

Poet's Corner.

The Editor of the Bangor *Jeffersonian*, a relentless bachelor, has the following:

Baby bawling in the night,
Wakes you from a hoped-for nap—
Tumbling round at twelve at night
To get the little wretch some pap,
Tell me—couldn't you
Spank it with some gusto?
Wouldn't you?

Little pleasure—little cash—
Lots of little brats about—
Stable feeding, mutton hash—
Future 'fodder' all in doubt—
Tell me—shouldn't you
'Cus' yourself a little?
Wouldn't you?

At the door your woman meets you,
Young ones all join in one yell,
Tenderly the broomstick greets you,
Don't you wish yourself in—Jersey?
Tell me, I repeat it, shouldn't you?
Leave for California
Wouldn't you?

A GAME FOR A HEART

A Tale of the 15th Century.

The day was drawing to a close, and the shadows of the trees were stretching far to the eastward, over the bronzed greensward of a rural French landscape, as two horsemen, dusty and travel-soiled, slowly pursued their way along a sandy road that skirted the edges of a walnut wood. Both of the horsemen were armed *cap-a-pie*, and bestrode powerful black *destriers*, or war horses, but though the points of the animals showed good blood, their condition also betokened severe service. They were thin in flesh, and moved along with drooping crests, dragging their feet as if scarcely able to support their heavy furniture and the ponderous weight of their rider's armor. Both knights, for such they were, carried their helmets slung at their saddle bows, and wore, in their stead, riding-caps of velvet. Their lances had been abandoned, but their heavy, two-handed swords, suspended in broad baldrics, hung behind them, the grip appearing above the right shoulder, and the point descending far below the spur. The elder and stouter of the two cavaliers was sheathed in black armor but other than travel stains dimmed its surface. It was dented with sword-strokes, and here and there stains of a deeper hue than rust seemed to indicate that the wearer had recently been exposed to deadly peril.

The armor of his companion, while lighter, was far more elegant and costly. It was of fine Milan steel, curiously inlaid with gold, and as light as prudence warranted for defence. Such a harness seemed better fitted for the tilting-yard than the battle-field, and the light and elegantly formed wearer for a joust at the barrier, than a stern charge on the plain. Yet he bore himself right gallantly in spite of the traces of fatigue and suffering that marked his features. His armor, like that of his companion, showed hard usage, and while he guided his courser gracefully with his right hand, his left hand rested in a sling.

"By our lady of Paris!" said he, "I cannot endure this much longer, and methinks, Dunois, it were better to give up all hopes of bed and board, and care of leech, and stretch our wearied limbs on the night under the greenwood tree, turning our horses out to graze. They cannot go much farther. Your horse is blown, and Abdallah seems sinking under my weight. What say you? We must be grooms for the nonce, and rid them of their harness ourselves—for a lost battle and a hurried flight have shorn us of our revenue. What say you to a couch on the greensward with the blue vault for the canopy?"

"I might endure it, sir," replied Dunois, for it was that gallant noble whom King Charles VII. addressed, but for you, wounded as you are, it were madness. You would never rise again, and the hope of France must not be lost without a struggle."

"Would that I had died under shield royally and nightly!" said the young king, in a tone of deep despondency.

"Say not so, sire!" cried Dunois. "Life and hope are left us. The oriflamme of France is not destined to be trailed forever in the dust, the cloud can, or forever overshadow our beautiful land. Your majesty will yet live to drive these island wolves back to their den."

The King shook his head mournfully. "The rivalry of France is prostrate!" said he.

"Nay, sir, it is but like the fabled giant who renewed his strength when he touched the earth—here are enow of loyal hearts and brave arms fit to rally yet around the throne, and raise the

royal banner from the dust. And see! in present fulfilment of my auguries of good fortune, Abdallah rears his crest, a good omen! There is shelter at hand. Good cheer, sire!"

And even as he spoke, the monarch's horse pricked up his ears, raised his head and uttered a joyous neigh, which was answered by his comrade with a clarion note. Without any pressure of the armed heel, both horses struck into a sharp trot, and as they gained the summit of a slight elevation, the riders, through an opening in the wood perceived, not far remote, the towers of a lordly castle.

"You were a true prophet, Dunois!" cried the king joyously. "And now ride on, in God's name. Within sight of shelter, I feel how sorely I stand in need of it. But one caution in advance—remember that in yonder castle I am no longer king of France, but only Charles Edmond, a wounded knight. It does not suit my humor to claim the homage due my rank, when I come a vanquished fugitive from a lost field. Forget not, then, that I am only an humble knight, your faithful friend and brother in arms."

"I will not forget, sire," replied the count, as he gave his horse the spur.

In a few moments they drew rein before the castle, and Dunois, winding a call on his bugle, summoned the warder to the wall, and demanded hospitality of the lord of the castle. It was courteously granted, the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge lowered, and with glad hearts, the king and his companion rode under the echoing archway into the great courtyard, where the lord of the castle in person, the Sieur de Sorel, aided them to dismount. They were conducted to an apartment, where they were divested of their armor, furnished with boths and with suitable apparel, and the king's wound dressed by a skillful practitioner. After this, they were led into the banquet hall, and conducted to the place of honor on the raised dais. But it was not the sight of the board plentifully spread that drew a murmured exclamation of delight from the lips of the king;—a greater attraction filled his sensitive soul with pleasure.

Smiling a welcome to the knightly guests, stood a maiden, the daughter of the host, lovelier than any maiden Charles had ever beheld. Her fair hair, adorned with pearls, fell in golden waves upon her ivory shoulders; her rich but chaste attire displayed the exquisite model of her form, while her manner, at once animated and high bred, was as charming as her beauty. At the table, after the first cravings of appetite were satiated, and while Dunois entertained the lord of the castle with a description of the battle, the wounded king discoursed of minstrelsy, and love and tournaments to his fair young hostess, displaying all the courtly graces that he possessed to perfection, yet ever and anon the fair one turned to listen to the narrative of Dunois.

"And so the king has fled!" she said, with flashing eyes. "Better he had fallen on the field. It is true, then, that he loves minstrelsy and tournaments better than the royal life of the camp and field?"

"Not so, fair lady," said Dunois. "He did his devoir like a gallant knight, charging in the thickest of the fray. I myself saw his plumage shorn from his crest, and himself wounded. His wish was to perish with his body-guard, but there were those around him who seized his bridle reins, and forced him from the field."

"And where is he now?" cried Agnes—for that was the maiden's name.

"We know not," interposed the king, hastily, "we were separated from the royal train. But he is doubtless safe."

"Heaven be praised for that!" said the lord of the castle.

"Amen!" responded the lady.

During the evening, Charles attached himself to the fair Agnes, but found it difficult to engross her attention; the handsomer and manlier Dunois seemed constantly to divert her eyes and thoughts. He therefore, finally pleaded his wound and fatigue as an apology for retiring, and, afraid to leave Dunois behind him, he signed to the count to accompany him to his apartment.

"What a day, Dunois!" exclaimed the king, as he threw himself upon his couch. "A battle fought and lost—fatiguing flight, with a hospitable roof at last, and an angel of beauty to revive a fainting soul!"

"You did full homage to her charms, sire."

"And she, the sorceress, turned from me to you, Dunois! I am jealous."

"Ah, sire! it was a maiden's capricious fancy, and your own fault—had you but confessed your rank—"

"There it is, Dunois. I would give nothing for a conquest won by my rank. I must be loved for myself alone. There are dames enough in France who love the king and not the man. I would

win one true heart by my own merits. So let us enter the field fairly together as rivals, and see which will win her."

"Is such your wish, sire?"

"It is—my command. And now, Dunois!—Good night. Better days for France." And his eyes closing as he ceased to speak, the king fell instantly asleep, and, if it must be confessed, snored like any common mortal.

The next day and the next were passed in desperate love-making. The heart of the monarch was irrecoverably lost, and perhaps for the very reason that he was a cooler player. Dunois advanced far more rapidly than his royal rival in the good graces of the lovely Agnes. The third night the king was in a very sullen and ungracious humor—Dunois lost his favor in proportion as he gained that of the lady. Dunois, on his part, was getting desperately in love and determined to succeed.

Matters were in this state when the king, now thoroughly fearful for the result of his suit, resolved to resort to one of those stratagems which are as justifiable in love, as in war and politics. He summoned Dunois.

"My brave Dunois," said he, "you know I have loved you?"

"Indeed, sire, I am but too proud and happy in your favor."

"You saved my life in battle."

"I would willingly sacrifice mine for yours."

"I know it, Dunois, and I have been thinking how I might best recompense your loyalty and devotion. I know that your gallant spirit chafes at this idle life which my disabled condition reconciles me for a while. It is cruelty to keep you by my side while you are able to bear arms."

Concluded in our next

POPERY IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. Dr. Schaff, who has lately been on a visit to England, bears the following testimony to the power and influence of Popery in that country. It is the more valuable coming as it does from a gentleman who has been accused of Romish sympathies:—

"As regards Romanism, I have been so far deceived, as I had been led by the representations of its organs, as well as by many Protestant accounts, to consider it more powerful in England than in fact it appears to be. No doubt I got an impression at the above described service in St. George's that it is alive, and is working, and making mighty efforts to gain firm footing in the metropolis of Great Britain, and influence among the higher orders. But beyond that I could perceive very little of it. The whole enormous city has, so to speak, a sharply-cut Protestant look, and is full of Protestant churches and chapels, which are multiplying every year. The Catholics have only some ten, and their organ, the *Standard*, which appears weekly in London, has not above 1000 subscribers. There is far more noise made by it and against it, than the actual state of matters justifies."

