

So saying, Maj. Fitzconnell bounced out of the chamber, hastened to the bar, and called the landlord. His interesting bride followed on tiptoe, and listened unobserved.—The Maj. inquired 'at what hour the mail stage would pass for New York.' 'About midnight was the reply. 'Please to secure me a seat,' said the Maj. and let me be waked at the proper hour. 'Only one seat?' inquired the host. 'One seat only!'—was the reply. The landlord remarked that it was customary for gentlemen who set off in the night to pay for their fare in advance, upon which the major paid for the seat.

'The Maj. and his bride retired to separate chambers; the former was soon locked in the arms of sleep, but the latter repelled the drowsy god from her eye lids. When she heard the stage drive up to the door of the inn, she hastily rose, and having previously made up her bundle, without which a lady never steals a march, hastened down stairs. Upon the way she met the landlord, who inquired if her husband was awake.

'He is not,' said the lady, 'and need not be disturbed.'

'The seat was taken for you then?' inquired the innkeeper.

'Certainly.'

'Oh very well—we'll not disturb the gentleman—the stage is ready, madam, jump in.' Mrs. Fitzconnell jumped in accordingly and was soon on her way to New York, leaving the gallant and ingenious Major to provide another conveyance and a new wife, at his leisure.

From the Baltimore American.

The article we quote to-day, from the London Examiner, is dated in June, but it has not, we believe been republished before in this country. The character of the Examiner for great ability and political foresight is so well established, that its articles are very extensively read and quoted in England. The editor is a bold, sagacious, independent thinker, and as a writer without a superior.

From the London Examiner.

THE DESPOTISM OF THE LORDS.

'The cry is still they come!'—The Lords are, it is said, resolved to try their strength, and, if it be true that they are encouraged by assurances that there will be no creation, they have the comfort and consolation of knowing that if they fall in the struggle, they will not fall alone, and more than one hereditary institution must be involved in the ruin.

With this threatening prospect the magnanimous hostility of the Ministerialists takes its usual direction—of a set at the Queen and the Bishops. All the blame is thrown upon the Bishops in the House, and a petticoat in the Court. This is a cowardly choice of objects of attack. To dislodge the Bishops from the House of Lords would not abate the vice of its principle, and there is an advantage, while we have a House of Lords, in seeing the fruits of a National Church so frankly exhibited in it. Worthy of the Lords are the Bishops, and the Bishops of the Lords.

The People must now sufficiently well understand the spirit and character of the House of Lords: they know that no measure, abating abuses as profitable to the aristocracy as injurious to the public, has a chance of success in that assembly. They see in it an obstinate obstacle to all improvement, but the understanding of its character would be accompanied with an understanding of its constitution, whence the two things will be viewed in the relation of cause and effect.

Responsibility is the essence of constitutional government. The Ministers are responsible for the King, the commons to the people, the Lords are responsible neither to the King, whose prerogative is the source of their authority, nor to the people, who are submitted to their authority. The authority of peers is the only authority in the State which cannot be revoked if abused. The King can make but not unmake, and the privileges which descend by birth cannot be taken away, except by death. A man who finds himself possessed of power, for the uses of which he is not accountable, while he sees responsibility attached to all the other authorities around him, may easily come to the conclusion that the power for which he is responsible to nobody, is to be exercised for his own particular benefit, and without regard to the interests or the opinion of others. It seems given to him for the exclusive care of himself, as neither King nor people can call him to account for misconduct. The perpetual solicitation of an irresponsible power is, abuse; and its natural tendency is to the narrowest selfishness and wilfulness, two qualities which are consequently seen extraordinarily developed in the House of Mischief.

The only hold upon the House is the power of creation in the Crown; but this can hardly be said to produce a responsibility, as the power abused is still continued to the individual, and the worthy and unworthy are equally affected by the discredit brought on the House, collectively by the royal appointment of a majority. The more extensive the factious corruption and misconduct of the House, the more injurious to the institution is a creation; and the Lords have thus the encouragement of knowing that the wider their confederacy against good government, the more unmanageable and difficult the coercion. There is no other institution the errors and vices of which can only be conquered through a damage to the institution itself. In other instances, the present members are liable to removal; in this they remain fixed, after signaling their unfitness for the authority. The irresponsible power is of course irrevocable.

