

arose, well nigh the last, who felt that the sceptre of the old Bretwalda was a nobler prize than shadowy dreams of continental aggrandizement; before the true greatness of either of them, the glories of Crecy and Agincourt sink into insignificance. During the forty-five years which beheld England under the sway of Elizabeth, she rose from a secondary position among the powers of Europe to a level to the mightiest of empires. And this not by dazzling and unsubstantial conquests, but with the steady growth of a great people led on by the guiding hand of a great ruler. The best comment on this fact is the history of preceding and succeeding centuries. We can trace no germ of the gradual and comparatively peaceful progress of the nation in the wild aggression which were the favourite policy even down to the time of Elizabeth's own father. Still less can we recognize the glorious England of Elizabeth in the despised England of the reign of Charles the II., when she became a pensioner of France. Under Elizabeth arose that naval greatness which has since formed our chief glory; under her auspices Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh extended alike the dominions of their sovereign and the limits of the habitable world. She first raised her own England to the rank of mistress of the ocean, and laid the first foundation of another England on its further shore. She carried the name and the glory of her country into regions hardly trodden by an English foot since the days of Alfred. She could not only boast of hurling defiance at Parma and at Spain, but her diplomatic commercial intercourse embraced the Czar of Muscovy and the Sophi of Persia. She was looked to by all Europe as the bulwark of Protestantism and of liberty, and was recompensed by the offer of foreign crowns which she had the wisdom to refuse. At home she established and maintained a government which for those times was both firm and gentle, a despotism which drew its power from the national affection. Nearly her whole reign was one triumphal procession; everywhere her people gathered around her as round a parent; gracious and accessible to all, no petitioner was repulsed from her presence. Stern and unbending when necessity required it, she knew how to give way with grace, or by anticipating remonstrance, to avoid the necessity of yielding. She reared up the fabric of a church, free alike from the superstitions of the Papist and the licentiousness of the Puritan. In abolishing a foreign jurisdiction and a corrupt ceremonial, she preserved a regular order of church government, and a ritual at once simple and decorous. And all this was essentially her own doing. She was surrounded by able counsellors; but no stronger proof than this can be given of her own ability. In days when kings governed as well as reigned, the predominance of a great minister is no doubt a sign of the existence of a great sovereign. And assuredly no counsellor, however able, could have forced Elizabeth into any course contrary to her own will and judgment. Whatever was done in the name of one who so dearly loved the authority she was born to exercise must, if not the fruit of her own mere motion, at least have had the deliberate sanction of her searching intellect. Versed in all the learning and accomplishments of her age, delighting in the gaiety and splendour of a court, she never forgot the duties of a real ruler in the idleness and dissipation of the vulgar mob of princes. She maintained the credit of her kingdom abroad without plunging into unnecessary or expensive wars; she encouraged the arts of peace without suffering the decay of a martial spirit; she maintained a magnificent court, without its being purchased by the misery of the nation. The true parent of her people, she won the love in which she delighted; she ascended the throne amid their acclamations; and if, from the satiety which comes with long familiarity, she did not descend to her grave amid their tears, her memory soon became dearer to them than ever from the contrast she presented to her inglorious successor, and remained thenceforward embalmed among the most precious recollections of their past history.

Let us now change our course, and approach the object of controversy from an opposite quarter. An aspect may indeed be found in which the shield can hardly be considered even as silver, but its material might well be deemed to be a baser metal. The mighty queen is transformed into a weak, if not a vicious, woman; her personal character is well nigh surrendered, and even her political capacity does not come out unscathed. Caprice, affectation, and conquest appear as the leading features of the one; vacillation, parsimony, and persecution are stamped as the indelible characteristics of the other. From youth to old age she was the slave of the most egregious personal vanity: Queen and heroine, sacred Majesty and Defender of the Faith were titles less acceptable to the royal ear than the flattery which extolled the royal person as surpassing the beauty of all women past, present, or to come. The sovereign of seventy was never more delighted than when her courtiers exchanged the respectful demeanour of subjects for a strain of armorous adulation which might have disgusted a sensible girl of seventeen. Her earliest determination was to live and die a virgin queen; but throughout her reign the strength of that determination was exhibited by continually running to the brink of temptation. Her whole life was a chronicle of love-

passages, or what effected to pass as such.—Every foreign prince who thought the throne of England a convenient resting place, every subject who professed that loyalty and chivalry had been fanned into a warmer devotion was sure of encouragement in the wooing, even though the winning might be denied him. The court of the virgin monarch was ruled by a succession of favourites, admitted to a perilous, if not a guilty familiarity; the carpet knight and the dancing lawyer swayed the deliberations of her council no less than the grave statesman and the experienced warrior. But in proportion to the licence she allowed herself, was the severity of the discipline she inflicted on others. The re-founder of the Protestant Church regarded the most lawful matrimony as something altogether unbecoming in the priesthood, and as a hardly allowable liberty even in the laity. The marriage of a bishop was expiated by the confiscation of a manor; that of a female of royal blood was the surest passport to the interior of the Tower. Her personal habits were those of one who had thrown off alike the dignity of the monarch and the gentleness of the woman; her diversions seem to have surpassed the ordinary brutality of the times; the 'most godly queen' interlarded her discourse with oaths worthy only of a Rufus or a John; she boxed the ear of one courtier, and spat upon the fringed mantle of another.—The hand of the sovereign was open to receive, and shut when she should repay; her military schemes were ruined by an unworthy parsimony; at home she quartered herself in the houses of her subjects and neither justice nor mercy ever stood in the way of her exacting to the uttermost farthing the pecuniary obligations even of her most honoured servants. Her government was constantly that of a despot; the rights of Parliament were openly jeered at; patents and monopolies enriched her favourites with wealth wrung from the scanty fare of the peasant and artisan.

