

POETRY.

CHARMING ROSELLE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

CHARMING Roselle! lovely Roselle!
Come to the fountain you love so well!
Oh, no! she hath gone
To the shelvy shore,
Where her gay lover rests
On his idle oar;—
There's a blush on her cheek
Which a tale doth tell—
To-morrow we wed
Our young Roselle!

CHARMING Roselle! lovely Roselle!
She sits by the fountain she loves so well—
For the roses that decked
Her raven hair,
Why are rushes and straws
Twisted wildly there?
There's a glare in the eye
Which a tale doth tell—
Oh, a maniac roves
Our poor Roselle!

ON TIME.

FROM THE WELSH OF IOAN TEGID.

TIME flies—it flies—it quicker flies
Than flows the ocean wave,
When fierce, howling winds arise,
Or wildest tempests rave.
Time flies—it flies—it quicker flies
Than any ship can boast,
When quickest o'er the deep she hies,
On foaming billows tossed.
Time flies—it flies—it quicker flies
Than the eagle on her way,
When darting from the upper skies,
She drops to seize her prey.
Time flies—it quicker flies, in short,
Than e'en the lightning flies,
When forked beams are seen to sport
From east to western skies.
Quicker is time than words can tell,
Though swift those accents flow;
Consider then, O man! full well
How thou should'st live below.

From the Ladies' Companion for 1840.

THE QUEEN'S VOW.

A TALE OF ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

That night the Lady Elizabeth was a prisoner
in her chamber, alone and sleepless.
Thunders of boisterous mirth now and then came up
from the hall, where her jailors were carousing,
and the tread of a sentinel sounded gloomily
from the anti-room.
Though her mind was filled with dark forebodings,
the royal maiden contemplated her position
with a degree of fortitude and calmness,
worthy of her firm character.
She was well aware that the late rebellion
was only used as a pretext by her revengeful sister,
for involving two persons in ruin, who had become
obnoxious in her eyes, and that there was
less hope from the Queen's clemency, or sense
of justice, than if both herself and the Earl, had
in truth, been guilty of treason.

She knew that the Tower was crowded with
the highest nobility of the land, that the laws of
England were used but as a vast silent power,
under whose shadow, scaffolds stood, reeking
with noble and innocent blood, lighted up by
the death pyres of good men, and that hundreds
of human beings were daily offered up as a sacrifice
to the base passions, and narrow bigotry of
their rulers.

It was no wonder that the lady became pale,
and that she trembled for her own life, and for
that of one still dearer, when she pondered on
these terrible themes.
She had fallen back on the huge carved chair,
oppressed with thought, and yet all incapable
of sleep, when a slight noise issued from behind
the cumbersome drapery of her bed.
She started to her feet, and uttering a faint cry,
stood gazing on the bed, pale as a marble statue,
expecting every instant to see that terrible leech
creep forth again to overwhelm her with his
dastardly malice.
The drapery was shaken as if by a current of air,
and while she gazed on it with white lips and
gleaming eyes, the whole crimson mass was
cautiously uplifted, and the face of old Herbert
looked out upon her.

"Hist—lady, hist," he said, laying a finger
warningly on his lips, "do not scream again, it
is only your old servant."

There was a sound at the door, as of a bolt
cautiously withdrawn, old Herbert flung himself
back, and the cloud of velvet drapery, with its
golden fringe, dropped with a loud rustling
sound over the whole couch.
The crash of its heavy bullion tassels, as they fell to the floor,
was lost in a shout of merriment, which at that
moment arose from below.

"Did you call, lady?" inquired the sentinel,
thrusting his head cautiously into the room.

Elizabeth answered, in a faint voice, that she
had summoned no one, and requested him to
withdraw.

"It was a bad screaming in the chimney, I
suppose," muttered the man, and after glancing
keenly round the apartment, he closed the door,
secured the bolts, and resumed his monotonous
walk.
Again the bed curtains were lifted, and old
Herbert stepped out on the floor, looking
somewhat more robust in person than he had
appeared in the morning.
Without speaking a word, he took his lady's hand, lifted the curtains
again, and drew her after him.

"Do not speak," he whispered, "hush! it
is not that the sentinel again?"

