

...the pen which was handed him, glanced over the manuscript which had been prepared before him and wrote beneath it his dishonourable name. Then stretching towards Tenete his wided arm, he clasped her to his bosom. The movement he made idling so soon is cham and link of which led in the him of Europe, who looked it with a bewildered stare: whilst another riled against the dress of Tenette, whose arms fell upon the rusty iron. The head of the dying man soon sunk out more upon his brow. Tenette took advantage of this moment to glide her trembling hand farther under the coverlid. The instant that instant turned to lead the way out of the room, and thence glancing she fix upon him, betrayed to her alone the poor girl's secret offering her father. Europe was seemed ill at ease as she saw a sign to Tenete, and they both went away out with downcast looks. When they had reached the foot of the staircase which led to the ward, the young girl said to Elope. "The step which I have now taken will bring us a blessing." They then entered together the chapel of the civil hospital, offered a short prayer, bled a farewell, and hunted a little cart, with bore them back their native village.

From the Literary History of the United States. DEATH OF WILLIAM THEONOR.

When reposing at rest, William was ordered by his physician to live very systematically, in order to redress his excessive corpulence. He was then engaged in an old dispute about some territory within the province of France. The month one day he observed to his courtiers "By my faith the King of England is losing in the will doubtless be ceremonial marching. William hearing this, swore his great oath, namely, "the splendour of nativity God," that he would go and church Notre Dame in Paris, with 100 lances at his heels. He then rose like a tiger, and his banner the territory of France, heaped heavily over the fields of wheat down vines and other trees laden with fruit, and set fire to the first town he met his way. While riding through the smoky ruins, furious exultation, his horse staid and flung some burning coals, concealed the astound his royal rider was seriously wounded that too prominent portion of his person, which had been the subject of Philip's joke, he king was carried back into the city, and died outside of the city, the noise which he could not bear. He languished about weeks, surrounded by doctors in priors. Feeling that his end was approaching, he sent money to build the churches he had deposed, and some also to the poor, "in return for the remission for all his sins he had committed." He also ordered the opening of the prisons to those who had had.

"As to the kingdom of France, said the dying Conqueror, "I bequeath the inheritance of it to you; for the inheritance of it was not bequeathed to me. My sword and at the cost of blood, least in the hands of God, only wish that non William, who has been spilling me in all things, may obtain it, pleased, and prosper." And what you give me, father? eagerly asked his great Henry. "I give the 5000 pound silver room my treasury." "What shall I give you, father, I have neither land nor nations?" "Be quiet my son, as I am in G; let thy elder brothers go before. Turn to have come after them." "By which to have the silver carefully won, although he secured it in a strong. While he was thus occupied, Red was hurt off to England (secure the), leag his father about with the his soul and body.

On the 14th September, the aged monarch was awakened from a slumber of bells, and asked what it meant. He answered that they were ringing for the Mary's Church, and lifted up his eyes. "I commend myself to the Mother of God," and immediately expired. His attendants had mounted their horses and rode off to their property. The inferior servants seized arms, plates, and other articles, and fled leaving the corpse lying naked on the floor. It remained that shock for several hours. Neither nor relative, nor servants where to see the spectacle. In presence, of the pomp and power of royalty had vanished. No had strewn with so many used corpses made so many a poor person was thus abandoned the last duty all who had been accustomed to his word. At last the human body, "for the love of," undertook and expense of a burial; this placed on a cart, and conveyed to the Seine, hence in a barge to the city.

Just as the body was lowered in the sea a man calling out, Clerks Bishops, I am mine, upon the barge. The man whom you fed it from

me to build thereon his church. I have neither sold my land or mortgaged it, nor have I forfeited it, nor made any grant whatsoever of it. It is my right, and I claim it. In the name of God I forbid you to lay the body of the spoiler therein, or to cover it with my clay!" All present confirmed the truth of the man's words. The bishops told him to approach, and making a bargain with him delivered him sixty sols, as the price of a sepulchre only, engaging to indemnify him quitably for the rest of the ground.

The corpse had been dressed in the royal habit and robe, but it was not in a coffin. On its being placed in a grave, whose sides consisted of masonry, and which was found to be too narrow, it became necessary to force it down, which caused it to burst. License and perfumes were burned in abundance, but without avail. The crowd dispersed in disgust, and the priests themselves, hurrying the ceremony soon deserted for the church.

DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS, THE RED KING.

