



LITERATURE.

TO YANKEE LAND, WE'LL NOT GO.

Written upon reading some verses, entitled, "And to America we'll go,"

We cannot leave our fertile vale,
Where milk and honey flow,
And go and clear the ancient woods,
To make the barley grow.
Oh, no! we'll stay and till our soil—
The best on earth that's known,
And not desert our saintly land,
When tyrants spurn her moan.

We cannot leave our legend streams,
By which our chiefs did camp,
And sail across the rolling deep,
To dread the Indian's stamp.
We'll stay at home and loudly raise
The all-important cry—
Reduce our rents—give us a lease;
Oh, hear our piteous sigh!

We cannot leave our lofty hills,
From which we love to view,
At sunset sweet, those castles high,
Where Freedom's flag oft flew!
Who'd leave his own old healthy hills,
On which the potent flows—
Far better than the Yankee's drink,
For drowning all our woes.

We cannot leave this beautiful Isle
For which our fathers bled;
Oh, no! we'll stand and nobly fight,
To guard the sacred dead.
Then, comrades, fill a NATIVE GLASS,
To those who'll bravely stand,
And joy to him who'd rather die
Than fly his fatherland.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

RICHARD BRIDGNORTH.
A LEGEND OF PATERNOSTER ROW.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

The thought has often struck me, when occasion has led me through Paternoster Row, that many a one would deem trouble and fatigue of little moment, could he but stand for an hour in that seemingly dull and narrow thoroughfare, and look with his own eyes upon the houses from whose door have gone forth pages that have startled the world, and upon whose shelves have accumulated products of more than a thousand brains have stamped the locality as the head quarters of English literature. But few among the hundreds who there daily pass and repass probably give a thought to what the locality might once have been, before the wand of Commerce changed it to an emporium for books, and the eternal round of business—business—business—gave to it a character of its own. Yet in the immediate vicinity are there still solitary indications of a ruder age—scattered vestiges of antiquity, whose origin is forever hidden in obscurity, but over which the hand of time has passed but lightly, as it at once to invite and to mock the labours of the curious antiquary.

Those who are acquainted with the spot will immediately call to mind the cluster of houses situated between Ivy Lane and Payner Alley, on the north side of "The Row." Imbedded in the center of this group, and attained by a paved way, known as Lovell's Court, is a building which, with the outward semblance of modern architecture, is yet possessed of chambers, in which generations have lived, and doubtless died, and whose walls may have witnessed all the varying passions that can influence the human heart of the tenderest emotions and of the darkest feelings—of love and hatred, pity and vengeance—of health and sickness—of life and death—of triumph and despair.

Had I not myself examined this curious building, and traced the varied windings, the multiplicity of doors and the singular facilities for concealment or escape, which the changes of many years have still left visible, I might be inclined to think that the legends extant regarding it had too much the air of Romance to be relied on; nevertheless, with reference to the following, I may state, that I had it from one who speaks with satisfied confidence of the circumstances, and whom I have been accustomed to regard as competent authority. For myself, the scattered indications of antiquity and wealth which the house yet presents are the only data by which to judge; and, therefore, in the following relation, I must be understood to promise, that

"I cannot say how the truth may be—
But I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Many, many years ago, the name of Sir William Bridgnorth was renowned in the city for great commercial wealth and enterprise, and even in the remotest parts of the country, the fame of the house of "Bridgnorth" and "Son" became matter of village gossip, and the term "as rich as a Bridgnorth" was familiar in the ears of our ancestors. Sir William had two sons; the elder early developing the characteristic of the family, had applied himself steadily, and with determined perseverance, in which he had acquired so much tact, that the father seldom interfered in the management of affairs, but entrusted all to his discernment and ability.

