

## THE PARTI-COLOURED SHIELD.

In the days of knight-errantry and paganism, one of the old British princes set up a statue to the Goddess of Victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear, and rested her left upon a shield; the outside of this shield was of gold and the inside of silver, and on the former was inscribed in the old British language: "To the Goddess ever favourable," and on the other, "For four victories obtained successively over the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern island."

It happened one day that two knights completely armed, one in black the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country to this statue, just about the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observe the excellency of the workmanship. After contemplating it for some time, "The golden shield," says the black knight, "Golden Shield!" cried the white knight, (who was strictly observing the opposite side) "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver." "I know nothing of your eyes," replied the black knight, "but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one." "Yes," returned the white knight, smiling, "indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this; for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people that pass this way; and it appears by the date that this has been here above three years." The black knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered, they grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses, rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career, threw their spears in their rests, and flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blows on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time as in a trance. A good druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times as well as priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the field or in the forest; he staunched their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them as it were from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to inquire into the occasion of their quarrel; "Why this man," said the black knight, "will have it, that the shield yonder is silver." "And he will have it," replied the white knight, "that it is gold," and then told him all the particulars of the affair. "Ah!" said the druid, with a sigh, "you are both of you my brethren in the right, and both of you in the wrong; had either of you given himself time to look upon the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to his view, all this passion

and bloodshed might have been avoided; however, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, to entreat you by all your gods, and by this goddess of victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future, till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.—PERCIVAL.

*Worth makes the Man.*—Themistocles, after all the honour of his life, sits down with this conclusion, "that the way to the grave is more desirable than the way to worldly honour."

His daughter being courted by one of little wit and great wealth, and another of little wealth, and great goodness, he chose the poor man for his son-in-law. For, saith he, I will rather have a man without money, than money without a man, reckoning that not money, but worth makes the man. Being told by Symmachus, that he would teach him the art of memory, he gravely answered he had rather learn the art of forgetfulness; adding, he could remember enough, but many things he could not forget, which were necessary to be forgotten; as the honours, glories, pleasures, and conquests he had spent his days in, were too apt to transport him to vain glory.

## POETRY.

## THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Come hither thou beautiful rover,  
Thou wand'rer of earth and of air,  
Who bearest the sighs of a lover,  
And bringest him news of his fair.  
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,  
And shew me the gloss of thy neck;  
O perch on my hand, dearest minion,  
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.  
Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,  
And there is a sip of red wine;  
Tho' thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,  
'Twill be fleetest when nerv'd by the vine.  
I have written on rose-scented paper,  
With thy quill a soft billet-doux,  
I have melted the wax in love's taper,  
'Tis the color of true hearts, sky blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,  
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck,  
So go from me, beautiful minion,  
While the pure ether shows not a speck.  
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,  
Like an arrow he hurries away,  
And farther and farther retreating,  
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

## TOO MANY LOVERS.

When a heart is contented with one little Love,  
No pleasures, no follies, can tempt him to rove,  
In storm and in sunshine that one love will live,  
Outweighing all else that the wide world can give.  
But when one little heart flirts with too many loves,  
Each cupid a wild little wanderer proves:  
His smile has no charm, his resentment no sting,  
And his faith is more light than a butterfly's wing.  
When too many loves sport in beauty's fair bowers,  
They scatter the blossom of too many flowers;  
They revel 'mid roses all day, but they leave  
No fragrance, no blossom, to refresh them at eve;  
But when beauty admits only one little guest,  
He flies to one rose never heeding the rest,  
That one rose may wither, yet sweet to the last  
'Twill serve for his pillow, when summer is past.

## CASABIANCA.\*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word;  
The father faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, Father, say,  
If yet my task is done?"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,  
"If I may yet begone!"  
And—but the booming shot replied;  
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My Father! must I stay?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh! where was he?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part:  
But the noblest thing which perished there  
Was that young faithful heart!

\* Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post, (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

The following beautiful lines on Henry Kirk White, who was an early victim of the enthusiasm of study, are among the earliest, and the happiest of Lord Byron's effusions. The leading idea in the metaphor is not new, but its management, and the appropriateness of its introduction, and the strength combined with sweetness of versification, entitle it to rank among the most select specimens of English poetry.

"'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,  
"And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low;  
"So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
"No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
"Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
"And winged the snail that quivered in his heart;  
"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
"He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,  
"While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,  
"Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast."

How sweetly on yon tranquil stream,  
The setting sun imprints his ray;  
Which back reflects the saffron beam,  
And glows when it has pass'd away.  
More sweetly far, when death draws nigh,  
Religion casts her soothing light,  
Sheds on the spirit's opening eye,  
Her hues immortal, pure and bright.—[Album.