

POETRY.

WAR.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I saw a plain whereon her store
Of richest blessings Nature threw;
And homes of men were there, which wore,
In sunset's light a joyous hue:
The morrow came; and with it came
Two mighty hosts with fronts opposed,
And o'er that plain passed death and flame,
Between those armies as they closed.

Where calmest peace so lately reigned,
Raged tumult wild, and passions hot;
The flowers by bloody floods were stained,
The fruits destroyed by fiery shot;
And charging squadrons, shouting, wheeled,
Where peaceful olives fringed the plain,
And death, with thousands strewn the field,
Where stood last eve, the waving grain.

Oh! if to such a scene as this,
Of carnage, agony and woe,
A spirit from the realms of bliss,
Radiant with Heaven's pure, peaceful glow,
Should wing its flight, how harsh and strange
Such sounds and sights its sense would jar!
How would it shudder at the change
From Heavenly peace to earthly war!

Oh! when shall dawn that blessed day
Foretold by prophets of the Lord,
When men shall cast their spears away,
And turn to tillage, lance and sword;
When hosts no more to slaughter led,
Shall see the reign of carnage cease,
And o'er the earth, unchecked shall spread,
The empire of the Prince of Peace?
Boston, 1840.

From the Ladies' Companion for 1840.

THE QUEEN'S VOW.

A TALE OF ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER II.

Continued.

THAT sweet, calm contentment, which pervades the mind, when once satisfied in its yearning after affection, settled upon the heart of the enfeebled Earl, like dew within the leaves of a perishing flower. Never, in his whole life, had he been so happy as in that gloomy and darkened chamber. If he slept, there was a bland, tranquil smile for ever playing about his mouth, and in his waking hours he would gaze about on the dark, massive furniture, as if he had something of love to bestow even on the inanimate witnesses of his contentment. There was something delicious and healthy in the repose shed over him, which brought strength to his sick couch, and cheerfulness to his pillow. Elizabeth, too—as if resolute on not being awakened to the painful uncertainty of a dream so fraught with bliss—abandoned herself to a flood of gentle feelings, which, for the time, held all others in abeyance.

The old nurse was still detained in the invalid's chamber, but only as a matter of propriety; it was Elizabeth's hand that smoothed his pillow—her gentle smile that greeted him when he awoke, and her low rich voice that read his favorite authors, or conversed till he was disposed to sleep again. The old woman was allowed to remain, whole hours together, in the recess of a distant window, engaged in rude worsted work, or gazing abroad upon the ripening foliage in the park, and the half tamed deer that sported amid its umbrageous shadows.

Three weeks went by like a dream; Devonshire had left his couch, and as his strength returned, took short walks with the Princess, attended only by her favorite old servant, Herbert. By degrees their rambles were extended to the park, till, at last, they would spend whole hours together beneath the shadow of an isolated clump of trees, or on some grassy bank, flushed with summer wild flowers, whose fragrance rendered the atmosphere almost as sweet and dreamy as their state of existence. In after years, how often did the Queen Elizabeth turn back to the memory of those few weeks of happiness—to that shady park, and the sweet wild-blossoms, with a thrill of regret, that made her heart throb, and her brow low grief-stricken, beneath its royal diadem. That memory kept one spot for ever green in her heart—one fountain open, which gushed up pure waters, when selfishness, vanity and ambition, had poisoned all the rest.

"You are sad, to-day," said Elizabeth, as the two wandered forth one evening, just as the sunset was tinging the heavy sword, and the rude old trees, with a hue of russet gold. She smiled as she spoke, and lifted her eyes to his face with an expression of deep, womanly tenderness, that made her own absolutely beautiful.

"It is strange," said the Earl, drawing her arm gently through his, and moving forward—"strange that an invalid should repine because his health is returning; at any other time, my blood would thrill to the touch of this sweet breeze, after even a day's illness, but now the vigor which it imparts only reminds me that I am strong enough to return home, and that it is my duty to go."

