

Poetry.

Burial of a British Protestant in Spain.

Our readers may have learned, that by recent enactments in Spain, no Protestant is allowed to be buried with any of the ceremonies or according to the usages of the Protestant religion, but privately, as a dog. This outrage against humanity has led to an indignant protest from British Ambassador; and to the following caustic lines from PUNCH:—

Not a knell gave out any funeral note,
As his corpse to the shingles we hurried;
And below water-mark we had bare leave got
That our countryman's bones should be buried.

We buried him dog-like, on that mean site,
The tide on the point of turning
At the wretched Spaniards' bigot spite,
With contempt intensely burning.

No use in coffin enclosing this breast,
Ner in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
For he lay where he scarce would remain long at rest,
With the ocean washing around him.

None at all were the prayers we read;
And we felt more of rage than of sorrow;
And we thought of the brutes who insult us when dead,
And don't pay us alive what they borrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his shelly bed,
And smoothed down his pebbly pillow,
That the crabs and the lobsters would creep o'er his head,
And we with our fleets on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of our spirit as gone!
Our guns might to atoms have brayed them;
Yet we've let the rascals in this way go on
Treating those very Britons who made them.

But half of our shameful job was done,
When the waves roared the hour for retiring;
And we knew we the distance should have to run,
To divert a rabble admiring.

Sharply and quickly we laid him down,
And the jeers of the Monks young and hoary;
And we said unless Spain is compelled to atone,
All a bombing is Old England's glory!

—London Punch.

* Spain owes England seventy-five millions sterling; can't even pay interest; and yet will not allow the burial service to be read over a dead Protestant Englishman in Spain.

Literary Selections.

THE MAIDEN'S SHOT;

—OR—

What Happened at Cherry-tree Topping.

It is strange—not is the observation a new one—how certain localities become subject, as it were, to certain analogous events; just as in some families a disease may appear to be hereditary, or a predisposition to peculiar eccentricities continue to show itself for several centuries. I remember an elm-tree near the good town of Taunton, in passing near which so many of our acquaintances had somehow chanced to sprain an ankle, that we gave it the name of the Twist-foot tree. In like manner I have to relate a series of somewhat romantic facts which took place at the old farmhouse of Cherry-tree Topping, in Somerset, where I was born, where I afterwards became a wife, and where I have since lived many years a widow, with my good kind children and grandchildren around me.

I had no part in the first event of which I have chosen to be the narrator. It occurred before I was born, but was frequently the subject of conversation at our fireside, where my excellent father took great delight in placing it before my mental view in the shape of a warning against what he was inclined to consider as one of the greatest faults in female character—that nervous timidity which, from the most frivolous causes, induces young women to faint, and shriek, and give way to ridiculous paroxysms of fear, that are sometimes the result of constitutional weakness, but oftener conventional and affected, and then assuredly calling for no sympathy.

It seems that before my father leased the farm of Cherry-tree Topping, a burglary, attended by fatal circumstances, had been committed in the house. The then resident, a Mr. Roby, was an elderly man, accounted wealthy, but of no generous or charitable disposition, though overpartial to the indulgences of the table, and ostentatious in the display of furniture and household luxuries that were justly deemed unsuitable to his condition. His wife was dead and two daughters composed his family. Educated in that faulty and foolish man-

ner which, by the substitution of superficial and imperfectly acquired accomplishments for substantially useful qualifications, unfits the respectable yeoman's daughter for the station she was born to dignify and ornament, those poor girls had passed a few years at a third-rate boarding school, where they were taught to stammer imperfect French, to play the piano-forte, for which they had no taste, and to manufacture such ornamental work as neither practically nor aesthetically served to enlarge their capacities for utility, or expand their intellects. The consequences were obvious. Returned to their father's house, they were unfit to manage it, and the conduct of the establishment devolved upon a clever but dishonest upper-servant; whilst their time was swallowed up in a hundred frivolous details, which added neither to their charms as women, nor to their respectability amongst their neighbors. Mr. Roby grumbled at their extravagance, but his vulgar pride reconciled him to a display of his wealth; nor was it until the elopement of his youngest daughter with a reckless young dancing master at Taunton, who reckoned on receiving a pardon, and a portion from the parent of his bride, that he began to question the merits of his own management. The change in his disposition from indifference to querulous tyranny did not mend matters; and when, after a short season of hardship and poverty, his till then unforgiven child was restored to him a widow, she found a household that had been altered, but had not been reformed in her absence.

