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Turkish Maid

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THE TURKISH MAIDEN:

AN INCIDENT OF THE NEAPOLITAN CARNIVAL.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth."

BYRON.

"She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd—
She is a woman; therefore to be won."

SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the Carnival of the year 1841, I made an engagement with a friend—a namesake of my own, by the way—Edmond R—, to meet him at one of the Masked Balls which were given, twice a week, at the Theatre of San Carlo. Next to the Theatre of La Scala at Milan, this is the largest building ever erected for dramatic performances, and, on the evening in question, presented a most magnificent display.

A substantial flooring over the pit, formed a continuation to the large and extensive stage, and the whole was crowded with the most motley groups of Queens, Nuns, Flower Girls, Knights, Fishermen, Lazzaroni, and Brigands, interspersed with the dominoes of every colour, in which those, who had not assumed any particular character, sought concealment. Conspicuous amongst these representatives of every country and nation, was one undoubtedly indigenous—Polichinello, the prototype of the illustrious Mr. Punch; though very different, in his loose white trowsers and jacket, light conical cap, and black mask, from the gaudy tinsel figure which had so often in youth afforded us a good hour's amusement. Some score of representatives of this character cut their jokes and their capers among the crowd, and sometimes two of these doughty champions would assail each other amid the laughter of the group that soon congregated

round, to listen to the sly jest and keen repartee of the wordy warfare. On three sides of the house, large and capacious boxes rose, tier above tier, to the number of six, brilliantly illuminated, and occupied, with but few exceptions, by parties of ladies and gentlemen, masked or unmasked.

I soon recognised my friend R—, by the appointed signal, a purple ribbon tied round the sleeve of his domino, while a white silver-edged plume in my Spanish hat as speedily pointed me out to his notice, and we resumed in concert the tour of observation which each had hitherto carried on singly. The inmates of one box particularly drew my attention, and I pointed them out to my companion. In front, at each corner of the box, sat two young ladies, whose clear complexion, bright rosy cheeks, and Auburn hair, at once attested their English descent. On a couch in the centre reclined a third, in a splendid Turkish costume, a dress with which her dark locks and the oriental style of her beautiful features well harmonised, while it set off to great advantage her faultless figure. A Spanish Cavalier, who was leaning over the couch, and alone of all the party wore a mask, completed the group.

"Who is that lovely creature, R—?" I exclaimed, "you know every one in Naples?"

"You mean the Sultana, I suppose?"

"The same—who is she?"

"To answer you properly," he continued, "I must ask you a question or two in return. You cannot have forgot our excursion to Vesuvius last week?"

"Certainly not! though as to calling it *our* excursion, that is a mere matter of form, for I scarcely interchanged three words with you the whole time. Your attention was too much engrossed with the fair ——"

"Hush! hush!" interrupted he, "no more of that, an ye love me, Hal!" But fortunately you found a very good substitute for my poor company."

"Yes! I found Sir Henry Wilton a very pleasant, agreeable companion, in spite of the anxiety caused by his wife's slight illness; if such be the real cause, as you have asserted, of his occasional melancholy and absence of mind."

"The true cause, I assure you! Never was such a doting husband. Her ladyship was in the Corso next day, and Sir Henry as bright and smiling as ever."

"By the way, I have never seen Lady Wilton; is she here to-night?"

"The very point to which I have been striving to bring you! The fair Sultana whom you so much admire, is Lady Wilton herself!"

"Indeed! If her mind but match her face and figure, Sir Henry may easily be pardoned for letting his thoughts occasionally turn towards his wife in her absence, unfashionable as it may be. How well she becomes her Turkish habit, and with what perfect self-possession she queens it in her assumed character! There is none of that awkward stiffness, which an Englishwoman generally considers it her duty to assume as a necessary concomitant of a fancy dress."

"You have fallen into two mistakes there, Hugomont! Her ladyship is no Englishwoman, and the costume she wears is no fancy dress."

"You are in an enigmatical mood to night, my dear R——! Will it please you to play the *Œdipus* and solve the riddle?"

"A few words would do it, but here comes one better qualified than myself—and I believe you will find him equally ready—to allay your curiosity."

The person to whom he alluded, was the same Spanish Cavalier we had previously seen in lady Wilton's box, and in whom, as he was now unmasked, I at once recognised Sir Henry himself. Having made ourselves known to him, my friend proceeded to narrate—to the evident amusement of Sir Henry—the conversation which had just taken place, and which his appearance had so abruptly terminated.

"I will with pleasure redeem the pledge you have made on my behalf," he said, when R—— had finished; "this is not exactly a spot for story-telling, but I see your box is untenanted, and if Mr. Hugomont will accompany us there, I will give him the information he desires."

A few minutes saw us seated in R——'s box, and Sir Henry commenced his story, to which I listened with eager interest, altogether unheeding the brilliant and dazzling scene before us.

"When I was a boy," said Sir Henry, "my favorite study was History, into which I entered, not with that reckless enthusiasm which leads the young reader to emulate in after years the 'deeds of derring-doe' there recorded, but with a spirit of calm and rational enquiry—somewhat metaphysical it may be at times—which had been early instilled into me by my old tutor. The influence of this peculiar train of study was such, that when my guardian, Lord Armadale, called on me to make choice of a profession, instead of that of arms, which generation after generation of our family had followed almost as a matter of course, I decided on entering the diplomatic service. His Lordship after some demur, gave his consent, and I was ere long established as an attaché of the English Embassy at Constantinople.

"The duties of my office were light and easy, and the novelty of every thing around me gave sufficient employment to my powers of observation, to prevent all weariness or *ennui*. Chance gave me a better opportunity of gaining an insight into Turkish manners and customs, than is generally afforded to the Frankish stranger.

"One day I had just entered a caique at the Golden Horn to enjoy the pleasures of an evening row along the wharf near me, when a noisy altercation at the wharf near me, reached my ear. Two caiques had reached the landing place at the same moment—the boatmen of each clamoured for precedence, and, amidst the consequent pushing and shoving, the owner of one of them, endeavouring to make his way to the shore, was jostled into the water, where he was left to struggle unheeded by the angry disputants. Seeing that the man, encumbered by his loose robes, was fast sinking, I plunged in and swam to his rescue, and, my own boatmen coming to my aid, soon landed him in safety. Next day the old gentlemen, having ascertained who I was, called on me to thank me for the service I had rendered him. Not only was Mourad Effendi—such was his name—profuse in his expressions of gratitude, but he endeavoured, by every attention in his power, to show that he really felt what he expressed; and, in fact, more of my leisure time

was spent at his house, than at the Hotel of the Embassy in Büyükdere.

"Nothing can be finer than a sunset on the Bosphorus—its calm, placid, lakelike surface, scarce ever ruffled by a breath of wind, reflects, as from a mirror, the rich mellow tints which, at this period of the day, an oriental sky generally presents—hundreds of light caïques, gaudily painted and bedecked with streamers, shoot across each other's path—and, turning towards the city, a thousand domes and minarets glisten brightly in the golden rays of sunset.

"It was my frequent custom to enjoy this scene from the terraced roof of Mourad Effendi's mansion, where, amidst the party of friends whom the old gentleman drew around him with the view of contributing to my amusement, I drank my sherbet and smoked my chibouque with as much becoming gravity as any Turk of them all. On several such occasions the sound of a mandolin from the roof of the adjoining house drew my attention, not only from the masterly style in which the instrument itself was touched, but from the occasional accompaniment of a sweet female voice which mingled with its chords. All that I could gather from the reserved answers of my Mahomedan friends was that the owner of the house was a Mehmet Bey, who had filled some situation under Government, from which he had the unusual good fortune to retire, with his head on his shoulders, and a pretty large proportion of his gains remaining in his purse. Of his family—they said—they knew very little; such gossip they left for the ladies of their harems: but Mourad Effendi himself, on further questioning, gave me a little more information.

"Mehmet Bey, it seems, had caused great scandal to his friends and acquaintances of the faithful, about eighteen years before, by suddenly setting at liberty all the inmates of his harem: a step understood to result from the determination of a Christian slave—whom he had lately purchased, and to whom he was devotedly attached—to reign sole mistress of his household. After a lapse of fourteen years, passed—as well as could be judged—in uninterrupted domestic happiness, the lady died, leaving an only child, a daughter, who was cherished by Mehmet as the apple of his eye. This girl Mourad had often seen in the women's apartments of his house, but when I ventured an enquiry as to her personal appearance, the only reply of the impassive Turk was '*Taib! Taib!*' 'Very Good!'

"I resolved in my own mind that the minstrel of the neighbouring house top was the daughter of Mehmet Bey, and my curiosity being roused, less perhaps by what I had learned, than by the

fact of having learned so little, I determined, if possible, to have a glimpse of the concealed songstress. On the following evening, therefore, when I knew that Mourad Effendi had gone with a friend to Pera, I took my usual station on the terrace, but though my eyes rested as usual on the busy scene around, my attention was rivetted on the adjoining mansion. My patient watch was at length rewarded by hearing the sound of the mandolin as before, to which I listened in silence, till the last echo had died away;—then, after a hurried glance around, and finding no one in sight, I ventured cautiously to ascend by the inequalities of the partition wall, till I could overlook it altogether.

