

No more that this!—what seem'd it *now*

First by that spring to stand?

A thousand streams of lovelier flow

Bathed his own mountain land!

Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,

His childhood's haunt of play,

Where brightly through the beechen shade

Their waters glanced away--

They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought

Of each familiar scene,

Rose up a fearful vision, fraught

With all that lay between;

The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,

The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?

The spirit born to roam?

His weary heart within him died

With yearnings for his home;

All vainly struggling to repress

That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven

Beheld his bursting tears,

Ev'n on that spot where fate had given

The meed of toiling years.

Oh happiness! how far we flee

Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

A CHAPTER FROM THE CRIMES OF CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

THE Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III, whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterwards Catherine the Great, was brought about by her, had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Bazumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarrakanoff. When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish Prince, Charles Radzveil, carried off the young Princess and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy. These resources exhausted, Radzveil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young Princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess.

On reaching his native country, he was offered the restoration of his property if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused; but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate. Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen bloodhound, she well knew, and capable of any villany that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the Princess, and lured her within Catherine's reach. Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there, he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find out the Princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward. M. Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas, to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document. Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral. When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in his researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate Princess. With some abridgement we will follow M. Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The Princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzveil, she was reduced to the greatest penury, existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters. Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign; he told her she was the legitimate Empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne, it was only because nobody knew where she (the Princess) was hidden; and that her appearance amongst her faithful subjects would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper. Notwithstanding her youth, the Princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances. She was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard. Then Orloff, one of the handsomest men of his time, joined the seduction of love to those of ambition; he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand. The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous