

continued to deal blow after blow against the door, until at last he effected a small breach just above the lock. But this only showed him how vain were his hopes, for a stream of fire and smoke poured through the aperture. Notwithstanding this, he continued his exertions, Judith shrieking all the time, until the lock at last yielded. He then threw open the door, but finding the whole passage involved in flame, was obliged to close it. Judith had now risen, and their looks at each other at this fearful moment were terrible in the extreme. Retreating to either side of the cell they glared at each other like wild beasts. Suddenly, Judith casting her eyes to the end of the vault, uttered a yell of terror that caused her companion to look in that direction, and he perceived that the stream of molten lead had gained it, and was descending the steps. He made a rush towards the door at the same time with Judith, and another struggle ensued, in which he succeeded in dashing her upon the floor. He again opened the door, but was again driven backwards by the terrific flame, and perceived that the fiery current had reached Judith, who was writhing and shrieking to its embrace. Before Chowles could again stir it was upon him. With a yell of anguish he fell forward, and was instantly stifled in the glowing torrent, which in a short time flooded the whole chamber, burying the two partners in iniquity, and their ill gotten gains in its burning waves.

From Colman's Fourth Report.
MOUNT AUBURN.

I CANNOT quit the privileged and improved county of Middlesex without advertising to this beautiful retreat, which owes all its natural and local attractions to its rural embellishments. I confess I am drawn to it by still stronger ties, for there sleep under its green banks and its waving boughs those who were as dear to me as anything this side Heaven; and there too, side by side with them, is my consolation to think, I shall myself repose, when my humble days' work is done, and I fall like the leaf by the autumnal blast.

This cemetery, embracing now more than a hundred acres of land, of most varied surface and aspect, was originally intended, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, for an experimental garden as well as burying place; but it is now exclusively devoted to the last object. It abounds with elegant monuments of taste and touching testimonials of affection; and with singular beauty intermingles the charms of floral culture with the untrained wildness of nature. Its silent walks, its shaded retreats, its calm waters are all sacred to tender and reverential sentiments; its monuments, from the simple roughs tone to the marble, chiselled by the touches of exquisite art, are all eloquent; and it exhibits everywhere the affectionate offering of the heart to that idol, which Heaven, in its mercy to our weakness, permits us to adore the precious memory of the beloved and revered.

It shows too, most emphatically that strong passion for rural beauty which the Creator seems to have made instinctive in the heart; and that spontaneous acknowledgment of the charms of the country, which the deep absorptions of business or the dissipations of city life cannot extinguish, nor even so far abate, but that the mind reverts to them as the most favored elements in man's earthly condition, and vainly thinks that after the turmoil of life is over, the sleep of death will be more peaceful in the midst of them. They love to see the sweetest flowers blooming upon the graves of those fairer flowers, which perished without maturing their fruit; or shedding their fragrance over those whose virtues still breathe a divine perfume to the heart. They love that the birds should salute the humble sleepers here with their thrilling morning hymn; that the gentle breezes of a summer's evening as they whistle through the trees, should sing the requiem of the departed in Aeolian strains; and that the unalied snow would spread its mantle over virtues so unsullied. They combine all the beautiful embellishments of the country, as though out of nature's own unvalued materials they would build the dead.

What an eloquent tribute is this to the strong attractions and the matchless glories of rural scenery and life! How happy would it be for thousands in our cities if they would yield earlier to those impulses and seek the country early for the living as they now seek it late for the dead. How happy would it be for

thousands, whom success has blessed with the means, if after acquiring more than enough, they would quit the slavery and drudgery of business, so often debasing to the mind and sometimes almost the extinction of the man, and find a rich enjoyment in the embellishment of the country for the common and grateful delight of all who see it; and in improving the colours of the earth, for the sustenance and comfort of some portion of the vast multitude who are fed at this common table.

A SPRING MORNING.

