

the garrison," said the king aloud, then bending towards Flambard, he added, "We must obtain an entrance without further siege. If another night passes without giving me a view of the beauty that envious silk beclouds, then thou shalt never touch a single manor of this rich earldom."

"To night!" said Flambard, and his countenance fell. "Remember my liege, this place has already withstood our troops during two months."

"Two months!" cried Rufus, lifting his arm so imperatively that the scales of his armour rattled again. "I would not be kept from the heart of you citadel two months for another kingdom! So bethink thee, Ralph Flambard, of some device by which I may coach in you tower to night, or by my father's seal, not a mark of this rich earl's wealth ever reaches thy coffers!"

Ralph Flambard turned away; a cloud hung upon his brow and he bit his lips, musing deeply while the king turned his attention towards the fortress again.

"What says she now?" said Ralph, after a moment or two of dark thought, during which the countess had given a second answer to the herald. "What says she, I was pondering and heard it not."

"That she will never yield up the fortress of her husband to a hostile demand so long as one stone rests upon another," replied Rufus, fiercely. "Beware, haughty dame," he added, turning a fiery glance upon the form of the countess, "we shall find speedy means of tampering down that rebel spirit."

"Speedy and sure," said Ralph Flambard, and his face, so late sullen and beclouded, was bright with some fiendish idea that had found birth in his musings. "Leave the means to me and in one hour your highness shall be at supper in the castle hall, with yon beautiful dame bearing your wine cup."

"How?" demanded the king, "what is thy thought Flambard? Let it do honor to thy usual craft, and by my mighty faith, thy coffers shall be gorged with Northumberland's wealth. Speak quickly for she is leaving the walls."

"Sound again!" commanded Flambard to the herald, seeing that the lady was indeed retiring from the conference. "Sound again and say that we have yet one more proposition to make."

"What mean this, what wouldst thou propose?" said the king, turning impatiently to Flambard.

"Her husband," said Flambard, briefly.

"Well?"

"Is he not your prisoner?"

"Well, what then?"

"He must be used to force this lady into a capitulation."

"Has not that been tried already? have we not used threats and arguments in vain?" said the king, impatiently.

"I know, I know; with *him* they ever will be in vain. He is stubborn as a Jew and would bear torture as well, but the lady—she loves him, she is gentle and timid, notwithstanding this lofty bearing. Let us bring him before her; let us threaten to tear out his eyes before her face!"

Rufus interrupted him with an expression of fierce joy: "By Saint George, if she hesitates we will do it too!" he cried. "Let the traitor earl be brought here. She loves him, does she?"

There was a commotion among the ranks nearest the king, for turning his horse, Ralph Flambard spurred through them, with impetuous haste, to obey the cruel mandate his own bad heart and suggested.

The Countess of Northumberland, who had been called back by the voice of the herald, observed this movement of the enemy and some intuitive dread seized upon her; she turned deadly white and followed the course of Flambard, which was marked by the swaying to and fro among the soldiery, like the effect left upon a grain field by a rushing current of wind. He only penetrated to the outskirts of the army, that reached the shelter of the wood, when the soldiers began to sway back again and he came through them at a sharp gallop, leading a maimed war steed upon which a man was bound. The countess could distinguish only that the person upon the wounded horse was bowed down as if he had fallen forward from weakness. They were coming toward her rapidly and still her gaze was fixed upon them; a terrible apprehension was at her heart; her eyes grew vivid, her lips blanched; and all at once she recoiled back, staggered and fell against a projecting buttress. It was her lord—it was Northumberland! One glimpse of the azure scarf, her own love-gift, hanging tattered and soiled upon his broken armor, was enough. He came nearer and nearer at the will of Ralph Flambard; his armor was dented and gashed through the steel. The fragment of a broken plume fell across his pale temples and his hands were shackled to the charger's neck. The poor animal was terribly wounded, half his housings were torn away and blood streamed from his flanks at every halting leap, for Ralph Flambard had no mercy and led his captive on at full gallop, looking back upon him all the way with a mocking smile.

A faintness, like that of death, still hung upon the Countess of Northumberland. The very castle seemed to reel beneath her feet. Stretching forth her arm in the dark—for the agony of that moment blinded her—she sank to her knees murmuring "My husband; oh, my husband!"