"Reclining on a pile of cushions, the mandolin thrown aside, and she herself engaged in earnest meditation, lay the fair creature, to see whom I had placed myself in a situation of such peril—nor did I regret that I had done so. She was a lovely girl of sixteen or seventeen, whose face and figure were cast in nature's fairest mould—whose delicate features were illumined by the radiance of the soul within. But I see you smiling at this commencement of a lover's rhapsody, and will spare you the rest. Look to the Sultana in the opposite box, and I will venture to say, laying aside all the prejudices of a lover and a husband, that love at first sight will not seem to you so very ridiculous in my case. Entranced as I was, I neglected the caution I had hitherto maintained; at the slight noise I made, she looked up, and as her large lustrous eyes met mine fixed on her with an ardent gaze, she started from the divan, and stood before me motionless, a beautiful statue of surprise. I endeavoured in my best Turkish, to re-assure her; told her I had been attracted by her music to the daring deed of thus breaking on her solitude, and besought her mercy on my rashness.

"The first tones of my voice seemed to break the spell that bound her, and she hastily wound her veil round her head, eclipsing the charms that had so dazzled me; but my speech gave her confidence and she made no further effort to flee. Nay! my earnest entreaties won her consent to my listening at the same hour each evening to the music of her lute and voice, and taking my leave with this promise, I scrambled down again, well content with the result of my first interview.

"On the earliest opportunity I ventured to renew my trespass, nor was it long before Fatima, my fair acquaintance, learned to anticipate, with some degree of pleasure, our stolen interviews. The very fact that our meetings were undisturbed, showed that she had kept her father uninformed of them, and that some small spark

of the flame that now filled my bosom, was kindled in hers. In short, I confessed my love; and received the blissful assurance that it was not unreturned. I feared that Fatima would have regarded me with that mixture of dread and horror which is inculcated into every Turkish woman's breast, against all of other creeds and countries; but to my joyful surprise I learned that she had been trained up by her mother, a Christian Greek, in the same faith as that she herself professed.

"But the sunshine of young love that thus gilded the path of my Fatima was speedily chequered by sorrow and gloom. Her father was thrown from a restive horse and so severely injured, that, after several weeks of severe suffering, during which his daughter never left his side, she was left an unprotected orphan. His nearest relative took possession of his house, and would fain also have added to his harem the weeping daughter. In this extremity she yielded to the solicitations I had often hitherto addressed to her in vain, and consented to fly with me from Stamboul.

"My arrangements were soon completed. Obtaining a leave of absence from the Embassy, I left in a *Speruaro* which I had hired, on the day I had given out as that of my departure for Smyrna; but returning to the city after night-fall, I again landed, assisted my Fatima to scale the garden wall of her late father's dwelling, and ere day-light we were far beyond the reach of pursuit, even could they have known how to trace her flight.

"A fair and favoring breeze brought us to Malta, where I was united to the lovely being whose sole dependence on earth I now was—and may Heaven enable me to fulfil the vows I there solemnly pledged, to be the stay and solace through life of that trusting heart!"

Sir Henry's eye glistened as he spoke, and the fervor with which he spoke testified the sincerity of his appeal. After a pause, which neither he nor myself ventured to break, he resumed:—

"I have now given you, gentlemen! a brief narrative of the most eventful period of my life, as the most satisfactory answer to Mr. Hugomont's very natural wonderings and enquiries. Dine with me to-morrow at the *Crocelle*, both of you; and should you wish to hear at greater length of our first meeting or subsequent adventures, Lady Wilton and myself will be happy to gratify you.

"Meantime, I see that Lady Wilton is preparing to leave the Theatre, and I rely on your aid in assisting my sisters and herself through the crush to their carriages."

SUMMER RAIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HERANGER.

The rain, the rain, the summer rain!
How sweet this balmy eve!
My footsteps on the velvet grass,
A greener print they leave.
The bird beneath those weeping boughs
(Heaven bless him!) shakes his wing,
And singing to the wind, that makes
A stilly murmuring,
Watches the rain-drops as they fall,
Like pearls from some gay coronal.

The shower, the summer shower is past;
Again th' unclouded sky
Smiles on the glittering fields, beneath
A silver net that lie.
The streamlet of the plain, grown fierce,
With blades of grass, and store
Of sleeping lizards burthened,
Speeds on, and tumbling o'er
Some dangerous pebble's precipice,
Makes Niagaras to the mice!

Whirling amain on that wild flood,
Some careless insects sweep,
Perched on a larger insect's wing,
A wreck upon the deep;
Or, clinging to some floating isle,—
A wither'd leaf,—they dream
Their troubles light, if, pendant o'er
The brink of that rude stream,
A straw's majestic point appear,
To stop them in their dread career.

The currents o'er the sand have gushed,
The vapors sunward fly;
The dim horizon, dimmer grown,
Escapes the gazer's eye.
And now a few bright trembling specks,
Like lonely stars are seen;
Till rushing on the sight, the hills
Have burst the veil between,
While thousand rain-brooks bubbling down,
Stream from their bare and shining crown.

Oh see! from yonder misty roofs,
A thousand smokes ascend;
There happy hearts and kindred sighs
In sweet communion blend.
The windows flashing in the sun,
A light like torches fling;
The illuminated city shows
A noiseless triumphing;—
Such be the rarest festivals that fall
On nature's sun-set festival.

The rainbow—oh! the rainbow see,
Grasping th' illumined sky;
A treasure the Almighty sends,
When rains and tempests fly.
Flow off, eternal spheres! my soul
Has longed for wings of wind,
That some thuriel I might crave
The secret to unbind—
To what far worlds of endless day
That golden sun-bridge leads the way.

HINDALLAH.

A METRICAL ROMANCE—IN THREE CANTOS.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

CANTO FIRST.

THE DESERT.

O'er the broad waste, like some pale star,
The Bedouin's camp-fire flashed afar,
Shooting its cold and sulphury light
Beneath the sullen brow of night;
As shines the shark, when it rests asleep
'Neath the ebon waves of the midnight deep,
And seems to the corsair's watchful eye
Like light reflected from the sky.
And oft, on the eager sense there fell,
The tinkling chime of the camel bell,
With glimpse of the coursing sentinel,
As he shot, like meteor swift and bright,
From the dark obscure, on wings of light.

By that cresset fire reclined, was seen
One youthful warder of martial mien,
Unsheltered, save by the lofty shade
Of the desert palm-tree's gourdlike blade:
One arm across his corsair thrown,
In quiet stretched beside him down,
His form half resting on its neck,
His fingers wreathed in the bridle-check;
Turning his swift unsettled eye,
As danger there he might descry,
E'en in the desert, where might be
No danger, save from treachery.
Yet still he pierced the dark profound,
With vulture glance, all sides around,
And leant his train'd ear to the ground,
To catch, with jackall's readiness,
Th' unwary footfall, or to trace,
From post to post, the sentinel,
By camel hoof and camel bell.

That desert ranger oft hath sat
Unnoted at Balsora's gate,
And heard the silent warder beat
His measured round with weary feet,
Disposed the guise of foreign lands
Around his form with cunning hands,
Displayed the juggler's magic feat,
Or took the fakir's lowly seat
Beside the mosque at morning streak,
Or onward like some desert Scheik,
With slim high stave and sily of palm,
And downward look and meek salcam,
Through street and square pursued his way
Unrecognized, wher'er it lay;
And when the camel-driver tied
His tinkling bells at eventide,
The khan's frequented porch beside,
And quaffed the housewife's cool sherbet,
Wherewith men of many lands were met,

The serpent-charmer's hire to claim,
With bursting eyes and Nubian hue,
He oft and unsuspected came,
And ever so withdrew.
And well his ear was trained to catch,
In silence of his midnight watch,
Each motion soft, with but of sound
To wake one echo from the ground
Whereon he lay: and he has heard,
In mosque and shrine, each whispered word
In which the kneeling wretch arrayed
His guilty prayers to Mohammed.
Though many a bolt and barrier
Was drawn before his stationed ear,
And many a curtain muffled round,
To crush at once the rising sound,
Ere round disclosed, from roof and wall,
The penitent's confessional!

And now that restless eye could scan
The heavy flighted pelican,
With greedy eye, and noiseless wing,
Hanging above the slumbering;
Or onward far, at distance, note
The ostrich ply his meteor foot,
And speed afar, like a thing of light,
Too swift for man to track his flight.

Son of the wild!—a Syren rings
Her song of slumber in thine ears,
And fancy's sleepless pinton brings
The shadowy forms of other years,
To glad the dream that o'er thee steals
And all thou'st loved and lost reveals:
The dark, the melancholy eye,
That watched thy sleep of infancy,
And welcomed with a mother's joy
The waking day smile of her boy,—
That voice, whose sad and tender sound
First caught thine infant ear, and found,
Mid many greetings and much art,
The closet of thine infant heart:
That mother's eye, that mother's hand,
Are withered 'neath the desert sand;
That voice is hushed and every tone
Thy better feelings prized, is gone;
But still in Memory's fond embrace
That cherished form retains its place,
Mid never dying beams, and flowers
In all the glow of vanished hours.—
Tis with thee now, that dreamy eye,
And thy sad heart throbs heavily.

But now he seems in childhood sleeping,
His mother's eye is o'er him weeping;
And there are snatches of sad songs
That tell of unavenged wrongs,
Of filled home, and slaughtered brother;
She sings them oft,—she loves no other:
And the measured notes of the mandolin
Come sadly and sweetly her song between;
And the burthen dwells on his dreaming ear,
"They sleep in the bosom of lovely Kashmir."
'Twas thus he dreamt; but feelings keen and deep
His bosom heaved, and burst the bonds of sleep!

Alert and rapid, with one single bound,
His gladiator foot repelled the ground;
The dark blood mantled on his sunburnt cheek
And tracked the high swoll'n veins with livid streak
And light rekindled in his drowsy eye,
As shoots the night-star o'er the darkling sky
And through the tent's dark mazes, that wild gaze
Roamed like the tiger's, when at eve he strays
'Mid tangled jungles, where the hunter's net,
He burst so deftly once, may linger yet.
In vain his fear!—wide o'er the field,
With head reclined upon his shield,
And parted lips, and heaving breast,
Each Arab proved his hour of rest;
No ear his dreaming sorrow heard,
Nor voice denounced his broken ward.