But Richard, the youngest, presented a striking contrast to his brother William; whilst the latter was close and plodding, the former was imaginative; when William appeared sullen and immovable, Richard was invariably gay and volatile; and whilst William was making an invoice, the odds were that Richard was writing a sonnet. In the matter of figure, too, they again differed. That of the elder, although unexceptionable in the counting-house would have seemed awkward and ungainly in the drawing-room. On the contrary, nature had been lavish with the younger, and his light shape and polished demeanor, his frank countenance and insinuating address, threw around him an air of nobility that would have given him a graceful ease in the ball room, and have caused him to breathe the atmosphere of the higher circles of society as one in his natural element. These qualities were regarded by the father with mistrust. Essentially a commercial man, he would have his sons the same; and any tendency towards a different sphere of life, any wish to depart from the fixed and arbitrary track, was viewed as rank heresy, and always met with a frown. What, then, was the astonishment of the worthy knight, when Richard announced to him, on the day of his coming to age, that his determination was taken to abandon all anticipation or prospect in England, and to carve out for himself a fortune and a name in France! The father objected, but the son persisted—and although the brother significantly shook his head, with a sarcastic smile, as much as to say—"I knew very well what it would come to," the day was fixed for his departure: for, when Sir William found that entreaties and commands were equally futile, he determined in a generous spirit too seldom manifested, to aid the youthful Richard in his projects; and, as he could not dissuade him from his purpose, to exert his powerful endeavors in saving his son from present danger, and, perhaps from ultimate ruin.

A few months later, the house of Bridgnorth established an agency in Paris, and the firm was there represented by a son.

The time had now come for Richard to establish or falsify the fears and prognostications of his family: the time had come for him to disprove the estimate formed of his character and capacity—and he did disprove it; laboriously and wearisomely, but he disproved it. At home he had no incentive to exertion, he had no scope for his ability, there was no necessity—that mighty moulder of men's destinies—for the exercise of his powers. But now his pride was touched—his ambition was embarked in a clear and open channel. The French language had been from his youth familiar to him, and no obstruction arose from that source; but from the first day he set foot upon the shores of France, he commenced the pursuit of his object with a zeal that, early and late, he never ceased to exert until that object assumed a clear and tangible shape. His imaginative tendency became quickness of apprehension; his volatile love of adventure developed into commercial enterprise; and the obstinacy that had been predicted as his ruin, proved to be firmness in design, and untiring perseverance in execution.

Two years elapsed, and circumstances brought our young merchant into contact with one of the great jewellers of Paris, with whom he had several transactions, and whose representations induced Richard to embark in a speculation of great magnitude, and of consequent danger. After months of anxiety and fatigue, the upshot was declared, and declared a victory—the enterprise was eminently successful; and Sir William Bridgnorth, in the fulness of exultation, invited all his commercial friends to an unprecedented dinner at which he informed them, with all due ceremony and importance, that his son Richard had kept his promise to the letter, and had "carved out for himself a fortune and a name in France."

Seven years after Richard's settlement in Paris saw his talents universally respected, and his society courted. He had freed himself of the encumbrance of his father's business, and had transferred it to other hands, whilst he devoted himself entirely to the more lucrative and less laborious occupation of a jeweller. His accomplishments together with his riches, gained him admission into the first society, and the courtesy and manliness of his behaviour made him everywhere a favourite.

But a cloud was gathering whose shadow he could not see; and a storm arose which made him a criminal in the land of his adoption, and a fugitive from France.

Marie Delvise was the daughter of the wealthy French jeweller whose counsel and assistance had been instrumental in the establishment of Richard's fortune; and Marie was possessed of no ordinary powers of mind. The frivolities of many of her sex and age she despised. Her conversation was marked by a clearness and refinement, a delicacy and precision, which made her at once an object of attraction, whilst the well-formed figure, the expressive features, the thoughtful look, the calm, pure, expanded brow, spoke eloquently of the soul within, and drew around her a host of admirers. But amongst them all was one, Alessandro Malpertz, a Spanish adventurer, who had gained the confidence of the Dauphin of France, to whom he had become necessary in the pursuit of his pleasures, whose eye she could not meet. In the gayest moments, the mingled ferocity and cunning in the glance of that man had a power to chill her very heart. His attentions were dreaded, and she shuddered if he even touched her hand.

Richard Bridgnorth had conceived for this lady a pure and lasting attachment, and his leisure hours were invari-

ably passed either at the house of Delvise the jeweller, or in parties at which Marie and himself had been invited; for, as it was understood in society, that the young Englishman was on the point of marriage with Marie, a card of invitation was invariably sent to both. It was at one of these evening parties, given by the Count of —, that Alessandro Malpertz seemed more than usually satisfied: his eye flashed from face to face with an air of a man who is on the eve of accomplishing a successful project. He had frequently pressed his suit with Marie, and had as frequently been repulsed; he could not fail to observe that, since Richard had shown attention to Marie, he had been constantly and systematically shunned. The gloom upon his brow from that time deepened, and he had ever appeared in a deep reverie. But to-night his look was changed, and to any there who could have read his thoughts, his features would have borne the impress of a coming triumph.

