

'What say ye to this, Sir Robert?' said the page, taking up the broken blade: 'the second hath come to pass—only one more is wanting.'

Sir Robert replied not, but stood holding the broken sword, while a crowd of conflicting and painful thoughts rushed upon his mind. What did this betoken? That sword could never again be lifted in the cause of Tudor, was its wearer never more to fight under his banner? In the full overflowing of his loyalty to Henry, he had declared that sooner his steed should stumble, his good sword break, than he draw back from the cause, now the steed had stumbled, the good sword had broken. In an age when the evil omen was carefully marked by monarchs and statesmen, when the falling of a banner, the breaking of a sword, the mere stumbling of a horse; were deemed worthy of especial record of a chronicler, as unfailing monitions of ill, who shall wonder that the thought at length took possession of the king's banner bearer that perchance his allegiance might cease. Meanwhile accounts of the increasing spread of the rebellion in the west were transmitted; the army received orders to return to drive back the advancing forces of Lord Audely, and Sir Robert Northwode found that, instead accompanying the king to the borders with the white banner, he was merely to perform the customary military services of the king's tenantry. 'What shall be done?' said he indignantly; 'shall yonder white banner be useless?'

'Wait, good master, but three days,' said the page, 'and all England shall see.'

That very night, notice was secretly conveyed to him that the king's suspicions, though no one knew why, had been awakened against him, and that orders had been given for his arrest. The notice was too true; and scarcely had Sir Robert escaped by the back window, ere the king's watch and ward appeared at the door with the warrant for his seizure.

His determination was now taken, and, accompanied by his page, bearing carefully the white banner, he took his way fast as his jaded steed could convey him to the hostile army. Here he was received by Lord Audely with every mark of honor, for few knights or nobles had as yet joined his cause; the story of the good steed stumbling, of a trusty sword breaking, was sedulously circulated, and when the white banner floated at the head of the insurgent troops, they hailed it as the certain promise of complete victory.

The subsequent fate of that army has filled a page in history. After marching through Kent, under the guidance of that white banner, the rude and undisciplined multitude drew up in order of battle on Blackheath; here Sir Giles Daubeny gained a complete victory; Lord Audely was taken and subsequently beheaded, and several score of the leaders either summarily hanged or sent to London for trial. Among the latter was Sir Robert Northwode. Six weeks before, he had passed London bridge, at the head of a large body of retainers, as the king's banner bearer, and now he passed along that same road loaded with chains, an object of scorn or of pity to all.

The news of her son's defection soon reached his mother, and with it the news of the approach of Lord Audely and the insurgent army, and together with Alice Brereton she sought an asylum in Dartford convent. 'Alas!' said she to the young maiden, 'my son refused your request that you might take the veil, and therefore hath this ruin come upon us.'

'Be comforted,' said Alice, scarcely less struck than Lady Northwode at the strange fulfilment of her predictions, 'I will now perform my vow, and the nun will be unceasing, in her prayers and exertions for the benefit of you and your's.'

On the very day that Alice Brereton took the veil, the fatal intelligence arrived that Sir Robert Northwode had been tried for high treason, and was condemned to be conveyed to Blackheath with sixteen others, and there hanged; and it was also said that on the morrow the king was to arrive in London.

'I will go to the king, I will tell him all,' said Alice; 'he is said to be devout, and to hold in high esteem all the servants of holy church; then surely he can never refuse the first petition of the new made nun.'

To her determination the prioress gave a willing assent, for it was considered in those days a sort of sacrilege to refuse the request of one who had just taken the vows, and under the protection of the chaplain of the convent, Alice Brereton proceeded to London. It was in Bishopsgate Street, just at the gate of St. Helen's priory, that she stood await-

ing the arrival of the king, and, as he passed along, she rushed through the crowd of armed men that surrounded him, and presented her petition. 'Mercy, my liege!', said she, 'mercy for Sir Robert Northwode.'

The brow of Tudor darkened as she spoke. 'There is no mercy for him,' said he. 'Nay, King Henry, say not so,' cried she kneeling in the midst of the miry way; 'remember the unblenched faith of his family, and refuse not the first prayer of a nun.'

Tudor paused, for he was deeply superstitious and for a moment he felt inclined to grant the prayer of the petitioner; but the recollection that the desertion of his banner-bearer had been hailed as an omen of the ultimate success of the white rose prevailed. 'I cannot said he, sternly; pass on.'

Alice arose; she lifted her hands. Beware, O King, said she, 'lest, taught by severe loss, ye repent your answer of to-day.'

Tudor passed on, but the recollection of the recluse and her solemn warning often in after-years recurred to his mind.

Among the royal train was Dr. Bartram, one of the king's chaplains, and who subsequently became his confessor; he was attracted by the confusion, and he inquired into the cause, and he summoned Alice Brereton to give him a full account. He was struck with the story, and became interested in the fate of the young knight; he again petitioned Tudor, but in vain. The day for the execution arrived; sixteen prisoners were brought forth, but the seventeenth was missing; fearful of incurring the vengeance of Tudor for the escape of a prisoner condemned for high treason, the jailers consulted together; a felon who had been left for execution at the last assizes was substituted, and Sir Robert Northwode under the protection of Dr. Bartram, became a sanctuary man, his name and lineage alike unknown, in the monastery of Shene; a woeeful reverse for that haughty and gallant young knight; but life is sweet, and that, at least was preserved.

