

CHARLEMAGNE,

AND THE BRIDGE OF MOONBEAMS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIDLER.

"Many traditions are extant of the fondness of Charlemagne for the neighborhood of Langawinkel. Nay, it is firmly believed that his affection survived his death; and that even now, at certain seasons of the year, his spirit loves to wake from its slumber of ages, and revisit it still."—[Snowe's Legends of the Rhine, vol. ii.

BEACHTOUS it is in the Summer-night, and calm along the Rhine,
And like molten silver shines the light that sleeps on wave and vine,
But a stately Figure standeth on the Silent Hill alone,
Like the phantom of a Monarch looking valvly for his throne.

Yes! 'tis he—the unforgotten Lord of this beloved land!
'Tis the glorious Carlus Magnus, with his gleamy sword
In hand,
And his crown entwined with myrtle, and his golden
sceptre bright,
And his rich imperial purple vesture floating on the
night!

Since he dwelt among his people stormy centuries have
rolled,
Thrones and kingdoms have departed, and the world is
waning old:
Why leaveth he his house of rest? Why cometh he
once more.
From his marble tomb to wander here by Langawinkel's
shore?

O, fear ye not the Emperor!—he doth not leave his tomb
As the herald of disaster to our land of light and bloom;
He cometh not with blight or ban, on castle, field, or
shrine;
But with overflowing blessings for the vineyards of the
Rhine!

As a bridge across the river lie the moonbeams all the
time,
They shine from Langawinkel unto ancient Ingelheim:
And along this Bridge of Moonbeams is the Monarch
seen to go,
And from thence he pours his blessing on the royal flood
below.

He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale and plain,
The lakes and glades and orchards, and fields of golden
grain,
The lofty castle-turrets and the lowly cottage-hearth;
He blesses all, for ever all he reigneth of yore on earth.

Then to each and all so lovingly he waves a mute Fare-
well,
And returns to slumber softly in his tomb at La Chapelle,
'Till the Summer-time again be come, with sun, and rain,
and dew,
And the vineyards and the gardens woo him back to them
anew.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE northern hemisphere has its delights as well as the southern. One of these arises from the contemplation of that beautiful phenomenon called the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. Such a phenomenon is of frequent occurrence at St. Petersburg. According to the meteorological tables of twenty years, northern lights appeared on an average twenty-one times in each year. In the year 1774, they appeared forty-eight times. From 1782 to 1786 they decreased, having been seen only one hundred and ten times during that period, and only thirty-nine times from 1787 to 1791. This diminution in the yearly number of northern lights has continued more or less ever since; and looking for illustration at the tables of the same two years nearer us, which has supplied us with other data, namely 1818 and 1819, I find that in the former year northern lights occurred only six, and in the latter twelve times. At the close of the autumn of 1827, this curious phenomenon appeared on one occasion, magnificently bright. The sky was illuminated from the horizon to the zenith, extending east and west to a considerable distance. Masses of fire in the form of columns, and as brilliant as the brightest phosphorus, danced in the air, and streaks of a deeper light, of various sizes, rose from the horizon and flashed between them. The brightness of the former seemed at times to grow faint and dim. At this conjuncture the broad streaks would suddenly shoot with great velocity up to the zenith with an undulating motion and a pyramidal form. From the columns, flashes of light, like a succession of sparks from an electric jar, flew off and disappeared; while the streaks changed their form frequently and rapidly, and broke out in places where none were seen before, shooting along the heavens, and then disappearing in an instant. The sky in various places became tinged with a deep purple, the stars shone very brilliantly, the separate lights gradually merged into one another, when the auroral resplendence of the phenomenon increased and became magnificent. This phenomenon lasted nearly four hours; and at one time a large triangle of the strongest light occupied the horizon, illuminating in the most magnificent manner nearly the entire vault of heaven. From six to seven falling stars were observed at the time, leaving in their train a very brilliant light.