He looked abroad o'er waste and sky,
Where morning raised her dewy eye,
And sent a far and flickering ray
To harbinger approaching day.
He tracked the blood-bat's lazy flight,
That shunned the horn of wakening light,
And plied its wings, in fierce affright,
To where some ruined palm tree stood,
Meet shelter for its hideous brood:
And he heard long its melancholy cry,
Ere its dark form sank lessening on the sky.

He looked abroad o'er tent and bamboo shade,
Where many a Bedouin's weary head was laid;
Each cone-like roof, crowned with the wild-bird's
plume,

Towered darkly through the sand-cloud's eddying
gloom,

Relieved upon a far and misty space,
Where night retreating leered on morning's face;
Now drooping swift her sable wing, and now
Shrinking, like aspen, gradually and slow,
Unwilling still her empire to forego.

And round each lowly wigwam, loosely hung,
The tiger's red and brindled armour flung
Its folds upon the wind, and, as it rose,
Disclosed some sleeper's form in kind repose,
His head upon his shield—his climitar,
Fall'n from his nerveless fingers, vainly bare;

His flushed and tawny hue, and hairy lip,
Contrasted 'neath the white and tiny fold
Of his small turban, and the powder-serip,
That gleamed beneath his arm with sheen of gold.

One lofty tent in gaudier colours drest,
Rears high its haughty head above the rest.
It is Zohauk's!—shrinks echo from the word!—
The far-famed chieftain of the desert horde!

Zohauk! The bird is on the wing,
A far, afar that sound to thum—
The fawn, that frail and shy,
A way, away, speeds fleetly on.

With bristling mane and kindled eye,
The lion roars, but scorns to fly—
Though in that drenched spell he knows
The earnest of his wounds and woes.
The blood-bat leaves its noxious hair,
Its nestled brood aor waiting there;
And on, and on, with elf of speed,
The ostrich tribes their journey lead.

Zohauk! Circassia's daughters know
That dirge of hope, that name of woe!
That knell that bids affection sever,
And heart from heart divides for ever.
And young limbs wither in their chains,
And young breasts pine for native plains,
And wedded hands are asunder wrenched,
And the lover's lamp is for ever quenched;
And the laugh hath passed from the happy hearth,
And silence broods on the homes of mirth.
—Zohauk! thou hast past like the kausin's wing—
O'er the fondest and fairest of earthly things!

It is a name of many years,
And age the freshest forehead sears,
From moist lips sucks the flower away,
And bids the eyeball's fire decay;
Drinks the soul-star's mysterious gleam,
And its caverned glory waxes dim;
And wraps the heart with an icy chain,
It never leaves, to burst again.
And he, Zohauk the Bedouin,
Is bent with many a year of sin;
And time with ruthless finger now
Had traced its passage on his brow,
Had watched the light in his glad eye beam
Had seen it brighter in manhood's dream,
And chilled it in its lightning,
Like starlight quenched by demon's wing,
Had crushed his might with a touch of lead,
Till bone and sinew withered,
And the dream of the youthful chief is gone,
And leaves in its stead but a wreck of man,
With pining voice and shrivelled eye,
Whose tone and look are mockery:
Yet he is up at the robber's shell
The first, its sounding call to swell,
With sabre, never drawn in vain,
And barb the fleetest of the train.
And who from his fœmen would flinch or fly,
When Zohauk led on to his battle cry!

The watchman's vigil is not done,
The beacon still he tends alone,
His head still bent with anxious ear,
His hand still charged with ready spear.
His graceful barb in glistening rein,
Shaking its wild luxuriant mane,
With widened nostril and bright eye,
Inhales the breezes as they fly,
As if it panted then to bring
Its hoof in contest with their wing;
While scarce it owns its rider's check
And tosses high its arching neck;
Yet he, the robber watchman, stood
Sedately still in musing mood,
And measured with a wistful eye
The wide spread wastes of memory—
As looked the Patriarch's wife athwart
The sullen plains, with pining heart,
To where the haughty Sodom's towers,
Its golden terraces, and palmot bowers,

Wrapt in the burning deluge stood,
Stern in their ruined magnitude!
And felt the soul within her die,
Froz'n in her bosom and her eye,
With fingers vainly clasped in prayer,
A rooted pillar of despair.

What footfall now its *larain* wakes?
What voice upon the silence breaks?
"Hindallah!" 'Tis Zohauk's. And now,
With measured step and thoughtful brow,
Advanced the hoary chief to meet
The youthful warder where he stood;
The high palms stretching from his feet,
The breezes of the desert waned,
And tossed their yellow leaves on high,
To greet them as they wandered by.

"Hindallah, rouse! Ere wanes the day,
Thine eyes shall greet another land,
And many a mountain's shadow lay
Between thee and the desert sand.
The barb now clashing in thy cheek,
Shall droop ere then its stately neck,
And stagger with a falling pace,
O'er lands its limbs may ne'er retrace.
Thou lovest it now, yet may ye part,
Thine own hand cleave its panting heart,
Or leave its dying hours to soothe
The vulture's beak, the wild-dog's tooth.
Full twenty years have wandered on
Since I that weary route have known;
And then a stronger arm did wield
Mine ancient cimitar and shield;
A blacker curve my forehead drest,
A darker beard was on my breast;
A fiercer eye and fuller tone,
Ere those years fled, were each mine own.
But twenty years have passed, I trow,
And dark-eyed maid would scorn me now.
Yet when I went my bride to seek,
With fewer seams upon my cheek,
My wooing brought but tear and shriek;
A father's hand its weapon grasped,
A young betrothed his loved one clasped,
But the bride was won and the lover dead,
Ere Zohauk turned his courser's head:
Ere sheathed his sabre's gory glare,
Were weeping voices sounding there;
And sad wulwollahs marked the hour
When he led back his bride and dower.

"But that is past,—the pipe and song
Are heard again thy groves among;
The Turcoman hath left the hill,
His simple herds the valleys fill;
And where our homeward camels trod,
O'er trampled vines with knoofs of blood,
Rise many a mosque and minaret,
And many a white walled tower is met
Beneath their long dark shadows, where
New fields and vineyards glad the air:
And thou before that sun shall rest,
Must slither the Zaara's pathless waste,
And find again my bridal track
With armed cohorts at thy back.

"And many a haughty fero shall lay
Between thee and thy onward way,
Whate'er beside thee, tarry there,
And each both thine and sepulchre:

'Tis said some pious fools array
With gems, and gold, and rich perfume,
The soul-less heap of livid clay
They carry to the tomb;
As if the worm and slimy snake
Respected there the rich man's lot.
'Tis these alone thy steps shall wake,
And these will slum thee—Fear them not!
There skeletons extended lie,
With shrivelled lip and rayless eye,
And teeth all grimacingly revealed,
The grave's ghast mockery of mirth,
And tongues by death forever sealed,
Mouldering into earth!
And sights, the dark thought cannot trace,
Shall greet thee in that silent place.
But shrink not; there the treasures lie
That dazzle not to human eye;
And there thy hand must freely roam,
And drive the reptile from its home;
Pause not the armet to untwine;
Reel up the eardrops where they shine;
Pluck from the Omrali's mouldering grasp
The hilt he once essayed to clasp.
The din ye raise must be loud and long,
Ere it lift one eyelid, or stir one tongue.
And there are maidens with bright eyes,
Young Hours,—born for Paradise,
That dwell those eteoa bowers among
With steps of gladness,—hearts of song!
These will, in Mecca's bazars bring
Meet guerdon for thy journeying.
But morning's voice hath roused the sun;
The Imam must not kneel alone.
Chant! chant!—The Muezzins fill the air,
With Athal's call, "To prayer—to prayer!"

"To prayer—to prayer!"

The Arab bounds
Up from his bed of silks,
And far that matin summons sounds,
And soft the hum of prayer begins:
With fingers clasped above his head
Each Arab's form is prostrate laid;
And hearts against the ground are beating,
And lips their orisons repeating;
While o'er the shining heavens, with glorious ray,
The sun's red horus have marked his rising way!

END OF CANTO FIRST.

SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I wish my love were some sweet flower,
And I some happy roaming bee,
Light winging to her woodland bower,
And all her sweetness waiting me.

I wish my love were some sweet bird,
And I some young and favourite tree,
Where she might come and sing, unheard,
Unseen, by all save love and me.

I wish, I wish, O that were best?—
I were some stream that flowers might deck,
And she a lily on my breast,
With verdant arms around my neck.

I wish I were the leaves that shield
The rose from harm, and she the rose,
Together, sweet our lives to yield,
Together in our death repose.

WILLIAM THOM;

THE WEAVER POET OF INVERURY.

PERHAPS it may be said that the name of William Thom, the poor weaver of Inverury, is not sufficiently known or distinguished to render it worthy of being placed before the world in a literary publication. We, however, think that a man may be great although obscure, and famous though little known.

"Is there for honest poverty
That hides his head an' a that?
The coward knave we pass him by
And dare be poor for a' that."

And if patient, resolute and honest endurance of poverty, proud and noble aspiring under circumstances dire enough to have crushed a man into dishonour or the grave—be worthy the best and noblest sympathies of our nature, William Thom's autobiography has an honourable and enduring right to have a place in our pages, and that without reference at all to his merits as a poet,—and these are not inconsiderable.