The Princess drew closer to his side, and the smile died on her lips.

"Do not say that," she said, in a low, reverent voice; "you are yet far from well—Come, let us return to the house; I feel as if just awaking from a sweet dream; there is something too real in this broad sky and the dying sunlight."

"And yet it is very beautiful," said Devonshire, laying his hand on the small fingers that clasped his arm, and looking first into her changing face, then abroad on the green park, where the rich twilight lay slumbering in wreaths of misty purple amid the heavy foliage. "Let us walk forward; there is one spot that we have not yet visited."

The color flashed over Elizabeth's face, for she knew well what place he alluded to, and blushed with shame at the remembrance of her own ungenerous conduct, but she made no objection when the Earl turned in the same direction which they had pursued on the eventful morning of the hunt. She was rendered anxious and unhappy by this mention of returning home. Most truly she asserted that his words had aroused her from a sweet dream—a dream that never again was to settle upon her heart.

"Why should you leave me, Courtney?" she asked, anxiously, "why should we, of our own free will, cast away the happiness which has made the last three weeks so precious? Your words have made me very wretched."

"While illness was an apology for remaining by your side, there might be little in my becoming an inmate of your house, even for the lynx-eyed minions of the court to cavil at; but should we remain together, now that I am well enough to loiter beneath these old trees which we have both learned to love so, it were a miracle if we meet not both with censure and persecution. Nay, frown not dearest, it is for your sake, not mine, that I would be prudent; remember the jealous eyes of Queen Mary are upon your slightest movement."

Elizabeth's lips trembled, and she looked earnestly in his face, anxious to learn by his expression, if he was aware how much the Queen's interest in himself, might add to her vigilance.

He seemed thoughtful and serious, but there was nothing in his face that betrayed a knowledge of the Queen's partiality, and with the timidity of a heart that truly and fervently loved, she shrunk from naming her fears of a rival. Devonshire's next words were calculated to dissipate those fears, had they been less vague than they really were. They had walked on in silence, till at length he paused abruptly just beneath the rock where his first declaration of love had been made. The brushwood was yet twisted and trampled where the hounds had rushed through in pursuit of the stag, and farther on might be seen the rivulet's bank, torn and broken up, where Devonshire's horse had struggled for a foothold after his fatal leap. The blood rushed over Elizabeth's brow as she recognized the spot, but Devonshire leaned against a jutting fragment of the rock and quietly contemplated the scene.

"It was a perilous fall," he said, turning with a smile to the confused lady, "but to what happiness has it not led. Here, my Elizabeth—here where I was so chafed by your scorn, let me listen again to the precious words that have made a sick chamber a paradise."

"Why should I repeat to you in words, of which every act, feeling and look, bear evidence," said Elizabeth, her confusion and suspicion alike swept away by the voice and manner of her generous lover. "Remember what I was when we stood here three weeks ago, and look upon me now. Has no change come over me, think you, that I could again return such words as you then spoke with mockery or pride? I believe that in every human being's life, there is a season when the spirit within undergoes a transfiguration, partial or complete, when the circumstance of a day—a week, or, it may be, a year, flashes over the soul, leaving traces therein, palpable, and as easily read by the discerning, as the progress of an army through the bosom of a country at rest. The heart lives years in moments, when it is first touched by the love of another. Mine has almost reached its maturity within these three short weeks—Would you have me say more?"

Devonshire looked admiringly in her face and felt how truly she had spoken, and how very beautiful was the change that had indeed fallen upon her lofty spirit. There was no haughty flashing of the eye, or scornful curve on that red lip as in former days. While speaking, a generous enthusiasm lighted up her face, but it only left a beautiful glow on her cheeks, and she stood before him, subdued, gentle and lovable, as the most lowly peasant-girl on his estate. A generous feeling throbbled at the Earl's heart as he witnessed these signs—more gratifying to his proud nature than the most honored words that ever fell from a woman's lips.

