

The Regent's face was turned towards his murderer, and full at the broad brow did the avenger point the tube—the match was kindled, the trigger pressed the trigger, when, at a word from Douglas he turned his head; the massive cer-

exultation, he shook his arm aloft, scowled on his baffled enemies, and was lost to their sight amidst the leafless thickets.

SUNSHINE.

Who loveth not the sunshine, oh! who loveth not the bright And blessed mercy of His smile who said, "Let there be light?"

We hear young voices round as now swell loud in eager joy, We're jostled by the tiny child and sturdy, romping boy;

The bloom is on the cherry tree—the leaf is on the elm, The bird and butterfly have come to claim their fairy realm;

We see old age and poverty forsake the fireside chair, And leave a narrow, cheerless home to taste the vernal air;

The bright and merry sunshine—see it even creepeth in Where prison bars shut out all else from solitude and sin;

The sweet and merry sunshine makes the very churchyard fair, We half forget the yellow bones while yellow flowers are there;

There's a sunshine that is brighter, that is warmer e'en than this, That spreadeth round a stronger gleam, and sheds a deeper bliss;

From Borrow's Bible in Spain. TRAFALGAR. Huge fragments of wreck still frequently emerge from the watery gulf whose billows chafe the rocky sides of Trafalgar; they are

relics of the enormous ships which were burnt and sunk on that terrible day, when the heroic champion of Britain concluded his work, and died. I never heard but one individual say a word in disparagement of Nelson's glory: it was a pert American, who observed that the British admiral was much overrated.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Dr. Dick calculates that "since the creation of the world, 14,000,000,000 of beings have fallen in the wars which man has waged against his fellow-creature—man. If this amazing number of men were to hold each other by the hand, at arm's length, they would extend over 14,582,330 miles of ground, and would encircle the globe upon which we dwell 608 times!

By Mary Howitt.

A GOOD WIFE.

Oh, it is beautiful to live nameless under the poisoned glance of the world; poisoned, whether it praise or blame; beautiful, not to be polluted by its observation, but more beautiful to be intimately known to one—to possess one gentle and honest friend, and that one a wife!

By Scott Waring.

TWO MORNINGS IN ONE DAY.

The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real daybreak. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that, as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Quaf, (Mount Caucasus,) it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that, darting its rays through it, it is the cause of Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break.

From Folkstone Williams' Lives of the Princes of Wales.

A ROYAL BORROWER.

The Bardi and Peruzzi of Florence appear to have obtained the largest share of Edward of Windsor's hazardous custom; to the former letters patent were granted in the third year of his reign, to reward them with £2,000, to compensate for losses they sustained in advancing the King 500 marks for the expenses of his passage into France, and 7,000 for John of Hainault's services in the inglorious invasion of Scotland.

From Mrs. Hall's Ireland.

THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.

It is to their high honour that women were the first to use their pens in the service of Ireland—we do not mean politically but morally. For a number of years, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel, or on the stage. Abroad, to be met with in every country, and in the first society in Europe, were numberless Irishmen, whose conduct and character vindicated their country, and who did credit to human nature; but in England more particularly, such were considered as exceptions to the general rule, and the insulting jibe and jeer were still directed against the "mere Irish;" the oppressed peasant at home and abroad was considered as nothing beyond a "born thrall;" and despite the eloquence of their Grattan and Sheridans, the high standing taken by their noblemen and gentlemen in the pages of history, when an Irish gentleman in every day life was found what he ought to be, his superiority was too frequently referred to with the addition of an insulting comment, "though he is an Irishman."

When this prejudice was at its height, two women, with opposite views and opposite feelings on many subjects, but actuated by the same ennobling patriotism, rose to the rescue of their country—Miss Owenson by the vivid romance, and Miss Edgeworth, by the stern

reality of portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury! spreading abroad the knowledge of the Irish character, and portraying, as they never had been portrayed before, the beauty, generosity, and devotion of Irish nature—it was a glorious effect, worthy of them and of the cause—both planted the standard of Irish excellence on high ground, and defended it boldly and bravely, with all loyalty, in accordance with their separate views.

From Life in the Ranks.

A SHARK.

I had heard and read so many marvellous stories about the rapacity of the shark, that I felt somewhat desirous of judging of the truth of the yarns with which the sailors entertained us—gaping landsmen. My curiosity was not long ungratified. We were within view of the coast of Madagascar, when it became necessary to take in water to fill up the empty casks. While a Portuguese seaman was engaged in this duty he unfortunately overbalanced himself, and fell overboard. The sea being tolerably calm, and the man being an excellent swimmer, no danger was apprehended on his account. The first mate and four of the crew prepared to descend to his assistance in the captain's gig which hung astern, but owing to the hurry of the moment the boat was carelessly lowered by the run, and the whole party immersed. No time was of course lost in getting out another boat, but before it could be lowered the man in the foretop shouted out—"a shark, a shark, make haste men, for your lives!"

From Mary Howitt's new work, "The Home, or Family Cares and Family Joys"

A UNIVERSAL FAULT IN WOMEN.

"Yes, indeed, if there were no ladies," said the assessor, vexed, "one should be able to accomplish something in this world. But now they must be coming and helping, and on that account things always go topsy-turvy. Let me only do it—let me only manage it," say they; and they manage and make it, so that—"Did one ever see anything so foolish!—To fall over your foot lace!—but women have order in nothing; and yet people set up such to govern kingdoms! I would ask nothing more from them than they should govern their feet, and keep their boot and shoe strings tied. But from the Queen down to the charwoman, there is not a woman in this world who knows how to keep her shoes tied!"

JUDGE FRANK AND HIS WIDOWS.

Then Ernst Frank came on a visit to us. The rumour of a learned and a strong minded man preceded him and fixed our regards upon him, because women, whether well informed or not themselves, are attracted by such men. Do you not remember how much he occupied our minds? How his noble person, his calm, self-assured demeanor, his frank, decisive, yet always polite behaviour charmed us at first, and then awed us. One could say of him, that morally, as well as physically, he stood firmly. His deep mourning dress, together with an expression of quiet manly grief, which, at once shaded his countenance, combined to make him interesting to us; nevertheless, you thought that he looked too stern, and I very soon lost in his presence my accustomed gaiety. Whenever his dark grave eyes were fixed upon me, I was conscious that they possessed a half-bewitching half-oppressive power over me; I felt myself happy because of it, yet at the same time, filled with anxiety; my very action was constrained, my hands became cold, and did everything blunderingly, nor ever did I speak so stupidly as when I observed that he listened. Aunt Lisette gave me one day this maxim, "My dear, remember what I now tell thee: if a man thinks that thou art a fool, it does not injure thee the least in his opinion; but if he once thinks that thou considerest him a fool, then art thou lost for ever with him." With the last it may be just as it will—I have heard a clever young man declare that it would operate on him like salt on fire—however, this is certain, that the first part of Aunt Lisette's maxim is correct, since my stupidity in Ernst's presence did not injure me at all in his opinion, and when he was kind and gentle, how inexpressible

New Works.

From Borrow's Bible in Spain.

TRAFALGAR.

Huge fragments of wreck still frequently emerge from the watery gulf whose billows chafe the rocky sides of Trafalgar; they are