There seems to exist, at the present day, a more extended feeling of sympathy for our lesser poets, and desire to do justice to them, than has been the case hitherto. It has been remarked, that poetry seemed to be as indigenous to the souls of Scotsmen, as gowans and daisies to the soil of their native land, and truly when we think of such men as Tannahill, and Allan of Kilbarchan, John Bethune and our hero William Thom, there would seem to be some foundation for the statement.

Not only, however, is the autobiographical sketch we are about to present to our readers valuable as a reminiscence of the poet and the man, but it is equally valuable as an account of the toil, the sufferings, the fearful poverty of the Scottish handloom weaver, whose cry has been borne across the swelling Atlantic to our shore, and for whose assistance even here the supplicating voice has been raised:—but to return more immediately to our subject.

Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, inform us that the following "Chapter in the Life of a Poor Man" was written at their request by William Thom. They add that his wife, the faithful partner of his sufferings, she doubtless who inspired his pen to write

When twa leal hearts in fondness meet
Life's storm howls a' in vain.
The very tears of love are sweet
When paid in tears again—

has left him for a world of immortality. It is well perhaps—for the wearied spirit is blest and the stricken deer at rest—but hear her hapless husband's strain.

I've mourned until the waesome moon
Has sunk abint the hill,
And seen ilk sparklin licht aboon
Creep o'er me mournin' still.
O! years o' wearied care hae past:
Wi' blinks o' joy between
An' yon heart-borried form at last
Forsakes my dolted e'en.
Sae cauld an' dark my bosom now
Sie hopes lie buried there,
That sepulchre where love's saft loe
May never kindle mair.

Messrs. Chambers had more than the mere object of gaining information of the sorrows and trials of a son of genius. They tell us, and we adopt the remark as our own:—"We were inclined to believe that a piece of Autobiography from such a man might, from its truthfulness, not only prove striking as a picture of human life, and possess great value as a report, to one class of the community, of the condition and experience of another."

We will not detain our readers further from the subject matter which called forth these remarks but give them now

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A POOR MAN.

In the spring of 1837, the failure of certain great commercial establishments in America, combining with other causes, silenced, in one week, upwards of 6000 looms in Dundee and the various agencies in its connexion, and spread dismay throughout the whole county of Forfar. Amongst the many villages thus trade-stricken, none felt the blow more severely than that of Newtyle, near Cupar-Angus. This village was new, having sprung up since the completion of the Dundee Railway a few years ago. It consisted chiefly of weaving-shops and dwellings for the weavers. The inhabitants, about two hundred in number, were strangers to the place and to each other, having been recently collected from distant places by advertisements promising them many advantages, but which, when the evil day came, were little regarded. While employers were, some unwilling and many unable, to do any thing for the relief of those they had brought

together for their own purposes, the people of the neighbourhood, including those of the *old* village of Newtyle, regarded them with stern prejudice, as intruders "that nobody kent naething about." It were too much to say that they were positively persecuted by their neighbours, but certainly they received no sympathy in their distresses from that quarter, much less any relief.

A little while thinned the village, those only remaining who had many children, and were obliged to consider well before they started. To these (and I was of the number) one web was supplied weekly, bringing five shillings. The weaver will know what sort of job the weaving of an "Osnaburg" was at that price. It had been a stiff winter and unkindly spring, but it passed away, as other winters and springs must do. I will not expatiate on six human lives subsisted on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on depending youth and too quickly declining age. These things are perhaps too often talked of. Let me describe but one morning of modified starvation at Newtyle, and then pass on.

Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any shows an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a-whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which of course rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprang up, each with one consent exclaimed, "Oh, mother, mother, gie me a piece!" How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!

We thus lingered on during the spring, still hoping that things would come a little around, or that at least warm weather would enable us, with more safety, to venture on a change of residence. At length, seeing that our strength was rapidly declining, I resolved to wait no longer. Proceeding to Dundee, I there exchanged, at a pawnbroker's, a last and most valued relic of better days for ten shillings, four of which I spent on such

little articles as usually constitute "a pack," designing this to be carried by my wife, while other four shillings I expended on second-hand books, as a stock of merchandize for myself; but I was very unfortunate in my selection, which consisted chiefly of little volumes containing abridgments of modern authors, these authors being generally of a kind little to the taste of a rustic population.

On a Thursday morning we forsook our melancholy habitation, leaving in it my two looms and some furniture (for we thought of returning to it) and the key with the landlord. On the third day, Saturday, we passed through the village of Inchture in the Carse of Gowrie, and proceeded towards Kinnaird. Sunset was followed by cold severe east wind and rain. The children becoming weary and fretful, we made frequent inquiries of other forlorn-looking beings whom we met, to ascertain which farm-town in the vicinity was most likely to afford us quarters. Jean, my wife, was sorely exhausted, bearing constantly an infant at the breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also, who had fairly broken down in the course of the day. It was nine o'clock when we approached the large and comfortable looking stead of B—, standing about a quarter of a mile off the road. Leaving my poor flock on the wayside, I pushed down the path to the farm-house with considerable confidence, for I had been informed that B— (meaning, by this local appellation, the farmer) was a humane man, who never turned the warder from his door. Unfortunately for us, the worthy farmer was from home, and not expected to return that night. His housekeeper had admitted several poor people already, and could admit no more. I pleaded with her the infancy of my family, the lateness of the night, and their utter unfitnes to proceed—that we sought nothing but shelter—that the meanest shed would be a blessing. Heaven's mercy was never more earnestly pleaded for than was a night's lodging by me on that occasion. But "No, no, no!" was the unvarying answer to all my entreaties.

I returned to my family. They had crept closer together, and, except the mother, were fast asleep. "Oh, Willie, Willie, what keeps ye?" inquired that trembling woman; "I'm dootfu' o' Jennie," she added; "isna she wesome-like? Let's in frae the cauld." "We've nae way to gang, lass," said I, "whate'er come o' us. You folk winna hae us." Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thought; I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it

seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated ; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no out-look—none ! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour ! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it,—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits ; when Despair has loosed Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing on-looker is deemed an enemy—who truly can limit the consequences ? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

I will resume my story. The gleaming light was scarcely sufficient to allow me to write a little note, which I carried to a stately mansion hard by. It was to entreat what we had been denied at B—. This application was also fruitless. The servant had been ordered to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule. On rejoining my little group, my heart lightened at the presence of a serving-man, who at that moment came near, and who, observing our wretchedness, could not pass without endeavouring to succour us. The kind words of this worthy peasant sunk deep into our hearts. I do not know his name ; but never can I forget him. Assisted by him, we arrived, about eleven o'clock, at the farm house of John Cooper, West town of Kilmaird, where we were immediately admitted. The accommodation, we were told, was poor—but what an alternative from the storm-beaten wayside ! The servants were not yet in bed ; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval, the infant seemed to revive ; it fastened lustily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an out-house. A man stood by with a lantern, while with straw and blankets we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock, when Jenn awakened me. Oh, that scream !—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jennie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the

night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as that did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only well be borne by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat a while and looked on them : comfort I had none to give—none to take : I spake not—what could be said ?—words ? oh, no ! The worst is over when words can serve us. And yet it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow over-does itself, and stands in stultified calmness ? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, who had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After a while, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did every thing which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the melancholy occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbours assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kilmaird churchyard, lies our favorite, little Jennie.

Early on Monday we resumed our heartless pilgrimage—wandering onwards without any settled purpose or end. The busy singing world above us was a nuisance ; and around, the loaded fields bore nothing for us—we were things apart. Nor knew we where that night our couch might be, or where to-morrow our grave. 'Tis but fair to say, however, that our children never were ill-off during the daytime. Where our goods were not bought, we were nevertheless offered "a piece to the hairies." One thing which might contribute to this was, that our appearance, as yet, was respectable, and it seemed as if the people saw in us neither the shrewd hawkner nor the habitual mendicant, so that we were better supplied with food than had been our lot for many a month before. But oh, the ever-recurring sunset ! Then came the hour of sad conjecturing and sorrowful out-look. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset, was to ensure refusal. After nightfall, the children, worn out with the day's wanderings, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down. After experience taught us cunning in this, as in other things—the tactics of habitual vagrants being to remain in concealment near a farm of good name, until a suitable likeness warranted the attack. This night, however, we felt so much in need of a comfortable resting-place, that it was agreed we should make for Errol. There we settled for the night in a house kept for the humblest description of "travellers." It is one of

those places of entertainment whose most engaging feature is the easy price. Its inmates, unaccustomed even to the luxury of a fire, easily enough dispense with seats; and where five or six people are packed up alive in one box, a superabundance of bed-clothes would be found uncomfortable. Hence the easy charges. Our fellow-lodgers were of all nations, to the amount of two dozen or so. As it has been my lot, since then, to pass many a night and day in similar society, and having somewhat of a turn for observation, my memory could furnish many records of "gangrel bodies," that are not altogether wanting in interest;—but of that another time. Leaving Errol next day, we passed up the Carse to Perth, where we kept there a few days by some old acquaintances, started from thence towards Methven, sold little on the way thither, but were kindly treated by the workers at Hunting Tower and Cromwell Park. The people there were themselves on limited work; indeed, many of them had none; yet they shared their little with those that had less. It is always so; *but for the poor, the poorer would perish.*

Just before entering Methven, I sold a small book to a person breaking stones for the road. After some conversation, I discovered he was musical, and was strongly tempted to sell him my flute. He had taken a fancy to it, and offered a good price. I resisted: it had long been my companion, and sometimes my solace; and, indeed, to speak truth, I had for some days past, attended to certain "forlorn hope" whisperings, implying the possible necessity of using that instrument in a way more to be lamented than admired. The sum total of my earthly moneys was 5*sd.*, which my little volume had seduced from the pocket of the musical lapidary. With this treasure, we sat by the fireside of "Mrs. L.'s" lodging-house in Methven. The good woman gave us to understand that our entertainment would cost 6*d.*, at the same time declaring it to be a standing rule in her establishment to see payment made of all such matters, before the parties "took off their shoon." I only wondered, when I looked round on the bare fact that luxuriated round her hearth, how she contrived to put this test into execution. The demand for our lodging-money was decided, and so was I. I took my wibegone partner aside, whispering her to pick my flute from out our "budgets," put on her mantle, and follow me. As we went along, I disclosed my purpose of playing in the outskirts of the village. This was a new line of action, not to be taken without some qualms. But then the landlady. Besides, nobler natures and higher names than I could ever aim at, had betaken themselves to similar means. Homer had sung his epics for a morsel

of bread. Goldsmith hath piped his way over half the continent. These were precedents indeed! Moreover, neither of these worthies had children in Methven or elsewhere, that ever I had heard of. Nor is it recorded in the history of those great men, whether they had at any time been under the compulsion of a landlady who attached a special consequence to the moment that untidied the shoe-tie.