Curious it is that the man of his Order has incalculably accelerated the downfall of his Order; and yet the Whigs have no wish to damage the House of Lords; all they desire is to make it their own; and this done they would extol the virtues of the institution to the skies. But the process must have its consequences. The contempt with which the Whigs treated the late vote cannot but have its effect. They said the vote mattered no more than the resolution of so many drunken cobblers. What claim to authority—to existence, can an assembly have whose decisions are treated with this

scorn? The Whigs will call the thing folly one day and wisdom the next, but the people will not believe that the same tree produces grapes and sloes.

The King is said to be obstinately opposed to a creation; were the personage of less dignity we might compare his conduct to that of the toper, who when his friend fell in the gutter, hiccupped out, "My dear fellow, I can't help you up, but I'll do what I can, I'll lie down by you in the mire." Supposing this is his Majesty's resolution, as it must have been long known to Lord Grey, and equally well known to him that measures of efficient reform were impracticable without a creation, for what object has he been carrying on the Government? Not surely out of complaisance to the King, who can have small claims to his Lordship's zeal, nor with any expectation of rendering substantial service to the people. The sooner this issue between the Peers and the nation is determined the better, and it is not improbable (if the indiscretions of which we hear be true) that the general question of hereditary authority may be involved in it.

The Chronicle says, We tell the public that a crisis is again at hand, and that they must be prepared to buckle on their armour for the fight. If our warning voice have no effect, then, as was said in the olden time, "The Lord's will be done."

We suppose the Lord's will will be done, even if the Chronicle's warning voice have effect; for we are not prepared to pay our contemporary so bad a compliment as he offers himself when he supposes that in failure of his warning voice, the Lord's will will have effect. As for buckling on of armour, if the necessity arrives, the people will see the prudence of wearing it to such purpose that they will not have occasion to trouble themselves speedily with it again. They will not buckle on armour to make a Whig House of Peers in place of a Tory House of Peers—to adjust the differences between the tweedledum and tweedledee; but apply themselves to a settlement of the Government cleared of all unreasonable privileges, vicious principles, and barbarous remnants of feudalism.

The national quarrel with the House of Peers will be with the institution, and not with the composition of the assembly. The evils of a hereditary and irresponsible Legislature are not to be cured by a Minister's packing. A despotism tempered with puppets were too gross a farce for legislation."

FOR THE SENTINEL.

THE PLAIN OF ISSUS

[CONCLUDED.]

The morning sun was riding high over Issus—and belted knight and belle demoiselle on prancing, war-horse and pacing palfrey, were collecting round the circular enclosure, which was not yet reached the host, whose camp was on the vast irregular plain beyond the Pyramus;—the nobility alone were the spectators, and metal was glittering, plumes nodding, and arms clattering on every side. The seat of Raymond de Thoulouse, was about midway between the opposite stations of the combatants. Many a fair and lofty daughter of France looked upon the scene—but the beautiful Zoe sat confessed the Queen of Love.

In a small chapel about two hundred paces from the lists, were the rival combatants—standing on each side of the altar, while the priest was preparing himself for the solemn ceremony. The forehead of Montjoy looked proud, but the shade of wounded honor and deep indignation rested upon it: the arms of Geoffrey were folded, and his countenance blanched, either by anger, anxiety, or watching—and they both knelt as the priest, uttered the Dominus Vobiscum. The oaths followed—each swore that he believed his quarrel—just, right, true and worthy a proved chevalier, and impetrate the vengeance of the Divinity, upon him who wilfully maintained the wrong."