"I feel it all—all your condescension and goodness," exclaimed the Earl, warmly, "and yet," he continued, with a smile, "I would fain have some token, when I am away—something to convince me that this is not a dream—that I am indeed so honored and blessed."

Elizabeth took a small velvet case from her bosom, and drew from thence a glove, richly embroidered, but stiffened and soiled with water. She held it toward the Earl, but her hand trembled, and her voice was unsteady.

"I took it from your grasp when the hand which held it was cold, and I thought dead—when I believed that you had perished, despising me in your heart. Take it, and when Elizabeth Tudor is proven false to the love she has pledged, or when you, Devonshire, from fickleness or ambition fail to meet that love—return the token. I shall understand its language—Then, and not till then, the fellow to that glove shall be cast from its resting-place near my heart, and that heart will be broken or hardened, I know not which."

Devonshire took the glove and placed it in his bosom without speaking a word, but there was eloquence in his dark eyes, and an expression of deep feeling pervaded his face, far more powerful than language. He pressed her hand fervently to his lips, and drawing it again through his arm, moved forward just as a dark object crept round the hill, and approached the old servant, who had been standing beyond earshot, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the brooklet where it whirled and ruffled round the mass of earth and broken sods which had been cast into its channel by the fall of Devonshire's horse. The strange object proved to be a man of diminutive stature, stooping in the shoulders, stealthily in his walk, and clad entirely in black velvet, which gave his person the appearance of being much smaller than it really was. Old Herbert looked up, and gave some indications of the surprise which really possessed him at the sight of a stranger stealing through the trees like a timid wild animal, terrified by the sight of a human being. He drew toward the old man, and seemed about to address him; but the moment Devonshire and the Princess came in sight, he turned, hesitated, and, at last, moved cringing forward, as if afraid, and yet desirous of attracting their notice.

"What brings you here, fellow?" said the Earl, sternly, for he felt the Lady Elizabeth start and cling to his arm, as if terrified by the creature's strange appearance. "Whence got you liberty to rove at will in this domain?"

The strange being made no answer, but fixed his keen and exceedingly small black eyes on the lady, while he fumbled awkwardly in his doublet, and at length drew forth a packet, bearing the broad seal of England. Elizabeth turned pale, and extended her hand to receive the missive; but the sallow messenger bent low, held it forth to the Earl of Devonshire, and again slowly lifting his eyes, fixed them on her changing features with a bold, unswerving gaze, that, at another time, would have called forth a severe reprimand. But she was too anxious about the package for remark on the mingled insolence and servility of his bearing; while he was marking every painful expression of her face with his glittering, snake-like eye, she stood motionless, gazing on the well-known seal, her hand dropping heavily by her side, as it had fallen on learning the destination of the package, and her face changing from pale to crimson with the rapidity of lightning.

Devonshire, though less agitated than the lady, seemed, nevertheless, sufficiently embarrassed by his situation. He glanced irresolutely from the package to the Princess, and from her to the strange messenger.

"Take those saucy eyes from the lady's face, sirrah," he exclaimed, sternly, on marking the rude scrutiny with which the fellow regarded the Princess. "If to deliver this package be your sole business with me, withdraw to a distance while I learn its contents."

The strange man bent his eyes to the earth, bowed very low, and said in a soft, humble voice—

"I am but the messenger from a party of noble gentlemen, who await the Earl of Devonshire's presence at his own house. With his, and the noble lady's permission, I will return as I came."

Once more the man lifted those strange, glittering eyes to the lady's face. The Earl regarded him with a haughty frown, and seemed about to speak more sternly than before, but Elizabeth laid her hand suddenly on his arm, and said in a low, eager whisper—

"Be cautious; in the name of Heaven, I beseech you, not another word. He is Queen Mary's physician. It were far better that you trod a viper to the earth, than that man, silky and humble as he seems."