Musing over these and many other considerations, we found ourselves in a beautiful green lane, fairly out of the town, and opposite a genteel looking house, at the windows of which sat several well-dressed people. I think that it might be our bewildered and hesitating movements that attracted their notice—perhaps not favorably. "A quarter of an hour longer," said I, "and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit." The sun had been down a good while, and the gloaming was lovely. In spite of every thing, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn, and began to play. I moved on and on, still playing, and still facing the town. The "Flowers of the Forest" brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another, and in less than ten minutes put me in possession of 3*s.* 6*d.* of good British money. I sent the mother home with this treasure, and directed her to send our eldest girl to me. It was by this time nearly dark. Everybody says, "Things just need a beginning." I had made a beginning, and a very good one too. I had a smart turn for strathspeys, and there appeared to be a fair run upon them. By this time I was nearly in the middle of the town. When I finally made my bow and retired to my lodging, it was with four shillings and some pence, in addition to what was sent before. My little girl got a beautiful shawl, and several articles of wearing apparel. Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven? Let me ever meet a Methven weaver in distress, and I will share my last hamock with him. These men—for I knew them, as they knew me, by instinct—these men not only helped me themselves, but testified their gratitude to every one that did so. There was enough to encourage further perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that "ease and grace" indispensable to him who would successfully "carry the gaberdunzie on." I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity.

After some consideration, I bethought me of another mode of exercising my talents for my support. I had, ever since I remember, an irrepresible tendency to make verses, and many of these had won applause from my friends and fellow-workmen. I determined to press the

faculty into my service on the present occasion. Accordingly, after sundry downittings and contemplations, by waysides and in barns, my Muse produced the following ode

TO MY FLUTE.

'Tis nae to harp, to lyre, nor lute,
I eettle now to sing;
To thee alone, my lo'esome flute,
This hamely strain I bring!
Oh, let us flee on memory's wing,
O'er twice ten winters flee.
An' try ance mair that aye sweet spring
Whilk young love breathed in thee.

Companion o' my happy then,
Wi' smilin' frien's around;
In ilka butt, in ilka ben,
A coothie welcome found—
Ere yet thy master proved the wound
That ne'er gaed staunchless by;
That gies to flutes their saddest sound,
To hearts their saddest sigh.

Since then, my bairns hae danced to thee,
To thee my Jean has sung;
And mony a night, wi' guileless glee,
Our hearty hiallan rung.
But noo, wi' hardship worn and wrung,
I'll roam the world about;
For her and for our friendless young,
Come forth, my faithful flute!

Your artless notes may win the ear
That wadna hear me speak,
And for your sake that pity spare,
My full heart couldna seek.
And when the winter's craturough bleak,
Drives houseless bodies in,
I'll aittilus get the ingle cheek,
A' for your lightsome din.

This I designed to be printed on fine paper, with a fly-leaf attached, and folded in the style of a note, to be presented to none under a footman, by a decently-dressed, modest-looking man (myself, of course,) who, after waiting ten minutes, the time wanted to utter the "Oh, ha's!" and "Who may he be's?" would, I expected, be asked into the drawing room, when the admiring circle would be ravished with his sweet-toned minstrelsy. After compliments sufficient for any mere man, this person I supposed to retire with that in his pocket that could not rightly be expended, without a great deal of prudent consideration. Such was my dream. Accordingly proceeded to act as I had designed. With a few copies of my poem, I set out once more upon my travels, and, to do justice to the scheme, it was on one or two occasions successful to the extent anticipated. In one hird's house I received a guerdon of half a guinea; but, after all, it was but beggar's work, and my soul in time grew sick of it. It was with no sighing after flesh-pots, that, in a few weeks, on times becoming a little better, I settled down once more to my loom.

[It is gratifying to add that the generous exertions of the Messrs. Chambers, on behalf of this unfortunate Son of Genius, were ultimately crowned with success. By means of their widely circulated *Journal* his case was repeatedly brought before the public, and the answer to their appeal for aid, was an amount of subscriptions which placed him above the pressure of want, and ensured him abundant time for the literary pursuits in which he so much delighted. The last we have heard of Mr. Thom was, that he had proceeded to London, in the month of December last, to superintend a new edition of his poems, about to appear under the auspices of an eminent publisher in that City.

We earnestly hope that his undertaking may meet that success which is eminently due to his talents and perseverance.—*Ed. L. G.*]

THE FAIRIES' FESTIVAL.

FROM AN EXPERIENCED POEM.

BY CLARENCE OMBROSI.

[The scene is laid in the Island of New York, in Manhattan, at the time of the discovery of the River Hudson by the daring navigator whose name it bears.]

Oh! brightly doth the moon-light smile
Epon Manhattan's verdant isle;
But brighter yet upon her bay,
The sparkling moon-beams lightly play.
Within a quiet, mossy glade
Beneath the palm-leaf's shell'ring shade,
A band of fays glide lightly o'er
The woodland's smooth and grassy floor.

Upon a golden throne of state,
The fairy queen, Elmoré sat,
Perfect her form—her lovely face,
Appear'd the seat of every grace,
Her gorgeous robe of velvet sheen
Was of the palm-tree's leaflet green,
While on its border, bright gleam'd
Clear-dew drops that as diamonds seem'd.

Her eye, of darkly brilliant light,
Shone supernaturally bright,
Yet was most lovely to the sight
Of purple hue, a gold-tipt wand
She bore, clasp'd in her snowy hand;
Which as she waved, the tiny throng
Danced lightly the greensward along,
And as they flitted round, they raised the song.

They sang the praises of their Queen,
The monarch of the forest green;
And hail'd her mild and gentle sway,
Whom yet none dared to disobey.—
Though their song had ceased, the pleasing sound
Of their melody linger'd still around
The grove in whose deep recesses they
Thus sported the passing hour away.

THE PEARL-FISHER :

A TALE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMMANUEL GONZALEZ.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

XII.

THE AJOUFA.

THE interior of the hut was lighted 'by the smoky flame of a pine torch placed in the corner. The Leopard remained at the threshold, unseen by the aged Melchior, whilst Joachim, advancing, knelt beside the pallet of his father. The old man was evidently dying; the death-sweat bathed his forehead; his look was vacant and wandering; his hands closed and unclosed convulsively. When Joachim took them in his own, Melchior became more calm, and a faint smile spread over his features.

"I am about to die, my son!" he exclaimed in a feeble voice; "I have ever inculcated obedience to those who are placed over us by Providence, and the thought that I have done so to thee with success, renders me at this moment calm and tranquil. But why hast thou been so long absent, Joachim?"

"I had a duty to fulfil, my father!" stammered out the young fisherman. "Be not alarmed—henceforth I will never leave your side."

"What gives thy voice so bitter and gloomy a tone, my son!" enquired the old man. "Beware, I beseech thee, of cherishing thoughts of hatred and revenge! they will lead thee to deeds, which thou wilt repent thy whole life long."

"But insult and outrage, my father!"

"Must be returned with pardon and forgiveness," interrupted Melchior. "What would I not give—now, when about to appear before my Judge—to blot out the hour when I forgot all this, when I was cruel and pitiless in my hatred! But," added he, as if roused by some terrible remembrance, "pride steals the heart—and blood alone washes out the stain on a noble scutecheon!"

He noticed the surprise that was exhibited in Joachim's features, and resumed:—

"My poor senses are wandering!—Why should we, poor fishermen as we are, gainsay the caprices of our master?"

"His caprice will never trouble us more," muttered the young pearl-fisher

"What meanest thou, Joachim?" exclaimed the old man; and, as he saw the blood spots with which his son's hands were still stained, he added with increased energy—"What hast thou done, unhappy boy!—Answer me, what hast thou done?"

Joachim hesitated to reply, but an imperative command from Melchior opened his lips.

"Yes, my father! 'tis the blood of the commander. The executioner has perished before his victim."

"It is in vain," replied the old man, clasping his wasted hands, "it is in vain that I have endeavoured to secure thee a safe though humble life, by driving far off from thee the clouds of vain pride and ambition. My blood has spoken in thy veins; and I will no longer strive to bury my race in obscurity and oblivion."

"I do not understand your words, my father!" cried the young pearl-fisher.

"I mean to say that thou, Joachim Requier, art of no ignoble lineage—that thou art, in heart and blood, the worthy descendant of the noble house of Cossé!"

The Leopard, at these words, made a step forward, but checked himself, and returned to his former position, ere he had been perceived by the old man.

