the spot where De Coucy's mantlet concealed himself and his followers from the lesser weapons of the besieged, and, at a sign from the knight, the lever slowly raised the immense engine in the air. 'Have a care!—have a care! Sire de Coucy!' shouted at once the whole troop of Brabangois, as well as Arthur's men-at-arms. But before their cry could well reach the knight, or be understood, the lever was suddenly loosed, and the ponderous mass of wood fell with its iron shod point upon the mantlet, dashing it to pieces. Hugo de Barre was struck down, with four of the other squires; but De Coucy himself, who was actually in the mine he had dug, with three more of his followers, who were close to the wall, remained untouched. Hugo, however, instantly sprang upon his feet again, but little injured, and three of his companions followed his example; the fourth remained upon the field for ever.

'Back, Hugo! back to the Prince all of you!' cried De Coucy.—'Give me the light and back!' The squires obeyed, and having placed in the knight's hand a resin torch which was by this time nearly burnt out, they retreated towards the Brabangois, under a shower of arrows from the walls, which, sped from a good English bow, in more than one instance, pierced the lighter armour of De Coucy's squires, and left marks that remained till death. In the mean while, not a point of De Coucy's armour, as he moved to and fro at the foot of the tower, that was not the mark of an arrow or a quarrel; while the English knight above, animated his men to every exertion, to prevent him from completing what he had begun. 'A thousand crowns to him that strikes him down!' cried he.—'Villains! cast the stones upon him! On your lives let him not fire those faggots! or the tower and the town are lost.—Give me an arblast;' and as he spoke, the knight snatched a crossbow from one of the yeomen, dressed the quarrel in it, and aimed steadily at the bars of De Coucy's helmet as he bore forward another bundle of fagots, and jammed it into the mine.

The missile struck against one of the bars and bounded off. 'Well aimed, William of Salisbury!' cried De Coucy, looking up. 'For ancient love my companion in arms, I tell thee to get back from the tower, for within three minutes it is down!' And so saying, he applied his torch to various parts of the pile of wood he had piled up in the breach, and retired slowly towards Prince Arthur, with the arrows rattling upon his armour like a heavy shower of hail upon some well-roofed building. 'Now, my noble lord,' cried he, 'down from your horse, and prepare to rush on! By Heaven's grace, you shall be the first man in Mirebeau; for I hear by the shouts that the others have not forced the gates yet.—Hugo, if thou art not badly hurt with that arrow, range the men behind us.—By the Lord, William of Salisbury will stay till the tower falls. See, they are trying to extinguish the fire by casting water over, but it is in vain, the pillars have caught the flame. Hark, how they crack.'

As De Coucy spoke, the Earl of Salisbury and his men, seeing that the attempt to put out the fire was useless, retired from the tower. The flame gradually consumed the heaps of loose wood and fagots with which the knight had filled the mine; and the strong props of wood with which he had supported the wall as he worked on, caught fire, one after the other, and blazed with intense fury. The besiegers and the besieged watched alike in breathless expectation as the fire wore away the strength of the wood. Suddenly one of the props gave way; but only a mass of heated masonry followed. Another broke, the tower tottered, the others snapped short with the weight—the falling mass seemed to balance itself in the air, and struggle like an overthrown king, to stand for but a moment longer—then down it rushed, with a sound like thunder, and lay a mass of smoking ruins on the plain.

'On, on,' cried De Coucy; 'charge before the dust subsides! A Coucy, a Coucy!—St. Michael, St. Michael!' and in an instant he was standing with Prince Arthur by his side, in the midst of the breach which the fall of the tower had made in the wall and half way up the sort of causeway formed in its ruins They passed not however unopposed, for William Longsword instantly threw himself before them. 'Up, Prince Arthur, up,' cried De Coucy; 'you must be the first.—Set your foot on my knee;' and he bent it to aid the young Prince in climbing a mass of broken wall that lay before him. Arthur sprang up, sword in hand, amid the smothering cloud of dust and smoke that still hung above the ruins, and his weapon was instantly crossed with that of his uncle, William of Salisbury, his father's natural brother. At the same moment De Coucy rushed forward and struck down two of the Norman soldiers who opposed his passage; but then paused, in order not to abandon Arthur to an old and experienced knight, far more than a match for him in arms.