Two large silver goblets stood on the marble altar, containing the wine, which by the rules they were severally to quaff.—Each one lifted his arm over them, to touch the cross and swear:—as Geoffrey passed his hand over, he dropped the soporific particle given him by Zimri, and withdrew his hand in a startling manner, for it had fallen into his own goblet. "Nought," said he, "but a slight pain," and by a strong effort, he carried his arm to the relic and swore the oath. "It is a courtesy," said the Count, "customary in some lands, and which I deem no more than correct, that we exchange the goblets we hold." The priest bowed, and Montjoy replaced his goblet—the exchange was effected—each quaffed his portion, and they left the chapel for their several stations. Montjoy took his stand and was leaning upon his lance, while his horse champed the foaming bit. The mysterious Knight of the black plumes approached. His form was slight—his features remarkably delicate and beautiful, as well they could be seen through the casque—his breast full, though in this instance, it was no indication of strength—his defensive armour was dark without sign or device—and sable plumes nodded over his helmet. "Sir Reginald," said he "that lance appears shattered."

Montjoy examined it, and found that it was an old staff, instead of the one he had prepared. "Take this," said he of the dark plumes—"I warrant it as solid, as ever braved the storm upon the Alps." "I thank thee, sir Knight," replied Montjoy, "though thou art a stranger to me. I tell thee friend, a dark cloud is coming over me." "I have indeed but lately arrived, yet I know thee well—May God help thee!" said the Knight. The heralds raised their voices, declaring the names of the combatants and the cause of battle—as they spoke, both mounted their steeds, and couched their lances. A short pause succeeded—the silver note of a trumpet burst on the ear, and the horses rushed simultaneously from their stations. Geoffrey upon a noble charger came on with accelerating velocity, and reached the middle ground before his opponent—for the horse of Montjoy had turned aside in a walk—the lance dropped from the hand of his rider, and he sunk to the ground, ere the weapon of Geoffrey had touched him. Astonishment and disappointment overwhelmed the assembly—Zoe blushed deeper than the

Persian barracan around her waist—the participants of Geoffrey cried aloud, "the hand of God—the hand of God," and the veteran chiefs smiled scornfully, as they turned their steeds towards the tents.

