

## Poetry.

## THE LION FLAG OF ENGLAND.

They say best men are moulded out of faults.—Shakespeare  
England! with all thy faults I love thee still.—Cowper.

The lion-flag of England!  
Say, Briton, shall it wave,  
The scorn of every base-born scorf,  
And jest of every slave—  
A sign to tell them how they beat  
The bravest of the earth,  
And teach them by our England's fall,  
To magnify their worth!  
"Forbid it, Heaven," the nations cry,  
In council gravely met?  
"We'll send her aid across the seas,  
And she shall conquer yet."

Have faith in dear Old England!  
A voice comes from her slain  
"We found her sound enough at heart,  
But erring in the brain."  
Have patience, and Old Time shall prove  
Her power is like her oak,  
Which in the scale of worth  
Beneath the deadly stroke.  
For, though she staggers at the blow,  
Her hero bands have met—  
Her ancient prowess gives the pledge,  
That she will conquer yet.

Have faith in dear Old England,  
Her lion-hearts lie dead;  
But tens of thousands ready wait  
To battle in their stead.  
They know from history's reddest page,  
That nations when opprest  
Must point their swords for arguments  
Against the tyrant's breast.  
While voices from the grand old past  
Come pleading—"Pay your debt;  
For you we fought—preserve your fame,  
And you shall conquer yet."

Hurrah! for dear Old England!  
Come Britons, one and all,  
Strike on, strike hard, strike home, strike sure,  
Till War himself shall fall;  
And Time, on pointing fingers wears  
The precious pearl of Peace,  
And Earth sends up her anthem shout  
That loving hearts increase,  
Fight on, keep heart, look up, be firm!  
And never once forget  
That Heav'n proclaimed this God-stamp'd  
truth.  
"The Right shall conquer yet."

## Select Tale.

## THE PERIL OF THE LAW.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Amelia," said Squire Freeland to his daughter, as they sat together near a vine-embowered window of Freeland Lodge, in a pleasant room, half library, half sportsman's cabinet; "I have now told you all—my embarrassments—Sir Robert Ashland's wishes. He loves you, and if you marry him your future is assured, while on my part I have little to give you, and if you neglect this opportunity, you will be compelled to unite yourself to some one beneath you in rank, and perhaps equally poor."

"Dear father," said the beautiful girl, "I never laid any stress upon wealth or worldly position."

"A girl's estimate of life, my child," said the squire. "Love in a cottage is a very pretty feature in a poem—but even one of your favourite poets tells you that when love finds no mutton and potatoes on the cottage table, he opens the window and flies out and off. And what is love after all—I mean the love that endures and sustains us through life. It is not the dazzling flame that so many silly moths burn their wings at, but an attachment based on reason, and strengthened by use. And you, I am sure, have no silly romantic attachment to blind your eyes to the solid advantages offered by Sir Robert's suit."

Amelia made no answer, and did not raise her eyes from the rose she was busy in picking to pieces.

"Mr. Martin, to wait upon my lady," said a servant entering.

"Sir Robert's private Secretary!" said the squire. "He comes upon this business, I'll be bound. Now, Amelia, think well of your answer. I'll speak with him a moment, and then send him to you."

Amelia rested her head upon her hand and seemed engaged in thought, until the opening of the door again diverted her attention, and the handsome secretary of Sir Robert Ashland stood before her. Her first impulse was to extend her hand with a warm girlish greeting, but the coolness and almost severity of the young man's manner checked her. She therefore simply bowed, and requested him to be seated.

"I beg your pardon, madame, but I must return

immediately to Sir Robert. He bade me say that he should have come to you himself, and had set apart a half hour for that purpose before the county meeting, when an inopportune visitor deprived him of the pleasure. He charged me then as his confidential secretary—he called me his friend—to learn from your own lips the answer to his suit. He could not sleep without knowing it."

"Luke," said the young girl, gazing at the young man earnestly, "what answer shall I give him? You have been an old friend—a playmate—you know whether Sir Robert is—in a word my answer will depend on you."

The messenger turned deadly pale; he rested his hand on the back of a chair to sustain himself, and then sank into it. Amelia sprang to his side.

"Good heavens! you are ill—Mr. Martin—Luke. I will ring for assistance."

"Stay! I conjure you!" said Martin, almost imperiously. "It is nothing; a momentary faintness—but it has passed away. You ask me of Sir Robert Ashland—my benefactor. Believe me, he is the noblest of men. He has all the qualities to render the woman he loves happy, and—he loves you. He is rich—he bears an honored name. I—I have done my duty," he added, to himself. Then his eyes followed anxiously every movement of the squire's daughter, as she sat down to an escritoire and hastily penned a note, which she handed to Martin. The secretary thought that there were tears in her eyes, but her voice was firm, as she said—

"This note contains my final answer. I have accepted him."

