command of “stick it into him Bob,” the waiter brought him—not on a bill, but in his head.

“What’s the damage,” exclaimed the facetious Dick, as the man of all work entered.

“The damage,” muttered Bob to himself, and began scrutinizing around, but perceiving nothing broken, except an ancient china tea pot, that had been superannuated on the mantel piece for the last half century, he felt rather puzzled to know what he should say *was* damaged, until a light thought struck him, that this was very likely an odd way the gentleman had adopted for asking “what’s to pay,” at length replied, “sixpence the go, and fourpence the rabbit,” at the same time scratching his head, as though endeavouring to remember something else, and then, as if suddenly recollecting, *was* about to suggest a something to the waiter, but his eye encountering, at the moment, the worthy Doctor’s, he caught an expression that seemed to say, “you’d better not.”

I may just beg permission to inform the reader, that however small such a charge might appear to him, at the period of which I am writing, it would, in any part of Wales, have been considered enormous.

“How much?” enquired the Doctor, eyeing Bob fiercely.

But having the fear of his mistress before his eyes, Bob had no alternative, and replied, with some degree of hesitation, “sixpence for the gin and water, and fourpence the bread and cheese, and six and four are ten.” He paused.

“Humph,” said the Doctor, throwing down a shilling, “six and four are ten—bring me the change.”

Immediately Bob had quitted the room, Dick Spot rose, and drawing from his waistcoat pocket a singular looking phial, walked into the midst of the room, and with a yellow sulphury liquid, which he poured from the bottle, formed a circle large enough to contain a dozen people, repeating at the same time certain cabalistic words, which, having done, he quickly walked down, and receiving the change from Bob, pocketed the browns and walked off.

Hastening up stairs, to ascertain if the rest of the company had any further orders, Bob was utterly astonished to find them all so sympathetically engaged, and conceiving their business appeared over for the night, it was just as well they should be sleeping under their own roofs, he commenced making a noise; but finding this did not disturb the sleepers, proceeded across the room to try more effectual means, but had no sooner crossed the boundary line of the magic circle, than suddenly, and without the slightest inclination on his part, he com-

menced dancing most energetically, at the same time repeating in a rapid tone, "six and four are ten, dance it over again,"—"six and four are ten, dance it over again."

Up jumped the drowsy warden, exclaiming, "it should not be increased to tenpence;" up jumped his worthy brethren, whose ideas, confused with dreams of bedevilled spots, parish paupers, coffins, &c. &c. were still roaming, and at once caught up the burden of the churchwarden's song, reiterating, "it should not be increased to tenpence;" then gradually brightening up, and perceiving the actions of the waiter, instantly conceived the idea that the fellow was enjoying himself at their expence, and made a general rush to inflict summary chastisement on the wretch who dared thus outrage the decorum and respect due to so august a body.

"Six and four are ten, dance it over again," shouted half a dozen voices, in unison with the waiters, for alas they had rushed into the fatal ring.

The scullion happening to pass five minutes after, and hearing the singular noise within, peeped into the room, and seeing Bob, who had the character of being a moral, sedate personage, amusing himself after so whimsical a fashion, and along with the great men too, was rather taken a-back, but gradually approaching the scene of action, no doubt under the impression that one of the gentlemen would ask permission for her hand for the next set, exclaimed :

"La, Bob, what are ye arter? if ever I seed sich a start afore."

"Six and four are ten, dance it over again," shouted the calculating waiter, at the same time eyeing the scullery with a most rueful look.

"Six and four are ten, dance it over again," echoed the six select vestrymen.

"Why, Bob, are ye lunatics, only let missus catch you, that's all."

During this short address, the scullery had arrived at the edge of the circle.

"Only let her catch ye, and I warrant ye——Six and four are ten, dance it over again," shouted the chattering wench, at the same time kicking her heels about in a very extraordinary manner for a delicate female—she had stepped within the mystic circle.

Hearing the strange noise overhead, it immediately occurred to the hostess that master Bob and the young lady were romping, a thing she decidedly disapproved, and therefore immediately despatched Mary, an inexhaustible race those Mary's, the maid of all work, a blooming strapping girl, as a sort of *avant-courier*, first to convey the intelligence, that she wouldn't be long herself in bringing up the rear, to their complete discomforture, unless an immediate decampment followed her orders. But what was her indignation, when, after waiting a full quarter of an hour, she heard the dancing and singing

continued, apparently with increased fervour, as though in utter contempt of her authority; and above all, the voices of the two girls were pre-eminent.

"Rebellion," cried the infuriated Mrs. Wiggins; "a strike among the servants." So saying, she seized a good thick mopstick, and darted up the stairs, determined by powerful measures to crush in its infancy, a rebellious conduct so detrimental to her future authority. She reached the scene of turmoil, and entering with breathless haste, flourishing her weapon above her head, exclaimed :

"Oh! oh! so this is how you sarves me, is it, you sluts; and you, you good for nothing—I'll teach you to dance, I will."

