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No. 158

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**Poetry.**  
**THE WAY OF THE WORLD.**  
 I know that his hair is fast getting white,  
 And his brow is wrinkled and yellow;  
 And all the young men, from hill to glen,  
 Declare him a "hated old fellow."  
 But what do I care?—oh, what do I care?  
 His hard, shiny gold will color his hair.  
 Well I know he is old—full three score and  
 ten,  
 Unwieldy, and crippled and gouty;  
 And they say it's the truth, that in age (as  
 in youth)  
 He's fidgety, cross-grained and pouty!  
 But what do I care?—oh, what do I care?  
 His money once mine, I'll make him beware!  
 When he courts me, sometimes he asks me  
 to kiss him;  
 And I stop up my nose while I do it;  
 (For he smells of cigars, and that pickle jars,  
 Or else I could never live through it!)  
 But what do I care?—oh, what do I care?  
 For ten thousand a year, great evils I'll dare!  
 So, you need not pity me, ugly old maids,  
 And wonder I don't discard him;  
 Not one of you now, I'll venture to vow,  
 But would jump as a swain to regard him!  
 But what do I care?—oh, what do I care?  
 Enough shiny gold will make ugliness fair.

**THE WHITE ROSE OF ENGLAND.**  
 AN HISTORICAL STORY.  
 Methinks I see it in thy face  
 What thou shouldst be; the occasion speaks  
 thee, and  
 My strong imagination sees a crown  
 Dropping upon thy head. TEMPEST.

It was toward the close of a fine autumn  
 day, and while the sun was gliding with his  
 brightest beams the domes and spires of the  
 city of Ghent, and the rich and fertile scen-  
 ery which surrounds it, that two ladies,  
 young, lovely, and richly habited, were  
 seen walking on the banks of the river  
 Scheldt, and engaged in earnest conversa-  
 tion. Although both seemed persons of  
 distinction, one appeared, from the defer-  
 ence and respect which her companion paid  
 her, to be of superior rank and importance.  
 She seemed about twenty years of age, was  
 exquisitely fair, tall, and finely formed,  
 with features of almost perfect regularity,  
 large blue eyes, long flowing auburn hair,  
 and a gait that seemed to unite the majesty  
 of the swan with the lightness and gracefulness  
 of an aerial being. Her companion would,  
 in the absence of her superior, have been  
 considered exquisitely beautiful. She was  
 of shorter stature, and of a somewhat  
 rounder figure; at least, as she stood by the  
 side of her friend, her form suffered in com-  
 parison with the perfect symmetry and ele-  
 gance of the latter. Her complexion was  
 dark, and her eyes and hair of a jet black  
 hue. She appeared to be exerting her pow-  
 ers of raillery at the expense of her com-  
 panion, and yet seemed at times to be agi-  
 tated by a deeper feeling, and to be person-  
 ally interested in the subject of their con-  
 versation.

"Nay, gentle Eleanor!" said the fair  
 lady, "spare me, I beseech you. I said  
 but that the youth was handsome, and of  
 manners and deportment far superior to his  
 apparent condition; and that since I have  
 been on this visit to the Duchess, he is con-  
 tinually haunting the neighborhood of the  
 palace. When I go out, he is at the gates  
 —he crosses my path in my most retired and  
 distant walks; and when I return, I find  
 him at the gates again. Thinkest thou,  
 Eleanor, that I, with the royal blood of  
 Scotland in my veins, can be mad or weak  
 enough to cherish affection for a nameless,  
 an unknown, perhaps an infamous person,  
 especially when I have by my side so noble  
 an example as thou, who, being the daugh-  
 ter of a Scottish Baron, wast too proud to  
 wed an English Knight, Sir Robert Clif-  
 ford?"

"Nay, nay, Madam," said Eleanor,  
 "nameless and unknown he is, but I will not  
 believe he is infamous. He has features that  
 seemed formed to be surmounted by a  
 diadem, and a step that would mount a  
 throne with becoming majesty and grace!  
 I said naught to disparage the youth, Lady  
 Katherine; neither when I rejected the  
 proffered hand of Sir Robert Clifford, was  
 his inferior rank the only cause that promp-  
 ted my refusal."  
 The zeal and fervor with which Eleanor  
 disclaimed any intention of disparaging the  
 merits of the youth were such, that had the  
 Lady Katherine really entertained an affec-  
 tion for him, they might have awakened  
 jealousy in her mind. She did not, how-  
 ever, seem distinctly to hear her friend's  
 words, nor to notice the tone and manner in  
 which they were spoken, her attention be-

