

zendorf proceeded them to report their arrival, when he opportunely made his reappearance, and beckoned them into the interior of the canvass abode of the Spanish Governor.

The duke ran his eye over them as they entered, and seemed well pleased with their soldier-like appearance. Both were decidedly good looking. Albrecht had of course the advantage of stature, and, if there had not been a little too much German heaviness about the eye, an artist might have been pleased to obtain so well formed and muscular a fellow for a model. His companion had, as we before noticed, fair curling hair, and particularly intelligent blue eyes; in fact, there was a careless and almost saucy independence in the glance, that suited well enough with her assumed sex, though she naturally felt a little abashed at the state and rank of her interrogator, and at the confession which would probably be drawn from her. But if she had any hopes or intentions of still concealing herself, they were doomed to be quickly frustrated, for Albrecht was too full of his new and surprising discovery to avoid letting out their secret in the first questions and answers which passed.

The Duke of Parma started, then laughed, and declared it was like a page taken from the romance of Amadis de Gaul; while poor Mary, whose flushed cheeks and agitated bosom bore witness to its truth, acknowledged her disguise, but indignantly repelled any impeachment of her virtue; which last fact Albrecht confirmed by his testimony. Still more surprised, and perhaps a little incredulous, the Duke ordered her to relate the whole of her previous history, which we give nearly as possible in her own words.

'Your highness must know that I am the daughter of the captain of a small vessel which traded along the English coast, who had taken, for no reason that I ever knew, a dislike to his wife, my poor mother. Although she suffered much unhappiness, yet she was too weak and gentle ever to remonstrate with him for his ill usage. Among other bad treatment, he unjustly suspected her of being unfaithful to him, and took the first opportunity of deserting her, and refused to acknowledge me as his child when born. As my mother was left friendless, and with her character blighted, she determined to leave the place of my birth, (Bristol,) and to travel northward with me and my eldest brother to join her parents in Yorkshire. In the course of this long and difficult journey, for such it was to her, the boy died, and as I was only one year younger, my mother dressed me in his clothing, and presented me as a boy to her relations, for her husband's cruel and false reports against her fair fame gave her the idea of concealing the real time of my birth. But her health and spirits were broken down; she never held up her head again; and when eight or nine years of age I lost her; on her death bed she charged me to keep up the disguise, and warned me against the selfishness of men.'

'And how then came your friend here to know of your masquerade?' asked the Duke with a smile.

'By the mass, I knew nothing till this morning,' interrupted Albrecht; 'and if it had not been for an accident, I had still known nothing but that she was a man.'

'I next entered into the service of a French lady, as her page,' continued Mary, 'and a kind and good mistress she was too while she lived; but soon after her death I left England, because—and here she cast down her eyes, and smiled—'because I had a mind to see a little more of the world.'

'So—this is a strange tale of yours,' again said the Duke; 'but was that your only reason for leaving the country? I see by your face there was something else—come, speak out, and let us know it.'

'Why, the truth is,' resumed Mary, 'there might be another cause. I was not the only servant of my mistress; she had also a waiting-maid, rather a pert, forward girl, and I was for a long time puzzled at her behaviour; she was always putting herself in my way, and smiling or sighing at me. Afterward I discovered her aim, and amused myself with drawing her on till my mistress noticed it, and rebuked me for my conduct. But at last her attentions became tiresome, and I was pestered with her excessive jealousy of every girl I chanced to speak to. In order to avoid her importunities, and being very desirous to see something of a soldier's life, I came over to Flanders with the resolution of enlisting. And thus it has happened that I am in the service of the King of

Spain, under your highness, and I crave your pardon for my poor story.'

The duke was highly amused at her intrigue with the waiting-maid, and even Von Blitzendorf relaxed his features to a grin. After some further questioning, the former asked her what she intended to do, as she could not continue to serve, now her sex were known.

'It appeareth to me, most excellent prince and commander,' observed Von Blitzendorf, 'that this young woman or maiden, having voluntarily chosen the garments of our sex, and engaged in the service of his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, is bound to continue the same; at least to the end of the war. For the usages of honourable men are, that such a contract should be fulfilled; and there seems no reason why the girl should not serve hereafter as well as before, being young, stout and able of body.'

The duke, however, did not exactly agree in that opinion, to the apparent relief of Albrecht, who stood looking from one to the other alternately with a puzzled, uncomfortable look, and it was decided subsequently that Mary should have her discharge.

It was the custom, as the reader may perhaps know, in the olden times of war, when affairs were conducted with mathematical precision, according to precedent, to suspend all hostilities at the approach of winter, and retire into some fortified place for three or four months; when the interval was frequently found useful in affording rest for men and horses, and opportunities were given for negotiations, or else for preparations for renewing the war, on either side. And this appears to be the most probable reason why treaties of peace were usually signed in the early spring in those times, (notwithstanding that the fact is attributed by historians to various other causes and by astronomers, in particular, to the influence of sundry signs of the zodiac.) In compliance with this established rule, the Duke of Parma, very soon after the event we have narrated, removed his camp to the city of Tournay, where they were fairly established in comfortable winter quarters.