"Still, this much is become clear to me, that Romanism, has thus far laid inwardly hold merely of the outermost extremes of society, but not of society itself. The mass of its congregations is formed, as in America, of immigrant Irish, belonging, as is well known, to the poorest and most ignorant classes. The transition of the Puseyites is confined to the circle of the high nobility and of the clergy, but it is indeed greatly outweighed, not in importance and influence, certainly, but in numbers, at least, by the transition of thousands of Catholics in the west of Ireland to the Episcopal Church. The body proper of the English nation is radically Protestant, and certainly will never submit to the yoke of an Italian ecclesiastical prince nor suffer itself to be robbed of the free Bible, the evangelical preaching, and other positive fruits of the Reformation. The whole national greatness and importance of England for the last three centuries hang quite plainly in inseparable connection with its Protestantism. The results of the last census are far more unfavorable for the Romish church than had been expected. According to this she numbers scarcely half so many members in England as she commonly claims, whilst she furnishes comparatively the largest number of jail-birds.—For according to the parliamentary report on religious education, which was published also in the Catholic *Tablet* of Dublin, the whole number of prisoners in England amounted on the 25th of September, 1852, to 21,626. Of these, 16,078 are assigned to the Anglican, 496 to the Presbyterian, 1391 to all the Dissenting Churches, and 2955 to the Romish Church. Now, since England and Scotland number 21 millions of inhabitants, and the Romish Church among these a million of members at the most, the proportion of her prisoners to those of the Protestant churches is as 3 to 1;

or, while a million of Protestant furnishes nearly 1000 prisoners, a million of Catholics furnish nearly 3000.

"As the Romish Church is boasting continually of its unity, and is never weary of casting up to Protestants their dismemberment and their internal oppositions, as the sure sign of their speedy dissolution, I was struck at reading in one of her most important organs, the *Rambler*, a Catholic journal, conducted by Anglican converts, the following open acknowledgment of the internal dissensions of the English Catholics, (vol. 5, 1860, p. 5). 'Why are English Catholics never united? Why is it that, agreeing in faith beyond all the rest of the world, we disagree in every other matter more than ordinary Protestants and unbelievers? Why will not the bishops, and the clergy, and the laity pull together, and write books and publish periodicals, and build churches, and found schools, and superintend ecclesiastical education, and confer and contend with the state, and, in short, do everything with one hand, as we trust they all have heart?—Why do we waste our energies and our money, till we are ashamed to look one another in the face? Why do we stand with our eyes and mouths open staring at our difficulties, wondering, wishing, hoping, fearing, grumbling, and fault-finding; and repeating, till the whole heart is sick, the whole story of Catholic mismanagement, Catholic disunion, Catholic extravagance, and impotence? This, we say, is a scarcely overcharged picture of the doleful strains of sorrow with which we are wont to console ourselves for our misdoing in every part of this island."

"It is asserted, to be sure, that this does not affect the unity of the faith. But if this unity actually exists, then such inconsistency in action appears so much the more criminal. What sort of unity of faith is it that bears such practical fruits of discord? Something must be wrong either in the faith or in the unity. We will not thereby defend or excuse in the least our Protestant divisions and quarrels; but in the painful sense of these, one is not to forget, that in Romanism things do not look essentially much better, and that by a change a man would not gain that of which so many now-a-days are dreaming. In that relation also hath not yet appeared what the Church of the future shall be, and there is also scope for the patience and hope of the saints."

Romantic Incident.

THE LOST HAND.

A paper printed in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, gave an account last fall of a grievous misfortune to a young girl 13 years old, named Meta Taylor. She was running to cross the railroad track, when she stumbled and fell. At that moment the cars of the N. Brunswick road came up, and cut off her left hand, which lay over the rail. In the confusion of the moment the hand was not picked up; and finally, when it was looked for, it could not be found. It was feared some animal had carried it off, and this thought was very distressing to the mother of the girl, as well as to Meta herself.—Last week the lost hand was recovered as follows:

"A young man from Elizabethtown happened to call on a friend of his at a boarding house in Eighth Street, New York. On the shelf in the room he saw a glass jar, with a pretty little hand suspended in it, preserved in spirits. It had a ring on the third finger, and was in every respect a lady-like looking hand. He thought at once of the lost hand in Elizabethtown, but he did not suspect this was the one. On asking his friend whose hand it was, he was told that it came from the Medical College, as his room mate was a medical student. The young man thought no more of the matter until he got home, when he mentioned what he had seen. His sister told him that Meta Taylor's lost hand had a ring on the third finger, which she had described. This ring was exactly like that on the hand in the jar. The sequel may be told in a few words. Meta Taylor came over to New York along with her mother and the young man alluded to. Proceeding to the house at once on Eighth street, she recognised the preserved hand in the jar as her long lost member. The student gave it up very cheerfully, assuring the young girl that he had bought it of a person who supplied bodies to the Medical College. It is suspected, however, that he stole the hand himself, as he was known to have been down at New Brunswick about the time the hand was cut off, and was probably a passenger in the cars that very day. Altogether this is the most singular case we ever recorded. No prosecution of the young student will be made, as both parties separated on the most amicable terms after the hand was given up to its fair owner.—*Port Ec.*

The first shot fired at the bombardment of Odesa was by Nelson—the younger brother of the present Earl.