

veral other female companions, in the balcony, having, on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, and attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not without the greatest exertions that she concealed the violent emotion under which she laboured; and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became so strong that she nearly fainted, but, however recovered, just as the Usurper arrived, within a few paces of the balcony.

Hastily drawing the pistol from under her garment, she fearlessly took her aim and fired; but a sudden start which the lady who sat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction than was intended, and the ball struck the horse rode by Henry the Protector's son, and it was laid dead at his feet. The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade; and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a singular spectacle. About twenty females were on their knees imploring his mercy with up-lifted hands, whilst *one* only stood undaunted in the midst of them, and looking down contemptuously on the Usurper, exclaimed, "Tyrant! it was I who dealt the blow: nor should I be satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that ere another twelve month has elapsed, Heaven will grant another that success which it has denied to me!"

The multitude, actuated more by fear than love, was preparing to level the house to the ground; when Cromwell cried aloud, with the most artful *sang froid*, "Desist my friends! Alas! poor woman she knows not what she does"—and pursued his course; but afterwards caused Lucretia to be arrested and confined in a mad house.

#### FORWARDNESS.

Nothing, perhaps, is more unbecoming in young persons, than the assumption of consequence before men of age, wisdom, and experience. The advice, therefore, of Parmenio the Grecian General to his son, was worthy of him to give, and worthy of every man of sense to adopt: "My son, (says he,) would you be great, you must be less; that is, you must be less in your own eyes if you would be great in the eyes of others."

#### CURIOUS AMUSEMENT.

The Thracians, as Seleucus in Antheneus informs us, had a custom of playing at hanging, for the diversion of their guests, which was done in this manner—A large stone was placed in the middle of the room, over which a rope hung perpendicular from the beam above. Several of them cast lots who should hang. The man on whom the lot fell mounted the stone with a large bill-hook in his hand. When he had properly fastened the rope about his neck, one of the company went forward, pushed the stone from under his feet, and left him hanging. If, in this situation, he was dexterous enough to cut the rope, all was well; otherwise he continued expiring until he was hanged and dead, to the great entertainment of the spectators.

A gentleman informing Fusell, the painter, that he had purchased his celebrated picture of Satan, the artist replied, "Well, you have got him now, and only take care that he does not one day get you."

### POETRY.

[The following extract from a poem of the highly gifted Mrs. Hemans contains one of the most sublime and beautiful tributes to those who have shed their blood in the cause of liberty and their country, which we have ever read.]—*Balt. Chron.*

Who dies in vain  
Upon his country's war-fields, and within  
The shadow of her altars? Feeble heart!  
I tell thee that the voice of noble blood  
Thus pour'd for faith and freedom, hath a tone  
Which from the night ages, from the gulf  
Of death, shall burst, and make its high appeal  
Sound unto earth and heaven! Aye, let the land  
Whose sons, through centuries of wo, have striven  
And perish'd by her temples, sink awhile,  
Borne down in conflict! But immortal seed,  
Deep, by heroic suffering, hath been sown  
On all her ancient hills; and generous hope  
Knows that the soil, in its good time, shall yet  
Bring forth a glorious harvest! Earth receives  
Not one red drop, from faithful hearts, in vain.

FROM THE LEIDS INTELLIGENCER.

#### SERENADE FROM THE SPANISH.

We extract the following beautiful verses from an elegant volume of ancient Spanish Ballads, historical and romantic, translated by J. G. Lockhart, Esq. of Edinburg, the reputed author of Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.

While my lady slumbers,  
The dark blue heaven is bright;  
Soft the moon-light creepeth  
Round her bower all night,  
Thou gentle, gentle breeze,  
While my lady slumbers,  
Wait lightly through the trees  
Echoes of my numbers,  
Her dreaming ears to please.

Should I ye, breathing numbers,  
That for her I weave,  
Should ye break her slumber,  
All my soul would grieve.  
Rise on the gentle breeze,  
And gain her lattice height,  
O'er yon poplar trees:  
But be your echoes light  
As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing  
In the gorgeous sky;  
In the stream scarce flowing  
Mimic lustres lie.  
Blow, gentle, gentle breeze,  
But bring no cloud, to hide  
Their dear resp'ndencies:  
Nor chase from Zara's side  
Dreams bright and pure as these.