Now, Mrs. Wiggins, in her younger days, was considered the prettiest dancer in Oswestry, and it was even said that she gained the affections of her dear departed Wiggins, by one night dancing before him, in a beautiful style, a Welsh jump at a six-penny hop.

"So you fancy, because gentlefolks dance, you're to dance too, eh? more shame to them to allow it, but I'll dance with ye to the tune of——"

"Six and four are ten, dance it over again," screamed the wretched landlady, more lustily than either of her domestics; at the same time throwing her heels into the air, with most astonishing agility for so portly a dame—she had crossed the line.

Reader, you may have danced at Almack's, you may have witnessed the beautiful poetical motions of the sylphide Tagliioni; you may have seen the most imitable dancers; but ye have never witnessed the like of this. Talk of the Balithorum jig, or the double shuffle, why they were nothing to the singular dance performed by these ten worthies; up, down, across, back, up again, down of course, *chassez-croisée*, *balancez*, in fact the whole range of steps, figures, &c. &c. were introduced in this set, and danced to the repetition of a calculation, whose musical arrangements would have puzzled some of the best of our modern composers.

The perspiration stood in pearly drops on the *os frontis* of Mrs. Wiggins, chasing each other down her expansive features; her hair disdaining, in the midst of such merriment, its accustomed bonds, hung in beautiful negligence around her broad shoulders. Her shoes, in the height of their glee, flew from her imposing feet, making a preceptible flight through a couple of panes of glass; her massive arms flew backwards and forwards, as though impelled by electric shocks, bestowing on master Bob and the warden sundry digs in the ribs, thereby causing them to sing out. Still she danced, still she sang, "six and four are ten, dance it over again." The young ladies were scarcely in a better plight, and master Bob and the male portion, bore a strong affinity to the negro in the wash tub, or drowned cats, and appeared anything but enjoying

the dance. On they danced, like the witches in Macbeth, round and round the mystic ring.

"Six and four are ten," shouted out the exhausted Mrs. Wiggins.

"Six and four are ten," echoed the rest.

"Dance it over again," continued the hostess.

"Dance it over again," repeated the full chorus.

But at that moment the clock struck one—a blue flame ran round the circle, followed by a report that shook the crazy inn to its foundation; a loud laugh was heard at the broken window, through which a little grinning countenance was poked, the spot on the forehead of which plainly indicated to whom that phiz appertained, and then all remained quiet. The charm had ended, and sprawling over each other in a complete state of exhaustion, lay the prostrate bodies of the unwilling devotees to Terpsichore.

I may as well add, that never after this circumstance, whatever might have been the length of your bill, did the items of six and four or ten appear on your account at the "Labour in Vain," nor was Mrs. Wiggins ever heard to use the term, "stick it into him, Bob;" indeed it would have been useless, as no persuasion could ever have induced Bob to do so. As for the warden and his crest fallen brethren, they retired, well convinced in whose company they had passed the latter portion of that night; nor did they ever again hold a meeting but in broad day light.

REMEDY FOR THE CROUP.

THIS terrific disease, fatal in so many cases to children, might have been arrested in many instances where it has proved fatal, if parents would have ready at all times a phial, containing two ounces of squills, forty grains of ipecacuana, one grain of tartar emetic; and, when the disease is announced by a hollow ringing cough, resembling rather a bark than a cough, give a teaspoonful of the above mixture every ten minutes until free vomiting ensues. The above prescription was obtained from an eminent physician, and is published for the benefit, especially of parents and others in the country, not within the reach of immediate medical aid.—*Baltimore Chronicle.*

RULES OF HEALTH.

THE celebrated physician, Boerhaave, declared some time before his death, that he had in his library a book which contained the most important secrets of medicine. When his library was examined, there was a book magnificently bound; it consisted of blank paper, with the exception of these words written on the first leaf—"keep your head cool and your feet warm, and your bowels open, and you may laugh at physicians."

THE SONG OF THE PERSECUTED.

"No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."
Deut. ch. 34, v. 6.

Bury me in a deep, deep grave
Where human bones ne'er rested,
Far where the storm midst wild woods raves,
And hills by clouds are crested.
Bury me far from the haunts of men,
Where human voice ne'er sounded—
Where name nor lineage none can scan
Of him whose peace they wounded.

Bury me deep, where none can know
One vestige of my story—
Where rude funereal pomp nor woe
Mock with their empty glory.
Bury me deep, where naught of life
Shall e'er disturb my pillow—
Far from mortal hate and strife,
Beneath a weeping willow.

Bury me—bury me—deep and lone,
Far from a world so weary—
Where my only dirge shall be the moan
Of the whistling wind so dreary.
Bury me far from friend and foe—
From pilgrim and sojourner:
Shed not a tear ye high or low—
Away each false-heart mourner.