(To be continued.)

## THOUGHTS AT CHURCH.

BY FANNY FERN.

I have an old fashioned way of entering church, before the bells begin to chime, to enjoy the quiet brooding stillness. I love to think of the many words of holy cheer that have fallen there, from heaven-missioned lips and folded themselves like snow-white wings over the weary heart of despair. I love to think of the sinless little ones, whose early temples have been laved at the baptismal font. I love to think of the weak, yet strong ones, who have fearfully tasted the consecrated cup, on which is written, "Do this in remembrance of me." I love to think of these self-forgetting, self-exiled, who, counting all things naught for Gethsemane's dear sake, are treading foreign shores, to say to the soul-fettered pagan, "Behold the Lamb of God." I love to think of the loving hearts that at yonder altar have throbbed side by side, while the holy man of God pronounced "the twain one." I love to think of the seraph smile of which death itself was powerless to rob the dead saint, over whose upturned face, to which the sunlight lent such mocking glow, the words "Dust to dust," fell upon the pained ear of love.

I love, as I sit here to list through the half-opened vestry-door, to the hymning voices of the happy Sabbath scholars, sweet as the timid chirp of morn's first peeping bird. I love to hear their tiny feet, as they patter down the aisle, and mark the earnest gaze of questioning childhood. I love to see the toil-hardened hand of labor brush off the penitent tear. I love—"our minister," how very sad he looks to-day. Are his parishioners unsympathetic? Do censorious, dissatisfied spirits watch and wait for his halting?

Now he rises and says slowly—musically, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Why at such sweet, soul-resting words, do his tears overflow? Why was his voice such a heart-quiver? Ah! there is a vacant seat in the pastor's pew. A little golden head, that last Sunday gladdened our eyes like a gleam of sunlight, lies dreamlessly pillowed beneath the coffin-lid; gleeful eyes have lost their brightness; cherry lips are wan and mute, and beneath her sable veil the lonely mother sobs. And so the father's lip quivers, and for a moment nature triumphs, then athwart the gloomy clouds flashes the bow of promise. He wipes away the blinding tears, and with an angel smile, and upward glance, he says: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

## THE VINEGAR FACED GEN-TRY.

THERE is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with what they call their destiny. We hate such people. They are a nuisance and a pest. They make all within their influence uncomfortable. These men have usually made a grave mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. Whenever this fault finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always want of self respect. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and show your good will by your good deeds. Then if people 'feel above you,' why return the compliment, and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a

farmer, or a shop boy, turn up your nose a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself. Deliver us from the whining fools who go round like babies telling how people abuse them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency.

## MARRIED AND SINGLE LIFE.

WE extract the subjoined from a speech delivered by Mr. Alexander Frizell, in reply to the toast of "the ladies," at the recent banquet of the Quarter Sessions Grand Jury:—

Mr. Frizell, after some introductory remarks, said: I remember reading an anecdote which I cannot forbear mentioning, it so beautifully illustrates the force of female affection. When the Emperor Conrad besieged Hensburg, the women of the city found it was impossible the place could hold out. They, therefore unanimously petitioned the Emperor to allow them to leave the city with only as much as each could carry with her. The Emperor, believing that the burden of each would necessarily be light, conceded their request. A flag of truce was hoisted, and silence prevailed, when one of the city gates flew open. The women marched out, rank and file—and what do you think they were carrying? Peace be to their ashes, and honor to their memory! Every one of them had her husband on her back. (Cheers.) The Emperor was so stricken by their conjugal fidelity that he restored the wives back to their husbands, and the city to all its former privileges.

Now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I ask you, could all the bachelors in the wide world this day produce an action comparable to that? On that I had the reasonable power of Socrates, that I might induce these young men whom I see around me to consult their own happiness by renouncing what is falsely called "single blessedness!" (Great cheering.) Socrates, once, on delivering a lecture to the Athenians on love and matrimony, pressed home his subject so powerfully and convincingly on the hearts of his audience, by showing them the comforts and advantages the married man possessed over the bachelor, that, at the conclusion of his speech, the young men rose up in a body and solemnly declared that they would marry on the first available opportunity. Of course, ladies will not be the first to declare their love. No! they would rather let concealment, "like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheek." They are like the golden nuggets in auriferous regions—they will not come to you unsought. But, do you seek the great treasure of a wife, and you will be rewarded with a bliss, the adequate description of which would alike defy the pen of poet or the pencil of artist. (Great cheering.)

