

THE CHILD'S WISH FOR SPRING.

The flowers of spring—why don't they come?  
I've sought the garden day by day—  
I've sigh'd on every tardy plant,  
And brush'd the chilly dew away.  
I've tried to breathe it into life,  
And make its pretty leaves come forth;  
And when a tear fell on its stem,  
'Twas frozen by the wintry north.

The flowers of spring—why don't they come?  
I want to braid them in my hair;  
I seek the woods and meadows wide,  
But cannot find the truants there.  
The tall trees spread their naked arms,  
The hawthorn is not clothed in green;  
The brook goes sadly wandering on,  
Moaning where flowers once have been.

The flowers of spring—why don't they come?  
They answer not the season's call;  
Where are the wreaths we used to twine  
To deck our May-day festival?  
The honey-bee in vain goes forth  
To gather sweet stores for its home;  
The incense of the fields is lost—  
The flowers of spring—why don't they come?

J. H. H.

DONA MARIA—THE BEAUTIFUL VICTIM.

By the Author of "Scenes in Spain," just from the Press.

Dona Maria de Pineda was native of Spain, and, I believe of the gay land of Andalusia. Her parentage was respectable, with a tinge of noble blood: and nature had endowed her with personal beauty and mental powers above the common standard. She had been married at an early age to an officer in the Spanish army, by whose death she was left a widow, but, as I believe, without children. At the time of his death she numbered but a little more than twenty-five years, and was still in the possession of all those graces of spirit and person, which, as found in the native of Andalusia, are irresistible. She was living quietly in Granada, under the circumstances I have mentioned, when one illumined day the justitia, that terror of the opposed Spaniard, appeared at the door; and having demanded admittance in the name of the absolute king, proceeded to search the house in which she lived, and with peculiar jealousy the apartments which the unfortunate Dona Maria occupied. The scrutiny of these detestable commissioners of despotism—for in Spain what character is so utterly despised and so utterly despicable as that of the Alguazil and the Escribano?—was at first unsuccessful, but at length they discovered in a closet, in a corner obscurely lighted and well suited to the purposes of concealment, an unfinished piece of embroidery, in the form of a pennon or standard, and bearing those three odious colours under which freedom had so recently triumphed in France. This emblem of emancipation was greedily dragged from its hiding place by the eager Justitia. Its being found in her apartment was sufficient to stamp her as a traitor to her king and country; and the helpless Dona Maria was hurried to prison, and there placed in rigorous confinement.

The reader will probably remember, that about this time, that is, the summer of 1831, there was a great excitement and anxiety on the part of the Spanish government; for not only had the late successful struggles in France roused the spirits of the heart-sick friends of liberty in the Peninsula, but overt acts of resistance had been committed by the partisans of Torrijos in the south and of Mina on the northern frontier. The governor too had been very recently assassinated in broad day-light in the streets of Cadiz. These efforts, ill-devised and worse executed, while they injured the cause they were intended to foster, re-kindled the slumbering fury of absolutism. Numerous arrests were made in every part of Spain. The slightest whisper of discontent became treason, and suspicion usurped the place of evidence. Fathers were torn from their children, husbands from their wives; and even the tender sex was included in the anathemas, that went forth against all who dared to espouse the word or even think of liberty.

At such a time no wonder that the phials of the royal wrath should be poured upon the head of one who had

dared to harbor the odious tri-color of France. To answer this damning charge Dona Maria was soon brought to the bar, and the fact of the flag having been found in her apartment being established, she was condemned to death as guilty of high treason. In countries that have wantonly cherished free principles, it would have cost a world of trouble to arrive at such a result; for the public prosecutor would have been put to the idle inconvenience of proving some overt act, besides combating with a jury of the criminal's peers, against the womanish principles that justice should be administered in mercy, and that innocence should be presumed until guilt be established. But Spanish justice, unembarrassed by those benignant notions by which human life is guarded in other countries, leaps readily over the feeble barriers of common sense and humanity; and, strong in the spirit of revenge, thinks only of the outraged rights of absolutism, which proscription has sanctioned and the Divinity himself bestowed. It was whispered among the terrified Liberals that the flag had been put in the apartment by the way hands of the police, or, as some would have it, at the instigation of a judicial officer; who, having, like the foul-hearted Angelo, looked with longing eyes on her beauty and been foiled in his plans, had plotted her ruin. But though it were certain that the police had committed the crime it affected to detect, or that he who was appointed to punish the villany of others was the worst of villains himself, yet who would dare to stain the spotless purity of a Spanish Alguazil, or whisper to the ear of royalty the profligacy of its own delegate! The fate of Dona Maria was sealed beyond the possibility of redemption.

Convinced of the hopelessness of pardon, she is said to have looked forward to death with quiet fortitude. On the evening before the fatal day which was to conduct her to an ignominious execution, she wrote letters to her dearest relatives and friends, exhorting them to bear the misfortune which awaited them with the same energy which she herself felt. This duty occupied her till a late hour of the night, when she laid down and slept tranquilly till the morning. When she rose she made her toilette with more than usual care, arranging her hair with her own hands, and adjusting her attire as deliberately as if she were not going forth to death, but to some scene of holiday enjoyment.