Bury me deep and deeper still
From slander's poison'd arrow:
Away, away! my grave quick fill,
And hide my head from sorrow.
Let nor stone, nor tomb, nor urn,
Bespeak my lowly dwelling:
Let no ascending incense burn—
Forbid the dead-bells knelling.

Cover my grave, and strew it o'er
With autumn's blighted treasure;
Let man's rude footsteps never more
Its lovely scite dare measure.
Bury me—bury me—fast and deep
Till the closing earth rebound:
Here let me softly lie and sleep
Till the trump of God resound!

D. C.

WALKING.

WALKING is the best possible exercise, habituate yourself to walk very far. The Europeans boast themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man, but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of that animal. No one has occasioned so much the degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled white

does on his horse, and he will tire the best horses. A little walk of half an hour in the morning when you first rise, is advisable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy. *Jefferson's Memoirs.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE OATH OF THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.

A LOYAL SONG FOR CANADA.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Huzza for England!—may she claim,
 Our fond devotion ever;
 And by the glory of her name,
 Our brave forefathers' honest fame,
 We swear,—no foe shall sever,
 Her children from their parents' side;
 Though parted by the wave—
 In weal or woe—whate'er betide,
 We swear to die or save,
 Her honour, from the robber band,
 Whose crimes pollute our injured land.

Let the foe come—we will not shrink,
 To meet them if they dare;
 Well, must they fight, ere rashly think,
 To rend apart one sacred link,
 That binds our country fair,
 To that dear Isle, from whence we sprung,
 Which gave our fathers birth;
 What glorious deeds our bards have sung,
 The unrivalled of the earth—
 The highest privilege we claim,
 To own her sway—to bear her name!

Then courage, loyal volunteers!
 God will defend the right;
 That thought will banish slavish fears,
 That blessed consciousness still cheers,
 The soldier in the fight—
 The stars for us shall never burn,
 The stripes—may frighten slaves,
 The Union's eye still proudly turns,
 Where Britain's standard waves;
 Beneath its folds, if heaven requires,
 We'll die—as died of old, our sires!

Melsetter, Douro; U. C.

CHINESE DRAMA.

In the bulky literature of the Chinese their drama fills up a space of some importance, as they possess a collection of plays, extending to a hundred and ninety-nine volumes, from which about half as many pieces have been selected, comprising, it is supposed, the flower of the whole. From this assortment a few

favorite productions have been taken, and translated into European tongues, while others were merely analysed or described. The subjects exhibited are for the most part historical, and relate generally to remote periods, in which cases the dresses are conformable to ancient costume. The dialogue, in all these dramas, whether serious or comic, forms a kind of monotonous recitative, sometimes, however, rising or sinking a few tones, which are meant to be expressive of passionate or querulous cadences. Taverners in China have a large room set apart for entertaining guests with theatrical exhibitions, and by these arrangements the want of public buildings is at least practically obviated. But the Chinese also find a resource in their temporary theatres, which a troop of comedians will at any time construct in two hours. A roof of mats is supported on a few posts of bamboo; a platform of boards is raised six or seven feet above the ground, three sides of it are covered with curtains of painted cotton, and the fourth is left open to the audience. A company generally consists of eight or ten persons, who are literally the servants or slaves of the manager, and so numerous are these bodies, that several hundreds of them are said to visit Pekin alone, when the Court makes that city its place of residence.

A MAN IN LOVE.

"I'm sick for love! I'm sure I am! I have lost My appetite! My stomach was my clock,
 That used to give me note of eating time—
 It never warns me now! A smoking dish
 Was sure to set my heart a beating once;
 Now be it flesh, or fish, or fowl, or ought,
 It moves me nothing. I would rather feast—
 A thousand times I would—on Esther's face!
 I'm mortal sick for love! I used to sleep;
 Scarce touch'd my head my pillow, I was off,
 And let me lie, I took my measure an't,
 Six hours at least upon a stretch! but now
 I toss and turn, lie straight, or doubled up,
 Enfold mine arms, or throw them wide abroad,
 Rhyme o'er my prayers, or count a hundred out,
 And then begin again—yet not a wink
 The richer for't, but rise as I lie down!
 And 'tis true love that ails me!—very love!"

Knowles' New Play.

MARRIAGE.