How joyfully the heart doth ring
A merry peal of pleasure
At the nativity of Spring,
And earth's renewing treasure!
How the thoughts leap up, welcoming
The glad some vernal measure!

The blackbird, in his wild delight,
From branch to branch is springing—
The warbling lark his upwards flight
In ecstasy is winging,—
And every bird that greets the sight
His richest lay is singing.

The daisy from her winter rest
Is joyously awaking,—
The merry primrose bares his breast,
A fill of pleasure taking,—
The violet from her mossy nest
In loveliness is breaking.

Gaze on the soft blue of the sky—
It seems the birth of gladness,
Is not the sun's bright glancing eye
A cure for care and sadness?
Would not a murmuring needlessly
Be even worse than madness?

NEW WORKS.

ANNE BOLEYN; an Historical Romance
By Mrs. A. T. Thomson.

THE EXECUTION.
"I am sorry, Master Kingston," said Anne, as he approached, "that I am not to die before noon—the time seemeth long to me." She laid her hand on Mildred's bending neck.—"Master Kingston, when I am dead, succour this poor maiden. She is an orphan. Fie, Mildred,—look up,—and smile, girl. What! is't the pain thou fearest for me? I have but a little neck, Master Kingston, and he who is to sever it is, I hear, skillful." And she clasped with her small hands the delicate throat, and added, looking at her friend, "twill be soon at an end, Mildred." "Madam," replied Kingston, whilst tears filled his eyes, "I have seen men and also women executed in great sorrowing, but your highness hath much pleasure and joy in death." "And wherefore should I not?" asked Anne, pensively. She fell into a reverie. "Master Kingston," she resumed, after a pause, "shouldst thou ever meet my Lord of Northumberland,—tell him,—I forgave him." "And now," she added, "I have little else to say." At this instant the attendants brought in those garments which were to constitute Anne's last attire; and she looked calmly upon them—calmly she threw over her other dress a robe of black damask, with a deep cape of white, which fell over her shoulders. Her head was decorated with a coil, entirely black, and, a very few minutes, she was prepared for the last solemn scene. There was now a calm and steady light in her beaming eyes—a sweet smile on her lips. She placed within her folds of her garment a little black prayer book, enamelled with gold, and gave the hand to Kingston. Ere she quitted the chamber, wherein hours of agony had been passed, Anne, turned to look upon her prison. The room—that low and long apartment next to the chamber, in which a century afterwards, Guy Fawkes and his associates were examined—had been her reception room at her coronation. A latticed window, then barred with iron without, admitted scantily the light of day. The furniture was of the rudest description, no arras graced the walls, and every nook was, in Anne's mind, associated with sobs of agony or hours of gloom. Her attendants, ladies, clad in black, followed in silence. Once only the queen spoke ere she descended the stairs. "Master Kingston, hath my brother suffered?" Her voice died to a whisper as she spoke. "He hath, madam," was the reply. The queen drew back.—"One moment, Kingston— one moment to think of him. He was my playmate, my friend, and now—my guide to heaven!" She extended her arms to heaven, and tears of tenderness fell from her face;—there was the hope, the faith of a saint, but the love of a woman. "And now," she said, after a pause, "let us go;—Mildred, be near me. Stay, good Master Kingston; let me, for I am much beholden to thee, receive thy blessing! Thou art a father who hast not forsaken thy child—bless me! I have no father! He who once loved his child,—loves her no more!—bless me! bless one that hath now no friends?" She bent her knee, and on her head the good man laid his hands, trembling

