

## HOPE.

## I

It is not on earth, by pollution enshrouded,  
I seek for a morning, all bright and unclouded;  
The days of our years are all darkness and pain,  
And the fresh gathered clouds return after the rain.

## II

I seek not on earth, by the touch of sin tainted,  
The fountains for which my lorn spirit hath fainted;  
Here, death may be heard in each musical rill,  
And his poison creeps through all its loveliness still.

## III

While onward and upward my footsteps are going,  
I heed not the tempests that round me are blowing;  
By toil I am wearied, by weakness distrest,  
But this earth is for labour, I ask not its rest.

## IV

For my spirit is seeking that rest which remaineth;  
That water of life, which death never profaneth;  
That morning, whose light hath the brightness of seven,  
The life, and the rest, and the glory of heaven.

Martha Rowles.

## A VISIT TO THE MOSQUES OF TURKEY.

By Miss Pardoe.

"If we escape from St Sophia unsuspected," said my chivalrous friend, "we will then make another bold attempt; we will visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet; and as this is a high festival, if you risk the adventure, you will have done what no Infidel has ever yet dared to do; but I forewarn you that, should you be discovered, and fail to make your escape on the instant you will be torn to pieces. This assertion somewhat staggered me, and for an instant my woman-spirit quailed; I contented myself, however, with briefly replying, 'When we leave St. Sophia, we will talk of this,' and continued to walk beside him in silence. At length we entered the spacious court of the mosque; and as the servants stooped to withdraw my shoes, the bey murmured in my ear,—'Be firm, or you are lost!' and, making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear, which was rapidly stealing over me, I pulled the *fez* deeper upon my eye-brows, and obeyed. On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was laid with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons from the lofty ceiling, shed a broad light on all the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars, beggars were crouched down, holding in front of them their little metal basins, to receive the *paras* of the charitable; while servants lounged to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting, awaiting the egress of their employers. As I looked around me, our own attendant moved forward, and, raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at mid-length of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrank back before the blaze of light that burst upon me. Far as the eye could reach upwards circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the stupendous dome; while beneath, devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues: the imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit, was one blaze of refulgence and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy till it looked like a gigantic meteor! As I stood a few paces within the doorway, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice; I looked forward—upward—to the right hand, and to the left—but I could only take in a given space, covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and at a certain signal bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences among the tall dark pillars which support it. And this was St. Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment: the light; the ringing voices; the mysterious extent, which baffled the earnestness of my gaze; the ten thousand turbaned Moslems; as kneeling with their faces turned towards Meccah and, at intervals, laying their fore-

heads to the earth; the bright and various colours of the dresses; and the rich and glowing tints of the carpets that veiled the marble floor—all conspired to form a scene of such unearthly magnificence, that I felt as though there could be no reality in what I looked on, but that, at some sudden signal, the towering columns would fail to support the vault of light above them, and all would become void. I had forgotten every thing in the mere exercise of vision; the danger of detection; the flight of time; almost my own identity; when my companion uttered the single word 'Gel, Come;' and, passing forward to another door on the opposite side of the building, I instinctively followed him, and once more found myself in the court. What a long breath I drew as the cold air swept across my forehead! I felt like one who has suddenly stepped beyond the circle of an enchanter, and dissolved the spell of some mighty magic. 'Whither shall we now bend our way?' asked my companion, as we resumed our shoes. 'To Sultan Achmet,' I answered briefly. I could not have bestowed many words on my best friend at that moment; the very effort at speech was painful. In ten minutes more, we stood before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and ascending the noble flight of steps which lead to the principal entrance, we again cast off our shoes, and entered the temple. Infinitely less vast than St. Sophia, this mosque impressed me with a feeling of awe, much greater than that which I had experienced in visiting its more stately neighbour. Four colossal pillars of marble, five or six feet in circumference, support the dome, and these were wreathed with lamps even to the summit; while the number of lights suspended from the ceiling gave the whole edifice the appearance of a space overhung with stars. We entered at a propitious moment, for the Faithful were performing their prostrations, and had consequently no time to speculate on our appearance. The chanting was wilder and shriller than that which I had just heard at St. Sophia; it sounded to me, in fact, more like the delirious outcry which we may suppose to have been uttered by a band of Delphic priestesses than the voices of a choir of uninspired human beings. We passed onward over the yielding carpets, which returned no sound beneath our footsteps: and there was something strangely supernatural in the spectacle of several human beings moving along, without creating a single echo in the vast space they traversed. We paused an instant beside the marble-arched platform, on which the muezzin was performing his prostrations to the shrill cry of the choir; we lingered another, to take a last look at the kneeling thousands who were absorbed in their devotions; and then, rapidly descending into the court, my companion uttered a hasty congratulation on the successful issue of our bold adventures, to which I responded a most heartfelt 'Amen'—and in less than an hour, I cast off my *fez* and my pelisse in the harem of—Effendi, and exclaimed to its astonished inmates,—'I have seen the mosques!' Knowing what I now know of the Turks, I would not run the same risk a second time, though the Prophet's beard were to be my recompense. There are some circumstances in which ignorance of the extent of the danger is its best antidote. But the feeling that remained on my mind was vague, even to pain. I had seen St. Sophia, it is true, and seen it in all the glory of its million lamps; I had beheld it at a moment when no Christian eye had ever heretofore looked on it; and when detection would have involved instant destruction. I had lifted aside the veil from the Holy of Holies, witnessed the prostration which followed the thrilling cry of 'Allah Il Allah!' and polluted, with the breath of a Giaour, the atmosphere of the true believers; I had looked upon the Cheik-Islam, as he stood with his face turned Mecca-ward, his pale brow circled with gold, and his stately figure draped in white cachemere; and I had stood erect when every head was bowed and every knee bent at the name of the Prophet."—From "The city of the Sultan in 1836"