Another blast of trumpet; another long preamble from the herald. What was it that he said? What atrocious threat was that which

made the half-fainting lady spring to her feet with a shriek so full of anguish? They would tear his eyes out—her captive, her noble husband—there before her face, while the bloom of her bridal months was yet glowing and fresh. They would tear those eyes out unless she gave up the castle within ten minutes. She was faint no longer—her vision became intensely clear; she saw Ralph Flambard, the low-born parasite, with his own eager hands untying the thongs that bound her husband to his charger. She saw the red king riding toward them, while the twilight streamed through his fiery hair and his face was dark with fiendish resolution.

[To be continued.]

The following exquisite Poem is copied from Graham's Magazine, and obtained a prize of \$150. It is well worth a perusal.

AUTUMN.

SEASON of fading glory! Oh how sad,
When through the woodland means thy fitful gale,
Shaking the ripen'd nuts from loftiest bough,
And down the forest aisle and sylvan road,
Whirling the yellow leaves with rustling sound.

Mountain and vale, and mead, and pasture wild,
Have quickly changed their robes of deepest green;

The summer flowers are withered, save a few
Pale tremblers by the sunny cottage door,
That linger, relics of the roseate band,
Till icy winter, wandering from the pole,
Sings their sad death-song on the snowy hills.
Though not a cloud appears to fleck the sky,
The sun at evening shines with tempered heat;

The solitary flicker bores the tree—
The carpenter of birds; and in the path,
The deadly rattlesnake, with flattened head,
And tongue of crimson darting from his mouth,
Watches the idle bird that marks his form,
Till the charmed victim with affrighted cries,
Drops on his fangs, the vile seducer's prey.

The hunter takes his way amid the woods,
Or by the ocean side, when far away
The wave that roll'd upon the beach has gone,
To lave a thousand isles of beauty, ere
It breaks again in thunder on that shore.
The well-trained setter through the covert seeks

The bird the sportsman's fancy prizes o'er
The feathered songsters of the woodland wild;
The covey starts, and soon the murd'rous aim,
Brings down the plover, or the woodcock dun,
Or mottled pheasant, that puts trust in man,
And finds, as all have found, the trust abused.
On the brown stump the sprightly squirrel sits,

Filling his striped pouch with ripened grain,
While in the thicket near the rabbit glides,
And as his foot falls on the withered leaves,
A rustling sound in the dim woods is heard,
Rousing the chawitt and the piping jay,
And startling from the dead pines' naked top,
With hoarsest cry, the reconnoitering crow.

The meadow-lark, with yellow breast, alights
On the old field, and sings her favourite strain—
A clear harmonious song. The Hunter Boy—
A little urchin stealing by his side,
With flickled face, lit up with roguish smiles,

And eyes that twinkled perfect gems of fun—
Armed with an ancient musket, that did speak
The voice of death on wars victorious fields
Creeps down the garden wall and nears her seat,

Then, casting down his flopping hat of straw,
Rests fearless o'er his trembling playmate's back,
Takes deadly aim, and shuts both eyes, and fires!

Loud ring the hills, and vales, and plains around,
The border grove is filled with sulphurous smoke.

The cat-bird cries "for shame!" and darts away
Before her leafy resting place is seen;
And when the cloud of death has floated on,
The victim bird is found a gory thing,
While the proud hero of this manly sport,
Struts down the lane like Caesar entering Rome.

The patient Angler threads the winding brook,
Tempting the dainty trout with gilded bait;
And ever and anon, as fleecy clouds
Pass o'er the sun, the fish voracious darts
From the cool shadows of some mossy bank,
Swallows the bait with one convulsive ant,
And learns too late that death was at the feast,
While the glad sportsman feels the sudden jerk,

And plays his victim with extended line,
Swiftly he darts, and through the glittering rings.

The silken line is drawn with ringing sound,
Till wearied out with struggling that but serves

To drive the barbed weapon deeper still,
He seeks his quiet shelter 'neath the bank,
And thence in triumph to the shore is borne,
A prize that well rewards a day of toil.

Along the hills the school-boy flies his kite,
Shoots the smooth marble o'er the studded ring.