ing at that moment diverted to another ob-  
 ject. "Behold! Eleanor," she said, "be-  
 hold!" pointing to a tuft of white roses,  
 which grew low down on the shelving bank  
 of the river—"those beautiful flowers!  
 never did I behold such fair white roses  
 since I last visited the country in which  
 they grow in the greatest perfection,—merry  
 England."  
 "They have the real English hue and  
 fragrance, Madam," said Eleanor, "and  
 have doubtless been transplanted from that  
 country."  
 "Then I will win and wear them, Elean-  
 or," said the Lady Katherine: "I love  
 England and its white roses. Would, would  
 that the latter flourished there in the high  
 places as heretofore."  
 Thus saying, the Lady Katherine began  
 to descend the steep bank of the river, for  
 the purpose of gathering the roses which  
 grew about midway between the path on the  
 top of the bank and the bed of the stream.  
 "Stay, stay, gentle Madam," said Eleanor,  
 endeavoring to detain her. "Know you not  
 the tradition relative to your noble house—  
 'Ill shall betide the Gordon fair,  
 Who would the White Rose of England  
 wear?'"

"Idle girl!" exclaimed the Lady Kather-  
 ine, laughing. "Have you brought your old  
 wives' Scottish traditions to haunt us in the  
 palace of the Duchess of Burgundy? I will  
 wear the white rose, Eleanor, come what  
 come may."  
 Thus saying, she sprang towards the fair  
 flowers, for the purpose of gathering them,  
 and planting them in her fairer bosom; she,  
 however, advanced with incautions haste  
 towards them, and just as she had plucked  
 them from their stem, her foot slipped, and  
 she was precipitated into the river.  
 Eleanor uttered a dreadful shriek, and was  
 looking around for help, but none appeared  
 in sight. Suddenly a young man sprang  
 from a neighboring thicket, rushed hastily  
 past her, and plunged into the river. At  
 that moment the Lady Katherine, who had  
 sunk beneath the wave, emerged from it.  
 The youth, who appeared to be a dexterous  
 swimmer, immediately caught her in his  
 arms, and supporting her head above the  
 water, bore her towards the bank. Terror  
 seemed almost to have deprived her of life,  
 but she clung as it were instinctively to her  
 deliverer, who soon reached the edge of the  
 river, and leaped on shore with his lovely  
 burden in his arms. Eleanor ran to embrace  
 her mistress and to join her in expressions  
 of gratitude to her preserver. The terror  
 and alarm of the ladies, great as they were,  
 were however not sufficient to hide the deep  
 blush, which mantled over the cheeks of  
 both, as they recognized in the young man  
 the person who had so recently formed the  
 subject of their conversation. The graces  
 of his person fully accounted for the inter-  
 est which he appeared to have excited in the  
 hearts of Katherine and Eleanor. He was  
 somewhat above the middle size, slightly  
 but elegantly formed, of a fair and ruddy  
 complexion, and his features were not only  
 remarkably handsome, but wore such an  
 expression of dignity and majesty as struck  
 the beholder at once with admiration and  
 awe. He was plainly and neatly, but not  
 richly, dressed; and to the romantic imagi-  
 nation of the ladies, appeared to be an em-  
 peror in the disguise of a peasant.

"Lady!" said the youth, gazing passion-  
 ately on the wan but still beautiful features  
 of Katherine Gordon, "I trust that you  
 have sustained no injury?"  
 "My greatest hurt," replied the lady,  
 "has been the terror that I have suffered;"  
 but her heart told her that her lips spoke  
 false; for her greatest hurt was there. The  
 affection which had been long growing in her  
 bosom, although she was herself scarcely  
 conscious of it, for this unknown youth,  
 was strengthened and confirmed by the inci-  
 dent which had just now occurred. The  
 jealous eye of her attendant soon discovered  
 this fact and read it in the manner in which  
 she encountered his gaze, and the tone in  
 which she answered his inquiry.  
 "It is growing late, Madam," said Elean-  
 or; "and the best cure for the alarm that  
 you have undergone will be repose and slum-  
 ber. Let us hasten to the palace."  
 "The lady counsels well, Madam," said  
 the youth. "The chilly night dews are de-  
 scending, and your immediate return to the  
 palace will be your best protection against  
 any injurious results from your accident."  
 He did not with his lips ask permission to  
 accompany her, but his eyes pleaded so elo-  
 quently as he proffered his arm, that the  
 lady placed her fair hand within it, and fol-  
 lowed by Eleanor, proceeded with a beating  
 heart, in which a thousand various emotions  
 were at war; towards the palace. Arrived  
 there, the youth, after having proffered  
 permission to call on the following day, for

the purpose of inquiring after the health of  
 the Lady Katherine, took a respectful leave  
 and bent his steps moodily, and dejectedly  
 towards his own humble dwelling in the  
 suburbs of the city.