Martin could not trust himself with a reply. He bowed and left the lodge. In a minute, his horse's hoofs were rapidly beating the road to Ashland castle. Arriving, he tossed his bridle to a groom, and hastened to meet Sir Robert in the library.—He was not there; but a line from him lay upon the table. It contained only the following words,

"DEAR LUKE,—I have gone to the county meeting. Sit up till I return—which shall be as early as possible."

ASHLAND.

Martin threw himself into an easy chair, the prey to various emotions. The young man, who was endowed with talent and sensibility, was peculiarly situated. He never knew his parents; nor whether he sprang from a lofty or a humble origin. His earliest reminiscences were of a cottage near London, where he was cared for by an old woman, who ever treated him with the utmost respect. Thence he was removed to a boarding school, whence he was taken by Sir Robert Ashland, who, having himself completed his instruction, made him his private Secretary, and treated him rather as a relative than a protegee. But the baronet gave him distinctly to understand that he was in no way connected with him, and that he could not enlighten him as to his family. Thrown much into the society of Amelia Freeland, he had loved her in secret, but, knowing that his future was uncertain, that a dark mystery shrouded his existence, he resolved to conceal his passion, even if it should consume his heart. In what light Miss Freeland regarded him—whether the pleasure she derived from his society was warmed to a degree above friendship—it is impossible to say. Martin believed that by avoiding her, he had succeeded in extinguishing his passion, but he discovered how completely he had deceived himself when the open avowal of his patron's admiration for his idol awakened all the racking pangs of jealousy. But he felt now that his love must be sternly sacrificed; and he bent himself to the task with the energy of a martyr. And though his cheek paled day by day, Sir Robert never suspected the cause of it to be a hopeless passion. His selection of Martin for the delicate mission we have just described was proof enough of this. How faithfully he performed his part we have just seen.

He rejoiced now that his patron was absent, as it gave him an opportunity to rally all his energies, and prepare himself to meet him with his wonted equanimity.

It was very late when Sir Robert returned. He was pale and agitated, and scarcely noticed his secretary, as he threw himself into a deep cushioned chair.

"Sir Robert," said the secretary, handing him the note, "here is the answer Miss Freeland sent you."

"Miss Freeland!" said Sir Robert, gazing vacantly at the note. "Ah, yes! I remember!" and he flung it unopened upon the table.

"You are not well, Sir Robert?" said the secretary.

Without replying directly to the question, the baronet said—

"Martin, go the butler, and tell him to give you half a tumbler of French brandy."

The secretary was somewhat surprised at this order, as Sir Robert was exceedingly temperate, rarely drinking even wine, and he was yet more astonished when, returning with the liquor, he saw his patron empty it at a draught.

"Strange things have chanced to-night, Martin," said Sir Robert, shudderingly, and yet as if impelled to speak.

Martin gazed inquiringly at his patron.

"In the first place," said Sir Robert, I got into a quarrel at the town hall with Colonel Heyland, our member."

"Say rather, Sir Robert, he fastened a quarrel on you," said Martin. Every one in the county knows his turbulent and imperious spirit."

"It was *apropos* of your friend Farmer Horton," said Sir Robert.

"One of the best men living."

"Colonel Heyland had had a difficulty with him; and the sturdy farmer had given him a piece of his mind, as he called it, and swore he would be even with him for the wrong he had suffered at his hand. The Colonel made some very severe remarks about Horton, and I took up his defence. He gave me the lie."

"Good heavens!" cried Martin.

"I struck him instantly, but he returned the blow. In a word, taking advantage of his superior strength, he beat me like a dog."

"But this was infamous!" cried Martin, indignant at the treatment of his patron. "His remedy was a challenge."

"No matter—I was beaten by this man in the presence of a dozen gentlemen—my peers and neighbours."

"And he lives to boast of it!"

"No, Martin; he is dead," replied Sir Robert, in a hollow voice.

"Dead! Colonel Heyland dead! are you sure of it?"

"I myself saw him lying at the cross road in the forest where they found him—where he had fallen—stricken from his horse by the hand of the assassin."

"And no clue to the murderer?"

"Yes—the murderer was arrested near the spot—in fact, bending over the body with the fatal knife in his hand—a horn-handled knife—the instrument of the deed."

"And who was it, Sir Robert?"

"Farmer Horton!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Farmer Horton!" exclaimed Martin. "Impossible! I know his nature. He has the heart of a soldier—you know that he served in the peninsula—but not that of an assassin."

"But remember that Heyland had threatened to deprive him of his lease—had blackened his character—sworn his ruin—that fate had thrown him in his path. Let us imagine that hot words passed between them—perhaps even that the colonel struck him—you can then account for the ready knife and the quick blood."

"I see—I see," said Martin, sadly.

"Even I could hardly have commanded my temper under the circumstances. I am sorry for poor Horton, but I cannot be too grateful for his detection, for after what had passed between the colonel and myself, and particularly as I left the inn shortly after him, if the assassin had effected his flight, I—even I, might have been suspected."

