

leaving happy obscurity, she would merit but contempt; and, as Charles looked at her with astonishment, she continued, 'yes, contempt! for she would bring shame and despair on him who had hesitated a moment to share his fortune and his name with her when a wanderer without an asylum.'

'And if, madam, this affair regarded yourself, would not your sentiments change?'

'I know it concerns myself, sir. Your words have explained the mysterious ones of the worthy abbess who brought me up. They tell me why she treated me with such respect and why she embraced me with such despair, the day when, in the cloister, prayers were offered for the repose of the soul of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.' Sir, if you are charged to reveal to me the secret of my birth, I know it; if you are come on the part of King James, my brother, to lead me to the foot of his throne, I am grateful for his pious remembrance; but I cannot accept his offers. I will live and die the wife of the honest man who has rendered me happy so many years. There is no longer in Soissons Mary Stuart; there only remains the wife of Jehan Pastelot.'

Prince Charles hid his face in his hands, then rising, he knelt before Mary. 'I am your mother's grandson,' said he, 'I am your nephew, Prince Charles of Wales. Suffer me to kiss your hand noblest and worthiest of creatures! I will return to London; I will faithfully inform my father of all I have heard; I will supplicate him to call your husband to his court. He who has merited such deep affection can be no ordinary man: my father will ennoble him, and—'

'No,' said she, 'no, my lord! Jehan Pastelot is but a simple citizen; nobility, titles, and grandeur, would ill become him. My lord, let me once embrace, but once, my brother's son, and I shall have nothing to ask of God but to unite me one day to my mother in heaven—in heaven, where there are neither queens nor citizens, but blessed saints, equal in the divine mercy. Tell the king my brother, that his sister, a poor and humble merchant, will every day address prayers for him to the Almighty. Kings have greater need of them than other men—have they not, my lord?'

'True,' replied the young prince gravely, 'a crown is a heavy and often a fatal burden; and perhaps it is more prudent to keep at a distance from it. Adieu, madam; I shall inform my father of what I have seen and heard: his wisdom will appreciate the generous resolution you have taken. Adieu, dear aunt.'

He kissed her affectionately on both cheeks, and was about to depart, when suddenly he returned and said, 'Before we separate, have you nothing to ask of me?'

'To remember me sometimes.'

'I can never forget your noble and loyal heart; but your fortune—'

'Is much more than we need.'

'Will your royal highness tell me what I am to do with these parchments?' inquired the bishop, presenting them to the prince.

'Give them to my aunt.'

'A letter from my mother! Oh, let me have that!' She read it with tears; then said, 'there is one duty I must fulfil. I shall carefully preserve this tress of hair, a precious and holy relic of my mother. But this letter, and this baptismal act, I thus dispose of.' She threw them into the fire. 'And now, adieu to your highness the Prince of Wales.'

The prince departed, and the bishop remained alone with Mary, who pressed to her lips her mother's hair.

'Jehan Pastelot,' said he, 'will be much surprised, and deeply grateful, when he learns your wonderful adventure and generous devotion.'

'Jehan Pastelot will never know it,' replied she.

The bishop took Mary's hand, and in respectfully kissing it, while a tear of admiration dropped upon it, said, 'You are the noblest and most amiable of women.'

We must now let many years pass, and arrive at the month of February, 1649. Mary and Jehan Pastelot, seated by a large chimney, talked gaily of the days that were gone, and were respectfully listened to by a lady of about forty years old, and a maiden of rare beauty, who looked not more than nineteen: they were the daughter and grand-daughter of the Pastelot pair, and the pretty Frances was espoused to Henry Ripartior, a wealthy merchant of the town. Seated on a cushion at her grandmother's feet, she lent a delighted ear to the recital of the nuptial pomp displayed by the bishop of Soissons at the marriage of her grandmother to Jehan Pastelot. The mild and venerable features of the old woman animated at these descriptions, and Jehan felt a tear of happiness steal down his cheek. To master his emotion, he arose and walked to the window, his form was not bent; his step had not lost its firmness; and his hair, dazzlingly white, fell in abundance on his shoulders. But to interrupt these happy moments, the only servant whom they kept announced that a young nobleman wished to speak to Dame Pastelot. Jehan bade him be admitted, and there entered a young man of about nineteen years of age, dressed in mourning, and whose black garments well assorted with his pale and distressed physiognomy. He approached respectfully to the venerable dame, placed one knee on the ground, and drew from his bosom a letter, sealed with black, while his sobs were audible. Mary opened it, and replied by her sobs to those of the young man, who threw himself into her arms, and they embraced each other a long time. The spectators of this unexpected scene looked on in deep astonishment.

