

Faith and Hope 'above the Aonian mount' and all the perishable joys of earth to the throne of the Invisible. Poetry has achieved her highest triumphs in stimulating the soul to a wise exertion of its powers by unfolding the glories of a blissful immortality. This is the distinguishing feature of Christian poetry—of English Christian Poetry—as opposed to the feeble flights of the Classic Muse, who most frequently conducted her hero with glory to his tomb—there to perish: all beyond the grave was a dreary, dark, unknown.

The influence of the poet is lasting as his lines. 'The Iliad,' says Mr. Montgomery, 'has produced many an Achilles, and fashioned, happily, far many more Hectors.' And has not Milton's noble poem, in which he has given birth to 'thoughts that wander through eternity'—has not the adventurous Bible-inspired song of Milton made many a Christian?—or has he failed to 'justify the ways of God to man?' Never was the influence of elevated poetry so much needed as in the present day. It is needed 'to withstand the encroachments of the cares of this weary, working day world. It is needed to withdraw us from the rattle of railroads, and the glare of gas-lights into the quiet-shades of meditative retirement, where the head may rest from its feverish throbbings, while the heart is led to mourn the madness of its time-wasting worldliness.'

### THE PRISONER AND THE JAILER.

FROM PICCIOLA, BY M. D. SAINTINE.

Charney had long ceased to find amusement in these gratuitous moral inscriptions; and if he still occasionally played the sculptor with his wooden table, his efforts produced nothing now but germinating plants, each protected by a cotyledon; or a sprig of foliage, whose leaves were delicately serrated and prominently nerved. The greater portion of the time assigned him for exercise was spent in contemplation of his plant, in examining and reasoning upon its development. Even after his return to his chamber, he often watched the little solitary through his prison bars. It had become his whim,—his hobby,—his bauble;—perhaps only to be discarded like other preceding favourites!

One morning, as he stood at the window, he observed the jailer, who was rapidly traversing the court-yard, pass so close to it that the stem seemed on the point of being crushed under his footsteps; and Charney actually shuddered! When Ludovico arrived as usual with his breakfast, the Count longed to entreat the man would be careful in sparing this solitary ornament of his walk; but he found some difficulty in phrasing so puerile an entreaty. Perhaps the Fenestrella system of prison discipline might enforce the clearing of the court from weeds and other vegetation. It might be a favor he was about to request, and the Count possessed no worldly means for the requital of a sacrifice; Ludovico had already taxed him heavily, in the way of ransom, for the various objects with which it was his privilege to furnish the prisoners of the fortress.

Besides, he had scarcely yet exchanged a word with the fellow, by whose abrupt manners and sordid character he was disgusted. His pride recoiled, too, from placing himself in the same rank with the fly catcher, towards whom Ludovico had acknowledged his contempt. Then there was the chance of a refusal! The inferior, whose position raises him to temporary consequence, is seldom sufficiently master of himself to bear his faculties meekly, incapable of understanding that indulgence is a proof of power. The Count felt that it would be insupportable to him to find himself repulsed by a turnkey.

At length, after innumerable oratorical precautions, and the exercise of all his insight into the foible of human nature, Charney commenced a discourse, logically pre-concocted, in hopes to attain his end without the sacrifice of his dignity,—or, to speak more correctly, of his pride.

He began by accosting the jailer in Italian; by way of propitiating his natural prejudices and calling up early associations. He inquired after Ludovico's boy, little Antonio; and having caused this tender string to vibrate, took from his dressing box a small gilt goblet, and charged him to present it to the child.

Ludovico declined the gift, but refused it with a smile, and Charney, though somewhat disconcerted, resolved to persevere. With adroit circumlocution, he observed, 'I am aware that a toy, a rattle, a flower, would be a present better suited to Antonio's age; but you can sell the goblet, and procure those trifles in abundance with the price.' And lo! *a propos of flowers* the Count embarked at once into his subject.

Patriotism, paternal love, personal interest, every influential motive of human action, were thus put in in motion in order to accomplish the preservation of a plant! Charney could scarcely have done more for his own. Judge whether it had ingratiated into his affections!

'Signor Conte!' replied Ludovico, at the conclusion of the harangue. 'Were this pretty bauble missing from your toilet-case, its companions might fret after it! At three months old, my bantering has scarce wit enough to drink out of a goblet; and with respect to your gilly-flower,—'

'Is it a gilly-flower?' interrupted Charney with eagerness.