O, if there be one hour, which more
 Than any other craves a parent's presence,
 'Tis that which gives his child away from him!
 She should go with his blessing warm upon her,
 breathed
 With an attesting kiss; then may she go
 With perfect hope, and cheerly take with her
 The benisons of all kind wishers else!—*Id.*

THE GONDOLIER'S SONG,

Set with accompaniments for the Piano Forte and Spanish Guitar,

BY MR. W. H. WARREN,

OF THIS CITY, WHO HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO SUPERINTEND THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Voice

MODERATO ASSAI. How light - ly and

Piano

pia

Forte

Spanish

Guitar

ten

smooth - ly Our gon - do - las move, While sweetly we sing thee The

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system includes the Voice part with lyrics 'How light - ly and', the Piano part with a *pia* dynamic marking, and the Spanish Guitar part. The second system includes the Voice part with lyrics 'smooth - ly Our gon - do - las move, While sweetly we sing thee The', the Piano part, and the Spanish Guitar part. The tempo is marked *MODERATO ASSAI*. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The guitar part is written in a style typical of Spanish guitar, with some double lines indicating specific techniques.

Sotto voce

soft notes of love : Then look from thy lattice, Fair

Lady ! on me : The voice of thy lover is call - ing to thee.

Arpa

L R

3 0

(+)

SECOND VERSE.

Where music is wreathing
Its soul-soothing spell,
And touching the heart-strings,
There Love seems to dwell.
And oh ? could he utter
But half that he felt,
His spirit and thine, Love,
Together would melt.

THIRD VERSE.

And Love seeks the moonlight,
The planets are his :
He reigns in a moment
Like this, dear, like this.
Then look from thy lattice,
Fair lady !—on me,
The voice of thy Lover
Is calling to thee.

OUR TABLE.

RICHELIEU, OR THE CONSPIRACY.

UNDER this title, a new play has recently been published by the author of the *Lady of Lyons*, and the extracts furnished by the London Reviews, seem to promise that the fame already won by Sir E. L. Bulwer, will gather another leaf from this new production of his pen, although the drama does not possess the innate completeness which distinguishes the works of the father of the English drama—a completeness, often necessary, and always desirable in a historical play, a portion of every audience being generally unable to supply all the parts of the story which the author may deem it expedient to pass lightly over, or altogether to omit.

In the language of an English review, to which we are indebted for many extracts from the play, Richelieu is described as being first discovered in his palace, in confidential discourse with the *Capuchin Joseph*; the plots that surround him, like a mesh of nets, form the subject of his conversation. This mode of introducing *Richelieu* in his privacy—unveiling him, on the sudden, and exhibiting the crafty minister in his closet—is a skilful stroke of art, and infinitely more impressive than the most gorgeous scenic display of his greatness, with all court accessories and ministerial agencies drawn round him. But it does not render such display unnecessary; it is to be regarded rather as a prelude to it; and we naturally look to see him at the height of that power from which, in the revolutions of the play, he is deposed, to rise again triumphantly upon the ruin of his enemies. Here we have him in his own palace, planning how to defeat the projects of conspirators, and we expect next to see him wielding that mighty influence at the Louvre, from which the conspiracy is organized to pluck him down. The drama, however, from this point takes a domestic descent, flows through the lower channels of private personal fortunes—the loves of *De Mauprat* and *Julie*—the interplay of stratagems—and the vicissitudes of a fluctuating and well sustained but minor plot—to which the loftier interest of the great struggle is, for a time, rendered subservient. It is not until the fourth act that we see *Richelieu* in the presence of the King and the court, and then it is only to witness his influence destroyed, and the magnificent fabric of his supremacy shattered and overthrown by the insidious courtiers who have, in the mean while, obtained the ear of the Monarch. We no where witness his ascendancy in the councils of France; we hear of it, and we know that it is the spring of the confederacy—but we do not see it in operation, we desiderate the visible pageant of the minister's sovereignty which is necessary to impress the audience sufficiently with his position to enable them to understand thoroughly the depth of his fall and the grandeur of his restoration.

Darkly as history has painted the character of Richelieu, it may not be denied that in it there was much which commanded esteem as well as admiration. The desperate character of the times which called into action his commanding genius, will excuse much of the sternness, which has often been called cruelty. He found his country distracted with every ill—the theatre of every vice, and felt that only an indomitable vigour could wrest it from the dominion of crime. The author gives the following splendid summary of the views and feelings of *Richelieu* :

———“ Men have called me cruel;—
I am not;—I am just !—I found France rent asunder,—
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;—
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak Laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove !—What was my art ?
Genius, some say,—some, Fortune,—Witchcraft
some,
Not so;—my art was JUSTICE !

The following is a glorious burst of eloquence. *Richelieu* having thrown aside a heavy sword which his arm is too feeble to wield, is reminded by a page that other weapons are now at his command, and, lifting a pen, he exclaims:—

True,—THIS !
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand !—itself a nothing !
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyse the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless !—Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it !

The unhappiness of the ambitious spirit is well wondered by the soliloquy of *Richelieu* on the night pictured for the attempt upon his life. He says—

I am not happy !—with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their æry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings,
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time ?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.

Ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried !
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features !
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton ! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe

Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

I have wrought

Great uses out of evil tools—and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
Save those the State had—if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and scar'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects—bearding kings
And braved by lackies—murder at my bed;
And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three—that are the Fates who hold
The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the
Headsmen,
And this is Power! Alas! I am not happy.