"Compose yourself, dear lady," said the Earl, taking her hand gently within his own, as the messenger turned away with a subtle smile

beaming over his thin face, for he had gathered enough from the lady's manner, to know that she was terrified by his presence. "Compose yourself, and do not look so apprehensive. It were a disgrace to my knighthood, did the crafty insolence go unrebuked. Mary, herself, could do no less than chastise the menial who dared to lift his insolent gaze to her maiden and royal sister."

"Alas! I have little to expect from her sisterly love," replied Elizabeth, following the diminutive physician with her eyes, as he moved softly toward old Herbert. "From the cradle, my person has been odious to her. Through her command, my liberty has been curtailed, and my life even threatened. I was compelled to seek this retirement to avoid the indignities heaped upon me at her court, where I—a King's daughter—was compelled to give precedence to persons of inferior rank, thereby taking upon myself the stain of illegitimacy. These things I have suffered. What deeper indignity and sorrow is in store for me, none can tell. Until now, I have borne all patiently, but I have become timid as a child since the fate of another has been woven with mine. Believe me, Devonshire, Queen Mary is a fearful being!"

When Elizabeth ceased speaking, she was very pale, and her eyes filled with tears. Devonshire strove to comfort her, but she seemed terrified out of her usual firmness; her limbs trembled, and the color came and went in her cheek, like lightning in a summer cloud.

"Read the package," she said more tranquilly, after he had striven, by persuasive words, and every method in his power, to reason her out of what seemed to him, a state of groundless apprehension. "I can guess what its contents are. Your faith will be put to the trial, even earlier than I expected. Read, Devonshire, for if I mistake not, your choice is now to be made between a reigning Sovereign and a persecuted Princess, whose very birthright is made a question for every vulgar mouth in her sister's kingdom."

Had any doubt of Devonshire's ignorance of Mary's intentions, with regard to himself, arisen in his companion's mind, it must have been satisfied by the look of amazement with which he regarded her as she spoke. He seemed bewildered, and perfectly at a loss for the meaning of her words, and the strange agitation with which they were uttered, so unlike the almost masculine self-possession which usually marked all her intercourse with the world. With a vague suspicion that the package would explain all, he was about to tear away the seal, when she laid her trembling hand upon it and prevented him.

"One moment!" she said, becoming colorless with intense feeling: "I would say one word before the seal is broken. At this moment, your pledged faith and honor, as a true knight, bind you to me. I release you from this obligation, and you open that packet as free to decide, as if no such being as Elizabeth existed. I can but guess at its contents, but if, on reading it, one struggle arises in your heart—if but the shadow of a wish lead you to the higher destiny it may offer, follow that wish! I have no hope—no dream of the future, which is not woven with my love of you; but should your faith give way to the glittering temptation which, I doubt not, lies beneath that seal, I am no love-sick maiden to pine and die in the sorrows of desertion. I have been very happy, and should these pure, sweet feelings be driven from my heart by neglect or oppression—a thirst for power—vanity—ambition—a thousand strong passions may rush in and take their place, but no second love can enter there. Now," she added, more calmly, "I will walk homeward with Herbert, while you learn what brought you hither, and what from my sister's court."

"Nay," said Devonshire, detaining her, "there can be nothing which you may not know. Without further hesitation he tore away the seal, and began to read. A dim twilight rendered it difficult to decipher the writing, but scarcely had he made himself master of half its meaning, when the blood rushed over his temples, and he bit his lips impatiently, as if dissatisfied and embarrassed. Elizabeth remarked this with a degree of pleasure, that brought the light again to her eyes, for, though she turned away, and strove to occupy herself with other objects, she could not forbear now and then casting a look on his face while her own was pale and clouded with anxiety. Before the Earl had fully perused the document, he re-folded it and approached the lady.

"It is a proposal from the Queen's privy council," he said, hurriedly; "one that overwhelms me with pain and astonishment."

"The Queen, through her counselors, makes overtures which might raise you to her throne; it is not so?" inquired the Princess, in a voice too calm and steady for any thing but assumed composure.

