

AFFECTING STORY OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO DIED AT SMYRNA.

His name was W—, and his father, a gentleman in opulent circumstances, is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the care of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of inconsiderable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang, with a peculiar sweetness, a melancholy Irish air; curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and clambering to an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in mournful abstraction beneath a tree, plucking the leaves from a rosebud as she sang her plaintive ditty. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation, and reflection on the consequence, he threw himself over the wall, and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark, expressive eyes on his, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was thrilling when he had first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes to attract his attention again. He now endeavoured to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement; but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning. She was, however, more staid and melancholy while he remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang, by turns, till it was time for him again to bid her adieu. With the exception of these childlike wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity; her aberrations were merely playful and innocent; she was often sad and melancholy, but oftener lively and light-spirited.

W— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom reason had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity, in primeval beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection.

His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself almost involuntarily, deeply attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely necessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked the meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a similar change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects, of her malady.

This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her recovery was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden; the consequence was, that at their next meeting, an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W—'s visit to the superior of the establishment; an immediate stop was then put to his return, and the lady's walks were confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigour, and in the paroxysms of her delirium she eagerly demanded to be again permitted to see him.

A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both; and, after some conferences, it was resolved that W— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent caresses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing; till at length, she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

It appears, however, that, after some farther intercourse, W— was compelled to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectedness continued uninterrupted; but her former memory

seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover.

Long protracted illness ensued, and her spirits and constitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excitement, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

In the meantime, W— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him; he seemed to have passed from her remembrance with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of memory roll back to this distracted period of her intellect.

From the shock of that interview, W— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger; she met him with a calm and cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavour to make a second impression on her renovated heart; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy and a hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu for ever.

But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happiness, and he felt that, wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress. W— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within "that aching void the world can never fill." He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell to soothe his memory, and change no charm to lull it:—

"Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray."

At length, he joined the cause of the struggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honourably mentioned amongst the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death, he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palakiri. He, therefore, took a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825.

The unskilful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dangerous fever from the malaria of Pylos, combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united with his broken spirit to bring on a rapid consumption. * * * * * Words could not paint the expression of his countenance nor the sad sublimity of his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself.

It was evening before he died; there was not a breath of wind to wave the branches of the peach-tree around his window, through which the sunbeams were streaming on his deathbed, tinged with the golden dyes of sunset. It was in a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the silent progress of death; the sun went down at length behind the hills; the clear calm voice of the muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W—, but his soul had bade adieu to mortality: he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle. His remains were interred in the English burying-ground. The few travellers at the moment in Smyrna attended, and the Janizaries of the Consul preceded the coffin, which was borne by four sailors, and covered with an English ensign. In a solitary corner of the cemetery, beside a group of cypresses, his grave was dug by the attendants

of the British Hospital; and his last remains rested by those of his countrymen who have fallen victims to the climate of the Levant.

Mr. Arundel, the chaplain to the factory, read the service of the church over his tomb; and perhaps it never was pronounced under more melancholy circumstances, beneath the calm, bright sky of Asia, on an eminence which looked down on the bustle of the city, but was far removed from its din and clamour, and disturbed by no sound save the sigh of his friend, the hum of the glittering insects fluttering in the sunshine, and the hollow rattle of the clay on the receptacle of the wanderer's dust.—*Emerson's Letters from the Aegean.*

For the Pearl.
SCOTTISH SCENERY.No. 3.
Abbey of Holyrood-House.

Nobles, knights, and ladye fair,
Scenes of mirth, and pageants rare;
Kings, with diadems of gold,
Rigid priest, and warrior bold;
'Neath this roof have pass'd along,
Mingling in one shining throng.
But the gold is waxen dim,
Beauty moulders in the grave,
And the deep funereal hymn,
Has been chaunted o'er the brave,

Time has worn the pile of stone;
Time has shook the monarch's throne;
Time with ruthless sweep has bow'd
Into death, the courtly crowd;
Ruin shakes the palace halls;
Ruin breaks the abbey walls;
Grass is growing on the floor,
Which the Grecian marble grac'd;
And on urns complete before,
Words are now no longer trac'd.

In one corner, wrapt in gloom,
Stands the queen's confessing room.
Scottish Mary, at thy name,
Fancy, aye assumes its claim;
Brings the past in memory near,
Throws its spell on eye and ear,
Every deed in history known,
Lives renew'd in its bright ray;
Mary sits on Scotland's throne,
Darnley loves, and shares her sway.

List! I hear a sudden noise!
Shrieks have hush'd the palace joys;
Blood is spilt in yonder room,
Rizzio now has met his doom.
Darnley's hate was jealousy;
Could that youth the rival be?
Still is shown the secret stair,
Still is seen the blood-stain'd floor;
But my fancy sickens here,
Thought can realize no more.

DEAF AND DUMB BOY.—A few years ago, a clergyman paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London, for the purpose of examining the children in their knowledge of divine truth. A little boy on this occasion was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took up the chalk, and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

SMOLLETT'S TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF TEMPERANCE.—A correspondent has directed our attention to the following extract from Smollett's Travels through France and Italy, published in London in 1776. This testimony in favour of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, from so eminent a man and physician as Tobias Smollett, at so early a period, ought to be generally known. In letter 39, p. 230, he says:

"It must be owned that all the peasants [i. e. of France] who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive size in comparison to those who use milk, beer, or even water; and it is a constant observation that when there is a scarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy than in those seasons when it abounds. The longer I live, the more I am convinced, that wine and all fermented liquors are pernicious to the human constitution: and that for the preservation of health and exhilaration of the spirits there is no beverage comparable to simple water.—*Worcester Palladium.*