It was at this time the burglary took place. On a Sabbath night, when the servants had retired, and when Mr. Roby, after an ample supper, sat half-stupified over a third tumbler of strong punch, while his daughters were individually devouring the pages of a novel, a loud noise was heard in the room beneath the drawing-room in which they were seated. This chamber, misnamed the study, contained not only the plate, but the escritoire in which old Roby's cash was treasured. The girls, terrified out of all self-possession by the scarcely mistakable sounds below, started up, screaming loudly for that assistance they had not judgment enough to look for in themselves, and wakening the old man from his inebriated stupor, vainly called upon him for defence. Men in white frocks with their faces blackened, burst in upon them with many oaths, demanding the keys of chest and coffer. Mr. Roby, rising in terrified wrath, was struck down by one of the burglars; while his eldest daughter ran shrieking about the room in the imbecile hysteria of terror; and the other, selfishly regardless of aught but her own personal safety, managed to escape from the scene, and lay hid in the coal-cellar, until she was found some hours after the housebreakers had retreated with their booty.

On Miss Roby's recovery from her fit of terror, she found her father lifeless upon the floor; but not staying to render him assistance, she rushed from the house, and finding her way to the office, succeeded at last in rousing some of the men-servants. Mr. Roby was quite dead; there was no mark of violence on his person; and it was just as probable that a fit, occasioned by fright when so suddenly roused from inebriated slumbers, had extinguished the spark of life, as that he had been killed by the blow of the robber, which his married daughter declared she had witnessed. The burglars were never discovered, but it is a fact that the woman, who had so completely ruled the domestic economy of the family, disappeared soon after, having thrown up her situation when it became no longer desirable to retain it.

Now, my father was accustomed to ascribe all the misfortunes that befell the Robies to pride and self-indulgence in the parent, and want of mental culture in the children.

"These women," he would say, "might have saved life and property, had they been properly educated into that self-reliance which teaches us not only to defend ourselves but to help others. Now, Nelly,—turning to me,—had I been asleep in that chair, with you beside me, and such a crew breaking into the house, what would you have done?"

"But father," I would reply, "you do not get tipsy; and if such a thing were to happen, I fear I should be very much frightened: but, at the same time—"

"Well!"

"At the same time, I should certainly not leave you to their tender mercies, or hide myself in the coal-hole; and I am very sure that I could control myself sufficiently to prevent all noisy evidence of my alarm. I never fainted in my life, and you and my mother have taught me better things than to scream at the sight of a mouse or a black beetle. I did not even start yesterday, when I almost put my hand upon a toad in the garden."

"but would you stand quietly by, and permit the side-board to be rifled without a struggle?"

"Nay, father, I should ring the bell if possible, or up poker and at them," said I smiling; "besides, there is a pistol in the study, if I could get at it."

"Yes—a pistol without a lock, and in want of cleaning. But it shall be looked to, girl, and, what is more, you shall be taught how to use it. I do not wish to make either a racing sportsman or a hare-hunting sharp-shooter of my daughter, but I see no reason why she should not learn how to prime a pistol—ay, and fire it too, if need were."

My mother never interfered in such matters as the above, for she knew that my father had a good reason for most of his resolves; and tho' I shrunk a little at first from the lesson, I did not try to avert it. I little thought, some weeks afterwards, when he complimented me on my prowess, that I should ever level a pistol at anything less brittle than a black bottle, or more lively than a log of wood.

I have not told you that within half a mile of us rose the old, grey, substantial walls of the manor-house of the Lesters. The family, an ancient one, though no longer rich, had long been patrons of ours. My mother was the foster sister of Lady Lester, and foster-mother to her second son, Frank. But up to this time I had heard little of this second son. My eldest brother, whose place at my mother's breast he had taken, had long been dead, and Frank might now have been nearly thirty years of age. I afterwards came to learn, that for misconduct of more than common baseness he had been discarded by his family, his father having settled a certain annuity upon him, provided he lived abroad. At home, his reckless extravagance and dishonourable habits had exhausted the pity or attempts to alter a course of life which seemed prompted by an innate love of vice, at length his mother was obliged to content herself with lavishing upon him all the little cash she could spare, and when, on his father's death, his brother succeeded to the family estates, she made an unavailing attempt to bring about a reconciliation between her sons. Indeed, her partiality for the unworthy Frank amounted to infatuation. She submitted to his exactions, that were not even hangered by any display of filial tenderness, until Sir George found himself called upon peremptorily to interfere; and the result was, a serious quarrel with his mother, which the friends of the family found it impossible to adjust. The dispute ended in Lady Lester's leaving the manor-house for Cherry-tree Topping, where she prevailed upon my parents to allot a suite of rooms for her use until such time as her health enabled her to remove elsewhere.