"Yes," replied the Earl, hurriedly. "Messengers are awaiting an answer at my house—Will you permit me to send Herbert forward to prepare horses? I must go to these people at once."

Elizabeth turned very pale, and was utterly unable to find words in which to answer him, but she bowed, and drew herself up with a more stately bearing than she had assumed since the day of the hunt. Herbert went forward to obey the hasty orders given by the Earl, and the noble pair walked on in silence. They seemed suddenly to have changed characters; he was restless and excited; Elizabeth walked by his side, apparently calm, in thought and feeling, but her face was perfectly white, and there was a rigid expression about her mouth which told how terribly painful was the state of suspicion under which her proud spirit struggled. When they came in sight of the house, Devonshire saw that his orders had been obeyed. His groom was leading forth a couple of saddled horses from the stable.

"I will take farewell, dear lady, here," said the Earl, pausing beneath a clump of trees that concealed them from observation. "To-morrow I will ride over, or if these people choose to remain my guests, will send you word more fully of this matter."

He took her hand, but it lay cold within his grasp, and even in the waning light, he observed that the face she turned toward him wore an expression of smothered anguish, such as he had never witnessed there before. For the first time he suspected the thoughts passing through her mind.

"Surely," he said, with a degree of earnestness almost amounting to reproach, "you cannot have deemed me so unworthy as to suppose—no, no, you must be aware that there can be but one answer to a proposal like this." Elizabeth started, and a faint shiver ran through her frame. Devonshire drew her to his side, and smiled as he did so. After a moment's hesitation between respect and the aroused affections that gushed up in his noble heart, he pressed his lips, for the first time, upon her forehead, and murmured, "Were Mary Queen of a universe, she would fail to win this true heart from its allegiance. So farewell, dear lady; we shall meet again, and soon."

He was interrupted by a low, chuckling laugh, which seemed close by the place where they were standing. They both started and looked anxiously around. No living thing was in sight, and after a moment's thought they hurried from the spot, Devonshire exclaiming, "Do not be apprehensive, lady, it was but the noise of a deer. See, Herbert has sent the horses forward; farewell once again, and may good angels bless you!"

Thus making a hurried adieu, Devonshire sprang to his saddle and rode swiftly in the direction of his own residence. While Elizabeth was yet watching his form as it grew dim amid the shadows of the evening, a dark object crept warily from the clumps of oaks where she had a few moments before, stood with the Earl, and crouching almost to the earth, glided like an unquiet spirit into the depths of the park.

When she could no longer hear the tramp of her lover's horse, Elizabeth turned to her solitary home—went to the chamber which Devonshire had occupied, and casting herself on the bed, gave way, for the first time in her life, to a passion of tears, which arose more from over excitement than from any reasonable cause of sorrow.

It was two days before Devonshire returned. He had resolutely refused all overtures for a union with Queen Mary, and when her messengers pressed him for some reason which might soften the anger of their rejected mistress, he boldly acknowledged his attachment to her sister Elizabeth, though he left them to doubt its favorable return. When the Princess learned this noble frankness of her lover, she was filled with anxiety, not only for her own safety, but for his. She was too well acquainted with the cruel nature of her sister, even for a moment, to believe that she would not deal vengeance on those who had thwarted her wishes and wounded her pride, both as a woman and a Queen.

Weeks went by and brought no event calculated to increase or diminish the anxiety of the lovers. Though Devonshire had taken up his residence on a small estate which he owned, in the neighborhood of Elizabeth's dwelling, and spent as much of his time with her as the usages of society would permit, Mary seemed to overlook them both, and when, at last, she summoned Devonshire to London, it was to receive him with more than her usual favour. She even invited the Lady Elizabeth again to her presence, and those less intimately acquainted with a nature that knew neither generosity or mercy might have been deluded into a belief that she had been won to the exercise of those sweet virtues in behalf of her sister. But Elizabeth was not deceived for a moment. She knew that the cruel woman only stifled her resentment till she could indulge it without fear of retaliation from her subjects, and it required all her efforts to persuade Devonshire from casting himself at the Queen's feet soon after her marriage with Philip of Spain, and urging her sanction to their union.