The cathedral of Notre Dame in that city stands, as is well known to travellers in the Low Countries, within a very short distance of the ancient and comfortable hostel of the Singe d'Or, which is constantly echoing back the frequent sound of the bells that may be heard at all hours of the day from its curious lofty belfries, whose shape as seen from a little distance, reminds one, in no small degree of pepper castors, pigeon houses, or to use a more elegant simile, the turrets of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Place.

One fine December morning there was bustling and tumult in that said hostel, and the bells rung more merrily than ever out of their old fashioned pepper boxes, while many were the laughing faces and curious townspeople that assembled in the porch of Notre Dame, to have a peep at the wedding party who were escorted to the church by most of the officers in the garrison. And, certainly, the announcement of the marriage between two troopers of Von Blitzendorf's regiment was a sufficiently strange event to account for the number and merriment of the party. Mary, had of course assumed the proper garments of a bride; but though she certainly appeared very pretty in them; we must own that her masculine education made her feel and move rather awkwardly in petticoats at first, but let us hope she became soon better reconciled to the feminine garb. A subscription was entered into by the officers, and the new married pair were duly installed as host and hostess of the Singe d'Or; nor must we omit to record, as a matter of history, that the baron Von Blitzendorf graciously condescended to lead off the dance with the bride that evening, and used his best efforts to make the bridegroom dead drunk; but whether Albrecht saw through the plot, or that his head was made of an impenetrable material, that practical joke recoiled upon the redoubtable Baron himself, who was safely deposited under the table at an early period of the festivities.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

A SISTER'S THOUGHTS OVER A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps in peace! Death's cold eclipse
His radiant eyes hath shrouded o'er,
And Slander's poison, from the lips
Of women, on his heart no more
Distils, and burns it to its core.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit
That beamed forth from his living brow,
Prompt at the shrine of living merit,
With reverence and with truth to bow,
Is, by false tongues, not troubled now.

He sleeps in peace! And while he sleeps,
He dreams not of earth's loves or strifes,
The tears a sister for him weeps;
He knows not that they're not his wife's;
His thoughts are all another life's.

I hope he knows not that the hand
Once given to him, is now another's:
I know, the flame that once it fanned
Had all gone out. I know, my brother's
Last thoughts were of my love and mother's.

I hope he knows not that his child
Hears not, nor knows, its father's name:
Keep its young spirit undefiled,
And worthy of its father's fame,
O Thou from whom its spirit came!

Thou Father of the fatherless,
The mantle that my brother wore—
The robe of truth and faithfulness—
Keep, for his infant, in thy store:
My brother hath left nothing more!

That mantle! Men hath seen him throw
It amply round him, ere it fell:
Peace, brother, 'tis as white as snow—
No one of all on earth that dwell
Can stain what once became thee well.

In peace thou sleepest: through the bars
Of its dim cell thy spirit fled,
And new thy sister and the stars
Their tears of dew and pity shed,
Heart broken brother, on thy bed!
REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

From Heads of the People. THE ALDERMAN.

If we fall in presenting an image of the Alderman, no one save the Aldermen will deem our portrait unlike, for we copy from universal report, and record merely the impression of all mankind. It would be like 'flying in the face of Providence' to entertain two ideas of the Alderman. The one idea of him is simply that of a practical philosopher who thinks that good living necessarily constitutes a good life. We can form no other. We can conceive an Alderman to be a pin-maker sparing in his diet. We can see through him readily, but we cannot therefore associate thinness with his condition. People have the same notion of a thin abstemious Alderman, that they have of a fat chameleon as a fleet-footed snail. The Alderman's belief differs not materially from the creed which fixes the earth, for its necessary support, on the back of a tortoise; for 'tortoise' he reads 'turtle,' which he deems indeed the support of the world. His experience furnishes a contradiction to the venerable maxim, that one swallow makes not a summer, for his summer is but one swallow. He reverses in his practice another ancient axiom, that a contented mind is a continual feast; for with him a continual feast is the only source of a contented mind. Being, like Falstaff, too large in the girth to run, and not liking to lard the lean earth even as he walks along, he conceives that the best way to 'pursue' happiness in this world, is to tuck your feet under the table, and net stir, an inch for many hours. What the first of philosophers calls 'great greatness' consists in this. The Alderman thus raises from table a person of increased weight in society. A stout man embodies his ideas of a great man. Shakspeare was wrong for once, when he said 'robes and furred gowns hide all.' What robe or furred gown ever hid an Alderman, wrapping him wholly from view? It is as though a hen were to gather the chick of an ostrich under her inefficient wing.