There was a lamp burning in the room, and
for the space of three minutes the lady stood in
the dim crimson light, shuddering through the
breathless and bewildered, but silent as death.
There was an old portrait hanging behind the
couch, the picture of a female, set in heavy
frame work of polished oak.
After satisfying himself that all was still, in the anti-room,
Herbert began to fumble about this picture which
flew back into the wall, leaving an aperture
large enough for the princess to pass, from her
chamber without inconvenience, and with little
risk of noise.

"Now tell me where all this tends?" said
Elizabeth in a subdued voice, as Herbert led the
way through a large room, and began to search
about a portrait, corresponding to the one thro'
which they had just found egress, "I have no
wish to escape, and if I have followed you thus
far, it is that I may not be overheard in what I
wish to say."

"But the Earl," said Herbert, earnestly.

Elizabeth's eyes flashed light—"Can he
escape?" she exclaimed with sudden energy;
"how, good Herbert, how?"

The old man untied his doublet and betrayed
a corresponding one underneath.
"Tha picture opens to the Earl's room," he whispered.
"I have placed two stout horses, by the stream
in the park. These sots below, are half blind,
with spiced wines, already."

Elizabeth clasped her hands, and her eyes
sparkled with gratitude.
A smile stole over the old man's face as he observed the sudden
change.
He beckoned with his hand, and the next
minute, she stood before her lover.

"I will go and draw off the sentinel,"
muttered the kind old man, as he closed the panel
after his mistress.
Poor lady—poor lady, this will be a sad parting."
And with these words, which but feebly expressed the innate delicacy
which made him risk every thing, rather than
intrude on the sorrowful pair, he left the room.

Herbert stole down to the hall.
The revellers were by this time so overcome with strong potations,
that he found no difficulty in securing a flask
of wine, and after extinguishing one of the lights,
as if by accident, thereby throwing a portion
of the hall in deep shadow, he boldly presented himself (flask in hand) before the
sentinel who guarded the entrance to Devonshire's
chamber.
The man received him somewhat suspiciously at first, but the wine proved
a quick passport to his favour, and Herbert took
good care to drown, by the loudness of his voice
any noise from within that might arouse attention.

When Herbert again sought the prisoners, he
found the Earl painfully agitated, while Elizabeth
stood before him in tears.
She was speaking in a low earnest whisper, her eloquent face
lifted to his, and her hands clasped and wound
together in the energy of feelings she was
compelled to suppress.

"Urgo me not,—cease, I entreat you!" said
the Earl, in a low tremulous whisper, "I cannot
leave you to the power of these men."

"My Lord," said the old servant, "the princess
is safe, they dare not touch a tress of that
sacred head.
The people would defend her, even against their Queen.
She may suffer imprisonment—nothing more—but for your
lordship to remain in death."

"Nay, good Herbert—I am innocent and must
be tried by my peers," said Devonshire.

"Alas!" said Elizabeth, is not the soil of
England now red with innocent blood—cast not
aside this last chance of safety, Devonshire, go
abroad but for one year, and at the end of that
time, should return be unsafe, I will abandon
this desolated land, struggle no longer with my
fate, but share your exile."

Still the Earl seemed irresolute, and it was
not until she had urged the injury which might
fall on her fame as a woman, should she depart
in his company, and had repeated again, and
again, the confidence which she really felt in
her own personal safety, that he yielded a
reluctant consent to depart.

Without further delay, Herbert flung off his
duplicate garments, and began to fasten them
over the Earl's rich attire, explaining his arrangements
for escape the while, and occasionally
whispering a word of encouragement to the pale
and suffering lady.
She stood by, with pallid cheeks and trembling lips, till his disguise
was complete, but the anguish throbbing at her
heart was too strong for control.
When all was ready, she flung herself on his bosom, forgetful
of her pride—station—every thing save the
tenderness and pain of that wretched farewell.
She felt that he was straining her to his bosom,
that his lips were pressed passionately down upon
her forehead, and that tears were falling like
rain-drops over her face.
A mist came over her senses, and when that cleared away, she was in
the centre of the room alone, her heart desolated
and widowed for ever—she felt that it was for
ever.