"You, sir! O, no!" exclaimed Martin. "The wildest imagination would never have associated your name with murder."

"Think you so?" said Sir Robert, with a grave smile.

"No circumstantial evidence would have convinced a jury of your guilt."

"All men are not such partial judges of my character as you are, Martin," replied Sir Robert.—"And now let us to bed—it is waxing late, and we both have need of sleep."

The trial of Farmer Horton for the murder of a member of Parliament, created, of course, an intense excitement throughout the county, and the court-house was thronged during the progress of the trial. Even ladies were seen among the spectators. The verdict surprised no one. It was "guilty." When the prisoner was called on by the judge to say whatever he might have to offer he rose, and in a firm voice addressed the Bench.

"My lord," said he, "I have little to say, and that little, I am well aware, will be of no avail. The jury have just pronounced me guilty; to that awful verdict I can only reply, as I plead at the commencement of this trial—I am not guilty. Your verdict will be recorded here—my plea at the bar of a higher tribunal. I blame no one. Circumstances have been too hard for me. My lord and gentlemen of the jury, Colonel Heyland did not fall by my hand. I have slain men, but it was in the discharge of my duty, on the stricken field. I appeal to my past character—there is nothing in my whole life that shews me likely

to commit the crime. I threatened Colonel Heyland with vengeance—but it was such vengeance as British law accords to men illegally oppressed, that I alluded to. On the night of the murder, I lost my knife. I was returning from the village a-foot, and carrying a lantern, for it was quite dark, when I stumbled on the dead body. I kneeled down and recognized, to my horror, a horn-handled knife—the same I had lost, sticking in the wound. I was engaged in withdrawing it, when parties returning from the election found me in that fatal place, and thus fatally engaged. I have done, my lord. Add my name to the long list of victims to circumstantial evidence. Time will wash the stain of blood from my memory. I can say no more."

This speech made little impression. Sentence of death was passed and the prisoner was remanded to his cell.

The evening before his execution, the criminal sent a message requesting earnestly to see Sir Robert Ashland's private secretary. In obedience to the desire of the unfortunate man, Martin repaired to the gaol and was ushered into the condemned cell, where he was allowed a private interview.

"Luke," said the farmer, "we have always been good friends, and I could not go out of the world without a parting word of kindness. You do not believe me guilty, I am sure."

Martin was silent.

"I tell you, boy," said the farmer, solemnly, "as I told the judge and jury—as I told the good rector this blessed afternoon, that I am guiltless of that murder."

"Can it be possible? Yet some one did the deed."

A sudden light flashed upon Martin's mind.

"No! no!" he cried, recoiling from the hideous thought. "It could not have been him."

"Would you rather believe it was done by your father?" asked the old man.

"My father!"

"Martin—my son—my boy! this secret must not go to the grave with me. Hear me out.—Twenty-five years ago, I, a humble farm-servant on a gentleman's estate, won the heart of his daughter. I was then a handsome youth, had distinguished myself in Spain—at Waterloo, and there was a sort of romance thrown over me. But mark me—while I loved deeply—she, the lady of my dreams, deceived herself as to the strength of her affection for me. We were married secretly. In due time I was to claim her for my own in the eyes of the world. The family went to France to spend a few months. There, your mother, repenting of the step she had taken, became a convert to the Romish faith and entered a convent—abandoning her family, her country and her unacknowledged husband. To the superior of the convent she told all. You, an infant, were sent by a sure hand to the care of an old woman, and afterwards through the secret influence of your mother, Sir Robert Ashland, who was a family connection, was induced to receive you. Your mother lived but a few years. I have reason to believe that she repented the step she had taken, as her farewell letter to me breathed regret and affection. And now my tale is nearly ended.—When I am no more, you will receive a package which contains my marriage certificate and my last will. I have toiled for your sake and have been successful. O, Martin—how I have watched over you. With what pride have I noticed your development—your position! And now to be cut off at the moment of reaping the reward of years of self-denial—it is bitter—but God's will be done!"

"Father! father!" cried Luke, in agony.—"You are innocent. You must not die upon the scaffold."

"To-morrow morning," said the old man, "when the sun is shining on all that is beautiful on this fair earth, I must take my brief and sharp farewell of it. A moment's agony—and I shall sleep in peace."

"You shall be saved," cried Luke. "It cannot be that Heaven will permit this dreadful tragedy to be enacted. Farewell—father; if I save you not, we will both be buried in the same grave."

From the prison, Luke flew to the presence of his patron. He found him pacing the library from end to end.

"Sir Robert!" he cried, "I am come from the prison."

"Ay?"

"Ay, sir—and in the person of the prisoner who is sentenced to die to-morrow, I have found a father."

"So! he confessed then?"

"What—you knew the fact and concealed it?"

"I was pledged not to reveal it."

"But this is not all, Sir Robert; I am satisfied