'What!' cried Mary, at last, 'they have not respected their sovereign, their Master!'

They have assassinated him! Alas! a stranger to the things of this world, I was ignorant of the captivity, of the perils of my nephew, Charles. He whom I have seen so noble and so generous, has perished by the axe of the executioner.'

'Yes my noble and beloved aunt. Yes, Elizabeth, in striking the queen your mother, taught the English how to respect royal heads. They have profited by the lesson, and treated the grandson as she treated the grandmother.' Pastelot and his children listened with stupefaction to this revelation of Mary's high origin. But the poor woman was too overwhelmed with grief to remark their trouble.

'They have tried him—they have condemned him—they have beheaded him. In the midst of his sufferings he remembered you, whose wisdom preferred your husband and an obscure existence, to the agitation and fatal grandeur of royalty. The letter you hold he wrote to you, the day before his death: a devoted servant received it at the peril of his life, and brought it to me with no less difficulty and danger. Read it again, my dear aunt! Read it, daughter of Mary Stuart; let me hear once more the words of the martyr king.'

Dame Mary read in a trembling voice: 'Dear and beloved sister of my father, about to appear before God, my sovereign judge, I wish to give you a last proof of my tenderness and my remembrance. I know that you are still living, and that nothing has disturbed the peaceful life you chose, for while respecting you secret, my solicitude watched over you, and a faithful friend of mine always brought every year to me news of you. My son will remit you this letter and the hair it contains, Place it by that of your mother assassinated like myself; and console, I beseech you, the poor orphan my son. Repeat to him that I bid him pardon those who occasion my death, as I pardon them. Adieu, dear and beloved aunt, we shall meet in heaven.—CAROLUS REX.'

'Now, dear relation, that I have fulfilled the duty my father had charged me with, give me your blessing and receive my adieux.'

'Will you go now—already?'

'I am going to reconquer my father's kingdom.'

'You are going to throw yourself into the midst of his assassins! But they will kill you also.'

'O Lord! exclaimed Mary, kneeling down, while every one instinctively imitated her; 'O Lord! I know nothing of the things here below, and I can but humble myself before thy impenetrable designs; but, if it please thee to listen to the voice of thy lowest servant, protect this poor orphan! She arose, placed her hands on Charles's head and said: 'Go now, sire, and may your majesty fulfil your duty.'

The proscribed monarch was about to retire when Jehan Pastelot respectfully approached him: 'Sire, said he, 'I am not rich, but my granddaughter is to be honorably married. Therefore, if you would deign to permit me to offer for your noble designs three hundred thousand crowns.'

'Oh! that is noble, Jehan, that is well!' cried Mary.

'Sire,' added Frances's mother, 'I share my father's sentiments, and we would sacrifice with joy our last crown in your cause: if I had a son, his life would belong to you.'

'Oh! exclaimed Charles 'you are all noble and generous Stuarts. Thanks, thanks! these are sweet consolations to my sorrowful heart but I need not accept your devoted offers: the king of France has placed at my disposal considerable sums. Adieu all! adieu! Pray for King Charles.'

Jehan then drew near to Mary, and took both her hands in his. 'You kept your secret, Mary—you would not leave the humble citizen to take your place by the king your brother's side!'

'Had not the citizen espoused me when I was poor, an orphan, without a name, and banished from the episcopal palace?'

'But why, at least, did you not let me know the immense sacrifice you had made for me?'

'Because the remembrance of this sacrifice, which was none to me, would have troubled your happiness; because you would have thought I regretted a rank I cared not about.' Then, cutting short: 'Come my children,' said she, 'let us descend to the kitchen. It is time to set about the wedding tart. In spite of my eighty years I would have a hand in it.'