(To be continued.)

Power of Letters.—While we were waiting for fresh horses before the little "Juden knipe"—for by this contemptuous epithet, answering to "Jews pothouse," Stephens always designated an inn kept by a Jew—at the station near Tverhova, one of the tribe of Israel came up, and asked us if we would like to see some curious rocks, only a quarter of a mile from the village. As we followed him to the spot, he asked us those questions, as to where we came from, what we were doing, and whither we were going, so common in most countries except our own, where they are avoided, as though every one was doing something of which he is ashamed and which he desired to conceal. On hearing that we were English, he asked very earnestly if one Walter Scott was yet living, and expressed the greatest regret when he learned his death. Surprised at such a sentiment from such a man, and suspecting some mistake, enquired what he knew of Scott; when he pulled from his pocket a well thumbed translation of Ivanhoe—the very romance of persecuted Judaism—and assured me he had read that, and many others of his works, with great pleasure.

I do not know that I ever felt more strongly the universal power of genius than when I found the bard of Scotland worshipped by a poor Jew in the mountains of Hungary. It is astonishing to an Englishman who knows how ignorant even well informed persons of his own country are of the literature and politics of the great part of the continent, to find the names of the best authors of England familiar as household words, among nations of whose very existence the greater part of that country is scarcely aware. In Hungary, this fact struck me with more force even than in Germany, though the taste for English literature is there immeasurably more advanced than in France or Italy. But the Hungarians with very little literature of their own, and generally possessing a knowledge of several foreign languages, are not only entirely thrown on the resources of others for their mental food, but are thus eminently well provided with the means of enjoying it. In many cases I have found the originals in English, but in general they are read in excellent German translations.

With what ecstatic pleasure have they told me of the new light which English literature opened to them! With what admiration have they spoken of the strong and vigorous train of thought which pervades our authors, of that scrupulous decency which they observe, of that warm love of nature they express and of the universal respect in which religion is upheld by them! A great cause of this extension of English literature has been the judicious selection and the cheap form in which Galignani and other foreign booksellers have published the standard English works; and however disadvantageous this traffic may be to the pockets of British authors, I am quite sure it has been a very important means in establishing and diffusing their own and their country's reputation.—*Page's Hungary and Transylvania.*

NEW CUMBERLAND, JAN. 1.

An Accident.—A laughable incident occurred in this county some time since, the circumstances of which we give just as we got them from one who professed to be acquainted with the transaction. An old gentleman farmer who had two or three very pretty daughters, was so very cautious of his charge that he would not permit them to keep the company of young men; however, they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the company of their lovers, without the knowledge of their father. After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, which was quite a distance from the ground, and the beau would seize hold of the sheet, and with the assistance of his lady-love who tugged lustily at the sheet above, would thus gain an entrance; but it so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet rather too early—for the old gentleman, by some ill-wind, was blown round the corner, and spying the sheet could not conjecture the meaning of its being there—so he took hold and endeavored to pull it down; the girls above supposing it to be one of their beaux, began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake until the head of the old man was level with the window sill; when one of them exclaimed "Oh! Lord! it's Dad!" and letting go their hold of the sheet, scolded the old man on the ground and stones below, dislocating one of his

shoulders, which convinced him that all his efforts to make old maids out of his daughters was a matter not easily accomplished, and withdrawing all further opposition to their keeping company, he was soon father-in-law.—*Freeman Advocate.*

ANECDOTE OF AN ALLIGATOR.