We close our imperfect notice of this beautiful
play with the following specimens of glowing fan-
cies, which are woven, like threads of gold, through
the loftier current of the tale:—

The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry,
As leaves with summer-wind. The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world—and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps:—Her
voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As Virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or Fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty,
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche!—Go!—thy lip
Curls at the purled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

By the review to which we have above alluded,
we find that several odes are appended to the pub-
lished play. The specimens of these given are truly
grand, displaying a command, as well of rhythm as
of ideas, well fitted to embalm the glories which they
celebrate. This will be apparent from a single
glance at the following, from an ode on "The last
days of Elizabeth:"

Call back the gorgeous Past!
Where, bright and broadening to the main,
Rolls on the scornful River.
Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,—
Our Marathon for ever!
No breeze above, but on the mast
The pennon shook as with the blast.
Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,

O'er bristling helms the splendour glow'd,—
Leapt the loud joy from Earth to Heaven,
As, thro' the ranks asunder riven,
The Warrior-Woman rode!

Hark, thrilling through the armed line
The martial accents ring,
"Though mine the Woman's form—yet mine,
The Heart of England's King!"
Woe to the Island and the maid!
The Pope has preach'd the New Crusade
His sons have caught the fiery zeal;—
The Monks are merry in Castile;
Bold Parma on the Main;
And through the deep exulting sweep
The Thunder-Steeds of Spain.
What meteor rides the sulphurous gale?
The flames have caught the giant sail!
Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow;
God and St. George for Victory now!
Death in the Battle and the wind—
Carnage before and Storm behind—
Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar
By Orkney's rugged strands, and Erin's ruthless
shore.

Joy to the Island and the Maid!
Pope Sextus wept the last crusade!
His sons consum'd before his zeal—
The Monks are woeful in Castile!—
Your Monument the Main,
The glaive and gale record your tale,
Ye Thunder-Steeds of Spain!

We have, however, already gone beyond our pro-
per limits, and conclude with the expression of our
conviction, that no writer of the present day, in
prose or verse, can compete with Sir E. L. Bulwer.

THE DELUGE.

THE Scripture is filled with breathing poetry, and
the narratives which it embodies, are told with a
simplicity and beauty unequalled in any work of
truth or fiction, penned since the prophets listened
to the voice of inspiration; and there is no event in
sacred history which strikes the reader with greater
awe than the mighty deluge which swept every living
thing from the face of the offending earth. We
contemplate with wonder, the infinite and incalcul-
able power of Him, at whose bidding the fountains
of the deep were opened, and the whole world was
encompassed with rushing waves. It is a mighty
theme, and the painter's pencil, and poet's pen, have
in turn exhausted their choicest skill, to place it in
vivid colouring before the eye; but the simple lan-
guage of the "Book of Books" surpasseth all the
chronicles of that fearful time.

Nevertheless, the drama before us is of a very
high order, and contains many poetic flights equal
to any which its subject, magnificent as it is, has
ever before produced. Mr. Reade, the author, seems
well qualified to clothe the "loves of the angels" for
the fair daughters of earth, in language fitting for
the tale; and although, in restricting the action of
the drama to the devotion of two daughters of
Adam, to two of the Immortals, he has rendered
imperative an unhappy issue to their loves, our
author has succeeded in weaving a story, equalling

in interest the beauty of the language in which the tale is told.

The plot of the drama is simply this : *Astarte* and *Azoara*, two of the daughters of the race of Cain, are beloved by the spirits, *Oraziel* and *Isvaphil*. *Astarte* has previously loved a human being, *Irads*, the son of *Noah*, but *Oraziel*, the spirit, tempts her from her faith ; and lifts her nature heavenward, teaching her to enjoy a more glorious love than the earth gives birth to. She struggles for a time ; but at last resigns herself to the ecstasy, and leaves *Irads* to despair. Her character is beautifully delineated, as a specimen of the meekness of her race, while *Azoara*, her elder sister, is a fitting representative of the sinful pride and unholy ambition of her sires.

We have scarcely left ourselves space for extracts ; but we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the angel's picture of his mistress.—Look at the Mountains girdling thee, each peak Steeped in blue heaven ; and around their sides, The insuperable woods from base to height, Rising o'er each, as cloud o'er settling cloud ; The Woods—the solemn and majestic robes Nature assumes when seated on her throne. There is no visible motion save above : The changes of the Shadow and the Light ; The calm, slow march of the majestic heavens ! Be, what thou art, the Angel of this spot : And sit in thy exceeding beauty, here, Beside this withered trunk, contrasting well Against the beautiful its own decay !—Beneath whose over-canopying shadows Thou standest in thy self-reflected light, Even as a star amid the wastes of heaven. This grey and antique trunk, inert as Earth, Yet teeming like its Parents : high in air Raising its ponderous arms and visible veins, The innumerable leaves of its rich hair ; Each leaf itself a world of infinite life ; Each living point, one mirror of the Whole.

