

For the Pearl.

SCOTTISH SCENERY,—No. 6.

THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE,—CORRA LUI.

Who best may tell the wonders of this scene
Where true sublimity defies the attempt;
And all that we embody in expression,
Cannot convey a thousandth part of that
Which in one view astonishes the eye,
In this wild burst of grandeur.

I may stand
Upon this barren rock—and long to paint
The scene which lies below,—but every sense
Absorbed and wildered in astonishment
Fails to convey in words a true idea
Of scenes so truly awful and sublime.

Here the gaunt barrier firm as Heaven's decrees
Breaks into one wild leap the glassy stream,
And delves the lucid waters of the Clyde
Into a gulf—whose depth were lost in distance,
Save that the sunlight dancing on its spray,
Arches in brilliant gleams across the flood;
Like one bright native deed of charity,
Smiling upon the darkness of that mind,
Where foul propensities predominate,
And evil passions hold resistless sway.
And here the sudden contrast—waves and noise,
A whirling vortex—mountains of foam and mists,
Which fringe the weeping birch on either side,
With one continuous glare of glittering gems,
Shining and sparkling in the sun's bright ray,
Like grains of gold upon a sandy beach.
The ruins of the fortress on the ridge—
A corn mill on the bank below the falls—
The barren ridge which pierces yonder skies—
The many hues of foliage in the woods—
The iris spanning o'er the unbroken stream—
Form a *coup d'œil* which cannot fail to entrance
The mind unused to such a scene as this;
Frustrated trembles on her towering seat
And thought is in astonished wonder lost.

From Jennings's Picturesque Annual.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE CARLISTS.

While we were busily discussing our intended route (in the inn by the wayside), the abrupt entrance of a priest, with his bold manner, turned all eyes upon him. The landlord seemed nettled at his not having pronounced the usual benediction of peace and the protection of the Virgin; two officers of the garrison looked as if they could have eaten him, or despatched him forthwith as a spy; a one-legged alguazil, in his ugly garb of justice, seemed quite ready to take a charge, and the lively, ingenious Isabel, our host's eldest, seemed equally perplexed and abashed by his continued gaze. "Father," at length interposed the master of the house, "albeit ye gave not our poor abode your holy blessing, it may be you will not forget to say a grace over the best meal it will afford;" and a murmur of reproach was heard from every guest, evidently directed against the unsociable intruder. "Son!" returned the priest, with a smile, which seemed to excite the old man's ire, "cast no reflection upon any member of the holy church, to one of whom, at least, I am so greatly indebted." There was a pause. Our host, somewhat excited, was about to reply; when the priest, uttering an apostrophe to all the saints in a voice that made us jump, "What! don't you know Andrew, the miller's son?" and throwing off his sacred habiliments the same moment, he stood before us all in the shape of a stout young soldier. The next, he was in the arms of the gentle Isabel, who had failed to recognise her lover in his clerical attire; but screaming out the instant she heard his voice addressing her father, would have fallen, had not the stout trooper, for such he was, supported her amidst a thousand exclamations and recognitions, mingled with eager inquiries, from the astonished Sancho and his household. "Isabel for ever!" cried the soldier, again embracing the girl, who leaned weeping on his bosom; "I love the cause all the better for thy name sake. Yes; had not love, Isabel, inspired my stupid head with a stratagem like that," pointing to the priest's dress, "you had not seen me here, and my father and his mill might have gone round and round long enough without finding me. How is old Joseph, and my mother?" he concluded, addressing the landlord, who still looked as if he beheld a ghost—one arm stretched out as if to keep Andrew off, with his eye rivetted on the cast off canonicals, as much as to say there lay concealed the real personage. "Holy mother and all the saints defend us!" he cried; "where is the priest—what is this?" pronounced in so perplexed a tone, as at once to put to flight all sentiment; and every one, not excepting Andrew, burst into a loud laugh at his truly ludicrous tone and gesture. "Not so fast!" retorted the host. "Avaunt! Andrew, and leave the girl; for wert thou not taken, shot, and buried by the Carlists on the 5th of May, in this blessed year of our Lord? Go back to thy quiet bed!" "No, I am sure I shall not," replied poor Andrew, looking rather rueful, while there was a fresh laugh at his expense. "Besides," he added, as if afraid of countenancing the idea of his death, "I have no bed at all lately, unless you call the bare