'Sic a pagnions! how should I know?' All flowers are more or less gilly-flowers! But as to sparing the life of yours, eccellenza, methinks the request comes late in the day. My foot would have

been better acquainted with it long ago, had I not perceived your partiality for the poor weed!

'Oh! as to my partiality,' interrupted Charney, I beg to assure you—'

'Ta, ta, ta, ta, what need of assurance,' cried Ludovico. 'I know whereabouts you are better than you do. Men must have something to love; and state prisoners have small choice allowed them in their whims. Why, among my boarders here, signor Conte, (most of whom were grand gentry and great wisacres in their day, for 'tis not the small fry they send into harbor at Fenestrella,) you'd be surprised at what little cost they manage to divert themselves! One catches flies,—no harm in that; another—and Ludovico winked knowingly, to signify the application—'another chips a solid deal table into chips without considering how far I may be responsible for its perseveration.' The Count vainly tried to interpose a word: Ludovico went on: 'Some amuse themselves with rearing linnets and gold-finches; others have a fancy for white mice. For my part, poor souls, I have so much respect for their pets, that I had a fine Angora cat of my own, with long white silken hair, you'd have sworn 'twas a muff when 'twas asleep!—a cat that my wife doated on, to say nothing of myself. Well, I gave it a wary, lest the creature should take a fancy to some of their favorites. All the cats in the creation ought not to weigh against so much as a mouse belonging to a captive!'

'Well thought, well expressed, my worthy friend,' cried Charney, piqued at the inference which degraded him to the level of such wretched predilections. 'But know that this plant is something more to me than a kill-time.'

'What signifies? so that it serves but to recall to your mind the green tree under which your mother hushed your infancy to rest, per Baccio! I give it leave to overshadow half the court. My instructions say nothing about weeding or hoeing, so e'en let it grow and welcome! Were it to turn out a tree, indeed, so as to assist you in escalading the walls, the case were different! But there's time before us to look after that business—eh! eccellenza?' said the jailer with a coarse laugh. 'Not that you hav'n't my best wishes for the recovery of the free use of your legs and lungs; but all must come in the course of time, and the regular way. For if you were to make an attempt at escape—'

'Well! and if I were?' said Charney with a smile.

'Thunder and hail!—you'd find Ludovico a stout obstacle in your way! I'd order the sentry to fire at you, with as little scruple as at a rabbit! Such are my instructions! But as to doing mischief to a poor harmless gilly-flower, I look upon that man they tell of who killed the pet-spider of the prisoner under his charge, as a wretch not worthy to be a jailer! 'Twas a base action, eccellenza,—nay a crime!'

Charney felt, amazed and touched by the discovery of so much sensibility on the part of his jailer. But now that he had begun to entertain an esteem for the man, his vanity rendered it doubly essential to assign a rational mode for his passion.

'Accept my thanks, good Ludovico,' said he, 'for your good will. I own that the plant in question affords me scope for a variety of scientific observations. I am fond of studying its physiological phenomena.' Then, (as Ludovico's vague nodding of the head convinced him that the poor fellow understood not a syllable he was saying,) he added, 'more particularly as the class to which it belongs possesses medicinal qualities, highly favorable to a disorder to which I am subject.'

A falsehood from the lips of the noble Count de Charney! and merely to evade the contempt of a jailer, who, for the moment, represented the whole human species in the eyes of the captive.

'Indeed!' cried Ludovico; 'then all I have to say is, that if the poor thing is so serviceable to you, you are not so grateful to it as you ought to be. If I had'n't been at the pains of watering it for you now and then, on my way hither with your meals, *la picciola*, would have died of thirst. *Addio Signor Conte!*'

'One moment, my good friend,' exclaimed Charney, more and more amazed to discover such delicacy of mind so roughly enclosed, and repentant at having so long mistaken the character of his jailer. 'Since you have interested yourself in my pursuits, and without vaunting your services, accept, I entreat you, this small memento of my gratitude! Should better times await me, I will not forget you.'

And once more he tendered the goblet; which, this time Ludovico examined with a sort of vague curiosity.

'Gratitude, for what, Signor Conte?' said he. 'A plant wants nothing but a sprinkling of water; and one might furnish a whole parterre of them in their cups, without ruining oneself at the tavern. If *la picciola* diverts you from your cares, and provides you with a specific, enough said, and Heav'n speed her growth.'

And having crossed the room, he quietly replaced the goblet in its compartment of the dressing-box.

Charney, rushing towards Ludovico, now offered him his hand.