Devonshire followed the directions of his
humble friend, melancholy, and as one in a
dream.
The agitation which overwhelmed him, perhaps, aided in his escape, for his step was
steady and feeble as that of an aged man.
The hall was still thronged with rioters, but some lay
outstretched on the stone floor, overcome with
wine, while others slumbered with their faces
downward, and their arms folded on the table,
and a few still kept up their drunken wassail amid
empty wine-cups, tankards overturned, and
fragments of a most prodigal supper.
One man sat alone at the extreme end of the board; his
elbows were supported by the table, and his
sharp, pointed chin rested on his clenched hands
while his eyes wandered restlessly from object
to object.
It was the Queen's leech.
He had tasted no wine, and was drunken only with his
own evil passions.
He looked vaguely on the disguised nobleman as he entered the hall, but
in the dimness, mistook him for old Herbert.

"Hillo—call that fellow back—we want wine—
wine, more wine," bawled the leading officer
rising unsteadily from his seat, and throwing his
arms wildly about, "ho there.
Zounds, he has gone!
Let me but lay hands on him and I will—I will—"

Staggering a few paces toward the door where
the fugitive had disappeared, the fellow sat down
again, and waved his head in a mysterious and
consequential manner, which the little man in
black regarded with a smile of bitter contempt.

"Hist, hist; the horses are this way," said
Herbert, gliding up to the fugitive, as he found
shelter beneath the clump of oaks, connected
with so many sweet remembrances.
The Earl passed a moment, dashed his hand across his
eyes, and followed the old man in silence.

"God bless you, my lord.
God bless and speed you," said Herbert, fervently, as the
Earl bent from his saddle, and wrung the hand
which had held his stirrup; "ride cautiously
the first league, then put the horse to his speed,
and he will bear you half way to the coast before
the knaves, up yonder, shake off their
debauch."

Six months went by, and the scene of our
story changes to a room in Queen Mary's palace.
It was night, and the rays of a small, brazen
lamp, fed by some chemical compound that
emitted a strong, spicy odour through the room,
were multiplied and tinged by the reflection of
various bottles filled with colored fluids, and
ranged on a shelf over the fireplace.
A small table stood in one corner, of black oak, with
curiously twisted legs, wreathed together half
way down, in a sort of pedestal, and branching
out in the form of three serpents, with curling
necks, and heads hideously life-like, which
seemed striving to disentangle themselves, and
creep over the floor.
On this table lay a crucible, a crystal mask, and a quantity of dried herbs.

A thick cloud of unpleasant vapor, hung over
a neighboring furnace, where a few embers
smouldered, which now and then flashed up in
a slender flame, kindling the red atmosphere to
a lurid glare.
At such times the faces of two human beings
seated beneath the lamp, were revealed with
frightful distinctness.
They seemed like twin fiends, holding evil counsel
together.
One was the Queen's leech, who sat
crouching on a low stool, his body bent forward,
and his elbows resting on his knees.
His companion was a slight, ill-favored looking man,
habited in the garments of an Ecclesiastic.
His eyes wandered restlessly beneath the keen
glance with which Louton regarded him, and he
shuffled his feet about on the floor as if anxious
to terminate a conversation that had already
lasted half an hour.

"I tell you," said the leech, in a cautious
under tone, "there is no time to be lost.
The

Queen cannot live a month.
The lady Elizabeth has become more popular with the people than
ever, since her long imprisonment, and the triumphant
vindication of her innocence in the
Wyat affair.
Philip is informed of his Queen's danger, and is raising forces to oppose this offspring
of King Harry's spurious marriage.
France will remain neutral, or urge the claims
of Mary Stewart, the Dauphiness; every thing
abroad looks fair for our cause, and if we but
weaken her strength here, all may go well with
England and the Holy Church."

"But what has the life or death of an exile
Earl to do with these mighty plans?" inquired
the priest, for the first time looking full at the
leech.

"Every thing—every thing!" replied the
other, in a shrill, eager whisper.
"I tell you Sir Prior, if this haughty woman once sets her
foot on the throne of England, the Earl of Devonshire
will most certainly share her state to
trample us under his foot.
He is a Protestant at heart—as wily and uncompromising a reformer
as the Queen herself."

