

POETRY.

THE PROUD OLD OAK.

COME bearken to me of the old oak tree, With his branches broad and high; From his cloud-capt crown glancing proudly down...

Thro' tempest and storm his giant form All changes seem to defy; And with banner unfurl'd to his forest world, He cries, "Who so noble as I?"

His roots so grand had spread wide o'er the land, Taking up a good acre or more; But the trunk so long fed on this vast fertile bed...

From the Ladies' Companion for 1840. THE QUEEN'S VOW. A TALE OF ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER I. Continued.

"There rose no day, there roll'd no hour, Of pleasure unremember'd, And not a trapping deck'd my power That gall'd not while it glitter'd."

Eager with excitement, Elizabeth dashed through the thickest trees, supposing the horse-man, who followed close in her track, was the Earl, but he was, in truth, but a member of her household, who had also wandered from the hunt, and finding his mistress unattended, had kept his horse close behind hers.

"No, no," she said, motioning the knife away with her yet unglowed hand, "present it to my Lord of Devonshire; he shall act for me in this, at least."

The last words were spoken in an undertone, and as they were uttered, Elizabeth turned her look on the attendant, who had taken his station behind her, expecting to receive a glance of forgiveness and gratitude from the dark eyes which, a few minutes before, had dwelt so reproachfully upon her.

"Our Lord of Devonshire has proved laggard, she said blandly, "so try thou the depth of yon poor animal's fat, and bring his antlers up to our house yonder."

The old man bent his head, nowise astonished at this trait of provident economy, and drew back to his place again.

The Princess was excited and ill at ease, but she forced herself to appear interested in the state of the venison, complimented her youthful representative on his skill in woodcraft, and banded jests with the ladies of her train, seemingly as light-hearted and merry as the gayest among them.

Well might the haughty woman shrink and tremble on her recoiling hunter—for, there, far down in the bed of that stream, lay the body of a horse, wedged in between the banks, which, so low down, were scarcely far enough apart to admit his length.

lips quivered, but uttered no sound, so she turned away, and moved close to the bank, shuddering at every step, and grasping the folds of her dress firmly in one hand, as if she could make the glittering fabric feel some portion of her agony.

When the attendant came up, bewildered at the strange agitation of his mistress, he found her bending over the prostrate nobleman, and exerting all her frail strength to free his limbs from the entanglement with the horse.

"What is that?" she inquired, suddenly lifting her head as the old man attempted to remove some wet substance from the hand which had been in the water.

"It is a glove, lady," replied the old man, in a low voice—"a-a—" He stammered, and turned away his eyes, for they had fallen on the fellow to that glove upon the Princess' left hand.

Elizabeth took the glove, burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and pressing her lips down upon the cold forehead of the Earl, kissed him wildly again and again.

"Lady," said the old man, brushing the tears from his eyes as he spoke, "I beseech you let me remove the body."

"And is he dead?" inquired the lady, with a gentleness which was very touching in one so lofty, and which brought tears afresh into the old man's eyes.

The old man obeyed her, but shook his head mournfully, and turned his eyes away to avoid the eager glance which she felt that she was fixing upon his face.

"Is there no life?" she inquired, in a low, thrilling whisper.

It was a moment of terrible suspense to the heart-broken lady, but after a time, he withdrew his hand with a deep sigh, broken and tremulous, but not one of despair.

"Take comfort, lady," he said, while the tears rolled down his withered cheeks.

"A gleam of wild joy flashed over the Lady Elizabeth's face. "Help me, good Herbert," she said, earnestly.

"Do you indeed love me?" he whispered, twining his fingers faintly round her hand.

"Heart and soul—with my whole strength and being!" replied Elizabeth, looking upon him through her tears, and trembling with intense feelings as she spoke.

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Three days after the hunt which we have described, Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, lay pale and senseless in the state chamber of Elizabeth Tudor's dwelling.

When he slept, another pale, anxious creature would hover around his bed, and more than once the delirium of his fever had been calmed by the pleadings of a sad voice, which only in seasons of oblivion or extreme danger, was heard near his pillow.

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"Lady," said the old nurse, with a degree of affectionate reverence, engendered by the intercourse of a sick room, "he sleeps now, and a deathly slumber it seems; will you not come to him?"

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forehead. Come, lady, and look upon him as he sleeps—another hour—"

The old woman did not finish the sentence, for she was appalled by the deathly paleness which settled on her lady's face as she arose and gathered up the black folds of her robe, as if fearful that they might create some noise by disturbing the fresh rubles scattered every morning over the sufferer's chamber.

Satisfied that he was not yet dead, the lady set down with moist eyes and trembling lips, to check her grief as she best might, till the hour of fearful uncertainty should be over.

When more than two hours of intense stillness had passed away, there was a slight shivering of the bed-drapery, and a low, feeble voice murmured a name.

"It was but another dream," murmured the invalid, closing his eyes, weary with the light; "a sweet vision, but gone like the rest."

The Lady Elizabeth hushed her sobs, and listened. The sad tones with which he uttered the last words, fell upon her heart like a reproach.

"It was no dream, Devonshire!" she said, taking his pale hand, which she covered with tears and passionate kisses.

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Devonshire heard the oath, but had no strength to reply; the tinge of excitement died from his cheek, his eyes closed, and he fainted.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

The African Slave Trade and its Remedy.—By T. F. Buxton, Esq.—The labours of Mr. Buxton for the suppression of the slave trade are too well known and too well appreciated to require any eulogium at our hands.

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A New Introduction to the Mathematics.—With an appendix.—The distinguishing characteristics of this work is that it descends into the rationale of all the questions that arise in the course of an enquiry into arithmetic, and the methods of mathematical investigation.

Essay on "The Expediency and the Means of Elevating the Profession of the Educator in Public Estimation."—The subject to which this essay is addressed is one of great importance, and is here treated with considerable ability.

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and is now as thoroughly understood as its object. Every work therefore which is now published on this subject, comes advantageously before the public, for it will find an audience at once numerous and capable of appreciating the merits of the discussion.

The necessity of basing education upon some general principle, which will enable it to embrace all classes, being admitted, the next question is, what are the most efficacious means for educating the educators.

Essay on the Life and Institutions of Offa, King of Mercia. By the Rev. H. Machenzie.—Offa lived in the eighth century, and was a remarkable man in his age—a successful soldier, and a wise lawgiver.

A Summary of the History of England.—Translated from the French of Felix Bodin, by Jonathan Duncan.—Bodin's historical summaries are justly celebrated for their brevity and comprehensiveness.

The Late Action in the China Seas.—The American papers received by the British Queen give a highly interesting account of the action between the Volage and Hyacinth and the Chinese fleet of men-of-war junks, on the 3d of November, 1839.

NIGHT ATTACKS.—The French usually advanced to make their first attack before the early light of dawn; when, turning our attention to a feigned attempt upon some well-defended post, their principal assault was made upon the weakest part of our position.

The flash which gleamed from a rambling fire of picquets gave the first alarm, when "Stand to arms, men!" was heard in many quarters.

Sam Slick says: whenever a fellow is too lazy to work, he gets a license, sticks up his name over his door, calls it a tavern, and nine chances to ten but he makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy and as worthless as himself.