The council of the brave were assembled in the tent of the silver canopy, to decide upon the fate of Montjoy, and it was feared that his arms would be reversed by solemn decree, and that the rising hopes which his former conduct had cherished, would be utterly blasted. It would be tedious and irrelevant to our legend, to describe the noble chiefs who sat in judgment—suffice it to say, the leaders of the crusade were there. Old Raymond sat with bowed head and mournful countenance, for the most promising and beloved of his youthful followers, was about to fall and drag his hours with him. The fact, that severe and unaccountable illness had seized him at that critical period, was no excuse or palliation—for at this superstitious era, it was inferred, that in such case, the Divinity had, with his own hand, marked out and cursed the guilty. The priest offered in evidence the appearance of Reginald at the altar—that no indication of illness had there appeared, and many others averred, that he proceeded with a light and bounding step, to his station in the lists. The black-plumed Knight alone, declared the particulars of the conversation which he held with Reginald, and pronounced his firm conviction, that it was mere bodily ailment, from some external cause. All the testimony and remarks for and against the accused had closed, and the spokesman of the judgment seat, began to express the opinion of the council in the following words: "Reginald, Knight of Montjoy, is accused of disgraceful and cowardly conduct, unworthy of a true knight and proved chevalier"—"Tis false whoever uttered it," cried Montjoy, rushing into the tent with banded head and swollen eyes, "false as hell, or the heart of Geoffrey de Guienne—I have been drugged." Imagine, if possible, the astonished visages of the council—the eye of Raymond gleamed with hope—he of the dark plumes, cast a scornful and triumphant glance at the overwhelmed Count of Guienne, "I demand trial and acquittal," continued Montjoy. "The Knight Reginald affirms," said Raymond de Thoulouse, "that foul practices have been put upon him—the noble council is ready to try the fact." "A swartly leech was introduced, who affirmed, that from certain knowledge of the symptoms and effect of the illness, Reginald had received into his system, some baneful and stunning drug. Perhaps we may ascertain that fact," said the priest who officiated,—"if I go and bring the goblets which were used at the sacrament. Their position remains unchanged, and I observed that the Knight of Montjoy, left a portion of the wine." The Bishop of Orange rose from the council seat, and accompanied him to the chapel. They returned in a short time, and the priest expressed his certain knowledge, that this was the goblet and a portion of the wine used by Montjoy, but that it was drugged, he could hardly believe. "How shall that be established?" said the bishop of Orange to the leech. "Only by experiment," replied he in a calm decided tone, "let the Lord of Guienne appoint any of his adherents to the task." "I know not," said Geoffrey, "what method this may be called, of trying and un-trying, but if any one be disposed to abide by the foolish trifling of yon base druggist, let him send for my servant Hamet." Hamet was called—he was a tall, sleek, viperish Saracen, a pretended convert to christianity, and the confidential servant of Count Geoffrey;—his quick and adder-like eyes glanced round the assembly, and he looked as if he would have thrust his crooked-billed dirk into the best of them, at a word from his master. "You are to quaff this goblet," said the physician, "see if it will lull your quick eyes to slumber." Hamet said not a word nor made a motion, until at a nod from Geoffrey, he drained the goblet to the dregs. The eye of his master scowled upon him, and to his quick perception enjoined unyielding obstinacy. "A half hour will decide," said the leech, and seated himself. Minute after minute glided away, while the assembly sat in anxious silence—the eye of Hamet glistened more and more brilliantly, and there seemed no agitation about him, except a gradual compression of the lips, and a quicker heaving of the breast. The time specified had elapsed, and Hamet was still there.—Geoffrey rose, and with an air of impatience moved for the decision of the council. The eyes of the audience, which had been turned to the speaker, were again cast on the Saracen, and nought of him was to be seen save a hand convulsively grasping the bar at which he stood; it slipped, and he fell prostrate on the floor. "Villain," cried Geoffrey, "is it thus I am betrayed by thee?" and he would have dashed him, had he not been restrained. "Lords and Knights," he continued, "if there be any drugging, the coward Montjoy is guilty, for the priest will prove that we exchanged goblets." This vague exclamation passed unheeded, the sable Knight stepped to the side of Geoffrey, and looking him steadily in the face, whispered something in his ear. "Damned spirit," he yelled, "what! risen in judgment before the time? I own not your jurisdiction—ye are all foes—I will meet thee to-morrow, boy, and may hell yawn for him that quails." So saying he rushed homeward, and the astonished council was dismissed. There was great agitation throughout the camp during the day, and all looked anxiously for the morrow. What a spirit is love! various in nature and heterogeneous in constitution, he rules with power invisible and irresistible—all other passions bow and yield to his dominion—he prompts to noble actions almost beyond human daring, and inspires his votary to the task—he leads to the perpetration of crimes at which humanity blushes and shudders, but which are insignificant in comparison with the loss or gain of the object of adoration. Oh Love! thou art a happy fever—a cherished fire—a fitful dream, whose wild and thrilling spell now nestles around the neck of her whom the light loveth to kiss, and now hurries us through flood and flame and all things terrible.

Night had finished more than half her solemn reign, and the tenants of heaven looked silently down, upon the mysterious labors of

this agitated world. The inhabitants of the plain were wrapt in sleep, save a dull sentinel who might here and there be seen through the moonlight, by the tent of some powerful chieftain. A figure stood in the shadow of the crimson tent of Guienne, the quick and easy motion of whose limbs betrayed Hamet the Saracen. His piercing eye examined the situation of the encampment, and like a serpent, he stole through the shadow of the intervening tents, carefully avoiding those near which a guard might be posted. There was a line of palm-trees and poplars which ran almost diagonally through the plain, and lifted their tall forms and silvery leaves in the cool midnight air. There was not much difficulty in reaching this grove, except in leaping from the line of tents to the trunk of a tree,—for here was the greatest danger of discovery. Hamet chose a spot which was considerably overgrown with brush and underwood; he leaped to a small bush that stood near, and immediately crouching, crept behind the protecting trunk of a palm—a moment after the shaft from a bow, had struck between his feet. Hamet glanced his eye by the side of the tree, and perceived that a sentinel had shot at his foot, mistaking it for a hare or some small beast, and was hastening to secure his game. He came up, and on finding the naked arrow, muttered a murmur of disappointment, and began to search the grass and brush around, until he came with his form bent immediately beneath the Saracen—but the man turned away, unconscious of the bright dagger and brighter eye that glared upon him. A few moments, and a scream, long, loud and startling, rose from the tent of the dark-plumed knight. Again all was silent;—and then a light lambent flame, curled around the cloth that covered the frame work. Confusion—distant cries—and hurrying steps succeeded—the sable knight was conveyed away with a severe wound in the right arm—and by the time the frail tent was consumed, Hamet was stretched upon his cot, disappointed of his victim.

