

Who will be with the by the murmuring fountain,
List'ning to the mellow horn at distance blowing;
Or sigh of breeze awaking on the mountain,
Or the wild night-bird all his bliss recounting,
When I am gone?

Day, active day, its aspect ever changing,
With hopes pursued, or needful duties done,
Will lure, thro' varied scenes thy spirit ranging,
Thy busy thoughts awhile from me estranging,
When I am gone?

But thou wilt miss me in the evenings leisure,
When all the hopes and cares of day have flown;
Who then for the will search out fancy's treasure,
Or sing to the in strain of tranquil pleasure,
When I am gone?

Be happy in the day's meridian splendor;
Take up each flower that on the path is strown;
But still at eve to me thy heart surrender;
Call back our love in mem'ry true and tender,
When I am gone.

While she sung, the Ranah appeared at the door of the apartment. Like the rajpoots of high birth, he was taller and fairer than the other Hindoos. He was young and handsome and bore a striking resemblance to Padmani.—His dress was of cream colored silk, embroidered with gold; his turban and sash were of the national color, bright red. The rajpoot badge a gold medallion representing a man on horseback, hung from a gold chain round his neck.—The rajpoot string of twisted cotton threads was passed across his breast and shoulder, and his high forehead was marked with the streak of high caste. In his hand he held the rose headed arrow that had been shot by Akbar. His countenance grew sad as he listened to Padmani. When she had ceased to sing he approached her. She gazed on him with a tender but melancholy smile, and dropped the vina.

Clasping her delicate hands in his he inquired—

'Why is thy song so sad, my Padmani?—What hath grieved thee this day more than the preceding days? Even yet the invaders show no intention of actual aggression, but still continue their extravagant courtesies.'

'But how soon, my Ranah, may not these insulting courtesies be exchanged for cruel war? The Moslems are countless; the fortress is closely surrounded; we must yield at length to famine, if not to the sword. And I—I am the cause of threatened ruin to Chittore and its prince. Am I not a degenerate daughter of the sun to have lived so long? Ah! if I were gone Akbar would no longer desire the conquest of Chittore.'

The Ranah uttered a cry of horror, for he perceived that she was contemplating self-sacrifice to propitiate the gods, who, according to their dark creed, were best pleased by human victims.

'What, Padmani! wouldst thou forsake me? Wouldst thou fly to another world, and leave me alone among my enemies? Or canst thou think I would survive the? Rannee! dost thou forget our people? We must not desert them in the hour of danger. I must live to encourage and direct them; thou must live to soothe my cares.'

Padmani replied only by tears. The Ranah saw that she had some unusual cause for depression. He drew her closer to his heart, and soothed her with caressing words, till he won from her a confession that she had been alarmed by an ominous dream.

I dreamed, she said, 'that Kali, the awful goddess, stood before me. Her necklace of skulls rattled; she brandished the weapons in her many hands, and her black countenance loomed upon me as she exclaimed, 'Daughter of the Suryavanta! why is Kali's image dry so crimson? When was it bathed last in the warm crimson tide?' Ah Zalim! she demands a sacrifice of blood for Chittore.'

'And she shall have it, Padmani! The battle-field shall be the altar, and yon Moslems the victims. Smile, then, my Rannee, thy dream is good, and shall be fulfilled. We have flung back Akbar's last insult in djsdam; but the next we will answer with a fierce volley from our ramparts. We have cleared our fortress from the flight of flower-laden shafts; but this gem-freighted arrow, shot by the Sultan himself, the Brahmin Madeo has reserved to offer upon the shrine of Surya, while he calls on the sun-god to deliver his children from the Bel-latee (Barbarian).

(To be Continued.)

HUMOURING AUTHORITY.