'No, no!' exclaimed the jailer, assuming an attitude of respect and constraint. 'Hands are to be shaken only between equals and friends.'

'Be my friend, then, Ludovico!' cried the Count.

'No, eccellenza, no!' replied the turnkey. 'A jailer must be on his guard, in order to perform his duties like a man of conscience, to-day, to-morrow, and every day of the week. If you were my friend, according to my notions of the word, how should I be

able to call out to the Sentinel, Fire! if I was to see you swimming across the moat? I am fated to remain your keeper, jailer, *e di-votissimo serco!*'

### SCRAPS;

From Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland.

#### RURAL SCENERY.

The only thing I miss in Ireland, is my favorite rural scenery—I mean, by rural, the neat honeysuckled cottages, with their trim little gardens and beehives; indeed this kind of scenery can, I believe, be found nowhere but in England. The word 'rural' is untranslatable into any other language, and seems formed expressly to describe English country life. Though a sister land, I fear, it will be long before we find anything rural in Ireland, for the higher orders have very little taste for comfortable country life. But then the green isle has much without this; and indeed, in travelling through it, there are so many amusing scenes and interesting places that there is scarcely time to observe the deficiency I have spoken of. There are continual signs of convulsion and change, both in nature and the works of man, which excite many interesting recollections, and afford constant food for thought. There are the strange superstitions of the inhabitants, which have probably survived longer than in any other European land. Every ruined tower, and the mighty and mysterious works which are attributed to the Druids, have each its wild tale of wonder and interest. Then there are those puzzling Ogham inscriptions, the meaning of which has hitherto baffled inquiry.

#### POPULAR CHARACTER.

The very dress, or rather, semi-dress of the country people is picturesque; the large blue cloak worn by the women is sure to be held round their well made figures in folds so easy and beautiful as to furnish excellent models for the artist and sculptor. Their long beautiful hair is generally braided round their small heads, with a taste and simplicity truly classic; and there is an ease and grace in all their movements, which seem, I think, to denote a feeling of good taste and refinement far above the common level of their class, in other countries. In an intercourse with the common people, a day, an hour, cannot pass without being struck by some mark of talent, some display of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and delicate feeling. How strange it is, that such a people should be content to dwell in smoky hovels, when, if they chose to exert themselves and employ the energies which I think they possess, their condition might be improved. But they are generally happy.

#### SCENERY.

I am particularly struck with the rich and vivid colouring of scenery in Ireland; when the sun shines after one of the frequent showers, the whole landscape resembles a highly finished and freshly varnished picture, not by any well known master, for the compositions to speak technically, is totally different, though I think quite as fine, as any ideal imagery of Claude, Hobbina, or Poussin. The varieties of green are particularly lovely, yet there is never too much; the eye is always relieved by masses of rock of a dark purple or reddish brown, which harmonize perfectly with the light green tender moss or darker coloured grass.

#### KILLARNEY.

It is impossible to write here.—Beautiful visions crowd upon the mind too rapidly for the hand to record. It is a region of enchantment—a hundred descriptions of it have been written—thousands of sketches have been made, but no description that I have seen, made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake, and the Lower Lake, Muckross and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring—the gleam of sunshine—the cloud—the tone—the effect—what in short cannot be conveyed by the pen without the cant of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil—that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney.

#### INTERIOR OF A COUNTRY INN.

We were all very tired, and much disposed at first to be cross. The interior, too, of this little inn, was not very cheering. The cottage consisted of a kitchen with a mud floor, a little room divided from it by a low partition wall, where all the family slept, and a little boarded parlour for strangers. This parlour had a most cold, dirty, and melancholy appearance; the rain pattered through its little broken window, and came down the chimney with such force, as to prevent the fire from burning, but supplied us with plenty of smoke. We sent for our books from the carriage, and tried to read, but though the little low window admitted abundance of rain and cold wind, very little light could penetrate its dingy panes. We absolutely could not see to read; and so in despair, went into the kitchen, to watch the progress of some potatoes they had promised to boil for our luncheon.

'What a beautiful picture!' exclaimed one of my companions, as he darted out in the rain to fetch his sketch books.

It was so, indeed. A beautiful peasant girl sat near the fire, apparently much fatigued after a long walk. Her pretty head rested on her hand. Her eyes were closed, and their long dark lashes overshadowed a fair cheek of lovely form; but an arch smile played round her lips, and shewed that though enjoying the luxury of repose, and the comfortable warmth of the fire, she heard all that was going on.