The tent of Geoffrey was one of the most splendid that graced the road to Palestine. Its cloth was deep and finely wrought crimson—a golden chain stretched circularly round the interior, on which were suspended dresses suited for the proudest assembly, either in court or field—and a gilt chandelier of the largest size, stretched its arms from the tall pillar which supported the vault. Morning was far advanced, and Geoffrey was seated upon a soft couch—his countenance resembled some ancient rock, beaten for ages by the surf—now left in naked ghastliness, the monument of many a shock. "Zimri" said he, "this is an all important day for both of us—but I fear with me all is over. The face of fortune is turned irrevocably from me, and my heart shrinks—but the Tiger shall not fall without a struggle." "I cannot believe that thy tribe will be extinguished, at least, without dragging with it some awful ruin."

"Thou knowest not," replied Geoffrey, "I am encompassed about with thick perils—there seems to be no escape. O that thy potion could make me indeed young—that it could annihilate time, and engulf the past in oblivion.—Would to God, memory could be washed white by its stream."

"If thy youth were restored," replied Zimri, "thy experience would lead thee in the choicest paths."

"True. But to day's contest must be fatal to one of us—something whispers the brunt is to be mine. I care not much for life, but to leave her, and to him! horror! Surely the fate of one who loved as I have, must excite one sigh in her bosom."

"Perhaps that bosom may yet be the pillow of the victorious Geoffrey," said Zimri. "I thank thee for that word, Jew—give me the drink I pray thee." Zimri took the silver goblet which sat upon the table, and poured a portion into a cup,—after it was tempered in the most palatable manner, he offered it to the anxious Count. He drank.

"Ah, it hath a divine taste Jew. The thought overpowers me—What! youth and Zoe for one, even as I have been by the hand of time." The Count clasped his arms, and reclined his face upon them. After a short pause he rose and paced the floor—his form had a prouder bearing, and his eye a prouder glance. "Yes," said he, "the house of Guienne needs no firmer support than the arm of its descendant. Zimri see'st thou that iron casque?—Ah Jew—sit rested upon the head of the founder of the proud race of Guienne. Old Geoffrey was the pillar of the throne of Charlemagne." "He was a mighty prince and judge over the people," said Zimri. "Here is a brave lance for thee," said the Count, taking it from its case, "a brave lance!" and he smiled complacently upon it. "Hamet!" The Saracen appeared; "where was it my trusty oak pierced Aboul Hassan?" Hamet touched his breast, "Ha, thou art right slave—go carry my destrier and my armour to the station." "Give me thy hand," said he to the Jew, who was trembling with agitation at the probable success of his discovery. "I feel the flush of youth coming over me—there must be something in it. The hour is arrived, and if I survive, all that thy heart desireth, shall be done for thee by Geoffrey and his bride. The hand of Zoe shall bless thee." Geoffrey quaffed another exhilarating draught, and retired to prepare for the battle, the moment having nearly arrived.