The Alderman, well off in the world, has a very definite idea of misery—that it is an affair of the will in this world, and to be embraced or avoided as people choose and as their tastes impel them. He knows that thousands annually starve, but he asks—why, being hungry, do they not instantly go to dinner? If they have no bread, why not eat buns? The perversity of the human character in this respect astounds him. He sees people indulging in a habit (indulging!) of not arriving until the soup has, actually been once round.—This he looks upon as a misdemeanor that should be made punishable by statute; and declares our criminal code to be shamefully imperfect, in passing over the still more flagrant offence of keeping dinner waiting. The table, he insists, is the only thing pre-ordained to groan, man was not made to mourn, but to masticate. He believes in the possibility of perfect bliss to all—by the institution of an universal college of cookery.—If Ude could be spared he should be sent on his travels—being a Cook far better qualified than the Captain to circumnavigate the globe and civilise mankind. Ude's immortal work figures in the Alderman's select library, with a new title in gilt letters on the back—'Paradise Regained.' If reminded that he has borrowed the title from

the poem so called, he says he never read it; but that he has nevertheless an enthusiastic reverence for Milton, being a particular admirer of the delicate flavour of the oysters associated with his name.

As he has a horror of keeping dinner waiting, so he dislikes the custom of appointing the dinner-hour 'five for six,' trifling with the sacredness of time—tampering with the finest feelings of humanity; 'six for five precisely' he says would be a decided improvement. He secretly thinks that the Lord Mayor should be compelled to give more than three hundred and sixty five dinners a year. Present customs, he feels, approach too near to total abstinence. He wonders that no government has offered a reward for the invention of a new meal. So much for the false usages of man. With regard to the law of nature, he holds it to be a pity that appetite should suffer diminution from merely dining. For himself, he does not know what excess means. When twelve are to dine, he likes covers to be laid for four-and-twenty; yet never, at home or abroad felt that he had over-dined. He likes every delicacy of the season, except delicacy to a guest who eats sparingly. Like the person who preached himself down to the bare sexton, he thinks a man bound to dine himself down to the bare table-cloth.

NEW WORKS.

Journal of a Residence in Circassia during the Years 1837, 1838, and 1839. By James Stanislaus Bell.

Circassia, always interesting from her national character, her traditions, her romantic scenery (the favorite ground of the eastern poets), has latterly taken a still stronger hold on the feelings of mankind, in consequence of her resolute resistance to the arms of Russia. This is not the place to enter into the question at issue between the autocrat and the tribes of Circassia; but we must observe that throughout all the debates that have taken place concerning that invasion, and the subsidiary discussions on the affair of the "Vixen," we have heard nothing to alter our conviction that the demands of Russia upon that country are utterly untenable, and that her assertions to a right of sovereignty over it rests upon no higher foundation than the right of the strong over the weak. Russia claims Circassia by virtue of cession from Turkey—the Circassians deny that Turkey ever possessed any authority whatever over them, and that, therefore, she could not transfer them to any other power—but Russia, boldly maintaining her claim—and perfectly succeeding, through the operations of her subtle diplomatic machinery, in satisfying some of the European courts that claim is well founded, has persevered, at an enormous cost of human life, in prosecuting an iniquitous war of naked aggrandizement in the Caucasus. The whole affair is a monstrous outrage, upon a large scale, against humanity and justice. The Russians, having such vast hordes of men at their command, can afford to vary on this sanguinary aggression to an almost indefinite extent; while the Circassians, a handful of brave patriots shut up in their mountains, have nothing to rely upon but the fortunate accident of a strong position, and that noble spirit which has enabled them, in the face of accumulating difficulties, to harass the invader whose resources they never can exhaust. The only chance Russia has of subjugating Circassia is by the extermination of the people. To this end her whole energies are directed, and should she at last succeed, she will add to the rest of her acquisitions a depopulated province. Is it right that Europe should look on tacitly at this great wrong, and seem to sanction it by silent acquiescence? Circassia denies that Turkey ever possessed any sovereignty within her boundaries, and it has never been shown how Turkey came by the authority she has so injuriously asserted. But even granting that some shadow of evidence can be adduced in proof of that dominion, must the repudiation on the part of Circassia go for nothing, and her inflexible determination, attested by a thousand heroic sacrifices, not to submit to a Russian despotism? Is Europe prepared, in this age of advancing liberty, to establish a doctrine that a country is to be thus coerced, sacked, plundered, and overrun with impunity, under a pretence of treaties against which it protests, and to which it never has been a party. We put out of the view the impolicy of allowing Russia to take possession of Circassia, the almost inevitable dismemberment of the Ottoman empire that must follow, and the incalculable dangers that would consequently menace our Indian territories. Setting aside all considerations of mere expediency, we leave the question to rest upon the broad basis of right and justice.

Turning from the contemplation of the political condition of Circassia, we find in Mr