[To be continued.]

From the Forget-me-Not.

#### THE MOURNER.

WHEN on the bed of sickness laid,  
And friends I loved were by,  
I begged for life—I wept, I pray'd,  
And felt I dared not die.  
Oh! had I known the boon I crav'd,  
How dear the days to come,  
How cheerless the existence sav'd  
I would have hail'd the tomb.

One final pang and I had slept  
Upon the bed of rest,  
The friends I lov'd had watch'd and wept,  
And I been with the blest;  
And now I live to stand alone  
Upon a barren shore,  
And see each dear and valued one  
Depart, to come no more.

Look at yon wither'd plant, no more  
It charms the stranger's eye;  
Yet goodly blossoms once it bore,  
Though strew'd around they lie.  
The young and gay pass idly by,  
And turn their heads aside;  
The parent tree hangs drooping,  
No more the garden's pride.

My fate there read.—It is in vain  
You bid me cease to mourn;  
You say that plant will bloom again,  
That Spring will soon return.  
The Spring will come, the tear will dry,  
When broken life's dull chain;  
So in earth that plant must lie,  
Ere it shall bloom again.

From Heads of the People.

#### THE JUDGE.

BY LEMAN BLANCHARD.

THOSE were days of glorious excitement; and perhaps the hour of final triumph, when the hopes of the aspiring lawyer are crowned by his elevation to the bench, has no such delight; assuredly his career as a Judge can have no such consecutive delights as then were his, the pleasures of getting on. Client after client came and cause after cause was won, his income advanced from one to four thousand per annum, and then doubled; he took the coif—went into Parliament—and the solicitor generalship was but a step off if he choose to seek it. Such was his life of business in court; his life of pleasure out of it kept pace with this success. He took all that came legitimately in his way, among other things, a wife; and in a house suitable in state and crammed with comfort, managed all his Clarendons at home. Nobody was anxious to get first out of his dining room; nobody was ever known to find fault with any thing that came out of his cellar.

'Hear him but reason on his burgundy,  
And, all admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire your host were made a  
grover,

Hear him debate on claret and champagne,  
You'd say they have been all in all his study,  
List his discourse of port, and you shall have  
A glorious bottle rendered you in music.'

But sentence of death must be passed even upon Judges! and when a Sir Wm. This, one of the Barons of her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, happens to quit the bench for the bier, there must be a Sir John Tht to fill the vacant place. In the midst then, of his prosperity, and in the thick of his pleasures, our barrister is summoned to the bench. Strange to say, the shock of his promotion operates upon him, like a cold bath. His star is in its zenith. His reputation and his income are increasing yearly—his taste for social enjoyments equals his forensic powers—his means answer to his ends. The Judge's wig seems positively in his case, an anti-climax. If he accepts it, more than half his income goes at one fell swoop, and with it seven eighths of his freedom of action. Yet the ermine to which he had aspired must not be unworn now that the chance of events has hung it upon him. His political friends are in office; they must not by a rejection of their offer, be repulsed and offended. Lastly when no other persuasive remains, his country occurs to him: justice and his country require him to consent: and the honorable and learned counsel is forthwith numbered with the more Learned and more honorable Twelve.

Now, indeed, comes a serious change over the spirit of that dream—his life. He is Mr Justice Blank, or Mr Baron Dash; and every movement must be decorous, guarded, judge like, unimpeachable in its propriety, a model and a lesson to every looker on. There must be no more cakes and ale—in public; no more festivity in the sweet face of heaven. The club must be sparingly visited, the rubber at whist abjured, Crookford's cut altogether. The race course is now a place to be as shy of as a ground set with spring guns; the theatre, as a convenience to drop into, is little better than a man trap, and to go behind the scenes would be to take a lover's leap into the bottomless pit. There must be no going hither and thither, no free and easy strollings, no agreeable gaddings about from concert to ball, and rout to opera. All must be point device, and governed by a rule of correctness, as though the eyes of Europe were watching every turn and expression of the countenance. The very servants must not be allowed to overhear their master humming a comic song in his own dressing room. 'Jolly nose,' though all the world beside were joining in joyful chorus, the learned judge must not dream of chatting; how merry and musical soever in disposition, he dare not murmur a single note of 'Jim Crow' in his sleep. As for a Waltz—a country dance—a simple, natural, necessary jig—he might just as well have had his two legs shot off at Waterloo. With the same degree of propriety, with the same chance of conciliating public opinion, with the same regard to the dignity of his judicial function, might he sally forth one fine winter morning to enjoy an hour's skating on the Serpentine. Imagine a Judge cutting a figure of eight, and gravely coming down upon his centre of gravity! What would Great Britain and Mrs. Grundy say?