The Lady Katherine Gordon was one of  
 the most celebrated persons in Europe for  
 her beauty and her accomplishments. She  
 was also of illustrious birth, being daughter  
 to the Earl of Huntley, and a near kins-  
 woman of James the Fourth, King of Scot-  
 land. The King of Scotland was at the  
 time a firm friend and ally of the Lady Mar-  
 garet, the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy.  
 This lady was sister to the deceased King  
 of England, Edward the Fourth, and con-  
 sequently an inveterate foe of the House of  
 Lancaster, and of the reigning monarch of  
 that country, Henry the Seventh, who, to  
 add fuel to her anger and hatred, was re-  
 ported to behave with great neglect, unkind-  
 ness, and even severity, to her niece, Eliz-  
 abeth of York, whom, as a matter of policy,  
 he had espoused. The whole business of  
 her life seemed to consist in devising mea-  
 sures for the annoyance of Henry, and ren-  
 dering his seat upon the throne uneasy, if  
 not insecure. She had encouraged the Earl  
 of Lincoln in his rebellion, and assisted him  
 with men and money. She had also coun-  
 tenanced the imposture of Lambert Simnel,  
 who had personated the Earl of Warwick,  
 son to the deceased Duke of Clarence.  
 Both these schemes having failed of success,  
 her restless brain was now teeming with  
 some new intrigue. She caused it to be re-  
 ported, that the Duke of York, the second  
 son of King Edward the Fourth, who was  
 commonly supposed to have been murdered  
 at the same time with his unfortunate  
 brother, Edward the Fifth, had escaped from  
 the assassins, was still living, and would  
 shortly appear at the court of his aunt, the  
 Duchess of Burgundy, for the purpose of  
 claiming her assistance and that of her  
 friends in recovering his inheritance, the  
 crown of England. She was only in want  
 of some fit agent, to persuade this Duke,  
 whose years, character, and capacity, would  
 correspond with the history which she in-  
 tended to invent for him. She strove  
 anxiously to secure the friendship of the  
 neighboring princes, and especially that of  
 the King of Scotland, whose enmity to  
 Henry, and the contiguity of whose domin-  
 ions to those of the latter, rendered him a  
 most important ally. She invited his kins-  
 woman, the Lady Katherine Gordon, to her  
 court, where she treated her with the ut-  
 most respect and distinction. This lady  
 was accompanied by Eleanor Lyndsay, the  
 daughter of the deceased Baron of Glenloch,  
 who, having been left portionless by her  
 father, had entered into a sort of honourable  
 service on the Lady Katherine. Her pov-  
 erty did not make her forget her high birth,  
 of which she was so tenacious, that when  
 Sir Robert Clifford, a wealthy English  
 knight, who stood high in the favour of King  
 Henry, tendered her his hand, she rejected  
 it with scorn. Love, however, could make  
 her forget her birth, although power and  
 riches could not. While Katherine and  
 Eleanor were at the court of the Lady Mar-  
 garet it was impossible for them not to ob-  
 serve the attentions of the young man who  
 has been already introduced to the reader,  
 and which attentions each lady imagined  
 were directed to herself. The youth was  
 evidently in a humble walk of life. The  
 timidity and hesitation of his gaze showed  
 that he feared he was guilty of unpardonable  
 presumption when his eye wandered towards  
 the Lady Katherine and her companion.  
 The lovely form and features of the former  
 had arrested his attention at the first glance.  
 It happened that he was among the crowd at  
 the moment she and her attendant landed  
 at the quay. He formed one of the admir-  
 ing crowd who followed her to the palace  
 gates, and long after every other individual  
 of that crowd had returned to his home, he  
 was still there, watching and waiting for  
 the reappearance of that fair and high-born lady,  
 for whom it seemed little less than madness  
 in a person in his situation to nourish a feel-  
 ing of affection. The next day he was again  
 at the palace gates, anxiously expecting to  
 catch a glimpse of the Lady Katherine. That  
 day, however, overcome by the fatigue of  
 the yesterday's journey, she did not venture  
 out; but on the ensuing day she proceeded  
 from the palace, in company with the Lady  
 Margaret and attended by Eleanor Lyndsay,  
 to participate in the diversions of the chase,  
 in the woods which adorned the environs of  
 the city of Ghent. The love-stricken youth  
 was at the gate when she came forth, and  
 soon afterwards was seen near her in the  
 chase, well mounted, and eager in pursuit  
 of the deer. As Eleanor was always near  
 the person of her princely mistress, her mis-  
 take in ascribing the attentions of the youth-  
 ful inamorato to herself is easily accounted  
 for. She soon, however, perceived that  
 Katherine also was smitten with the per-  
 sonal charms of the youth, and possibly be-  
 gan to exercise its influence over a person in  
 which heretofore love and loyalty towards  
 the person to whose service she had devoted  
 herself held undivided rule. Hence arose  
 the conversation with a short reference to  
 which this narrative began, and which was  
 followed by the events already detailed, the  
 accident which happened to the Lady Kather-  
 ine, and her rescue from its effects by the  
 interposition of the person who had formed  
 the subject of that conversation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]