ANIMALCULE IN FLINT.

AFTER their death, the accumulation of their shields or hard outer coverings, mixed up with various earthy or flinty particles, produces layers of various earths and rocks. These become consolidated by time into clays flints and marbles; in which the shape of their shields and their character are so clearly to be distinguished that their very species can be determined. The bones on which razors, penknives and other cutting instruments are sharpened are made of a Turkish stone which is a mass of the fossil covering of animalcules. Tripoli, or rottenstone, has long been well known in the arts, being used in the form of powder for polishing stones and metals. It consists almost entirely of an aggregate of animalcules, in widely extended layers without any connecting medium. A cubic inch of this substance would contain on an average about forty-one thousand of these *gailonelle*, as they are termed, the shield of each one weighing about the one thousand one hundred and eighty-seventh millionth part of a grain. At every stroke that is made with this polishing powder, several millions, perhaps tens of millions, of perfect fossils are crushed to atoms!—*The Animalcule.*

From the London Daily News. FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

We make no boast of Waterloo;

Its name excites no pride in us;

We have no hatred of the French,

No scorn of Yankee or of Russ.

The GLORY that our fathers gained

In bloody warfare years ago,

And which they talk of o'er their cups,

Gives us no joy to think upon.

In truth, we rather love the French,

And think our father did them wrong;

And sometimes blush when in the streets,

Quite out of date, an ancient song—

Ghost of a prejudice—comes back,

And tells us how, in days gone out,

The best of Englishmen was he,

Who put a dozen French to rout.

We have no foolish thoughts like these,

Of France, or any other land;

And jealousies so poor and mean

We're somewhat slow to understand.

We'd rather with our friends, the French,

Encourage kindness of thought,

Than gain a dozen Waterloos,

Or any battle ever fought.

And in this year of 'forty-six,'

We rising men, in life's young prime,

Are men who think the French have done

The world good service in their time.

And for their sakes, and for our own,

And freedom's sake o'er all the earth,

We'd rather let old feuds expire,

And cling to something better worth.

If thought of battles gained by us

Disturb or gall them, let it rest;

Napoleon was a man of men,

But neither wickedest nor best:

Neither a demon nor a god;

And if they will adore a king,

The honest man who rules them now

Deserves a little worshipping.

To be at strife, however just,

Has no attraction to our mind:

And as for nations fond of war,

We think them pests of human-kind.

Still—if there must be rivalry

Betwixt us and the French,—why then

Let earth behold us while we show

Which of the two are better men.

We'll try the rivalry of Arts,

Of Science, Learning, Freedom, Fame—

We'll try who first shall light the world

With Charity's divinest flame—

Who best shall elevate the poor,

And teach the wealthy to be true—

We want no rivalry of arms,

We want no boasts of Waterloo.

New Works.

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

RECREATION is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steel starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work grow forward, when the scythe is so sensibly and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall.*

FALSEHOOD.

FALSEHOOD is, indeed, on all accounts inexcusable, and can never proceed but from some unworthy principle—as cowardice, malice, or a total contempt of virtue and honour. The difficulties it runs one into are not to be numbered. One lie requires ten others to support it, and the failure of probability in one of them ruins all. The pains necessary to patch up a plausible story, and the racking of the memory to keep always to the same circumstance in representing things, and avoid contradictions, is insufferable; and, after all, it is a thousand to one but the artifice is detected, and then the unhappy man is questioned as much when he is sincere as when he dissembles; so that he finds himself at a full stop, and can neither gain his ends with mankind by truth nor falsehood.—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

INTEGRITY OF THE HEBREW TEXT.