The New Forest, Haunts, for the purpose of which sixty parishes have been cleared, extended thirty miles in length between Salisbury and the sea, and which no Saxon might enter but at the peril of his life was peculiarly fatal to the Conqueror's family. It was there in the year 1081, Richard, his eldest son, had been mortally wounded. In 1100, Richard, son of Duke Robert, and nephew of William Rufus, was killed there by an arrow, and it is singular coincidence that the red king himself perished there in like manner the same year. On the morning of the fatal day the king and his courtiers had a grand entertainment in the castle of Winchester, after which he prepared for the hunt. While putting on his garters, and joking with his guests, a woman presented him with a bow and six new arrows. He kept fear for himself, and gave other two to Sir Walter Tirrel, saying, "A good marksman should have a good arrow." This Sir Walter, or Gantier Tirel de Poix, was the king's most favorite friend and constant attendant. At the moment of departure, a monk from St. Peter's convent, Gloucester, put into William's hand despatches from the abbot, a man of Norman birth. He stated that one of his monks had a dream of ill augury. He had seen Jesus, sitting on a throne, and at his feet a woman suppliant him in these terms: "Oh Saviour of the world, look down with pity upon thy people groaning under the yoke of William."

On hearing this message, the king laughed aloud: Do they take me for an Englishman with their visions? Do they think me one of those fools who leave their business because an old woman dreams and sneezes? Come, Gantier de Poix, to horse! His brother Henry and several lords accompanied him to the forest. When arrived there they dispersed in various directions; but Sir Walter remained with the king, and their dogs caused to accompany. They had taken their station opposite to each other, each with his arrow across his bow, and his finger on the trigger, when a large stag, tracked by the attendant hounds, advanced between William and his friend. The king's bowstring breaking, his shaft sped not, while the stag, startled by the hounds, stood at bay looking round him!

Shoot! Walter, shoot! in the devil's name shoot! cried the king. That instant arrow entered his breast, he fell without uttering a word, and expired. Sir Walter never but finding he did not breathe, mould his horse, reached the sea shore and embarked with all speed for Normandy. On the morning of this event, all the hunters immediately quitted the forest, every one intent on firing what he could. Henry flew to Winchester to seize the royal treasures, which were rendered to him by the guards after some resistance. In the meantime the corpse on the ground in the Forest, till some roval barbers accidentally found it. They fed it on their cart, wrapped it in some oiled cloth, through which the blood dripped at the road. In this condition were the remains of the second Norman king removed to the castle of Winchester.

SONG OF THE SOIL.

By J. H. R. BAILEY. I start the bulb of the beautiful flower, And feed the bloom of the wild wibow-er, I rear the blade of the tender herb, And the trunk of the stalwart oak-erb, I force the sap of the mountain pine, And curb the tendrils of the vine, I robe the forest, and clothe the plain, With the ripest of fruits, and the best of grain. The cheek of the peasant I th with health, And yield the sturdy yeoman wh; I give to the spirit of commerce wings, And prop the tottering throne of kings— The gorgeous palace and the hole cot Owe every atom to me they've — And the prince at the banquet the hind at his board, A like must depend on the fate Lord. Man may boast of his creaturely might— His talents in peace, and prowess in fight; And lord it over the beast and bird, By the charm of his touch and spell of his word;

But I am the sote and mighty source Whence flow the tide of his boasted force— Whatever his right, and whoever he be, His pomp and dominion must come from me!

I am the giver of all that's good, And have been since the world has stood, Where there's wealth on ocean, or beauty on land,

Bursting from the warmth of my festering hand? Or where's the object fair and free, That claims a being, but's traced to me? Cherish, then cherish, ye sons of toil, The wonderful might of the fruitful soil!

And whence, says the Christian, dost thou obtain This power so mighty, of which thou art vain?

Thou boasted of that, which is furnished to thee, By Him who is Lord both of land and of sea,

But know that the treasures which come from the sod Are only thine own, as the gift of thy God.

THE WESLEYAN AND THE ACTRESS.

During Mrs Jordan's short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, a washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison. A small debt of about forty shillings had been increased in a short time by the law expences, to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs Jordan had heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed with as much severity as her good natured countenance could assume.

"Your lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable."

The attorney however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs Jordan was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow with her children followed her, and as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a kind porch, dropped on her knees, and with much grateful emotion exclaimed, God bless you madam, you have saved me, and my poor children from ruin. The children beholding their mother's tears, added by their cries to the affecting scene which a sensitive mind could not behold but with strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes— However, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, in her usual playful manner.

There, there; now it's all over. Go good woman, God bless you. Don't say another word.

The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure.

It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole interesting scene, who as soon as Mrs Jordan observed him, came forward, and holding out his hand exclaimed with a deep sigh—

Lady pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord they were all like thee! She figure of this man bespoke his calling. His countenance was pale, and a suit of sable rather the worse for wear, covered his tall spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favourite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good humour, retreating a few paces, she replied,

"No I won't shake hands with you." "Why?"