For five blows and their return, De Coucy suffered the Prince to maintain the combat himself, *to win his spurs*, as he mentally termed it. The sixth stroke, however, of William of Salisbury's tremendous sword, fell upon Arthur's shoulder; and though the noble lad sturdily bore up, and was not even brought upon his knee, yet the part of his armour where the blow fell flew into shivers with its force. The earl lifted his sword again; and Arthur somewhat dizzied and confused, made a very faint movement to parry it; but instantly De Coucy rushed in, and received the edge of the weapon on his shield. 'Nobly fought! my Prince,' cried he, covering Arthur with one arm and returning William Longsword's blow with the other—'nobly fought and knightly done. Push in with your men-at-arms and the Brabangois, and leave this one to me. Now, Salisbury, old friend, we have stood side by side in Palestine. I love thee as well face to face. Thou art a noble foe. There stands my foot.' 'Brave Coucy, thou shalt have thy heart's content;' cried the earl, dealing one of his sweeping blows at the knight's neck. But he had now met with his equal; and, indeed, so powerful was each of the champions, so skilful in the use of their weapons, and so cool in their contention, that the combat between them was long and undecided. Blow answered blow with the rapidity of lightning: stroke followed stroke. Their arms struck fire, the crests were shorn from their helmets, the bearings effaced from their shields, and their surcoats of arms became as tattered as a beggar's gown. Still, though De Coucy pressed him with impetuous fury, William of Salisbury yielded not a step; and it was only when he saw his followers driven back by the superior number of the Brabangois and men-at-arms led by Arthur, that he retired a pace or two, still dealing blows thick and fast at De Coucy; who followed foot by foot, shouting his battle-cry, and encouraging the men to advance; while, every now and then, he addressed some word of friendly admiration to his opponent, even in the midst of the deadly strife that he urged so furiously against him

'Thou art a good knight, on my soul, Lord Salisbury;' cried he, 'yet take that for the despatch of this affair!' and he struck him with the full sway of his blade, on the side of his head, so that the earl reeled as he stood. 'Gramercy!' cried William, recovering his equipoise, and letting a blow fall on the knight's casque, not inferior in force to the one he had received. At that moment, his troops gave way still farther before the Brabangois; and at the same time a party of the burghers came rushing from another part of the town, crying, 'The gate is lost, the gate is lost—we saw it dashed in!' 'Then the town is lost too,' said Salisbury calmly. 'Sound a retreat,' he continued, turning his head slightly to a squire who stood behind him, watching lest he should be struck down, but forbidden by all the laws of war to interpose between two knights, so long as they could themselves maintain the fight. At the same time, while the squire, as he had been bidden, sounded a retreat on his horn, William Longsword still continued to oppose himself to the very front of the enemy; and not till the men were clear, and in full retreat towards the castle, did he seek to escape himself, though he in a degree quitted the personal combat with De Coucy, to cover with some of his bravest men-at-arms the rear of the rest. Now, he struck a blow here; now felled a Brabangois there; now, returned for an instant to De Coucy; and now, rushed rapidly to restore order among his retreating troops.

As they quitted the walls, however, and got embarrassed in the streets of the town, the Norman soldiers were every moment thrown into more and more confusion, by the various parties of the burghers who had abandoned the walls, and were flying towards the castle for shelter. Several knights also, and men-at-arms, were seen retreating up the high streets, from the gate which had been attacked by Savery de Mauleon; just at the moment that De Coucy, rushing on into the market-place, caught his standard from the hands of Hugo de Barre, and struck it into the great fountain of the town. The flight of the knights showed sufficiently to Lord Salisbury, that the gate which they had been placed to defend had been forced also; and his sole care became now to get his men as speedily and as safely within the walls of the castle as possible. This was not so difficult to do; for though De Coucy and Arthur still hung upon his rear with the men-at-arms and a part of the Brabangois, a great majority of the latter, giving way to their natural inclination, dispersed to pursue their ancient avocation of plundering. A scene of no small horror presented itself at the gates of the castle. Multitudes of the Burghers, with their women and children, had crowded thither for safety; but Eleanor, with the most pitiless cruelty, ordered the garrison to drive them back with arrows, and not to suffer one to enter on pain of death. Their outstretched hands, their heartrending cries, were all in vain: the queen was inexorible; and more than one had been wounded with the arrows, who had dared to approach the barbican. When Salisbury and his band came near, however, the multitude driven to despair by seeing the pursuers following fiercely on his track, made a universal rush to enter along with him; and it was only by using their swords against the townsmen, and even the women, that the soldiers could clear themselves a passage. Salisbury was of course the last who passed himself, and as he turned to enter, while his soldiers formed again within the barbican, two women, of the highest class of the townspeople, clung to his knees, entreating him by all that may move man's heart, to let them follow within the walls. 'I cannot—I must not'—exclaimed he harshly; but then, turning once more, he shouted to De Coucy, who, seeing that further pursuit was vain, now followed more slowly.