ground, or a dungeon, a quiet bed, but I don't like such quietness." "Oh, it is plain you are a dead man, or ought to be," interposed one of the officers; "but if, as you say, you are alive, tell us how it is; by what miracle wrought by the friar, or the friar's dress, you escaped, and ease the conscience of our poor host in entertaining you." "Do you call his reception of me entertaining?" replied Andrew. "Sancho, won't you give me your hand? I am Andre de la Molina, the son of the miller; glad to see me?" "By all the saints and Santa Barbara!" exclaimed the old man, shaking off his doubts, "it is he, and neither a ghost nor a priest. I know him by his old belt, and the miller's pistol, and—You are welcome, Andre, my boy!" The recognition was complete; the change in the old man's features was instantaneous; his face beamed with joy, and he capered about the room like a child. The soldier's story was brief, and I thought he seemed eager to dispatch it, and our host's guests also, if his eyes, still turning towards the delighted Isabel, were to be believed.

He had joined, with other young men whose families had felt the weight of the Absolutists' hands on their little earnings, the queen's regiment—he meant, doubtless, that called La Princesa—of Castile. Worthy of its name, and vying with the best, it had fought its way with deserved repute, and been present in most actions which had terminated favourably for the government. After the pursuit of different bands in the interior, it had been called from the Castiles to support the new lines at Arlaban, Bilbao, San Sebastian; and whether in attack or defence, still maintained, according to Andrew's showing, its character for steadiness and resolution. In one of the engagements before the last-mentioned place, it had particularly distinguished itself, emulating the best regiments of the British, and assisting with equal skill and courage in driving back the Carlists, while withdrawing from the attack on Fontarabia. But it suffered severely; and it was then that, receiving the brunt of the Carlist attack, some few men, both of the Spanish and English troops, had been surrounded and made prisoners. Among these was Andrew, and the days of the miller's son were numbered. They were dragged forth from their brief imprisonment, as fast as they recovered and were able to walk, to be shot by their fellow-countrymen, in pursuance of the horrible decree that compels a brother soldier to steep his hands in the blood of the unfortunate captive. It was thus felt in its most revolting colours, when, by a refinement of cruelty in this instance—and we heard equal atrocities averred on both sides—the wretched men were commanded to fire upon each other. They were drawn forth in ranks, the few English and Spanish opposite to each other; and the scene that followed, as described by the youthful soldier, whose features seemed to resume the expression of horror they must then have exhibited, was at once pathetic and terrible, carrying with it a stern and memorable rebuke of the ferocious policy, which tramples on the last feelings of humanity in the heart of a fallen foe. The Carlist's colonel, who gave the first order to fire, himself fell by the hand of an Englishman, whose countrymen he had dared to think would, under the fear of death, commit so truly fratricidal an act. A groan of indignation alone responded to the command; they threw away the instruments of death, and the Carlist officer advancing, cried out that "the English were all cowards, and quailed before the face of death." The foul aspersion was repelled by an English officer in the service of Don Carlos, who, drawing his sword, gave the Spaniard the retort *un-courteous*. They decided the matter on the spot, and the Spanish Carlist measured his length upon the ground. Such was the effect produced by this well-merited chastisement, that it was judged inexpedient to pursue the work of slaughter on the spot; and among the survivors till another day was the son of the miller, who was marched back to his old quarters. So strangely fortunate as he had thus been, visions of escape began to float before Andrew's imagination; and it was then he first conceived the plan which he so successfully put in play. Not even a Christiano soldier is consigned to death without the pious support of absolution at his last hour: one of the good fathers came to administer this cool comfort to poor Andrew, the night previous to the day when the men before respited were again to confront the horrors of such a doom. But Andrew had other business in hand; he was a lover, and Spanish love from time immemorial has been fertile in its expedients. After confessing his sins, receiving absolution and consolation, which served to encourage him, just as the good father rose to retire, the desperate lover seized, gagged, and stripped his confessor; and leaving him bound over to keep the peace, assumed his ghostly habiliments, and passed, quite unsuspected, through the guards, the Carlist's camp, the military lines, the whole distance from Hernani—for who would stop a priest on a mission of peace and love? for such it was—till he reached the Castle at Toledo.

Before we took our leave, the old miller and half the neighbourhood flocked in, bringing a vast accession of business to the good host and his daughters, all eager to behold the living evidence of a modern miracle, so happily wrought by a Spanish friar. Rejoicings, and preparations for the marriage, with the prospect of being dragged before the tribunal of the grand vicar instead of that of the Carlists, were now the prevailing topics, occasionally mixed with recollections of past perils and adventures, not the

less feelingly dwelt upon from their marked contrast with the passing hours. We observed he was often moved even to tears when describing the fall of his comrades, his boyish companions, who had died in the open field, or satiated the vengeance of this sanguinary civil conflict.