The general integrity of the Hebrew text and its freedom from any material corruption in the course of so many ages, is a wonderful fact, of which a combination of proofs from various quarters assures us. The deep veneration with which the Scriptures were viewed by all ranks of the nation of Israel; the peculiar constitution and observances appointed by their great legislator, and in all ages held sacred; the division of the people into separate tribes, under distinct rulers and heads; the priests and Levites settled in every quarter of

the country; the various courts of justice, from the smallest to the greatest, appointed to try every offence, according to the Divine law; the various assemblies where the Scriptures were publicly read and expounded; the division of the kingdom into two rival nations; their various sects; their academies and schools from early ages; their dispersion into various quarters of the world; their synagogues in every country, where the Hebrew Scriptures were read and interpreted; the mutual jealousy of Jews and Christians, the various translations and commentaries of the Scriptures in various languages; and, finally, the immense number of manuscripts which are found among nations very distant, and among people of very different characters and opinions—these, with many internal evidences, combine to show, that the Scriptures of the Old Testament have been preserved with the greatest care from any material vitiation.—*Dr. M'Gill.*

The London Punch.

A Blow at the Legislature.—We really cannot see what reason there can possibly exist for going to any expense at all about the ventilation of the Houses of Parliament. The members might be their own ventilators, for most of them are fearfully long-winded.

No Surrender.—Gibbs being lately asked to give up the accounts of the parish of Walbrook, replied in the memorable words of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo: 'The Church-warden dies, but never surrenders.'

Mysterious Disappearance.—Considerable excitement has been occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of a number of individuals who were recently taking an active part in the patriot project of extending railway communication over the empire. Until very recently, members of the various professions were united together for the grand object of carrying trunks through the heart of the kingdom, and bringing branches from north to east; but now the only trunks about which they trouble themselves are their own portmanteaus, with which they are rapidly packing off to the continent. As the branches, the provisional directors have abandoned them, and are hopping the twig with wondrous celerity.

Quite another Pair of Shoes.—A shopkeeper in Drury-lane informs the public, through the medium of an enormous placard over his door that he has '20,000 pair of shoes for the million.' It is evident that nine hundred and eighty thousand of his customers must go without shoes to their feet, for if he supplies the million out of his stock of 20,000, Cocker will tell him there must be the deficiency to which we have alluded.

The Worse for Webster.—The accusations of fraud and speculation brought against the great American statesman, Mr. Webster, have turned out to be utterly groundless. We fear Mr. Webster will lose his popularity amongst his countrymen in Pennsylvania.

London's Safety.—Napoleon, when he conquered Italy, carried away all the statues. London, in the event of an invasion, is at all events protected from a spoliation, for all its statues are so bad that not the greatest barbarian would do us the friendly turn to carry away one of them.

Solar Intelligence.—Our old friend, the Sun, had, last week, a glorious time of it. He amused himself by melting a large quantity of butter, making a lot of hay, and performing other feats, some of them exceedingly useful, but others merely fantastical. Towards the middle of the day he seemed dreadfully disposed for a broil, but he generally got quietly off to bed at his usual hour without doing any serious mischief.

A RARE PLEASURE.—The last person Joseph Ady wrote to was Lord Stanley, for he made sure that His Lordship would send him twenty shillings if only for the novelty of 'hearing something to his advantage.'

Wonders will never cease.—Among the advertisements in the Times of Friday is one through the medium of which a professed lady's maid offers her services. We have heard of professed cooks, but professed ladies are a novelty to us—almost as great as the large blue, Spanish gentleman, whose lost cloak was, a week or two back, the subject of an advertisement.

Another Bad One.—An old gentleman, who is just beginning to pun, says, 'Prince Louis Napoleon, by escaping from Ham, has saved his bacon.' The reader is requested to observe that the joke is upon 'ham' and 'bacon.'

Book-Keeping.—A friend, who has suffered largely by lending books, begs us to state that the reason people never return borrowed books is, that it is so much easier to retain the volumes than what is in them.

French Glory.—The *Journal des Debats*, dilating upon the reception given to Ibrahim Pasha by the Parisians says:—"Among the shouts which welcomed him, he might have heard more than once the name Nezib; in the matter of glory the French do not stay to examine, but applaud whenever it is brought under their eyes." Awfully true this. For the French judge of glory as men judge of a black-pudding—by the quantity of the material that goes to its manufacture. Hence, the greater the slaughter, the greater the glory, the more the blood, the bigger the pudding.

Prince Albert in Peril.—Our readers will be greatly pained to learn that Prince Albert may from this time be considered in great danger. Lord Brougham has begun to praise him.