with kindred sorrow. The queen, in silence, quitted her prison. The bright aspect of day dazzled the sight of one some time immured;—the guards were drawn out in array—the mayor and council, with the companies of the city, stood in gorgeous state around the green; and great preparations were made to ensure that event upon which the king's present gratification depended; for, to the last, a rescue was expected. It was now nearly noon day; and an immense crowd had collected to witness the expected tragedy. The Duke of Norfolk had skulked away, afraid of the deep murmurings of an indignant crowd. But the calm, obsequious Brandon, the sedate lord chancellor, and the prudent Cromwell, were posted in a part of the fortress, whence they could see all that was passing on that memorable day. The almoner received the queen at the scaffold; and, with a serene countenance, she ascended a few steps, on which the fatal block was mounted. The sight of the awful preparations—the grim executioner standing with his huge, and, in this country, untried sword, by his side—for the axe was, for the first time, abandoned—the expectant faces of a fearful and compassionate assembly, moved Anne not. The breath of heaven fell upon her fair brow and face, and she upraised that face to bless Him who gave her strength for this sad moment. She turned with her wonted grace and sweetness to Kingston. "Lieutenant," she said gently, "hasten not to the minute of my death till I have spoken what I have to say." The lieutenant, bending low, withdrew: the mournful attendants also drew back; and Anne, standing apart from the rest, was distinctly seen and heard by those who could never forget her form and voice. Isolated from all earthly ties, save one; for it was her husband who had caused this legal murder; by her parents she had been deserted—by her own uncle condemned;—her brother had preceded her on the scaffold;—it was singular to behold her addressing herself to the sympathies of those who knew her not. It was touching to perceive, in her simple exhortation, that one interest still clung to her heart—one hope—that of saving her infant daughter from penury and disgrace. Her last words were those of comfort to all who loved her, forgiveness to her enemies, and submission to her fate. "I come here," she articulated in a firm tone, "I die, and thus to yield myself humbly to the will of the king, my lord. Let my death atone for the offences which, as it hath been falsely alleged, I have committed! Yet I blame not my judges, nor any one; nought save the cruel law of the land through which I perish!" She hesitated. A short, and earnest prayer for mercy upon him who had doomed her to suffer as a criminal; and a gracious farewell to those around her,—were uttered rapidly, as if the bursting heart, and sinking frame, could brave no longer the feelings of our human nature. Mildred now drew near the queen. A murmur of inquiry, an expression of deep interest, pervaded the crowd. The quiet grief of the young attendant, the earnest piety of Anne, the deportment of the heart broken old almoner who stood beside her—were objects which, mingled with anticipations of horror,—with the remembrance of Rochford's pallid countenance—and last struggles, shook the composure of the sternest heart. At this instant the senses of Mildred forsook her. She did not swoon, but she looked upon the scene, unconscious—she gazed, and beheld not—and her hands, which were raised to remove the coil from the queen's head, refused to do their office, and fell useless by her side. Anne, herself, took the coil from her head, and gave it to one of her ladies. "Alas! poor head!" she exclaimed, smiling—"in a very brief space will thou roll in the dust—thou hast not merited, in life, to wear the crown of a queen—so in death this doom is my desert." A thrill of horror pervaded those of the assembled multitude who were not hardened by scenes of blood—and, alas! to few were such scenes new—as the queen, gently and calmly, placed upon her brow the linen cap—fatal symbol!—usually appropriated to criminals. But lo!—again a solemn silence—again she spoke—again addressed herself to those faithful attendants who deserted her not. She extended her arms to them—"In my last hour and mortal agony I bid ye farewell!—as in good fortune ye were faithful to me, forsake me not now. Be comforted, dear friends, I pray you;—grieve not!—albeit, forget me not;—be always faithful to the king's grace, and to her, —whom, with happier fortune, ye may call mistress. Pray for my soul, Damsels! esteem your honour far beyond your life." She bent over these devoted servants, who knelt before her—and who, with deep and mournful respect, kissed her hands. The queen approached her friend, and whispering some few words, which none could hear, placed within her hands a small book. The precious gift was grasped unconsciously. The ladies, less overwhelmed than the unhappy Mildred, drew round the forehead of Anne the bandage;—the last prayer was uttered—the minute gun was fired—the signal was given—

From Laing's Notes of a Traveller.