The morning of our departure we had the pleasure of accompanying the happy bridal procession—all decked out in their holiday attire—as far as the church, where we left the miller's son and that host's daughter in the hands of the good canon, who politely attended us to the outskirts of the town. On taking leave, amidst showers of benedictions, we were warmly recommended to the care of the Virgin and the favourite saints, those guardians of the road—so long at least as you avoid meeting any accident, in which case even Santa Barbara herself has to encounter the ire and indignation of her votaries. As we saw the merry party, with a large escort—the miller and the host, with Andrew between them—I could not help contrasting it with those processions for which, less than a century before, Toledo was so fearfully conspicuous; one of which took such a powerful effect upon the nerves of Gil Blas, when, having reformed, he saw some of his old comrades garnished with St. Andrew's crosses, Sanbeaitos, and painted caps, prepared to exhibit before the good people in an *auto-da-fe*. "Never," he says, "could I be thankful enough to God for having preserved me from the scapulary and high paper caps, like sugar-loaves, covered with flames and diabolical imps!"

THE STRONG MAN OF THE FAIR.

BY J. H. BAYLY ESQ.

"The poor boy, for he really looked little more, proceeded to realise all the promises made in his printed bills. Prodigious were the weights he raised; and some that it was utterly impossible for him to move from the earth, were placed upon him; and though they did not crush him, his sufferings must have been acute, and he bore them without flinching. Large and muscular though his frame appeared, his fair countenance was that of a stripling; light hair curled round his forehead, now bathed with the dews of over-exertion, and on his cheek there was either the hectic of ill health, or a spot of rouge, ill put on, to intimate youth's roses. In every pause there was a short dry cough, never to be mistaken by one who has heard that fatal signal by his own fireside: but he still proceeded with his task, though each new effort was more difficult and painful than the last. At length but one feat remained to be performed; but it required more exertion and endurance than all the rest. His legs were to be fastened to an upright pillar, and when his body was in a horizontal position, all the weights which he had raised singly were to be supported by him in one accumulated mass. I hastily rose to leave the booth; but just as the exhibitor was preparing himself for the effort, a little boy ran to him on the stage, and whispered something in his ear. The young man clasped his hands, kissed the child, and then looked wildly and wistfully on those around him; and when the person who had assisted him prepared to put the fastenings on his feet, he started back, and I heard him say, in a low voice, 'No, no, I can do no more! Therese—I must go to her; she will die,—she will die!' His rough companion made some hasty answer; and he then pressed his hands firmly on his forehead, and leaned against the side of the stage, apparently in a state of exhaustion. I would gladly have seen the curtain fall; but those who, like myself, had paid their money at the door, expected to have their money's worth; and, after a very brief pause, loud shouts were raised, and the last act of the exhibition demanded. I saw the young exhibitor rouse himself with an effort, and, calling to his assistant, he cried, 'Now—quick, quick, and let me go to her!'"

The spectator follows and assists him home.

"Hush! I whispered; 'he is quiet now—I think he is asleep. Take some of this nourishment; nay, consider how important it is that, when he wakes, he should find you better.' Therese was struck with the truth of this, and took some of the refreshment I offered her; but, with my consent, she gave a large portion to the little child. He ate eagerly, for a moment; and then we saw him divide what she had given him, and lay the largest portion aside. 'What are you about?' said I, gently; 'cannot you eat it?' 'Hush!' whispered the little fellow, with tears in his eyes, and pointing to the sleeping man: 'papa has had none, you know.' We did not speak for some moments; for we were touched by the child's simple words. 'How old is the boy?' I inquired, at length. 'Four years old. His poor father is not yet two-and-twenty; he looks younger in face; and as for his figure, you must not judge of that—every muscle has now been unnaturally forced.' 'Hush! he wakes.' And the Hercules began to move; and, slowly and feebly raising himself from the ground, he sat up and looked wildly around him. 'Something nice for papa,' cried the child; and, running to him, it placed before him the little treasure it had saved. 'Frederick! Ah! I remember now,' said he. 'Therese—she is not—no, no, no,—she lives!' and he rose and rushed into her arms. I knew that they had sufficient sustenance for that night, and softly, and without one word of adieu, I rose and left the house.

I called the next day, and found Therese in a deep sleep, or