"But why not mix the drug for Elizabeth
herself," said the priest, quietly.
"Surely she may be taken ill, and the Queen's leech sent as
a special grace."

"No, no, I could not do it!" exclaimed the
leech, starting back, and then slowly resuming
his position, while a perceptible shudder crept
through his crouching frame.
"I would rather plant a dagger in my own heart."

"Ho!" exclaimed the priest, and a smile of
quiet meaning stole over his face.
"I thought you were not a man to lavish gold and deal
out precious nostrums for the love of country or
mother Church.
Now we understand each other.
This Devonshire—"

"Has crossed my path every where—trod upon
me—buffeted me to the earth—nay, spurned
me with his foot—ay, and in her presence!"
shrieked the pale leech, in a voice sharp and
almost hissing with stifled rage.

"And you would serve the holy Church and
find revenge at the same time, resumed the
priest, softly.

"The crushed serpent can hoard his venom
so long as there is life," replied Louton, more
quietly.
"I have told all now; he shall die without
seeing her, though I am compelled to
cross the waters to work the deed with this
hand."

"It needs not that," said the priest, musingly.
"Give me the liquid you spoke of.
There is a man, even now, in the Earl's household,
beyond the seas, who will administer it with due
caution, for less than the promised gold; be
speedy, and get the drug.
I will find a messenger."

"It is here," whispered the leech, searching
in the bosom of his sable doublet.
Drawing forth a small crystal flask, spotted with gold, and
looking cautiously round the dim apartment, he
placed it in the priest's extended hand.

"Is it sure?" muttered the monk.

"Deadly as a serpent's venom," was the
reply.

"And now," said the priest, grasping the
flask closely in his palm, while a strange smile
gleamed over his face as he bent forward toward
the leech, "and now, fair leech, have no fear
that these precious drops will not sweeten the
Earl's night draught, and speedily, too.
That you may be more certain of revenge, let me
whisper a state secret in your ear.
Should her
Queen's grace be taken from this people, as you
predict, King Philip, instead of urging war
against the lady Elizabeth, will arise to my
throne, as he has shared that of our most grand
sovereign.
This Devonshire might stand in the way of such design, therefore, he dies.
Ha! good Louton, is the news sudden, that you
turn so pale?
But good night; be content that
revenge is at hand."

With these words the friar stole gently from
the room.
The leech sat several minutes gazing
vacantly on the floor, motionless, and apparently
overwhelmed with a flood of new and
harrowing thoughts.
At last a strange, wicked
expression stole over his face, and rising to his
feet, he went to the table, powdered a little
of the dried herbs in his palm, and proceeded to
mingle them in the crucible with a clear liquid,
which he poured from a bottle taken from over
the fireplace.

"Fool!" he muttered, stirring up the embers
and placing the crucible on the furnace, "fool!
I do not think I can distil no drops to sweeten
a wedding posset for King Philip, also—fool."

For more than three hours the furnace sent
its red glare through the gloomy apartment.
During all that time the leech covered to his
seat again, listening to the sizzling noise
which arose from the crucible, as if it had been
delicious music.
At length, just as the grey of
morning broke faintly into the room, he arose,
lifted the crucible, and began to stir the fire
with a bar of slender iron.
It might have been
that his hand was tremulous from want of rest,
or that he became dizzy from the fumes of that
poisonous decoction, for it sent forth a sweet
sickening odour, that would have enraptured a
much stronger man.
All at once he reeled, and
the crucible shook in his hand so violently, that
half its contents fell upon the embers.
Instantly a clear flame of exceeding brilliancy shot up
to the roof; a dim, purplish smoke filled the
room, and when that rolled away, the morning
light fell on the leech.
He was outstretched
upon the floor, with his thin, white face turned
upwards, and a slight froth still increasing on
his blue lips; his fingers worked—there was a
faint motion of the limbs, and the sunrise
poured gently through the narrow casement over
his dead body.

Mary the cruel was dead, and Elizabeth stood
within the palace of her ancestors.
The voice of a whole nation went up to do her homage,
and she was surrounded by the wise, the brave,
and the noble of her kingdom.
Royalty, magnificence, power, youth—every thing that could
gratify a lofty mind, was hers, and yet there
was a shadow on her heart that nothing could
disperse.
That one loved being, without whom
her grandeur seemed a mockery, was still absent
in a foreign land.
Old Herbert had been
sent weeks to him before, and as yet, no tidings
of Earl or servant reached the court.