The Oriental Herald contains under the head, "Domestication of the Alligator," the following interesting particulars respecting a young Alligator which was caught in a stream on the Ganges:—"The Alligator which was sixteen inches in length, having been secured by a piece of ratlin about its neck, was placed on the deck of the boat, where all had an opportunity of examining the creature. Its first impulse when let loose was to make its escape over the vessel's side, but being checked by the string, it turned round, and opening its jaws to their full extent displayed its formidable complement of teeth, at the same time emitting a hissing noise like that which is made by the goose. This continued until a piece of cane was placed near its snout, when it seized the stick with the ferocity of a young dog, suffering itself to be turned over before it would quit its hold. Indeed when at all disturbed, it would on every occasion draw itself back, and commence hissing with open jaws, until the cause of annoyance had ceased. It is singular that during the two months that this animal remained in captivity it was never seen to eat anything that was offered to it, though it evidently increased in growth. During the stay of the narrator in Calcutta it was regularly, however, put over the boat's side, with the string attached to his neck, of a sufficient length for it to reach the bottom of the River, and drawn in again in the evening. On the return trip up the country it was kept in the hold of the boat; it was on such occasions, perhaps, that he fed during the day, but it was invariably thrown into the water when evening came, remaining out all night.

In this manner the owner carried the animal to his house, where it was daily picketed on the bank of a large pool or lake, to reach which it had to walk across a garden which intervened, followed, sometimes unwillingly, like an ill-broken puppy, the man who was charged with the care of it. On arriving at the water's edge it invariably rushed in with alacrity, proceeding to the full-length of its tether, which was drawn in at night, when the alligator was brought back to the house. Here, to be more under observation, it was accorded a place in the corner of its master's bed room, where it lay quite quiet, coiled up in the manner of a dog, from which position it rarely stirred unless disturbed, when it would erect its back, open its jaws, and commence hissing as I have already described. In this manner it passed about a month, appearing lively, and palpably increasing in size, since the string which had originally been fastened around its neck was getting tight, and would soon have to be removed, in order to give relief for the respiration of the animal. An unforeseen occurrence however rendered this trouble unnecessary, and at the same time put an end to this interesting experiment in zoology. The house being merely a bungalow, or one floored cottage on a large scale, situated in the country, were it is usual to rest with the doors, even of the bed-rooms, wide open, on account of the heat, the custom had been followed in the present instance. It however proved fatal to the domesticated alligator, for on getting up one morning a heap of well picked bones was all that remained of it, a villainous mongoose being supposed to have attacked it during the night having gained access by the door."—*Scots Times.*

Dictionary of Geology and Mineralogy. By William H. M. D.—We are gratified to find that geology as at last achieved the distinction of having a dictionary of its own. Such a work was much wanted to assist and facilitate the labours of the student, as well as to determine authoritatively the definitions of a variety of terms hitherto employed rather too loosely, or not drawn into general use. Dr. H. M. D. has performed his laborious task with ability. The particular instances we have specially examined are executed carefully, and although the progress of science will probably by-and-by render the enlargement of the publication unavoidable, it is entitled to high praise as the first step to fix the floating masses of geological and mineralogical terms.

Matrimonial Export.—In the early settlements of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed upon to quit England, as wives, for the planters. A letter accompanying a shipment of these matrimonial exports dated London, August 12, 1621, is illustrative of the manners of the times, and the concern then felt for the welfare of the colony, and for female virtue. It is as follows: "We send you a ship; one widow and eleven maids, for the wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendation."

"In case they cannot be presently married we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly 50 more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our Hon. Lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who taking into their consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore having given this fair beginning; for the reimbursing of whose charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them, give one hundred and twenty pounds of the best leaf tobacco for each of them."

"Though we are desirous that the marriage be free, according to nature, yet we would not have those maids deceived, and married to servants; but only to such free-men or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you therefore to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills."

The Thames Tunnel.—This work is rapidly proceeding, and preparations are about to be made for sinking a shaft on the Middlesex shore, and forming a staircase for the foot passengers to descend into and ascend from the tunnel, which is expected to be opened as a thoroughfare, for pedestrians only about the commencement of the year 1841. The excavators have reached to within thirty feet of the wharfs in Wapping.