Nor are these privations all that our Judge suffered, when he gave up half his professional income and doubled his professional dignity. He restricted himself, even in grave and sober conversation, to a circle so narrow, that liberty of opinion could hardly be said to be his; save on topics as old as the 'Iliad,' and quite so unattractive in ordinary society. Topics of to-day were almost forbidden. He found it necessary to glance round the table at the guests check his observation midway when he saw a stranger present, or mutter his idea inaudibly to his next neighbor. His bare opinion would have in spite of himself, the weight of a judgment. How could he say but that the very subject in dispute might become a matter of legal procedure of which he himself would be the arbiter? Even the pleasantry of a jest upon it would be denied him.—Upon the last elopement, the last duel, the last murder, he must be silent. Yes, his dearest friend's wife might run away, and he is forbidden to bring up the subject, as a charming theme for dissuasion, in whatever company he went into. What can recompense a kindly heart, touched with sympathy and fond of interesting converse, for such denials as these? Nay, he must not go into a towering passion when he wants—'no, not an oath.'

#### NEW WORKS

From the London Atlas.

Turkey and the Turks: being the Present

State of the Ottoman Empire. By John Reid.

THE European 'agitation' of the 'Eastern question' invests such works as this with peculiar interest at a moment when all the world is crying out, what is to become of Turkey? For this reason we will bestow a larger space upon it than we could conveniently in the Book season.

Mr. Reid's opinions on the subject coincide in the main with the views which have been so frequently brought before the public by Mr. Urquhart. He asserts that Russia is the only power playing a successful game in the East; that Turkey is tottering, that Austria is trembling, that Egypt is between two fires, that France is insincere, and that England is humbugged. The opportunities he possessed of obtaining the requisite information to enable him to arrive at these conclusions were historical research, a residence in the country, and a systematic examination of the various conflicting interests during a 'very long voyage,' where he had no means of seeing a newspaper of any kind, or imbibing views from the conversation of others. Whether these opportunities were sufficient to justify him in forming such sweeping assertions, we will not pretend to determine.

We have long been convinced that there is no question connected with our foreign relations upon which the majority of people are so likely to form hasty and decisive opinions without adequate evidence, as the question of Turkey; and we believe that those who have seriously investigated its difficulties will agree with us that it is beyond all comparison, the most intricate, involved, and perplexing question in the whole circle of politics. Nor is it merely the most difficult of all questions, but the difficulties that surround it are of a kind that cannot be overcome by the ordinary means of inquiry, demanding the most careful and impartial investigation, and an intimate acquaintance with the past history of Turkey with her present actual condition, her domestic parties, her people, and her national resources. Yet the subject is discussed every day with as much flippancy as if it were one of the simplest matters imaginable, the chicanery of Russia, and the folly of England, the hard headed good sense of Mehmet Ali, are thrown off in leading articles with as much sang froid as if the writers were uttering such well established commonplaces as the grace of Raffaele and the softness of Guido; while the fate of the Ottoman empire is despatched in a paragraph of small type. These familiar terms of expression caught up like echoes, and repeated over and over again to supply the want of real knowledge, have been employed so often that those who use them have naturally enough come at last to believe implicitly in their correctness, and are ready, at any moment to swear to their truth. We need not remind the readers of newspapers how very necessary it is to exercise due caution in the reception of such phrases, and to think a little, and explore the facts for themselves, before they pin their faith upon any of our broad sheet expositors.

The worst feature in all this is that there is a certain mixture of truth on both sides, and that those who denounce the treachery of Russia and the simplicity of England are not wholly without some warrant for their dissatisfaction, while those who endeavour to parry the indignation that prevails in many quarters against Russia, and to vindicate the Turkish policy of the English Government, are also fortified on some points by reason and justice. To form, therefore a comprehensive and honest estimate of the real state of things, it is imperatively necessary to dismiss all party considerations, to regard all the powers with equal integrity of judgment, and to review the entire case in an inflexible spirit of historical impartiality.

The fate of Turkey has unquestionably been in the last degree anomalous and unfortunate. Hardly a century has elapsed since she was regarded in England as a nest of barbarians, her annihilation was held to be a sort of a service that was due to humanity and the Christian religion, and the very name of a Turk passed into common use as a type of cruelty, coarseness, and brutality. There was no doubt some excuse for this in unenlightened times. The Turkish pirates had given us infinite annoyance at sea, and committed enormous injuries upon our trade in the Levant. In the meanwhile, however, our East India acquisitions were making strides, and as our commerce and settlements in that part of the world began to assume an aspect of importance, we gradually relaxed in our horror of the Turks, who, whatever vague antipathies we might still have secretly cherished against them, had at least this great merit, that they stood between our Indian possessions and the Autocrat of St Petersburg, whose designs upon India were then, and are now, notorious. Still, however, we took no affirmative steps to cultivate a useful alliance with Turkey, or to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire; and even so lately as the Greek revolution we caught the contagion of the Hellenic fever, acting upon our susceptible prejudices, and bawled as loudly as ever against the barbarous Turks. But the swift progress of events in that quarter—the affair of Adrianople—the tyrannies and iniquities practised in Wallachia and Moldavia—and a variety of other admonitory circumstances rendered still more impressive by the intrigues of Russia at the Court of Teheran, suddenly opened our eyes to the necessity of averting the threatened dismember-