Elizabeth was seated one night in her closet,
wary with the cares of state, and pondering on
past scenes with a thrill of recollection that
made her eyes dim, and her heart throb.
Thoughts of a meeting that was to endow that one beloved
object with a portion of her grandeur filled
her devoted and proud bosom, when old Herbert
entered the closet and stood before her.
The Queen sat speechless in her chair, for she read
all in the old man's grief-worn features.
He drew a package from his bosom, unfolded it,
and laid a single glove upon the table.

"I found it lying against his heart when they
were shrouding him for the grave," said the old
servant, his eyes filling with tears at the sad
recollection.

The Queen fixed her heavy eyes on the glove
ashy paleness came to her face, and her forehead
contracted with intense agony beneath its
glittering coronet.
She neither spoke, nor was
aware when the old servant left her presence,
though he had knelt by her side pleading with
her to be comforted, till his voice was choked
with grief and terror.

Three days after this agonizing scene, Elizabeth
stood before her people a changed woman;
and years after, when her corpse lay, surrounded
by all the royal trappings of the grave, in that
very palace, those who opened her cabinet,
found one secret drawer, in which lay a solitary
glove, the embroidery faded by time, and the

seed pearls dim, as if long ago they had been
drenched with water.
It was cast forth and swept away among other glittering fragments of
the wardrobe, but no one guessed how deeply
the fate of that extraordinary woman was woven
with a thing thus carelessly regarded.

QUEBEC, July 4.

From the American papers we learn that
the ruffian, Lett, had made his escape from
the Sheriff who had him in custody, and that
that functionary had offered one hundred dollars
for his apprehension.
Lett was convicted
at Oswego of an attempt to burn the
steamboat Great Britain, and sentenced to
seven years confinement in the state prison
at Auburn.
In charge of the sheriff he was
on his way to that place, and within four
miles of it, when unaccountably he contrived
to make his escape from a car while going at
the rate of 20 miles an hour!
Such things
would be considered extraordinary in any other
country than the United States, but there,
they are of such common occurrence that
they seem to excite little surprise, particularly
when performed by refugee culprits from
a British Province.
We are glad to
learn, however, that on this occasion, the
Governor of New York has offered an
additional sum of \$250 for the apprehension
of Lett.

Anglo-Saxon Marriages.—The marriage
was always celebrated at the bridegroom's
house, and as all the expense devolved upon
him, he was allowed a competent time to
make preparation.
It was not, however,
deemed gallant to be longer than six or
seven weeks between the time of contracting
and the celebration.
All the friends and
relations of the bridegroom being invited,
arrived at his house the day previous to his
marriage, and spent the time in feasting,
and preparing for the approaching ceremony.
On the wedding morning they mounted on
horseback, completely armed, and proceeded
in great state and order, under the command
of one who was called the foremost man,
to receive and conduct the bride in
safety to the house of her future husband.
The company proceeded in this martial
order to do honour to the bride, and to prevent
her being intercepted or carried off by any
of her former lovers.
The bride, in this
procession, was accompanied by her guardian
and other relations, led by a matron, who
was called the bride's woman, followed by a
company of young maids, who were called the
bride's maids.
At her arrival, she was received
by the bridegroom, and solemnly betrothed
to him by the guardian, in the following
set form of words—"I give to thee my
daughter (sister, or relation) to be thy honour
and thy wife, to keep thy keys, and to share
with thee in thy bed and goods.
In the name
of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

After this ceremony was performed, the
bridegroom, the bride, and their respective
companions went in procession to the church,
accompanied with music, where they received
the nuptial benediction from the priest.
In some places this was done under the
nuptial veil, which was a square piece of cloth,
supported by a tall man at each corner, over
the couple, to conceal her virgin blushes.
When the priest had pronounced the benediction,
crowned both with crowns made of
flowers, which were kept in the church for
that purpose.
For this and several other
reasons marriages were usually celebrated
during summer.
These ceremonies being
ended, all retired to the bridegroom's house,
and sat down to a feast, generally as sumptuous
as his circumstance would permit.
The afternoon was spent by the young of both
sexes in mirth and dancing, and that, generally
in the open air.
The wedding dress of
the bridegroom, and three of his men, were of
the same colour, and so also of the bride, and
that of her women; and as these could not
according to custom, be used upon any other
occasion, they were given as a present to the
minstrels or musicians, or, in after times,
to some church or monastery.
The feasting
and rejoicings generally continued for
several days, until all the provisions were
consumed.
In some measure to indemnify
the bridegroom; the relations of both parties
made him presents on their departure.