Or o'er the commons with a bound and shout,
Beats the soft ball for one well skilled to catch.
Health crowns the joyful exercise, and night
Finds its tired votaries trained for quiet sleep,
Boaring his hazel wand of curious form,

The searcher after earth's deep spring goes forth,
Handling his mystic prongs as Merlin taught,
Or later follower of the magic school.

Now over hill-tops, stony as the mounds
The Indian warriors raise above their slain,
Then down in valleys, where the sun ne'er shines.

Fringed round with sylvan borders dense and rank,
He trudges, looking wiser than the one
Who passes o'er the busy brain his hand,
And wraps the senses in a sleep profound.

At length, above a vale where willows bend,
And grass grows greenest in the waning year,
His curious tell-tale turns towards the earth;
He stops, and with a shout of joy proclaims
The long sought spot where living water runs,
And where the well may sink, nor sink in vain.

The forest now awakes, while stroke on stroke
Falls on the hoary monarch of the wood,
Now shaking 'mid the scions that have towered

Beneath its shade for years. At length it falls,
And with terrific crash, bears down to earth
Each minor object that obstructs its way—
Down on the verdant carpet that has spread
Beneath its branches in the summer heat,
Behold it lying like a warrior stern,
Who, having grappled in the deadly fray,
Has sank amid his fellows in his pride—
But not to die, tho' robbed of all its green,
Still shall it in the lofty steeple live
Or in the battle-ship, whose thunder speaks
The voice of freedom on her ocean way.

The sail that waits the admiral in his pride,
By it is held to catch the willing gale,
And on its giant breast the fabric rests,
That bears the stately warriors of the deep,
And floats them on in sunshine and in storm,
Its branches to the cottage-hearth are given,
And by the fire that feeds and grows on them
The chilly air is changed to breath of spring,
Food, shelter, comfort, from its fall proceed,
And thousands bless the hand that laid thee low.

Above the purple peaks that fringe the west
The swollen clouds obey the tempest's call,
And rear their domes and battlements of mist,
With turrets, barbacans, and spires of gold;
Now changing into shapes of demon form,
With wreaths of lightning twining round their brows,
And now, like waves of darkness from old night,
Scowling and breaking on the misty hills.

A drowsy stillness steals along the plain,
The leaves are motionless on every tree,
The twittering swallow glides along the ground,
While the more cautious pigeon seeks the caves.

The geese that o'er the green so stately stalked,
Take flight toward the west with heavy wing,
And scream a welcome to the coming rain.

The cattle from the hills come early home,
And from the fallow ground the lab'rer turns,
Long ere the hour of sunset, with an eye
That reads the secrets of the heavens as well
As though it opened first in Chaldea's land.
Along the road the mimic whirlwind runs,
And with its unseen fingers lifts the dust;
The town-returning wagon fuster moves,
And down the hill, and o'er the sandy plain,
The village Jehu makes the coach-wheel spin;
And while the plover whistles on the moor,
The stage-horn breaks upon the startled ear.

But, hark! the storm-drum beats the tempest charge,
The groaning forest feels its rushing breath,
And bends its yellow head to let it pass;
The vivid lightning takes its errant way,
While echoing, 'mid the sparkling balls of hail,

I heard the sound of its descending feet
In thunder. The hail drops fearfully around,
Strips the stout trees, and beats to earth the grain.

Wounds man and beast amid the open fields,
And strikes with deadly blow the wild fowl down.

Flash after flash lights up the dreaded scene,
And answering thunder speaks from every cloud;

While the deep caverns of the ocean swell
Their mystic voices in the chorus grand.
Men sit in silence now with anxious looks,
While timid mothers seek their downy beds,
And press their wailing infants to their breasts.

From her low lattice by the cottage-door,
The bolder housewife marks the pelting storm;
Sees the adventurous traveller onward go,
Seeking his distant hamlet, ere the night
Adds tervold horrors to the dismal scene.
Swiftly the steed bounds o'er the woodland plain,

While hope beams brightly from the rider's eye,
When lo! a crimson flash, with peal sublime,
Instant as thought, and terrible as death,
Around her bursts. Blinded, she starts, then seeing,
Looks again. The horse and his bold rider lie
Hushed in the marble-sleep that lasts through time,
And while the wind howls mournfully around,
The forest owns the baptism of fire.

The onset o'er, in mingled fire and hail,
Behold the rain in sweet profusion falls.
The warm shower melts the crystal drops
That hide

The earth's brown bosom; and the foaming brooks,
Go singing down the hills, and through the vales.