'Sire de Coucy!' he exclaimed, as if he had been speaking to his dearest friend. 'If you love me, protect this helpless crowd as much as may be. For old friendship's sake I pray thee.' 'I will, Salisbury, I will,' replied De Coucy—'Beau Sire Arthur, have I your permission?' 'Do what thou wilt, dear friend and noble knight,' replied the Prince. 'Is there any thing you could ask me now, that I would not grant?' 'Stand back then, ho'—cried the knight, waving his hand to the Brabangois, who were pressing forward towards the trembling crowd of burghers.—'Stand back. Who passes that mark is my foe'—and he cast his gauntlet on the ground in front of the line. 'We will not be baulked of our spoil. The purses of the burghers are ours!' cried several of the free companions; and one sprang forward from immediately behind De Coucy, and passed the bound he had fixed. That instant, however, the knight, without seeing or enquiring who he was, struck him a blow in the face with the pummel of his sword, that laid him rolling on the ground with the blood spouting from his nose and mouth. No one made a movement to follow: and Jodelle—for it was he—rose from the ground, and retired silently to his companions. De Coucy then advanced with Prince Arthur towards the multitude, crowding round the barbican. Immediately the soldiers on the walls bent their bows; but the voice of the Earl of Salisbury was heard exclaiming—'Whoever wings a shaft at him dies on the spot;' and De Coucy proceeded to tell the people, that they must, if they hoped to be spared, yield whatever gold or jewels they had about them to the soldiery; and that all such men as were not clerks, must agree to surrender themselves prisoners, and pay a fair ransom, such as should be determined afterwards by the Prince's council.

This matter was soon settled: the universal cry from the burghers being, in their extremity of fear, 'Save our lives—save our women's honor—save our children—and take gold, or whatever else we possess.' 'Each one instantly stripped himself of the wealth he had about him; and this, being collected in a heap, satisfied for a time, the rapacity of the soldiers. De Coucy then took measures to secure the lives of the prisoners; and putting them by twos and threes, under the protection of the prince's men at arms and his own squires, he accompanied Arthur to the market-place, followed by the Brabongois, wrangling with each other concerning the distribution of the spoil, and seemingly forgetful of their disappointment in not having been permitted to add bloodshed to plunder.

EARLY REPUTATION.

It is an old proverb, that he who aims at the sun, to be sure, will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high, and though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young men are not, in general, conscious of what they are capable of doing.—They do not task their faculties, nor improve their powers, nor attempt as they ought to rise to superior excellences. They have no high commanding object at which they aim: but often seem to be passing away life without object and without aim. The consequence is, their efforts are feeble; they are not waked up to any thing great or distinguished; and therefore, fail to acquire a character of decided worth.

Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence, is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The power of example is proverbial. We are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our temper and habits are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate. In this view; nothing is of more importance to young men than the choice of their companions. If they select for their associates the intelligent, the virtuous, and the enterprising, great and most happy will be the effects on their own character and habits.—With these living, breathing patterns of excellence before them, they can hardly fail to feel a disgust at every thing that is low, unworthy and vicious, and to be inspired with a desire to advance in whatever is praiseworthy and good. It is needless to add, the opposite of all this is the certain consequences of intimacy with persons of bad habits and profligate lives.

Young men are, in general, but little aware how much their reputation is affected in the view of the public, by the company they keep. The character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. If they seek the society of the worthy and respectable, it elevates them in the public estimation, as it is an evidence that they respect others. On the contrary, intimacy with persons of bad character, always sinks a young man in the eye of the public. While he, perhaps, in intercourse with such persons, thinks but little of the consequences, others are making their remarks: they learn what his taste is; what sort of company he prefers; and predict on no doubtful ground, what will be the issue to his own principles and character. There are young men, and those too, who have no mean opinion of themselves, to be intimate with whom would be as much as one's reputation is worth.

ORIGINAL.

BAY DU VIN RIVER.

After twisting and tumbling in its narrow channel, a distance of about 30 miles, through fertile soils and frowning forests, the Bay du Vin River, about 3 miles farther up the Miramichi than the Bay du Vin Island, discharges itself into the ever disturbed bosom of the Bay du Vin, or '*Windy* Bay.'

Several rustling streams fall into the Bay du Vin River. The '*Back*,' and Robichaux Creeks—the '*Main*' and Goodfellow's Forks, are four of its tributaries;—the two former empty themselves near its entrance; the *Main* Forks about 15 miles up, and the *Goodfellow's* Forks a short distance of its source.

About 17 miles to the S. and Eastward of the Town of Chatham, the traveller crosses the Bay du Vin, on an excellent wooden Bridge, being then about equally distant from Bay du Vin Bay, and the swamps and springs from which the river flow.

On its lower or eastern bank, soon as the Bay du Vin has opened itself to the eye of the mariner in sailing the channel of the Miramichi, several delightful situations—on which stand neat little dwellings—claim his observation;—these mostly belong to the family of the