FROM THE COURIER.

Three buds upon one goodly stem,  
Each lovely to the view;  
And though not of exotic birth,  
Sweet, in their native climate grew.

The first that bloom'd gave early proof,  
What charms it could impart,  
Tho' sever'd from its parent stem—  
It grafted on the heart  
Of one whose every care would be,  
To keep it from life's tempest tree.

To such should that fair flower be given,  
Its beauty it would yet retain;  
And flourish still like either gem  
That's left upon the parent stem.

Long may the parent stem be given  
The blessings it derives from Heaven;  
And cherish with parental care,  
The three sweet flowers that blossom there.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

Mr. Editor—Turning a few days since, in disgust, from a perusal of the "*Rejected Addresses*," I had almost forsown reading; but the next book to which I resorted for amusement furnished the following beautiful specimens of Greek poetry.

FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY,

Attributed to *Æschylus*.

"Confound not God with man, nor vainly deem  
His form is human, and of flesh like thine.  
Thou know'st not Him—sometimes as fire he seems,  
Bright, dazzling fire: as water, now as darkness!  
In savage beasts, we find him now reveal'd,  
In winds and clouds, in lightning, thunder, rain  
To Him the seas, to Him the rocks do homage,  
And every fountain is His minister.  
Earth trembles; trembles the profound abyss  
Of mighty Ocean, and the towering hills, [them  
Whene'er with dreadful gaze their Lord surveys  
To govern all, supreme, omnipotent,  
This is the glory of the highest God."

A *Rose* was the argument of her melody, and she sung to this effect:—

In, on creation's morn, the King of Heaven,  
To shrubs and flowers a sovereign Lord had given,  
O! beautiful Rose, he had anointed thee,  
Of shrubs and flowers the sovereign Lord to be.  
The spotless emblem of unsullied truth,  
The smile of Beauty and the glow of Youth;  
The garden's pride, the grace of vernal bowers,  
The blush of meadows, and the eye of flowers,  
It beams resplendent, as the orb above,  
Luring the Paphian Queen, and breathing love;  
Blooming with odorous leaves, and petals fair,  
In youthful pride, it spreads its silken snare,  
By Zephyrus kiss'd, it smiles, and woos the air.  
Thus she sang, and methought upon her lips I  
saw the flower she had been describing; as if some  
one had compressed the periphery of a rose into  
the form and semblance of the mouth.]

#### SONNETS.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT HERALD.

III.

THY form may fade, but thou wilt not all die,  
For love with thee is deathless—thou wilt be  
Dear, as thou ever hast been, unto me,  
For thou wilt ever have the speaking eye,  
And that alone is beauty, and it tells  
How many fond affections burn within,  
And it too hath a magic power to win  
By the enchantment of its living spells.

Only with that fond heart, and that dark eye,  
Thy love will ever guide me, and control  
My spirit to thy gentle sympathy;  
And as the needle trembles to the pole,  
So shall my heart forever to thee fly,  
The centre and attraction of my soul.

IV.

IF, when I look on thee, and hear thy voice  
In a low-whisper'd melody alone,  
When it is breathing in its softest tone,  
All the deep feelings of my heart rejoice—  
O! what were it to sit beside thee long,  
And gaze on thy bright looks, and thy dark eyes,  
And hear thy tender words and thy sweet song,  
As sweet as if it floated from the skies—  
O! what it were to know, that thou art mine,  
Indissolubly mine!—that thou wilt be  
Forever as an angel unto me,  
Who'er the day be dark, or fortune shine,  
Giving me, in the bliss of loving thee,  
A portion of the bliss they call divine.

BEAUTIFUL SONNET.

As I saw fair Delia walk alone,  
The feather'd snow came softly down,  
As Love descending from his tow'r,  
To court her in a silver show'r;  
The wanton snow flew to her breast,  
As little birds into their nest;  
But overcome with whiteness there,  
From grief dissolv'd into a tear;  
Thence falling on her garment's hem,  
To deck her, froze into a gem.