The Samaritan, or Phœnician, was the original Hebrew character; and the present alphabet was invented after the captivity.

The Irish alphabet is the Phœnician.

## DONNA CATALINA DE ERANSO.

## THE FEMALE ENSIGN.

The duchess d'Abrantes is publishing in Paris the "Lives and Portraits of Celebrated Women," from which we make a selection never before seen in this country. It is an account of one *Donna Catalina de Eranso*, the nun-ensign who seems rather a fiend than a "celebrated woman." The adventures of the nun-ensign—so called from her habiting herself in the military uniform—are so curious as to partake of the appearance of romance; though it is stated that the documents which prove her existence and extraordinary adventures are numerous and authentic. This strange being was it appears born at Sabastein in 1885. She was compelled to take the veil, but made her escape from the convent, and, having assumed male attire for the purpose of avoiding capture, her real sex was not discovered till the lapse of many years, during which she fought with great bravery as a soldier in the new world, and was promoted to the rank of ensign. Her violent temper led her into many scrapes, and she committed several murders—but ultimately obtained her pardon both from king and pope, and died in obscurity. From the history of this daring Amazon, we extract the following *murder and duel!*

The nun-ensign loved play with a sort of frenzy; and the violence of her temper rendered her disgusting to those who only sought amusement in it. She was therefore dreaded in the gaming house which she always made a point of visiting whenever she arrived in a town in which any existed. One day after her return from La Concepcion she was losing. A dispute arose about the throw; the banker wanted to speak, but she ordered him to be silent. He replied in a word so insulting, that Catalina became frantic with rage. "Dare to repeat that word," said she. The unhappy man did so, and had scarcely uttered it ere Catalina's sword was buried in his heart. At this moment a young and noble Castilian, don Francisco Paraga, auditor general of Chili, entered the room. With the authority of his rank and office, he ordered the ensign to leave the house, Catalina cast a glance of bitter contempt at him, and made no other reply than to draw her dagger—her sword still reeking with the blood of the unfortunate banker. Don Francisco repeated his order in a louder and more commanding voice, and at the same time seized Catalina by the upper part of her doublet, in order to enforce her obedience. As she felt his hand touch her bosom, she for a moment became an indignant woman; but the stern and cruel soldier soon avenged the outraged female. Raising her left arm, she stabbed Don Francisco in the face, and her dagger penetrated through his two cheeks. Then brandishing her sword and dagger, and casting a terrible look around the room she sprang upon the stairs and disappeared before the terrified spectators could summon resolution to stop her.

But though Catalina had succeeded in getting out of the house, she knew that the vengeance of the man she had wounded would be dreadful. She fully understood her situation, and the moment fury was appeased, perceived the full extent of the danger she had brought upon herself. There was only one mode of averting it; that was to seek the sanction of the cathedral, and thence retire to the adjoining convent of San Francisco. She had scarcely reached her asylum, when the governor arrived, surrounded by his soldiers—and Catalina was blockaded months. It seemed no doubt singular to her—but to her alone, who knew herself to be an apostate nun—that she should thus be besieged in a monastery, not for violation of her first vows, but for having killed two men with her woman's hand and her tiger's heart.

She had a friend in her regiment, Don Juan de Silva, ensign of another company. One day he came to see her she was walking alone and under the gloomy arcade of the church, uttering blasphemies against the sect which was becoming insupportable to her. Don Juan had just had a quarrel of so serious a nature that the satisfaction he required could not be deferred till the morning but was to have been given at 11 o'clock the same day. On the rising of the moon, the two adversaries were to meet in a wood at a short distance from the ramparts.