Such delicious scenes, however, are soon closed. The wickedness of earth has drawn down the wrath of the Immutable, and the Deluge is rapidly engulfing the trembling world. *Irads* vainly seeks to win *Astarte* back again to his arms, and to hope. The lovers, earthly and celestial, seek the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, where the spirits are warned by the Archangel of the approaching doom. The rising of the waters is thus powerfully described :

'Tis done—'tis done—
The Fountains of the Deep are broken up ;
The Waters are let loose upon the World !
Behold the Hills are heaving like the waves
In their great agony, and from their caves
And shattered brows are hurling torrents forth,
That, like Eternity, in their fierce path,
Sweep all before them ; or cast down below
The toppling rocks with each convulsive throe ;
Now flashing forth volcanic streams—now gone,
As if extinguished ; ever and anon
The Winds awake the Lightnings in their wrath,
From their deep womb of Clouds, which hurtle forth
Their arrowy vengeance ; every vale and height—
Each mountain—depth—and crag—and yawning
cave—
Blazes one moment in intensest Light ;

Swallowed, the next, in Darkness as a grave !
Through Earth's rent sides the waters of the Deep
O'er the low plains deliriously sweep,
In waves like rolling Mountains ; while the woods,
And towers of men are borne before the floods ;
Or, crushed in one enormous mass, delay
Their course a moment—until heaved away—
Then swept like chaff before the whirlwind !—all
Sink in the Waters' universal pall.
Amidst the wreck the human race are lost ;
Appearing like the scattered ants : now tossed
Above—far struggling o'er the abyss profound :
Now in the overwhelming chaos drowned ;
The Clouds in molten shapes are hurrying past,
While the grey vapours, wildly flying, cast
On the pale face of Earth obscured beneath,
A lurid light—as o'er the corpse of death !
The screaming of the Fowls of Air—the roar
Of the tamed brutes that herd together cowed :
Even the Wind's howling sounds are heard no more,
Drowned in sky-cleaving thunders, where avowed
The Voice of God is heard—the lightning's ray
Showing his red hand manifest !

The waters rapidly rise, and one after another the inhabitants of earth are swallowed up. A giant, one of the mixed natures, combatting the waves, calls blasphemously upon the Most High. His last words are thus magnificently given :—
One boon I would have asked—but one ;
I ask it !—even while I defy :—
Show thyself, thou Invisible Agency !
By whom I die :

From whom I would not fly,
Could immortality by flight be won !
Had I but seen Thee—an embodied Form—
An energy none living might withstand :
Thine Eye, the withering Lightnings—in thy hand
The living thunderbolt—thy breath, the Storm ;
Then had I died
With the heroic pride
Of him who with undaunted eye
Doth, falling, look upon his Enemy !
Then, conquered, I had owned I fell
Beneath the arm of the Unconquerable !

Ye Elements ! I give ye back my dust :
Take this worn form, and in your bowels hide !
But my free will, that hath your rage defied,
Defies ye still ;—my will, my earliest trust,
And now my last—its innate hate and scorn—
Proves that from ye my spirit is unborn !
Thou pitiless Destroyer ! wheresoe'er
Thou art—careering now the fiery air,
Or—as the God—pervading every where ;
Look on me—throned above thy Anarchy :
Lo—how I conquer Fate by daring first to die !

Mountain after mountain has been swallowed up, until at last the waters reach the point where the lovers are stationed. The ark also approaches, borne safely over the boiling waves. *Irads* implores *Astarte* to enter. The woman, weak in all things else, is strong in love. She refuses. The angels are borne up to heaven, to escape the destiny of earth,—*Azoara* plunges into the waves, and *Astarte* dies at the feet of her heaven-bound lover.

The drama contains many ideas which are imbued with the very soul of poetry, and will entitle the author to an eminent rank among the poets of the age.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

BENTLEY'S Miscellany is no longer "edited by Boz." He has resigned the guardianship of its ripper days into other hands, now that its "early struggles" have been wholly overcome, and it stands among its rivals, their equal in all things—their superior in circulation.