"I a nobleman?" exclaimed the astonished Joachim; then murmured to himself, "the approach of death has surely weakened his mind—he knows not what he says."

"Thou shalt now know all," continued the old man. "In case of such an event, I had prepared a written narrative, the inditing of which occupied many a leisure hour in thine absence. In the end of that iron-wood log in the corner there is a hollow, covered with saw-dust—you wilt find it there."

Joachim searched the recess and discovered a bundle of papers, which he put carefully in his bosom.

"No, no!" faintly exclaimed his father, "thou must read it now—now, whilst I can still listen to the record of my follies and my crimes."

Joachim obeyed. He fixed the torch near his father's couch, and opened the dusty papers.

The contents were as follows.

XIII.

MELCHIOR'S STORY:—THE BROTHERS.

My father was a rough country baron, accustomed to consider himself as absolute master in his domains, and to execute there all the forms of justice, like an ancient feudal lord. He would have given his life to serve the King, Louis XIII., on whom he looked as his suzerain, but to whom he thought himself equal in purity of blood and nobility of descent. He bore the character of a violent and passionate man, and I do not remember having seen him smile twice during my whole youth. His life had been marked by crosses. He fondly loved my mother, and she died in giving birth to my younger brother Petris. Hence the marquis never saw the poor infant but his dark eye brows joined menacingly, and a nervous twitching agitated his lips; this feeling of dislike he could never master.

Children are seldom deceived as to the sentiments they inspire, and they soon discover who loves or who hates them; my poor brother, who had a heart naturally tender and affectionate, suffered much by the want of a father's love, and always fled his presence like a culprit. Whilst our father permitted me to hang around his neck, fondled me on his knee and passed his hand through my curling locks, seeming to see the features of my mother revived in my countenance, he banished Petris to the other end of the chamber, as a punishment for the petty offences we had committed in concert. The solitary life of the Marquis had gradually changed his melancholy into restlessness and ill humour; I alone was able to calm his most violent fits of temper. I can still see him walking in the family picture gallery, with a tread heavy enough to shake the mortar from the old walls, his figure drawn up to its full height, his grey hair hanging loosely over his large forehead, and his eye fixed on the raging sea, that dashed itself against the rocks below. He used to spend whole hours there. Sometimes he would regard the arms, suspended in trophies on the wall, and say in a melancholy tone—

"These swords are rusting! my hands shall never more draw them from the scabbard."

"And why so, my father?" I asked, one day that I overheard him speak thus.

"Because they are no longer the fashion, boy!" he replied with a bitter smile; "because they have grown old like their master, and shouts of laughter would salute me, were I to display my

antiquated blade in the ante-chamber of the *Bas-Rouge*."

Then, as if ashamed of having said so much, he turned and abruptly quitted me. This phrase of *Bas-Rouge*, or Red-Stocking, was a designation frequently applied to the ex-Bishop of Lausanne, at that time Cardinal Richelieu.

Singularly enough, my brother never seemed in the least jealous of the partiality which our father so openly displayed towards me. Our old nurse, who humoured every whim of mine, and took care that I was always handsomely dressed, allowed the garments of the *vagabond*, as she called Petris, to remain in the ragged state to which they were reduced, by contact with half the trees and bushes in the country. But he never seemed to remark that I was clad in silk and velvet—he in russet and ratoon. When our father gave us permission to appear at the village fêtes, oh! how we enjoyed ourselves! I think I still see the kind Petris, as he would lift me in his arms across the brooks and pools, lest I should soil the tip of my new shoes—for, although younger, he was far stronger and more robust than myself. How gaily he sang and whistled, when we had left the old gloomy castle behind us! With what pleasure he inhaled the scent of the eglantine or the wild-pea, as it floated on the balmy summer air! You would have thought him a captive escaped from prison. In all field sports, but especially with the cross-bow or musketoon, he distanced all competitors.

Petris never said he loved me, but he showed by his actions that he did. One evening—I shall never forget it—we were returning home about eleven o'clock, from the small town of Tremblade. The night was thick and dark, rendered still more so by the overshadowing trees of the forest through which we were passing, when we saw at the roadside, two small red lights glancing through the bushes. A famished she-wolf, whose cubs had been killed some days before, had been seen wandering in the neighbourhood; I remembered this, and was terror-struck. Petris and I held each other's hands, and stood trembling, whilst the two brilliant eyes advanced steadily through the crackling brushwood.

"Fly! save yourself, Bernard!" cried my brother, flinging away my hand; and grasping the stout staff which he bore, he advanced towards the animal.

I could not move—my feet were sealed to the ground. Petris with a sudden dart, struck the wolf on the right shoulder. She fell, but rising immediately with a howl that made my blood run cold, she made a spring at her assailant. As he struck at her, the point of his staff fortunately entered her open mouth; and, seizing her throat

with his left hand, he thrust the baton down her gullet, despite her desperate struggles, and held it there till the animal was choked and senseless. A few blows on the head finished her existence, and he returned to me, bleeding from several severe scratches. We hurried on our path and reached the castle gate before a word was spoken.

"Your wounds must be painful, my dear brother?" I said to him as we entered.

"A little," he replied, with a smile. "Had I been alone, I fear I would have fled."

These words made me weep, I scarce knew why.

"Say nothing to the Marquis," he added uneasily, "for he will not allow you again to leave the castle with me, and will scold me for having exposed you to such danger."

I promised silence; but I remember being much surprised that one who had encountered a wolf so boldly, should be so terrified for a reprimand from our father.

Thus passed our youth, solitary but happy. One morning, when I had attained my twenty-fifth year, my father called me into his chamber.

"Bernard!" he said, "do you ever think of your future prospects in life? Does the life you here lead satisfy all your desires?"

"Yes, sir!" I replied respectfully.

"And do you not think of what is going on, beyond this little corner of the earth? Do you never think of the duty which every nobleman, which every gentleman owes his country?"

This question awoke in my mind the echoes of former misings.

"Yes, sir!" I returned, "sometimes I wake by night, and seem to hear the ringing of clarions, the neighing of war-steeds and the shock of arms—but the bright morning light comes, and I forget it all."

"Listen to me, Bernard!" replied the Marquis; "I am now an old man, and must soon sleep in the tomb of our ancestors; but you, my son! you owe a debt to your king and country, which you must now pay. We must separate. His Royal Highness *Monsieur*,* journeys in this direction, and will honour my roof with his presence the day after to-morrow. I will present you to him, and should you please him, he will probably admit you among the gentlemen of his suite."

I remained as if thunderstruck; I would have spoken, but rising sobs choked my utterance. My father faltered for a moment, but with an effort he resumed his self command.

"It must be so, my son!" he continued, in a

firm voice; "you are now a man, and must act like a man. I confess that I would rather have kept you shut up here for ever, than permitted you to follow the *Bas-Rouge*; but Prince Gaston of Orleans is a noble master, whom any one might be proud to serve!"

With what trouble and anxiety did I await that terrible day! I had neither sleep nor appetite. At times I determined to appear before the Prince as an awkward ill-informed lout, that he might leave me where I was. At others I gave the strictest charge to have my costume as rich and splendid as possible;—ambition and vanity were already shedding their poison on my heart.

When a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of *Monsieur*, I thought I should have fainted with dread; but when I looked from the window, and beheld the magnificently equipped company of gentlemen, squires and pages, who accompanied him, my feelings were altogether changed, and I only feared that my appearance might not be sufficiently pleasing in his eyes. My father, the Marquis de Cossé himself, held humbly the stirrup of His Highness, as he dismounted. Nothing in the world could have given me a greater idea of the high rank of a Prince of the *Blood Royal*.

My father presented me to the Prince; all eyes were bent on me with curiosity, and I felt the blood rushing to my face. The gentlemen of his suite smiled and whispered to each other; I comprehended at a glance that they were flouting at my old-fashioned dress, and the contrast it bore to my youth and inexperience. *Monsieur* himself seemed to regard me with surprise. My vanity came to my aid, and with a lowly inclination I said—

"My lord! my doublet may not be cut after the court fashion, like those of the gentlemen around you, but it would answer, at least as well as theirs, to go through fire and water in Your Highness' service."

My address pleased him; he turned to the two gentlemen whose smile had been most conspicuous, and whose whisper had been loudest, and said—

"Well, Frontailles! and you, Montresor! what think ye of that? We must give the young springald an opportunity of redeeming his pledge. Thou wilt come with us, young sir!"

Without awaiting my reply, he said to my father—

"Marquis! I do not see your other son?"

This question disturbed my father. He had forgotten *Pétris* till the last moment, and then he was not to be found. Ashamed—perhaps for the first time in his life—of the dilapidated state

* The eldest brother of the reigning King of France was usually known by this title.

of his garments, he had hid himself beyond the reach of search.

It was therefore with a cloud hanging on his brow, that my father replied—

“He is unwell, my lord!”

I must frankly confess it—I thought no more of my poor brother all that day. My head was turned by the conversation of the gentlemen of *Monsieur's* suite. They spoke of a thousand things altogether new to me—of duels, masked balls and the gaming-table—of ladies fair as angels, according to their descriptions—and of all the novelties of the French Court. The Prince appeared enchanted with my simple questions, and the attention he showed me produced redoubled attention from the rest. A new and unknown world disturbed my fancy, attracted it to the future and rendered me ungrateful for the past.

However, the next day, when about to set out, I enquired for Petris; but my father replied sternly—

“Pronounce not that name again, Bernard! He has fled, doubtless to lead the life of a vagabond and a wanderer, and I renounce him for ever!”