It is often expedient, on public occasions, to humour the little caprices of self-important but amiable functionaries. A pleasant anecdote of this kind is told of the gonfaloniere Pietro Soderini. When, on the appointed day, the ceremonial of elevating the statue into its proper position had been gone through in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators, Michael Angelo himself superintended the removal of the guard-boards. Soderini, who was at this moment just beneath the statue, expressed himself as per-

fectly enchanted:—"There is, however," he added, "one slight defect, which can easily be corrected—the nose is rather too thick." Michael Angelo saw that the worthy magistrate was so placed as to be incapable of really judging this feature, but, as there was no time for discussion, he seemed to assent to the criticism and catching up, unperceived, some marble dust and mounting a temporary bridge on one side of the statue, affected to work lightly on the nose with a file, letting fall, at the same moment some of the dust in his hand on the head of Soderini. He then called out, "How does it look now?" I am perfectly satisfied, replied the gonfaloniere. "You have actually imparted life to it." The artist descended, quite as much pleased with the success of his stratagem as the worthy functionary with his own critical discernment.

THE POET BURNS.

BURNS is by far the greatest poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in a humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland, could have produced such a man; and he will be for ever regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame. For he manifestly had never very deeply studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned much about its principles, nor looked abroad with the wide ken of intellect for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration. The condition of the peasantry of Scotland was not surveyed and speculated on by him as the field of poetry, but as the field of his own existence; and he chronicled the events that passed there, not merely as food for his imagination as a poet, but as food for his heart as a man. Hence, when inspired to compose poetry, poetry came gushing up from the well of his human affections; and he had nothing more to do than to pour it, like streams irrigating a meadow, in many a cheerful tide over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of life. Imbued with vivid perceptions, warm feelings, and strong passions, he sent his own existence into that of all things, animate, and inanimate, around him; and not an occurrence in hamlet, village, or town, affecting in any way the happiness of the human heart, but roused as keen an interest in the soul of Burns, and as genial a sympathy, as if it had immediately concerned himself and his own individual welfare. Most other poets of rural life have looked on it through the aerial veil of imagination—often beautified, no doubt, by such partial concealment, and beaming with a misty softness more delicate than the truth. But Burns would not thus indulge his fancy where he had felt—felt so poignantly, all the agonies and all the transports of life. He looked around him, and when he saw the smoke of the cottage rising up quietly and unbroken to heaven, he knew, for he had seen and blessed it, the quiet joy and unbroken contentment that slept below!—and when he saw it driven and dispersed by the winds, he knew also but too well, for too sorely had he felt them, those agitations and disturbances which had shook him till he wept on his chaff bed. In reading his poetry, therefore, we know what unsubstantial dreams are all those of the golden age. There is no delusion, no affectation, no exaggeration, no falsehood in the spirit of Burns's poetry. He rejoices like an untamed enthusiast, and he weeps like a prostrate penitent. In joy and in grief the whole man appears; before he left the fields of his childhood, and when he scarcely hoped for other auditors than his own heart, and the simple dwellers of the hamlet. He wrote not to please or surprise others—we speak of those first effusions—but in his own creative delight; and even after he had discovered his power to kindle the sparks of nature wherever they slumbered, the effect to be produced seldom seemed to have been considered by him, assured that his poetry could not fail to produce the same passions in the hearts of other men, from which it boiled over in his own. Out of himself, and beyond his own nearest and dearest concerns, he well could, but he did not much love often or long to go. His imagination wanted not wings broad and strong for highest flights. But he was most at home when walking on this earth, through this world, even along the banks and braes of the streams of Coila. It seems as if his muse were loth to admit almost any thought, feeling, drawn from any other region than his native district—the hearthstone of his father's hut—the still or troubled chamber of his own generous and passionate bosom. Dear to him the jocund laughter of the reapers on the corn-field, the tears and sighs which his own strains had won from the children of nature enjoying the mid-day hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedge-row tree. With what pathetic personal power, from all the circumstances of his character and condition, do many of his humblest lines affect us!

From the Boy Princess; or, Scions of Royalty cut off in Youth.

BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

WHEN October set in, the King of England with a force of not more than nine thousand men began his Perilous march, and repeatedly at-

tempted in vain to cross the river Somme, the banks of which were carefully fortified. On the morning of the 19th, he discovered a place, which the people of St. Quentin had neglected; and the English fording the stream with their baggage, took the Calais road, along which the company was then retreating. On the 20th, heralds arrived to intimate that the French would give the King battle. 'God's will be done' said Henry. 'I do not seek them; but fear of them shall not make me move out of my way, nor go either faster or slower than I intended. If they attempt to stop me it will be at their peril.' On the 24th, after crossing the deep and rapid Ternois, the Duke of York, who led the van, perceived the enemy approaching, and sent Henry intelligence of the fact.—David Gam, a Welsh captain, having been ordered forward to view their situation, reported that 'there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.' The King expressed himself much pleased with this description, and expecting an attack, formed his men into battle order. But as the French showed no inclination to come on, he marched forward, and encamped at large village, which was only a few bowshots from the enemy's outposts. The royal standard of France was set up on the Calais road, where it was bounded by a wood on either side. Around were planted the emblazoned banners of princes, barons, and knights, and between the mighty host, confident of victory, over which they waved in the October breeze, and the English ranks which seemed so scanty in comparison, was a narrow plain, bounded by thick hedges and deep rills. Henry, as he called a halt, and thought of the morrow, ran his eye over that ground with mingled emotions. It was the field of Agincourt! the moon arose; officers were despatched to view the enemy's position; some provisions were procured; and the half-famished soldiers were refreshed. Though the rain fell in torrents, the camp resounded with martial music; and though suffering from cold and fatigue, the English strove to keep up their spirits. Victory was, rather sighed for than expected. Some made their wills and confessed their sins. All felt uncertain of what the morrow would bring forth; but they knew that they must conquer or die. When the chill morning dawned gloomily, Henry ordered mass to be performed, and then ranged his men in battle array, placing his trusty archers in front. He then vaulted upon a grey charger and rode along the lines. His look was frank, fearless, serene, and noble; and his blue eye sparkled with courage and heroism. His tall thin form was encased in mail, over which he wore a surcoat, whereon the arms of England and France were magnificently embroidered; and his bright steel helmet was surmounted with a golden crown, sparkling with gems among which was a ruby, that had in other days been presented by the King of Castile to the Black Prince. He addressed the different divisions in high and inspiring language. He recalled the glories of Cressy, where, standing on a windmill, the third Edward saw a magnificent French army give way before his scanty ranks; and of Poitiers, from which a French monarch had been led captive by the youthful Prince of Wales, and held at ransom in London. But, exclaimed Henry, with enthusiastic energy, England will never be asked to pay a ransom for me; for on this field I will either conquer or die.—While passing along the ranks, the King heard an officer express a wish that some of the knights and bowmen, now in England, were present. Nay, said the King, turning familiarly on his saddle, 'I would not have a single man more. If God grant us a victory, the fewer we are the greater our honour; and if we are vanquished, the smaller will be our country's loss! Perceiving at noon that the French did not come on, he gave the word, 'Banners advance!' and at the same time Sir Thomas Erpingham, an old knight in command of the archers, throwing his truncheon into the air, cried, 'Now strike!' With loud cheers the archers moved onwards, and broke the front ranks of the French knights while Henry, leading up his men at arms, made a splendid charge. His life was more than once exposed to the utmost danger. His brother the Duke of Clarence, was wounded and overthrown. Henry covered him with his body, and with desperate energy drove back the foremost foemen. Eighteen knights, who had bound themselves by an oath to take the King of England, dead or alive, charged furiously forward; and one of them aimed a blow at the King with a battle-axe, under which he staggered; but his soldiers rushed impetuously to the rescue, and felled the assailants to the ground. The Duke of Alencon, undismayed at their fate, fought his way to the royal standard, struck down the Duke of York, and knocked off part of Henry's golden crown. But the English closing upon him, he cried out to the King, 'I surrender to you. I am the Duke of Alencon.' Henry stretched out his hand, but it was too late to save his foe; and the Duke's fall terminated the battle. The French fled from the field in dismay. Next morning the English struck their tents; and at Calais, Henry embarked with his decimated army and a host of prisoners, among whom was the Duke of Orleans. The people of England accorded the conqueror a most enthusiastic welcome. At Dover they rushed into the sea, lifted him on their shoulders, and carried him ashore. At every place

he passed through, his reception was equally fervent. At Blackheath he was met by a vast crowd, who conducted him in triumph to London. Wine flowed in every street; the houses were decorated for the occasion; and the population greeted their victor-king with the loudest and heartiest applause. The 'mad-cap prince,' was the conqueror of Agincourt!—'Prince Hal' was Harry the Fifth, too famous to live long!