HOLLAND.

Holland, the land of cheese and butter, is to my eye no picturesque, uninteresting country. Flat it is, but it is geometrically only, and in no other sense. Spires, church towers, bright farm houses, their windows glancing in the sun, long rows of willow trees, their blueish foliage ruffling up white in the breeze; grassy embankments of a tender vivid green, partly hiding the meadows behind, and crowded with glittering gaudily painted gigs and stool wagons, loaded with rosy checked, laughing country girls, decked in ribands of many more colours than the rainbow, all streaming in the wind,—these are objects which strike the eye of the traveller from seaward, and form a gay front view of Holland, as he sails or steams along its coast and up its rivers. On shore, the long continuity of horizontal lines of country in the background, each like rising behind the other to a distant, level, unbroken horizon, gives the impression of vastness and of novelty.

From the Pictorial History of England.

REMARKABLE HISTORICAL FACTS.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which has scarcely been sufficiently adverted to, that with very few exceptions indeed, all the towns, and even villages and hamlets, which England yet possesses, appears to have existed from the Saxon times. This is in general sufficiently attested by their mere names, and there is historical evidences of the fact in a large proportion of instances. Our towns and villages have become individually larger in most cases in the course of the last eight or ten centuries; but in all that space of time no very great addition has been made to their number. The argumentation which the population and wealth of the country have undergone, vast as it has been in the course of so many ages, has nearly all found room to collect and arrange itself round the old centres. This fact does not disprove the magnitude of the increase which has been made to the numbers of the people; for the extension of the circumference, without any multiplication of the centres, would suffice to absorb any such increase, however great; but seeing how thickly covered the country actually is with towns and villages, it is certainly, curious to reflect that there were very nearly as numerous over the greater part of it in the time of the Saxons. And if only about twenty eight of our cities and towns, or even twice that number, can be traced to a Roman original, the number indebted to the Saxons for their first foundation must be very great; for as we have seen, nearly all that are not Roman are Saxon. As for our villages, the undoubted fact that the present division of the country into parishes is, almost without any alteration, as old at least as the tenth century, would alone prove that the English villages in the Saxon times were nearly as numerous as at the present day. * * * * * Let it be conceded that many of the villages were very small, consisting perhaps of only a dozen or two cottages; still we apprehend the facts imply a diffusion of population and of cultivation, vastly beyond what can be supposed to have taken place in the preceding or Roman period, during which, indeed the country was traversed various in directions by noble roads, and ornamented with some considerable towns; but does not appear, from any notices that have come down to us, or any monuments or signs that remains, to have been generally covered with villages of any description.

From Thomas Carlyle's Essays.

A THING OF WORTH CAN NEVER DIE.
Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the speaking Dante; a well he of many veinlets. William Barnes, or Burns, was a poor peasant; could not prosper in his 'seven acres of nursery ground', nor any enterprise of trade and toil; had to 'thole a factor's snash', and read attorney letters, in his poor, poor hut, which threw as all into tears; a man of no money capital at all,—yet, a brave man, a wise and just, in evil fortune faithful, unconquerable to the death. And there wept withal, among the others, a boy named Robert, with a heart of melting pity, of greatness, and fiery wrath; and his voice, fashioned here by his poor father, does it not already reach, like a great elegy: like a stern prophecy, to the ends of the world? 'Let me make the songs, and you shall make the laws!' What chancellor, king, senator, begirt with never such sumptuousness, dyed velvet, blaring and celebrity, could you have named in England that was so momentous as that William Barnes?

UNHAPPY COINCIDENCES.

It is remarkable, that all the English monarchs, who have wedded French Princesses, have met an untimely end.—Edward the Second, who married Isabella of France, was murdered in the most cruel manner by Gourmay and Montravers, at Berkeley Castle. Richard the Second, married also to Princess named Isabella, was killed by Sir Piers Exton,