I would have implored his pardon, but the Prince gave the signal for departure, the trumpets rang out, and I had only time to embrace my father, vault on horseback, and depart with the rest. I did not dare to look back to the turrets of the castle, lest I should forget myself, and compromise my dignity in the eyes of my new companions.

At a turning of the road we found some of the Prince's serving-men who had preceded us, in high dispute with a young man—whom they had found stretched under a tree, musket in hand—because he would not give up to them two hares he had just shot. As we approached, I recognised Petris, and grew pale. His hair was in disorder, his countenance haggard, his dress soiled and torn. When he saw me, he ceased all resistance and looked to me, as if to make me judge of the quarrel. I ought to have stretched out my arms and hailed him my brother in the presence of all, but a false shame prevented me.

“You are in the wrong!” I exclaimed rudely.

I trembled lest he should claim kindred with me before all the noble company, but he retired in silence, only casting on me such a glance as might have melted a heart of steel. It conveyed a reproach so sad, so tender, so resigned, that any other but I would have blushed for the baseness I had been guilty of. I contented myself with saying to the serving-men—

“Let him go—do not injure him!”

I looked back as we rode off, and saw him

standing under the tree, a look of anguish on his features, and heavy tears rolling down his cheeks. Alas! how often since then have I repented of my cruel vanity!

XIV.

MELCHIOR'S STORY:—THE MARRIAGE.

I will pass rapidly over the life of folly and intrigue I led at the Court of *Monsieur*, the Duke of Orleans. By day, I wrote sonnets which were applauded at Marion Delorme's—practised fencing at the academy—and when I had lost too much at dice, bowls or tennis, had recourse, like Montmarin, Villemore, De Suze and all their friends, to the usurers Dobillon and Jacqueney. By night we ranged the streets in disguise—thrashed the sentries—broke the lanterns—or stripped some belated citizen of his mantle. Under all our folly there was an incessant current of political intrigues, which flashed off ere they were matured, like fire-works drenched by a heavy shower. Gaston of Orleans passed six months of the year in organising conspiracies against the Cardinal, and the other six months in appeasing His Eminence, by giving up his accomplices, one by one, to the axe of the executioner. It was a strong proof of the esteem he had for me, that he never permitted me to be a fellow-conspirator of his.

About a year after I left home, my father died suddenly. Petris was not at the funeral; nothing had been heard of him from the day I quitted the castle.

I had been three years at court, when one evening *Monsieur*—who had for some days been very reserved, silent and perplexed, like one who had some great project on foot—detained me, on the dismissal of his suite, to read to him. It was but a pretext. When we were alone, he took me by the hand, and said—

“Thou art attached to me, Bernard! art thou not? Thou art not one of those spies whom the Cardinal has charged to count the beatings of my heart, and watch the motion of my lips?”

I looked at him in astonishment.

“I have found a way to checkmate the *Bas-Rouge*,” he resumed, “and if thou wilt aid me —?”

“Speak, my lord!” I exclaimed.

“Thou knowest that the old tiger-cat has banished my faithful supporter, the Count de Rochefort. I understand that he has now sent him favorable proposals, through Chavigny his secretary, with the view of drawing him into his party. He has heard of the marvellous beauty of the Count's only daughter, and he has asked her hand for one of his partisans, Schomberg Duke

d'Halluin. Well ! I have found a victorious rival to oppose Schomberg !"

"And that rival, my lord ?"

"Is myself !" he replied with a triumphant air.

I could scarcely believe this strange news ; I would have replied, but he interrupted me.

"Not a word, Bernard ! the matter is decided ; by this match I will retain an old friend steadfast, and marry without the permission of my brother—under the very beard, as it were, of his worthy minion, *Maitre Conin*—Oh ! what a rage His Eminence will be in !"

"But the marriage will be annulled !"

"That remains to be seen. In the first place, however, I must be certain that the stories I have heard of the beauty of the young Countess are not exaggerated, and for this purpose I am about to send thee to Brussels, where the Count resides."

I endeavored to expostulate, but the Prince was peremptory. Four days afterwards I was in Brussels, and was received frankly and hospitably by the Count de Rochefort, who had no suspicion of the cause of my visit. But how was I overpowered by the sight of his charming daughter ! I had never felt true love till then. On her entrance I became confused and trembling ; I would have spoken, but could only stammer out a few unconnected phrases. I had always laughed at those sudden passions which strike the heart like a levin-bolt ; I now understood and felt their power. The beauty of Adelaide De Rochefort surpassed all my dreams of loveliness. I could not resolve to aid in uniting her to another. That very evening I wrote to *Monsieur* that he had been deceived, that Mademoiselle De Rochefort was at best but a fine statue, that her eyes were blue and piercing, but far too large, that her lips were rosy enough, but far too small ;—in short, I calumniated as much as possible the fair features that had enslaved me. To all this I added certain strong political reasons why he should give up his project. When my letter arrived at Nancy, where the Prince then was, Montresor was explaining to him the advantages which would arise from his union with the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, and the contents of my despatch so enforced his arguments, that Gaston de Orleans abandoned his own plan in favor of that of Montresor.

But this was not all. I managed so as to induce *Monsieur* himself to command my espousals with the fair Adelaide, as another link to bind the Count de Rochefort to his party. I feigned to comply though pure obedience, and as if it were a great sacrifice on my part. I was not displeasing to the young lady herself ; the Count at once granted her hand to the favorite of the Duke of Orleans, and I passed at Brussels the six happiest

months of my life. But at the end of that time, a letter from Montresor announced that the Prince, taking pity on my situation, recalled me to Paris. I saw then the fault I had committed ; but it was too late—I had to tear myself from the paradise where I could have passed my whole life. When I announced my intention to Adelaide, she burst into tears.

"Ah ! you love me no longer," she exclaimed, "since you quit me thus."

"Nothing in the world shall ever abate my love," I returned, embracing her tenderly. "But can I betray the confidence of the Prince, or refuse him my counsels, and, if necessary, my blood ?"

"You do not love me," she replied sadly ; "you only think of your ambition. Happiness is here—to seek it elsewhere is to flee its presence ! Think you that the thoughts of your being in the service of the Duke of Orleans will console me for your absence ? Will the joy of *Monsieur* and of all your friends at your return dry one of the tears your departure will cause me to shed ? No, Bernard ! you do not love me !"

"I swear to you — !"

"Stay, Bernard ! such oaths are only made by those who wish to break them."

I was affected, and knew not how to reply.

"I am resolved, Bernard !" she resumed in a firmer tone. "You must either not deprive me of your presence here, or you must permit me to accompany you !"

The embarrassment of my position may easily be comprehended. I had at last no resource but to reveal the whole truth. I thought, by this means, at once to re-assure her of my love, and to suppress her wish of accompanying me to Paris. She listened to my avowal with a troubled countenance, and when I had finished, she remained for a few minutes thoughtful and contemplative.

"Return to the court, Bernard !" she said coldly ; "I will detain you no longer. I will remain in this town, which will seem a prison to me after your departure."

I endeavored to console her ; but she listened to me with an air of constraint, repeating sometimes with a forced smile—

"So ! I might have been Duchess of Orleans ! Even in my dreams I could never have anticipated so high a lot."

"And do you now regret it, Marchioness de Cossé ?" I enquired.

"Certainly not, Bernard !" she replied.

She then made an effort to throw off her air of abstraction, and asked me a thousand questions of the beauties of Paris—the splendors of the Court—the favorites of the Prince ;—but her enquiries went no higher. Then I paid no atten-

tion to this, but in after years I recalled it as a fatal presage.

XV.

MELCHION'S STORY:—THE PICTURE.

A YEAR had passed since my marriage, and my father-in-law had informed me of the birth of my son Joachim, when the rebellion of *Monsieur* and the Duke de Montmorency broke out. This time I had a part in the play and entered warmly into it. But the weakness and irresolution of the Prince ruined us. Montmorency, conquered at Castelmaudry, was beheaded at Toulouse; but the only revenge of the Cardinal on *Monsieur* was to leave him undisturbed in his retirement from Court.

Whilst we passed our time in idleness at Nancy, an Italian painter, named Giorgione, solicited the patronage of the Duke of Orleans. The artist was carrying into Italy for his master, the Duke of Modena, a gallery of portraits, which he had painted or collected through France and the Netherlands. Fontenilles, Villemore and myself accompanied the Prince, on the visit which he made to this gallery. Several well-known court beauties passed under our review, amidst a shower of sarcastic and epigrammatic sayings—but how was I thunder-struck, when I saw Gaston pause before a portrait whose features I at once recognised!

"Is it possible," he cried, "that this head is painted after nature?"

"It is, my lord!" I interposed in desperation; "it is the portrait of my wife. But if the other ladies bear no greater resemblance to their pictures, I dare assure your Highness that you would recognise none of the originals by the copies."

The poor painter was astonished at this charge, but thinking that I had some peculiar motive for speaking as I did, he discreetly made no reply.

I looked to *Monsieur*, my heart sinking with dread and anxiety. He said not a word, but remained absorbed in the contemplation of the portrait, and I saw him flush and grow pale by turns.

"Speak frankly, Bernard!" he abruptly exclaimed, without removing his eyes from the picture! "Has your wife these large, blue, reflective eyes?"

"Yes, my Lord!" I replied, trembling like a criminal.

"And that small rosy mouth?"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that glossy black hair; and that elegant figure?"

"It is true," I answered, my forehead bedewed

with a cold perspiration. "But there is a wanting in the original that ineffable charm of expression, which lends such enchanting animation to the portrait."

He remained silent for a few minutes and then turned on me his penetrating gaze.