"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil."

"The Lord forbid! I am as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed. And do you think I can behold a sister fulfilling the commands of my great Master, without feeling the spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love!"

"Well well, you are a good old soul, I dare say; but I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you I am a player."

The preacher sighed. "Yes I am a player; and you must have heard of me. Mrs Jordan is my name."

"The Lord bless thee whoever thou art. His goodness is unlimited. He has poured on thee a large portion of his spirit; and as to thy calling if thy soul upbraids thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated they left the porch together. The offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of the comedy, and the disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm, to the door of Mrs Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her saying Fare thee well sister. I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be Thou art the first I ever conversed with—but

if their benevolent practices equal thine, hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty will say to each, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

WATER.

A large portion of this planet is covered by the waters of the ocean, of lakes, and rivers. Water forms the best means of communication between remote parts of the earth. It is in every respect of the utmost importance to the animal and vegetable kingdom; an indeed it is indispensable in all the great phenomena of the inorganic world. The peculiarities of saltness or freshness in water are dependant upon its solvent powers. The waters of the ocean are salt, from holding dissolved in it various saline compounds, which it receives in part from, and imparts to the marine plants. Perfectly pure water is without taste, even the pleasant character of freshly-drawn spring water is due to the admixture of carbonic acid. It is chemically composed of two volumes of hydrogen gas—the lightest body known, and highly inflammable—united with one volume of oxygen, which is a powerful supporter of combustion. Hydrogen will not support life—we cannot breathe it and live; and oxygen would over stimulate the organic system, but united, they form that drink for a drop of which the fevered monarch would yield his diadem, and the deprivation of which is one the most horrid calamities which can be inflicted upon animals. Water appears as the antagonist principle to fire, and the ravages of the latter are quenched by the assuaging powers of the former, yet a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases in the exact proportion in which they form water, explodes with the utmost violence on the contact of flame—such is the remarkable difference between a merely mechanical mixture and combination. R. Hunt in Pharmaceutical Times.

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

As we ought not to make the gratification of our external senses the main end of life, so neither ought we to indulge our taste for the more refined pleasures—those called the pleasures of imagination—without some bounds. The cultivation of a taste for propriety, beauty, and sublimity, in objects natural or artificial, particularly for the pleasures of music, painting and poetry, is very proper in younger life, as it serves to draw off the attention from gross animal gratifications, and so bring us a step farther into intellectual life, so as to lay a foundation for higher attainments. But if we stop here, and devote the whole time, and all our faculties, to these objects, we shall certainly fall short of the proper end of life.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

The boldness of innocence, and the timidity of guilt, so often observed by moralists and poets, may be thus easily accounted for. The virtuous man is conscious of deserving nothing but reward; when, then should he fear? The guilty man is conscious of desert of punishment, and is aware that every one who knows of his offence desires to punish him; and as he is never certain but that every one knows it, whom can he trust? And still more, there is with the feeling of desert of punishment, a disposition to submit to punishment, arising from our own self disapprobation and remorse. This depresses the spirit, and humbles the courage of the offender, far more than even the external circumstances by which he is surrounded. Thus says Solomon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion."

What stronger breastplate than a heart un- tainted? Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just, And he but naked; though locke'd up in steel Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. Wayland's Moral Science.

CURE FOR VAGRANCY IN INDIA.

The following very characteristic order has recently been issued by Sir Charles Napier, and very strongly recalls to mind the stringent laws against vagrancy, promulgated in the days of queen Elizabeth.—"The cantonment of Kurrachee is infested by vagabonds, who came with the troops from Bombay. The police and bazar master, are to arrest all such men as have no ostensible means of earning their bread, and send them back to the place from whence they came Scinde. Those who do not belong to Bombay, are to be put to work on the roads for a month, and then liberated for three days, at the end of which time they do not find work, they are to be again sent to the road work. There are good wages and plenty of work going on in Scinde! and the lieutenant general governor, will not allow vagabonds to be loose on the public to rob industrious people. This order to apply to all other stations in Scinde.

ANECDOTE OF MOTHERS.

The late Queen Charlote was exceedingly fond of needle work, and was so solicitous that the princess should excell in the same amusing art. In the room in which her majesty used to sit with her family were some cane-bottom chairs, and when playing about, the princesses were taught the stitches on this rude canvass. As they grew older, a portion of each day was spent in this employment, and with their royal mother as their companion and instructress, they became accomplished needlewomen.—Miss Lambert.