The ceremonies previous to the encounter, were performed by the bishop of Orange, and the combatants stood within the lists amid waving plumes and glittering armour—bright eyes and beating bosoms. Each stood at his post, and with the assistance of a servant, girded on his armour—for it would have been unbecoming, to have appeared fully accoutred before a high dignitary of the church, in the discharge of the sacred function. The Count of Guienne, though exhilarated by the draughts he had swallowed, gave not the least sign of prostration—nay, he was endowed with superior strength, though perhaps he was not so capable of aiming at his opponent with nicety and precision. "How bright the mitre of yon pure mountain looks—he is a lofty and a bold spectator," said Geoffrey. "Hamet? see you that falcon winging his way toward it? 'Tis an omen—if he reaches the top, then victory for me." The light cloud, which in his excitement he had mistaken for a falcon, rode thro'

the blue air, and clung around the silvery peak near its base. "It was always thus," said the Count, "fate mocks me with half of that I wish. But lo! what means yonder knight." Reginald de Montjoy had already armed himself for the sable knight came up and offered him a helmet, on the top of which, a fierce eagle spread his ample wings. "Strange as it may seem, sir knight, let me request you to wear this, for the sake of one, who is the last injured offspring of a noble line,—fear not that it will disgrace your forehead—the escutcheon of Xaintonge never received a blot, until yonder recreant deceived its last frail daughter."—Montjoy unclasped his own helm in respectful silence, and received the glittering armour that was offered. The proclamation was made by two heralds—both knights mounted their horses—and the last daughter of her noble line, retiring a few paces behind, stood with folded arms watching the event of the contest. As Geoffrey mounted his barbed steed, he said in a low voice to Hamet: "Where is thy bow of horn?" The Saracen raised a staff about five feet high, on the top of which was screwed a spear, "tis well—mark that fiend in sable—no noble steed—black as the wing of a raven, when he moved, his fine wrought mane, flowed and mingled like the quicksand beneath a wave. The horse of Montjoy was a quick, well-set Arabian, and was under much better government than the more impetuous steed of Geoffrey. Both rode round the lists—each bowed low as he passed the seat of the daughter of Thoulouse, and each cast upon the other an unquelling glance when they met. They resumed their stations—closed their visors, and in a moment, the shrill blast rose clear and loud. They met with a tremendous shock, which shivered the lances from their hands in the very centre of the plain—the mad steed of Geoffrey rushed by like a whirlwind, leaving his master prostrate,—the more docile Arabian of his opponent restrained his speed—Montjoy reeled for a moment, and grasped the mace at his saddle-bow—the buckle broke, and he sunk upon his knee—clenching the ponderous weapon. Up they rose, simultaneously glowing with fury—there was no parrying or cool watching for opportunity—but "uplifted, imminent, one stroke they aimed, which might determine and not need repeat." The broad trenchant sword of the Count, flashing fire in the hot sun, scattered the scales of Montjoy's breast-plate like hail-stones around—the next stroke threw him on his back—the next arrested midway—the crushing mace descended hard and heavy upon the temple of Geoffrey, and he fell like an infant to the earth, at the feet of Montjoy. The immense assembly stood petrified at the scene, when a shrill cry of horror rose on the eastern side of the lists—a barbed arrow was drinking the life blood of the unfortunate Clotilda, and she breathed her last, after witnessing the overthrow of him, who had betrayed his faith, and scorned their plighted love.

Hamet flew through the crowd from the place where he had concealed himself, to the body of his fallen master—unclasped his visor, and fanned him with a turban.—But when he perceived his fixed eye and livid lip—that there was no smile of recognition—no voice of greeting, to reward his unhesitating faithfulness, he rose erect, and directing his parched eye-balls towards heaven for a moment, plunged a dagger into his bosom, after shaking it with instinctive hatred at the crowd.

The tomb of Clotilda crowned a soft eminence, where the earliest ray and gentlest breath of morning, might visit her lonely couch. The Count of Guienne, reposed in a recess formed by the deep over-shadowing of elms and cypresses near the north bank of the Pyramus, and the faithful Hamet slept at his feet the deep sleep of death. The next day, Issus became once more a lovely desert, and the leaden wing of time broods sullenly over the place, the circumstances and the age. The tones from the chord of memory may sometimes sweep wildly over the chaos of ruins, which lie between us and the glittering days of chivalry and romance, but like a morning dream, the images pass unreally away,—and we wake to other deeds of heroism, of virtue and of crime.

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