SERFS IN RUSSIA.

SERFS cannot be sold either publicly or privately without the soil to which they appertain. The breach of this law is punished by a penalty on both the offending parties; the seller is fined; the purchaser loses his purchase. The serf becoming then the property of the crown, is free, and may select a trade or employment for himself. It is said this law is evaded. Families, and not individuals selected out of them, must be sold with the land; but the proprietor can transport any individual to any district of his property, or to a distant estate, or transplant the inhabitants of a village at his pleasure. He may beat them as he thinks proper, but must not break their bones, or cripple or kill them. If a proprietor practices a gross excess of his powers, is guilty of violence, or reduces his serfs to want, he receives a guardian from the Government, and becomes what we term a minor, the management of his affairs being taken out of his hands. Thus, when speaking of men who, at all events, had for many years "come of age," we were often told at Moscow the Emperor has given him a guardian, and were at first not able to comprehend the signification of the phrase, supposing the person in question was either a lunatic or a minor. Noble proprietors whose property is thus protected cannot reside on their estates. Proprietors are bound to provide for their serfs, whether profitable to them or not, in sickness, age, scarcity, or famine. Many consequently are heavily burdened by this species of richness, and have been ruined by the possession of souls for whom the nature or amount of the land did not afford maintenance.

PEEL AT HIS ENTRANCE ON PUBLIC LIFE.

To intellectual powers, wide in their range though neither original nor profound, Sir Robert Peel united an untiring industry, which was the faithful servitor of an equally indefatigable ambition. "Bob, you dog! I'll disinherit you if you do not some day become prime minister," was the saying of his sire; and from first to last, Peel always worked for double honours—in Science and Classics at Oxford—for Power and Fame in the Senate. He came from the University at a period when the House of Commons swarmed with young men of promise, many of whom were afterwards his rivals in the race. Politicians then remembered the extraordinary spectacle of the boy-premier in 1784, who overthrew the coalition, and senators of old experience talked of the splendid dawn of Fox's manhood. Canning still nobly sustained the great traditions of the House of Commons, and occasionally flashes of extraordinary splendour came from Grattan, though in decay, and from Sheridan, though in ruin. Amongst the clever young men of that day, Peel stood conspicuous. Few now living recollect his personal appearance; and it is a singular fact, that in our own observation of life we never saw any man upon whom each seven years so distinctly laid a marked impress as on Sir Robert Peel. In 1810 his figure was lean and lathy, and he presented an appearance as if he were not built to last. His complexion was extremely florid, and his hair exceedingly yellow, while his cheeks had the sunken impress that marks a student. His shoulders were slightly stooped to the true official curve, and he walked with a loose and uncertain gait. In those days his whole appearance was so peculiar, that strangers often looked at the young gentleman walking down Parliament-street to the House of Commons. Nor can it be denied that young Peel had many qualities to awaken much interest. When he spoke in Parliament his fluency, his shrewd common-sense, and the well-acted modesty of his demeanour, were calculated to bias powerfully. William Lamb, (afterwards Lord Melbourne) had much refined sense and philosophy, but as a speaker he stammered awkwardly. Lord Palmerston was in those days a hearty debonnaire young nobleman, who troubled himself little about politics except to keep his place, which might serve for official training. John William Ward (afterwards Lord Dudley) spoke brilliant essays with icy wit and frigid fancy, his orations smelling of the lamp. Frederick Robinson (now Earl of Ripon) was tame, decorous, and eminently respectable. But young Peel was plausible-smooth, and industrious. There was a practical look about him calculated to rivet a practical assembly like the House of Commons. He had no flights of fancy, no poetical apostrophes; but he had an unvarying stream of harmonious common-sense, which "told" well upon the senate. His elocutionary artifices were above the average of speakers. He was never grand, but he was seldom "theatrical;" and although he was often artificial, he was never modish or finical; his voice was lute-like and