In all the productions of the pen of "Boz," notwithstanding their genuine humour, there is a depth of feeling we could scarcely expect, on glancing casually at the illustrations with which they are embellished, and which generally speak to the risible faculties only. This will be exemplified by a perusal of the characteristic address, in which Mr. Dickens takes leave of those he has so long contributed to amuse, and which we subjoin, for the perusal of the readers of the *Garland*:

MY CHILD,—To recount with what trouble I have brought you up,—with what an anxious eye I have regarded your progress,—how late and how often I have sat up at night working for you,—and how many thousand letters I have received from, and written to your various relations and friends, many of whom have been of a querulous and irritable turn,—to dwell on the anxiety and tenderness with which I have (as far as I possess the power) inspected and chosen your food; rejecting the indigestible and heavy matter which some injudicious but well-meaning old ladies would have had you swallow, and retaining only those light and pleasant articles which I deemed calculated to keep you free from all gross humours, and to render you an agreeable child, and one who might be popular with society in general,—to dilate on the steadiness with which I have prevented your annoying any company by talking politics,—always assuring you that you would thank me for it yourself some day when you grew older,—to expatiate, in short, upon my own assiduity as a parent, is beside my present purpose, though I cannot but contemplate your fair appearance—your robust health, and unimpeded circulation (which I take to be the great secret of your good looks) without the liveliest satisfaction and delight.

It is a trite observation, and one which, young as you are, I have no doubt you have often heard repeated, that we have fallen upon strange times, and live in days of constant shiftings and changes. I had a melancholy instance of this only a week or two since. I was returning from Manchester to London by the Mail Train when I suddenly fell into another train—a mixed train—of reflection occasioned by the dejected and disconsolate demeanour of the Post-office Guard. We were stopping at some station where they take in water, when he dismounted slowly from the little box in which he sits in ghastly mockery of his old condition, with pistol and blunderbuss beside him, ready to shoot the first highwayman (or railwayman) who shall attempt to stop the horses which travel (when they travel at all) inside and in portable stables invented for the purpose—he dismounted, I say, slowly and sadly, from his post, and looking mournfully about him as if in dismal recollection of the old road-side public-house—the blazing fire—the glass of foaming ale—the buxom hand-maid and admiring hangers-on of tap-room and stable, all honoured by his notice; and, retiring a little apart, stood leaning against a signal-post, surveying the engine with a look of combined affliction and disgust,

which no words can describe. His scarlet-coat and golden lace were tarnished with ignoble smoke; flakes of soot had fallen on his bright green shawl—his pride in days of yore—the steam condensed in the tunnel from which we had just emerged, shone upon his hat like rain. His eye betokened that he was thinking of the coachman; and as it wandered to his own seat and his own fast-fading garb, it was plain to see that he felt his office and himself had alike no business there, and were nothing but an elaborate practical joke.

As we whirled away, I was led insensibly into an anticipation of those days to come, when mail-coach guards shall no longer be judges of horse flesh—when a mail-coach guard shall never even have seen a horse—when stations shall have superseded stables, and corn shall give place to coke. "In those dawning times," thought I, "exhibition-rooms shall teem with portraits of her Majesty's favourite engine, with boilers after Nature by future Landseers. Some Amburgh, yet unborn, shall break wild horses by his magic power; and in the dress of a mail-coach guard exhibit his TRAINED ANIMALS in a mock mail-coach. Then, shall wondering crowds observe how that, with the exception of his whip, it is all his eye; and crowned heads shall see them fed on oats, and stand alone unmoved and undismayed, while courtiers flee affrighted when the coursers neigh!"

Such, my child, were the reflections from which I was only awakened then, as I am now, by the necessity of attending to matters of present, though minor importance. I offer no apology to you for the digression, for it brings me very naturally to the subject of change, which is the very subject of which I desire to treat.

In fact, then, my child, you have changed hands. Henceforth, I resign you to the guardianship and protection of one of my most intimate and valued friends, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom, and with you, my best wishes and warmest feelings will ever remain. I reap no gain or profit by parting from you. Nor will any conveyance of your property be required, for in this respect, you have always been literally "Bentley's" Miscellany, and never mine.

Unlike the driver of the old Manchester mail, I regard this altered state of things with feelings of unmingled pleasure and satisfaction. Unlike the guard of the new Manchester mail, your guard is at home in his new place, and has roystering highwaymen and gallant desperadoes ever within call. And if I might compare you, my child, to an engine; (not a Tory engine, nor a Whig engine, but a brisk and rapid locomotive;) your friends and patrons to passengers; and he who now stands towards you, *in loco parentis*, as the skillful engineer and supervisor of the whole, I would humbly crave leave to postpone the departure of the train on its new and auspicious course for one brief instant, while, with hat in hand, I approach side by side with the friend who travelled with me on the old road, and presume to solicit favour and kindness in behalf of him and his new charge, both for their sakes and that of the old coachman.

Boz.

We trust that under the management of his successor, "Bentley's Miscellany" will continue to flourish as luxuriantly as in its younger days, and that although no longer occupying the editorial chair, the genius of "Boz" will occasionally enrich the pages it has so long adorned.

TRAVELS OF MINNA AND GODFREY, IN MANY
LANDS.

THIS is an amusing little volume, containing many interesting scenes, and in it the reader is introduced to the Rhine, Nassau and Baden, as they appear to the modern tourist, the description being often accompanied with sketches from the traditional tales of the continent. The following sketch of the heroic Templars, is a fair specimen of the book:—

Miss Cavendish paused, and Minna, after waiting a few minutes, said—"But the castle there, Aunt Ellen, you said the Templars were connected with those ruins."