Like happy children when their task is done,
A few bright flashes, and hoarse, rattling peals,
And then, amid the broad and crimson glow,
O'er western hills, a golden spot appears,
That spreads and brightens as the tempest wanes,

Like Heaven's first smile upon the dying's face.

'T is gone, the rumbling of its chariot wheels
Dies in the ocean vales where echo sleeps;
While waves that roll'd in music on the shore,
Lashed into angry surges, foam and break
In notes of terror on the rocky lee.
'T is gone, and on its bosom dark and wild
The bow of God is hung, in colors bright
And beautiful as morning's blushing tints,
When the ark rested on the mountain top,
And the small remnant of a deluged world,
Looking out upon the wilderness, and wept.

[To be continued.]

Lecture on Phrenology.

[We have been kindly favored with the following Introductory Lecture to a course on Phrenology, delivered before the Miramichi Mechanics' Institute, during the past winter, by JOHN M. JOHNSON, Jun., Esq., a part of which we insert this week.]—ED. GLEANER.

When reviewing the progress of knowledge through past ages, a circumstance by no means the least remarkable attracts our observation, as common to all the sciences in their infancy, and as applying to every discovery or improvement of any importance; I mean the decided opposition with which each has had in turn to struggle. Take a few of the instances mentioned by Spurzheim, Playfair, Hume, and other writers:—Pythagoras was driven out of Athens, and Anaxagoras imprisoned for their novel opinions;—Democritus treated as insane, for endeavouring to find out the cause of madness by dissection;—Socrates forced to drink hemlock for his almost anticipated christianity, and for opposing those false philosophers from whose self-chosen title we take the term *sophistry*;—Galileo and Copernicus persecuted for their well known discoveries in Astronomy;—the celebrated Harvey ridiculed for finding out the circulation of the blood;—Sir Isaac Newton's proofs of the composition of light attacked as an absurd hypothesis; Descartes' books burned by the university of Paris because he advanced the doctrine of innate Ideas;—the same University subsequently adopting the condemned doctrines, and turning the cry of *futilism* and *materialism*, against Locke and Condillac, for opposing it; to which let me add, as coming under our own observation—Dr. Lardner lecturing to prove the impossibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam, and Phrenology meeting with the most determined opposition in the scoffs and sneers of the multitude, until Mesmerism presented a new object for their senseless derision.—If we follow up this train of thought in the track where it naturally leads, we seek the causes of such continued opposition to truth. Now a very slight knowledge of human nature, and a little reflection, produce the reply. Every new science more or less affects and overturns previously formed opinions; those prejudices which have been instilled into our minds from infancy, and from which we find it difficult to depart. Those persons who have gained some eminence in the old theories, feel that to resign these will place them on a level with many young men on whom they have been accustomed to look with contempt or envy; and by beginning the study of the new science they must acknowledge themselves to have been all their lives in error;—those again, who have gained a slight knowledge of previous theories, without perhaps considering their merits, and being too indolent to enquire into the truth or falacy of the view, think it best to treat all as absurd, which they want either the industry or ability to comprehend; and thus, Pride, Interest, and Indolence combine, to maintain error and oppose truth.

Another remarkable thing is, that while all the sciences have been so strenuously resisted, many of the most absurd and short lived dogmas, have been adopted with avidity, but the cause of this is no less obvious than the former. The very depth, and consequent soundness and stability of a science, render its first attainment and discovery beyond the reach of all but those powerful intellects who can take in the whole bearings and effects of any proposition at a glance, such a science, not being comprehended, is rejected by the majority, while unfounded doctrines, which spring up the more quickly owing to the shallow soil in which they germinate, are adopted by the multitude as more congenial to their understandings. Thus it is that while many are eager to divide the plain proofs of Phrenology or to deny the evidences of their senses in Mesmerism, they are at the same time ready to be gulled by any quackery in the shape of Hallway's Ointment, or Mrs Gardner's Balsam, as a sure remedy for all diseases.

Let it not be thought however, that I would advocate the adoption of every doctrine which may assume the name of science, without its proofs—on the contrary, I agree with those who chose to be sceptical until convinced;—but in these days of wonderful discoveries, we should not be hasty in condemning, because we