When wit and gaiety were at their highest, the folding doors were thrown apart, and, to the astonishment of the entire assembly, a domestic announced in a loud voice, the arrival of the Dauphin of France;

"The Dauphin!" repeated the guests, as they simultaneously arose—for his coming had been reserved by the host as a surprise.

"Dauphin!" muttered Bridgnorth, as he glanced towards Alessandro, and sought to read the haughty working of his lip; and a chill passed over him as he remembered that the Spaniard was the renowned creature of the prince, and that deference was paid to him as the prince's associate and favourite; he felt the chill, but he knew not whence it came, nor why.

It may well be imagined that the prince now engrossed the universal attention; but the agitation of the ladies and the saucy of the gentlemen need no portrayal here; it is enough to say, that the royal guest looked long and frequently upon Marie, but that he addressed to her no word. An hour passed; Richard had stepped into an adjoining room, and Marie was alone in the assembly. A dance was in formation, and Malpertz, with a smile that made her tremble, approached the jeweller's daughter and offered her his hand.

Marie retreated a step, and said, with visible tremor, "I—I thank you, Signor—you will pardon me—I am not well."

"Nay, nay," returned he, "say not so the spirit of the dance will chase away ennui."

Again he advanced towards her, and now he had taken her hand. She felt for the moment a faintness stealing over her, and her glance involuntarily wandered to the door through which Richard had passed; then in a firm decided tone, withdrawing her hand, she said—

"Signor de Malpertz, I thank you for your courtesy, but I have no wish to dance."

"Come, I will take no refusal," persisted the Spaniard, half in jest, half in earnest; "you have never danced with me, and now you must."

At that moment Richard re-entered the room, Marie saw him not, nor did Alessandro; but her lip quivered as she now endeavoured to disengage her wrist from the firm grasp of the courtier, and exclaimed in pain—

"You hurt me, sir! Signor de Malpertz, you are rude!" and her eye flashed fire as she spoke.

"Cruel Madame Delvise!" he returned.

"Signor," now interrupted Richard, "you forget yourself; and forget, too, the courtesy of a gentleman."

"When I need your counsel, sir," returned the other, haughtily, "I will ask it."

He still held the hand of Marie, whose heart was palpitating wildly.

"Whilst here, sir," exclaimed Richard, "that lady is under my protection; nor, in my presence, shall any dare to offer her an insult."

"Away!" cried the courtier; for, although the prince had left the room, he presumed upon his presence in the house, but he had overshot the mark. The word was scarcely uttered, when Richard grasped the Spaniard by the throat, and with one powerful effort he was hurled to the distance of several yards, and went reeling to the floor. Livid with rage, he sprang to his feet, and his naked sword glistened in the light. But, with a cry of horror, the guests interposed.

"I demand satisfaction!" shrieked the Spaniard; "Stand back! Blood for the insult!"

"How now, Malpertz?" demanded the prince, who, attracted by the noise, at that moment re-entered the room. "What means this disturbance? A drawn sword in the presence of ladies?" and then sharply added, "take you this for a camp, sir? Restore your blade to its scabbard—instantly."

Alessandro bowed to the presence of royalty, and obeyed. The circumstances were then explained to the prince, and Malpertz was violent in his demand for immediate satisfaction.

"This is no place nor time for brawls," said the Dauphin; "I must adjust this quarrel myself. Monsieur Bridgnorth, and you, Signor Malpertz, will follow me." And, accompanied by the count, in whose mansion the outrage had been committed, and a crowd of gentlemen, the prince and the disputants retired to a distant room. Arbitration, however, was of no avail—the Spaniard would hear of no postponement; and, emboldened rather than abashed by the presence of his master, claimed immediate decision. It was an age of few words and sudden deeds; and, in the presence of the company, and by the sanction of the prince as at a tournament in yet earlier times, the combatants were now arrayed, sword in hand. The ladies, and those who remained in the drawingroom, listened eagerly for the issue of the consultation; when suddenly the alarming sounds of clashing steel struck upon their ears. Marie uttered a faint scream, and rushed from the room; and, ere a moment had elapsed, guided by the sound, the entire assembly broke into the chamber.

But the battle was decided. In an unguarded moment the sword of Malpertz was struck from his hand, and he was at the mercy of Richard. The guests entered the room as Richard took possession of the fallen weapon