I passed hastily along, half ashamed to be seen going to witness so horrible a tragedy. After turning and winding through many narrow and crooked streets, directed by the scanty current of foot passengers, I suddenly emerged, through a time-worn arch or portal, upon the large open place known as the Square of Elvira. Here was assembled a multitude of people, who were not, however, concentrated in one dense mass, but scattered in groups over different parts of the square. They were, almost without exception, of the lowest orders, for the better classes had kept within their houses, and were scarcely seen in the streets during the whole morning. There were grave peasants wrapped in their dusty cloaks in defiance of the noon day sun; swarthy black-haired gipsies, the women holding ragged children by the hand; or infants slung on their backs; and peasant women from the Vega, dressed in their holiday finery and with roses in their hair, but whose countenances accorded better with the solemnity of the occasion. These were blended with pale-faced artisans from the city, and the usual materials that constitute the mass at such scenes in all countries. But all were grave and even dejected. Not a word was heard out the distant and almost inaudible chant of a monk on the scaffold. The importunate beggar had ceased to ask alms, and even the garrulous carrier was hushed.

All eyes were directed to the centre of the square where a wooden platform had been raised, upon which a young woman was seated; her dark brown hair was smoothly divided over her pale forehead and I fancied I could discern, even at the long distance which separated us, the traces of that beauty which I had heard so much praised. A friar of the order of mercy, in white flannel robes, with a girdle of rope, a long rosary, and having the crown of his head shaven, was seen holding up a cross before her, upon which was nailed the image of the suffering Saviour. Dis-

posed in a hollow square round the platform, to cut off the hope of rescue or escape, a company of foot-soldiers were posted with fixed bayonets; without them was a troop of cavalry, their drawn sabres and steel caps glittering in the sun. I had scarcely passed some two or three minutes in looking around upon this gloomy scene, when a man vulgarly dressed was seen to ascend the platform. It was undoubtedly the executioner. A sensation of heart-sick misery came over me; for an instant indeed, the thought flashed upon me that if a thousand, nay, but a hundred resolute arms could be raised for the rescue, that unfortunate woman might live. But where were they? She had but a few fast fleeting moments left, and her death was as certain as the course of yonder sun towards the mountains of Loxa. I turned sadly away, and left the Square of Elvira without daring to look back. Very soon after Dona Maria expired, adding another name to the bloody record of the victims of absolutism.

THERE IS GOOD IN BEAUTY.

By Mrs. Emma Willard.

Some may ask, and what has beauty and elegance to do with virtue and religion? I would answer as Weeley did concerning harmony, let us take it to serve God with—it has long enough been used in the service of his adversary. It is never worth while for us to be wiser than our Maker. He made his whole intelligent creation to feel that there is a charm in beauty, a high enjoyment in its contemplation; and he made beautiful objects—an evident token that there is good in beauty and elegance. The pious divine while he admonishes his hearers of the vanity and folly of ornamenting their dwellings or their persons, yet paints the heaven, to which he would have them aspire, as a place of the most magnificent splendour; and the angels, to whose high communion they may hereafter be admitted, as beings of perfect loveliness.

Since God, (as says the Greek poet,) has given to woman beauty as a compensation for her want of strength; since it is a plain matter of fact that it is a source of satisfaction to the beholder, and a means of influence to the possessor; and since we may safely reason on the ground that truth and right are ever, by the constitution of things, in perfect harmony, then it cannot but be right to teach what is true. Teach, then, fearlessly, to young women, that there is good in beauty: but tell them they must look first to the works of God for a standard, and next, to the productions of those masters of the pencil and the chisel who have made it their study. Tell them at the same time that they must guard their health if they would preserve their beauty: and especially must they be placid in temper, kind, compassionate, and benevolent, if they would have the best of all beauty, that of expression. They must also be neat in their attire, and let it be suited to their style of person. The gaudily dressed woman has evidently wrong ideas of female beauty. She forgets that it is the woman herself who is, in this respect, the chief object of God's terrestrial creation, and rests her claims to admiration on such inferior things as silks, laces, and jewels.

Thus far I speak of that common and natural beauty which belongs generally to the sex. There is, possessed by a few individuals, a share beyond this. Each particular woman, however, should be cautious how she indulges the thought that she is one of this number. Strange mistakes have been made in this way, and ridiculous airs, and disappointed expectations have been the consequence. This error it is very easy to fall into. Self-love is one great magnifier: and parental love another. Then the young Romeo always thinks his Juliet is peerless; and she, instead of regarding his opinion as a proof of his love, or of his desire to please, considers it good evidence of her own surpassing charms. Besides this, there are too many who can say or insinuate what they know to be false, from recklessness or self-interest.

Although personal beauty has its value, if it is not now, as in former days, considered as containing within itself the acme of female perfection. Beauty, in the dame, and personal prowess in the knight, were formerly considered