## SCRAPS.

THE TONGUE.—I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at, is to cure it of several disagreeable notes—and in particular the little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness gossiping. In short, I would always have it tuned by good nature, truth, discretion and sincerity.—*Addison.*

WHAT IS FASHION?—A beautiful envelope for morality presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—"I believe the jury have been inoculated with stupidity," said a barrister. "That may be," replied the opponent; but the jury are of opinion you had it the natural way."

A GEOLOGIST NONPLUSSED.—An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam!" cried Ceebs in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady. Ceebs vanished.

ENVY.—Many speak the truth when they say that they despise riches and preferment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men.

POLITE.—"I do not wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a polite and accomplished gentleman upon a certain occasion, "but I would merely remark, in the language of a poet, that to him truth is stranger than fiction."

One of the German almanacs remarks—"that a young woman is a fishing rod—the eyes are the hook, the smile is the bait, the lover is the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried."

An old maid was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day—"I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardship, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but oh! to live, and drop, and die, like a single pink—I can't endure it, and what's more I won't!"

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands should bear in mind that a little sunshine will melt an icicle much quicker than a regular north-easter.

One unwholly animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

## THE ALAND ISLES.

THE following extracts of an article on the isles of Aland, inserted in the *Moniteur* would seem to indicate that the allies do not intend to occupy these islands:—

"The accounts hitherto published respecting the rigour of the winter in the islands of Aland fall short of the truth. Every year, from the first days of November to the end of April, the climate is extremely cold, the centigrade thermometer ranging from 20 deg. to 25 deg., and rising often to 30 deg. The sea is frozen over, and the communications on the ice with Finland are very active. The Russian officers taken prisoners at Bomarsund declared to us that they had often travelled in sledges from Aland to St. Petersburg, encamping at night on the ice, and there are still in the island several old men who perfectly recollect having seen in 1809 a corps of Russian cavalry of 15,000 men coming from Finland and crossing the Gulf of Bothnia to Aland on the ice. The climate is so rigorous in winter that one-third of the soldiers of the garrison of Bomarsund are renewed yearly, and the inscriptions on the tombs of the military cemetery prove that the mortality in that season is very great. It had of late assumed such an extension that the Russian Government had been obliged to order the construction of a military hospital as spacious as the fortress itself. The cold is increased by violent north-westerly winds, which frequently blow in winter during several consecutive days and render it completely uninhabitable for foreigners. No means exist to neutralize those atmospheric influences. The island is thinly peopled. It does not contain a single town, and the few villages scattered here and there offer no resources—Russia, ever preoccupied with her future aggrandizement, had resolved to build a military town adapted to the climate, and the plan of which had been approved by a recent ukase. The town was to be situated within the line of the forts and to offer some analogy with Sebastopol, but on a larger scale. While the Finnish part of the Gulf of Bothnia invariably freezes every year, the portion on the side of Sweden is seldom entirely covered with ice. This circumstance was favourable to Russia, which during the six months winter was thus in direct communication with her possessions of Aland. The climate of the country is warm in summer. During the month of August the thermometer often rises to 20 deg. and 25 deg. (centigrade,) but the evenings and nights are generally cool. The accounts of the productions of those islands, published by the press, are completely erroneous. In their present condition they cannot even feed their inhabitants. They offer no resources for an army or fleet. They produce fresh-water fish in small quantity, game is scarce, and the different species of cattle are of diminutive size, and not abundant. The Russian troops drew all their provisions from St. Petersburg."

## MORE DESPATCHES FROM SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Despatches have been received from Sir Charles Napier, giving some further details with respect to the Bomarsund capture. The Admiral writes:—

I had intended to have brought Rear-Admiral Plumridge's squadron through the Presto Channel, to have shelled the north side of Bomarsund; but when the breaching batteries were placed he could not take that station without endangering the men in the French batteries; he therefore very wisely took up a position so that he had the Presto Tower and Bomarsund in a line, and did good service against the Presto Tower of which I afterwards examined. He was rather too close, being within range of the enemy's fire, and received some damage, but no one was hurt.

The ships I stationed to the southward were out of range of the enemy's guns and received no damage; but the shot and shells from the 10-inch guns, together with the fire from the four French mortars, which never missed and the excellent fire from Captain Pelham's battery together with preparations the enemy saw in progress, I presume expedited the surrender.

Had the enemy held out till the following morning, when the breaching battery, judiciously placed by the French engineer (General Niel) within 400 yards of the rear of the fort, and the ships the French and English Admirals intended to place in their flank, the fortress would have been reduced to ashes.

I have the honour of inclosing lists of the whole British force landed, and of casualties, together with a list of prisoners and guns captured, being no less than 112 mounted, 3 mortars 7 field pieces and 79 not mounted.

The commissioners are now taking an account of the stores, and they are preparing plans, not of the batteries in existence, but of those in progress, which I shall send home as soon as possible.

This has been a most arduous and laborious service, and I have great reason to be satisfied with the great exertions of all the officers, seamen, and marines, and their orderly conduct.

General Jones speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of Col. Graham and his marines. The firing of seamen and marines and marine artillery under Captain Ramsay was most precise; he himself was slightly wounded.