This took place nearly two years after I had acquired the accomplishment of shooting at a mark. To make room for Lady Lester's attendant, I was sent on a visit to an aunt who resided in London. I was the god-daughter of this excellent relative, who had long wished me to reside with her, and I submitted the more cheerfully to the wishes of my parents because of my knowledge of her wise and amiable character. I spent two years with her, proving a useful companion to one who had no other in the world nearer of kindred than my father, and it appeared that, owing to declining health and a disinclination for any change, Lady Lester still continued to reside at the farm. A reconciliation had been effected between herself and the baronet, but she declined living at the manor-house, where, in truth, it is not likely that her presence was desired. Unfortunately her weak, not to say sinful indulgence of her younger son—her compliance, as

far as it could go, with his constant demands upon her purse, suffered no diminution; and the respectful interference of my parents had no other effect than irritating her into displeasure, which ended in accessions of severe indisposition. More than once, returning for a time to England, Frank Lester had dared to intrude upon his mother, whom he never left until by menaces of self-destruction he had succeeded in extorting money from her. On one occasion, when in fact she was unable to comply with his requisitions, and when my mother remonstrated with her foster-son on his cruel and unfilial conduct, he insulted them both grossly, that my father happening to come in at the time, thrust him out of the house, declaring he should never enter it again.

About this time my good old aunt expired, leaving me mistress of all her humble savings, and I was summoned home. I found no alterations there, saving in the presence of Lady Lester and the absence of my eldest sister, who had recently married. The fragile appearance of Lady Lester interested me deeply. Her almost childlike dependance on all who surrounded her, aroused my natural desire to make myself useful to the sick or sad; and I became by degrees her constant companion—reading to her, working beside her, administering to her ailments, and listening to the recitals of her happier days, which it was an indulgence to her to repeat to so eager an auditor.

[To be concluded.]

EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

Soloque, the reigning emperor of Hayti, was born a slave on the property of M. Viallet, who gave him his liberty. At the period of the evacuation of Hayti by the French, the emancipated slave entered as a soldier in the army of General Dessalines. From step to step he rose to the rank of colonel, and he held that rank at the period of the fall of President Boyer—a grave event, in which the present emperor was not at all implicated. From his taciturnity, a quality which among the blacks is considered to denote the most approved wisdom and discretion, he was admitted into the secret of the several conspiracies which succeeded each other from 1843 to 1847. Having been created a general of division under Richer, he only owed his election to the accident of his name having been mentioned in the senate at the moment when the votes were divided between two candidates, neither of whom had a sufficient majority. He then became the means of a reconciliation between the two parties. The blacks voted for him on account of his ebony skin, the mulattoes, because they thought they had no reason to fear the ambition of one who had been till then entirely unknown. But the latter were not long in discovering that they had given to themselves a master, and not a flexible instrument. Hence proceeded the sanguinary events of the month of April, 1848. Soloque triumphed in consequence of his displaying a terrible energy of character. His victory was disgraced by some frightful executions.

Autumnal Forests—A Common Mistake.

The beauty of an Autumnal forest is a frequent theme of remark by travellers, and others interested in nature. But there is a mistake often committed in regard to this matter. It is that of attributing the variegated appearance of an Autumnal forest to the frosts. A young lady said to the writer a few days ago, "the frost begins to turn the leaves." A little less than a year ago, in passing amidst the splendid scenery of the Green Mountains, between Pittsfield and Springfield, where each hill top seemed like a grand bouquet of flowers, a gentleman said, "the work of frost." A visitor to the Wyoming Lead Mines (Pa.) has given us the following passage:—

"The varied trees of the forest, touched by the frosty fingers of death, were changing their countenances before passing away. There was standing one clothed in scarlet, every leaf as bright and red from its crown to the ground as if it had been on fire; another was clad in a vesture of gold, and yet another purple; and these were mingled with evergreens and parti-colored trees, making a strange hued, and surpassingly beautiful panorama, such as the eyes