"Its tale is a fitting termination of the tragical history," resumed Aunt Ellen. "When the Knights of the Rheinland saw that their Order was destroyed, many entered that of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Many renounced their vows, and sought refuge in other vocations; for Peter of Aichspalt, archbishop of Mentz, threatened all with destruction who remained within his territory. Twelve of the bravest threw themselves into their castle of Lahneck, then a strong fortress, and determined to defend it to the last man. The castle was surrounded and summoned, and the knights were offered a free departure with a safe conduct; but they returned for answer, 'We fight for our honour and our privileges, and we will fight to the death, before we yield our castle.' The fortress was soon nearly destroyed by the artillery of the burghers of Mentz, on whom the besieged showered down stones and rubbish from above. Enraged at being thus baffled by twelve men, an assault by night was determined on. The night was one of black darkness—there was a fearful storm abroad over the water and the rugged rocks. Amid the lightnings, which relieved the gloom, the besiegers pressed upon the castle. The knights fought like lions—their swords flashed in the dark night, like Heaven's own lightning! They reached the great entrance. The knights were headed by an aged hero, whose name history does not give us. Sinking at last, transfixed by the stroke of a lance, he cried to his companions as he fell, 'Brothers! surrender not, Remember the fiery stake which awaits you, and think on those glorified spirits of our brethren, who died pure and free. Think on our noble master who fell in defence of our holy Order. Remember him as the everlasting pattern for all brave men! Remember him, whose sword and spirit alike maintained the dauntless conflict of light with darkness!' Saying this, he hurled his sword among the enemy, and expired. With deep, but tearless sorrow, his comrades looked on the fallen one, and the conflict was renewed.—'Surrender!' cried the enemy, But amidst the howling of the storm was heard the bold reply.—'The Templars know how to die—they know not to surrender!'"

"When the morning dawned over the dark forest, all was silence within the walls of the fortress!—One man alone stood on the arch of the bridge. The leader of the burghers advanced towards him full of reverence. 'Hold!' said he, 'you have done enough; so brave a man must be saved.'"

"Not more brave than my brothers," returned the Templar, scornfully. 'Have I hitherto done my duty; so will I do it to the last. Who ventures on the bridge?'"

"They were about to attack him in numbers, when a stranger knight rode up to the walls—'Orders from the emperor,' cried the leader to his soldiers—'Back!' Turning again to the Templar,

'The emperor,' said he, 'offers you mercy, and will preserve to you your possessions and your honour.'

"'Honour is still our own,' was the reply.—'Mercy is with God alone, not with men. This our brothers learnt who were allured from Cyprus!' He rushed on the enemy, and sank dead amid the fallen!"

"Your tale is striking, Ellen;" said Mr. Cavendish, as he looked on the tearful eyes of Minna and Godfrey. "It is certain that this castle, one of the possessions of the Order, fell into the power of the Archbishop of Mentz, in the 14th century. The archbishop you have named had been physician to the Count of Luxemburg, and had cured the Pope of an illness at Avignon. For this, he was first made Archbishop of Basle, afterwards of Mentz.

"The emperor mentioned in your story was Henry VII., who at first joined the Pope and the King of France in their persecution of the Templars; but he soon relented, and became just and mild towards them; and they remained in peace, and in the enjoyment of their honours and possessions longer in Mentz and Trèves, than elsewhere. It is said by some, that the freemasons have sprung from the ruins of the Templars."

The musical department of the present number of the *Garland*, will be found particularly attractive, Mr. Warren having favoured us with a fine original air and accompaniments, to several favouriteanzas. We are certain that our fair readers will find the words and music alike worthy of their "sweet voices."

We have to tender our acknowledgments to Mrs. Moodie, for her contributions to the *Garland*. The Volunteer Song breathes a spirit, the influence of which will be widely felt among the heroic population of the Canadian provinces. "The Otonabee" is a fine rolling strain, every way worthy of the fair author's fame.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR readers will be pleased to find "A Military Sketch" from the pen of our generous correspondent, "E. M. M." The aim of the story is deserving of every praise, and the language in which it is told, is well worthy of its subject.

"Mary of England" is too lengthy for one number. We have been reluctantly compelled to postpone an equal portion of it to our next. "The child and the butterfly" from the same pen, is a sweet little poem.

"E. L." will observe, that we have at last been enabled to publish his mirth-moving sketch. "Mr. Octavius Skeggs" will be published in a future number.

The lines "To a withered leaf," although rather out of season, are full of poetic beauty.

"A fragment" from "J. E." Coteau du Lac, is an affecting and well written sketch. It will be found in a preceding page.

A "Leaf from my portfolio," from "W. S." is well written. We trust the author will remember his promise.