The Imaum of Muscat.—The Imaum of
Muscat no where lays claim to a territory
beyond a league from the sea shore.
His
empire is essentially maritime, and he
measures its importance by the trade and
revenue it yields him.
To collect his revenues
on the widely-spread coasts acknowledging his
sway, he maintains a fleet, consisting in all,
according to Dr. Russenberger, of 75 vessels.
This number has been doubted by the
Edinburgh reviewer, who, however, on his
own knowledge, states the Muscat navy to
have consisted, in 1835, of one 84-gun ship,
one 64, and half a dozen frigates, all built of
teak, after English models, and kept in
excellent order.
His naval force, however, according
to an excellent authority, now consists
only of one 64, four frigates, and about
ten smaller square-rigged vessels.
The hulls
and armaments are good, but otherwise they
are inefficient.
As to the Imaum's govern-
ment, it is so mild that there is very little
danger of any reaction arising from his innovations;
the discipline of his fleet and
of his regular army, which is trained after
the manner of our Indian forces, and partly
offered by sepoy, bids fair to have a lasting
influence on Arab civilization.
Owing his
political existence to the effectual succour he
received from the Government of Bombay
when he first engaged in the perilous game
of sovereignty, the Imaum is deeply sensible
of the importance of his English alliance, on
which he wishes to rest his security.

When the late advance of Kourschid Pacha
to the Persian Gulf endangered the safety
of his Arabian dominions, he appealed to
the intervention of the British Government,
which it is understood, informed Mehemet
Ali of its determination not to allow the
slightest encroachment on the territories of
their well-affected ally.
At the request of
the British Government, the Imaum has
retracted, reformed, and partially abolished
the slave-trade on those parts of the eastern
coast of Africa over which he has sway; and
in order that the nefarious traffic might be
effectually put down, he offered England the
possession of the most valuable Island in his
dominions, Zanzibar, provided they would
give him other possessions of equal advantage.
He receives English travellers with
more than oriental hospitality, admits them
to familiar intercourse, favours their plans,
sympathises with their objects, and defrays
their expenditure.
His advisers are Arabs,
who have been educated in British India,
and there been instructed in British civilization.
—The Colonial Magazine.

Fear of Death.—If we inquire of those who
are accustomed to observe the actions and
sentiments of the dying, we shall find that,
except in a few acute diseases, attended with
agitations and convulsions, which exhibit only
the appearances of pain, most men expire
quietly, and without the smallest indication
of uneasiness.
The greatest part of mankind
die without being sensible of the fatal stroke;
and, of those who preserve their senses to
the last groan, there are very few who do not
entertain some hope of recovery.
Death is
a spectre which terrifies us at a distance, but
disappears when we approach it more closely.
That the succession of ideas may be so
rapid as to give a moment the appearance of
an age, and thus to subject our departure
from existence to excruciating torture, has
been supposed, without a single proof in its
favor, and against all probability and analogy.
Excessive pain extinguishes all reflection;
symptoms of the latter appear in the very
moment of violent death.
When Charles the
XII. received the blow which terminated, in
an instant, both his enterprises and his
existence, he clapped his hand upon his sword.
The mortal pang, since it excluded not
reflection, could not have been excessive.
He found himself attacked, and determined
to defend himself.
It is evident, therefore, that
he felt no greater pain than he would from
an ordinary stroke.
If it were easy to dissipate
the terrors caused by the anticipation of
what is to happen after death, and to quiet
the minds of men concerning the undiscovered
country beyond the grave—the Tartarus,
with its judges and fires, its lakes of liquid
fire, and other hellish apparatus—as it is to
prove that the termination of existence is not
physically painful, the human race would be
most signally benefited, and would no longer
have to envy brutes their peaceful death.
—Rees.

John Thorogood.—In the Bail Court, on
Thursday, Sir F. Pollock moved for a rule
to show cause why the writ de contumacia
capiendo, by which John Thorogood, of Chelmsford,
had been committed to prison for non-
payment of a church-rate, should not be set
aside, and the prisoner be discharged from
custody.
He made this application on three
grounds of objection.
The first was as to
the citation, namely, that it was issued in
the name of the Bishop of London, instead
of Dr. Lushington, the commissary and
sequestrator of the place; the second was
that the Ecclesiastical Court had no power to
commit him by virtue of the writ de contumacia
capiendo, the rate being under the sum
of 10l. without his having been first taken
before a magistrate on his refusal to pay it.
Now, the rate was under 10l. and therefore
the Ecclesiastical Court had not the jurisdiction
which it had exercised; the third objection
was an informality in the wording of the
citation.—Mr. Justice Williams said, under
all the circumstances, and as the defendant
might remain in prison for ever, without the
interference of the Court, he would grant
the rule applied for.—Rule granted.

Female Education.—One of Daniel De Foe's
projects was an academy for the education of
women; on the evils resulting from the want
of it, he expressed his opinion in the following
terms.
"A well bred woman, and well taught,
furnished with the additional accomplish-
ments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature
without comparison.—Her society is an
emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person
is angelic, and her conversation heavenly;
she is all softness and sweetness—peace, love,
wit and delight; she is every way suitable to
the sublimest wish; and the man that has
such a one to his portion, has nothing to do
but rejoice in her and be thankful.
On the other hand, suppose her to be the
same woman, and deprived of the benefit of
education, and it follows thus:
If her temper
be good, want of education makes her
soft and easy; her wit, for want of teaching,
renders her impertinent and talkative; her
knowledge, for want of judgment and experience,
makes her fanciful and whimsical.
If her temper be bad, want of breeding
makes her worse, and she grows haughty,
insolent and loud.
If she be passionate,
want of manners make her terrogant and
scold.
If she be proud, want of discretion
(which is ill-breeding) makes her conceited,
fantastic and ridiculous."

The Life of Woman.—In the first era of her
life, the character of woman influences principally
her own happiness; for even that of
parents, for the most part, is affected by
children in the aggregate, not by one child in
particular.
In her second era, its effects
reach a more extended point—a point still—the
happiness of that other human, moral,
responsible agent, her husband.
But in the
third, the great era of woman's destiny—her
age of empire—when the duties of maternity
demand her exertions, then indeed her
role becomes the most important which an
accountable being can sustain; affecting, by
the manner in which it is sustained, not only
the moral but the immortal interests of those
on whose minds she makes the first impres-
sions; the rase tabula on which she traces
characters permanent, often, beyond the
reach of time or circumstance.
The destinies
of the world are more in the hands of
woman than in our masculine pride are
always willing to admit.
She moulds the
wax when it is most ductile; she prepares
our successors, the future controllers of the
earth.
It is as a mother that woman must
always appear to philosophers and politicians
most interesting, most important.

Paying for News.—On returning to his
family, after an absence of some weeks,
Captain Johnston had been driven from
Kingstown to Dublin by a carman, who
looking discontentedly at the fare, paid him,
"Sure your honour will give a thrille more
than this?"
"Not a rap," said the Captain.
"Bad luck to me but you would," persisted
Pauze, "if you only knew all, then."
"WHAT do you mean?" asked Johnston, anxiously.
"Faix, dat's tellins, any way; and
it is only for my fare I'm to tell my news?"
"Well, well," said the Captain, here's another
shilling; now what has happened?"
"Sorra the harm at all, only I thought you'd
not begrudge a little extra som'at to know
that I drive ye the last three miles without a
linch-pin."

Mormons.—The Mormons are again
collecting and building up a town at a place they
call Nauvoo, in Illinois.
It is said that since
last October 300 houses have gone up in the
town.
The persecution of these people by
Missouri has led to this, and will finally result
in rendering them not only objects of
charity but of fair example.