"I must see this prodigy!" he exclaimed. "If the Marchioness de Cossé appears ugly with such a countenance as that, Bernard! your wife must be one of the wonders of the world. We will set out in a few days for Brussels, and will then pass judgment on her looks."

A knife struck to my heart could not have tortured me more. I wrote to Adelaide, forewarning her of the evil that threatened us. I advised her to appear cold and distant before the Prince, to be careless and negligent in dress, haughty and laconic in speech, and to make the most unfavorable impression possible. Alas! she profited by my counsels only to appear more dazzling than ever in the eyes of Gaston of Orleans. He had conversed but a few minutes with her when he cast towards me a glance such as I shall never forget, and then came over to where I stood.

"Is this the woman, Bernard!" he exclaimed, "in whom thou couldst find neither wit nor beauty?"

I was too embarrassed to reply. A singular smile wreathed the lips of the Prince, and he resumed—

"My poor Marquis! how I pity thee! 'Thine is of a surety a hard lot!"

If *Monsieur* was displeas'd at the part I had acted, this was the only instance in which such a feeling was manifested; thenceforth he continued to treat me with his usual kindness and beneficence, and this silent pardon rendered me more than ever devoted to him. Adelaide returned with us to the petty Court of Lorraine. Every day I made new progress in the favor of the Prince—I was lodged in the Ducal Palace—I was the channel through which every applicant sought grace of the Duke of Orleans. Beloved by my wife and by my master, I believed myself the happiest of men. Who could then have foretold the approaching catastrophe which was to embitter my whole future existence?

Some time after our return to Nancy, I remarked frequent changes of disposition on the part of my wife. Sometimes she eagerly sought my presence, as if oppressed by some secret thought, which she was anxious to confide in me; sometimes she as sedulously avoided me, as if I had all at once inspired her with involuntary aversion. One instant she would converse with me smiling and sprightly; the next she became pale, silent and melancholy.

"What is the matter with you, Adelaide?" I would enquire.

"Nothing!" was the short and unsatisfactory reply.

"Perhaps you dislike the Court?"

"Not at all, Bernard! I am quite happy here."

But still she remained gloomy and low-spirited, and I could find no reason for her conduct.

One night I suddenly awoke and saw her kneeling on a cushion, pale as death, her dark tresses hanging dishevelled over her snowy shoulders.

"What means this, Adelaide?" I exclaimed; "what are you doing there?"

"She started to her feet and replied trembling—

"Do you not see, Bernard? I was praying."

The next day, in order to re-assure me, she plunged into the strangest caprices of coquetry. She wore the most magnificent dresses; she outshone all others at the balls and festivals given by the Duke of Orleans, and abandoned herself to the recreations and pleasures of the day, as if she sought to escape from herself in the excitement they occasioned. I was obliged to supplicate her to have a care of her health.

"If you wish it, Adelaide!" I said, "we will retire to the country."

"Yes, yes!" she replied; "we will live there calm and happy. I will have a garden full of the prettiest flowers. You will never leave me, Bernard! you promise that? Oh! how pure and fresh the country air will be!"

"I am sure you will enjoy it, my dear Adelaide! I only regret that we will have to leave *Monsieur*."

"*Monsieur*!" she repeated, with a deep blush on her countenance, and her eyes bent to the ground. "Yes! let us quit the Court, Bernard! There ambition, the love of pleasures and of honours, secret hatred and treason devour and destroy the life of man. And yet, Bernard!—*Monsieur* is so much attached to you!"

Here the conversation ended, and for some days afterwards my wife remained shut up in her oratory, seeing no one but her favorite attendant.

I understood nothing of this strange malady, and the constant anxiety began to affect my own spirits. While in this state, I one day heard on the Promenade a Cardinalist officer speak in light and disparaging terms of Gaston of Orleans. I resented the phrase, rejoicing to give the Prince a new proof of my devotion, and the result of the quarrel was a duel, which was fixed for seven o'clock that evening. I took care to say nothing of this to Adelaide, but that evening she remained at home from the Duchess of Orleans' circle, on the plea of indisposition. She was agi-

tated and trembling, and endeavoured to retain me near her.

"Sit down beside me, Bernard!" she said; "I am really very ill—my brain is on fire."

She raised my hand to her temple, where I felt the artery throbbing violently.

"You require repose," I said, rising and taking up my mantle; "a few hours' sleep would do you much good, Adelaide!"

"Where are you going?" she asked abruptly.

"To the Prince," I answered.

"It is false, Bernard! you wish to deceive me."

I hesitated to reply.

"I know all," she resumed, seizing my hand, "and I will not allow you to leave me."

"The voice of honour calls me," I returned, "and I must obey it. My benefactor, Gaston of Orleans, has been grossly insulted—would you prevent me avenging it?"

"Your benefactor!" repeated she; "that feeble and capricious Prince?"

"Not a word more, Adelaide! My path is chosen."

I was about to issue from the apartment, but she threw herself at my feet.

"You would risk your life for him—for him?" she repeated with an accent and emphasis which were quite inexplicable to me.

"I consider it nothing but my duty," I answered, endeavouring to disengage myself from her grasp, for seven o'clock was now sounding from a neighbouring belfry.

"You will not—you cannot go!" she exclaimed, resisting my efforts to release myself; "Oh! that I had a giant's strength to hold you here!"

"What!" I exclaimed, "is it she who bears my name who would wish to see it dishonoured?"

These words had a totally unexpected effect. For, with a faint shriek, she fell fainting on the floor. I called her attendants to her aid, and hurried to the place of rendezvous. My adversary was there before me. We engaged, and after a short struggle I disabled his sword-arm and closed the contest.

Monsieur thanked me that evening for the devotion and gallantry I had displayed—as he said; but it was in a tone and manner so constrained and unusual, as to cause me much anxiety of mind, which was increased by the severe illness of my wife.

XVI.

MELCHIOR'S STORY:—THE EMBASSAGE.

Cardinal Richelieu, having occasion, about this time, for some new concessions from the King,

resolved first to propitiate him by bringing about a reconciliation with his brother. To this end he sent to Nancy his secretary, M. de Chavigny, accompanied by some gentlemen of his suite. We gave the Cardinalists a most cordial reception, for we were tired of exile and anxious to revisit the gay court of France. I was entrusted with the task of treating confidentially with Chavigny as to the terms of the amnesty: the preliminaries were soon arranged. Some time after their arrival, I dined with the Cardinalists at the hospitality of "The Three Saracens," where they had put up; Fonttrailles, Montresor, De Suze and Villemore, were also of the party. The conversation was lively and animated, and the wine-flagons were rapidly emptied. I was in excellent spirits, for, on the one hand, my wife had so far recovered as to leave her chamber, and on the other, I saw the immediate prospect of my patron recovering the good graces of his Sovereign and brother.

"*Mort de ma vie!*" cried Chavigny, "the Court will gain much by a reconciliation. There is rather an eclipse of stars there at the present time, my dear Cossé! and I hear much of the beauty of your fair wife."

"A very Venus in ruff and farthingale!" exclaimed De Suze.

"Mere report can give you no idea of her," rejoined Villemore.

"But you will see her to-morrow at the ducal chapel," added Fonttrailles, "and you will avow, I am certain, that you have left few women at Paris who will rival her."

"I trust I may anticipate the honour of being presented to her?" said Chavigny, looking towards me.

"If you will sup with me to-morrow evening together with your friends," I replied, smiling, "the Marchioness de Cossé will do her best to entertain you."

"What a treasure such a woman is to her husband!" said M. de Laubardemont—one of the Cardinalists—with a sinister smile.

I sat between him and Chavigny, and remarked that his further speech was checked by a glance from the latter. The others, however, kept up a running fire of raillery, which seemed to amuse them much, although I could not see the point or direction of their wit. I laughed with them out of complaisance, but my friends became more and more taciturn; and I caught them glancing at each other with symptoms of anger and impatience.

"Enough of this!" at length exclaimed Fonttrailles; "let us talk of more serious subjects, M. de Chavigny!"

"What is the matter with you, Fonttrailles?"

I interrupted; "you are pale as a phantom fresh from the tomb. Drink and laugh, as you see us do!"

He shook his head gravely, but made no reply.

"I see, my dear Marquis!" whispered Chavigny. "that you are in the mood I wished to find you. His Eminence has charged me to make you the most brilliant offers, if you persuade Monsieur to accept—You understand me?"

"If the conditions are honorable—"

"Oh! honorable of course! But that is nothing. You can do as you please with him—he is sure to follow your advice."

"You deceive yourself, M. de Chavigny! you overrate by far my poor influence."

"Come, come! you will not persuade us of that;" and he accompanied his words with a smile of intelligence that was quite incomprehensible.

"Why mince the matter?" growled Laubardemont. "Say a word to your wife, and all is settled!"

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" I asked, with surprise and impatience.

"It means," hastily interposed Chavigny, "that Laubardemont is half-drunk, and knows not what he is saying."

But the blow was struck, and I insisted that the words of the Cardinalist should be explained.

"Do not annoy yourself, my dear Cossé!" said the secretary, in his blandest accents.

"But, after all, had you not better cease for a moment to be deaf and blind? We are amongst friends—why will you not understand us?"

My astonishment was at its height. I did not know what these mysterious words meant, but something at the bottom of my heart whispered that they concealed an insult. An aimless unger agitated my breast, but I restrained myself and replied in a loud and grave voice—

"Gentlemen! I request that you will explain yourselves more clearly."

"Ah!" cried Chavigny, looking towards Laubardemont, "can it be, after all, that the Marquis is not in the secret?"

"Impossible!" responded the other, with a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"Do you wish to drive me mad with your ambiguous phrases? Speak, and to the purpose!"

"Listen, Marquis!" said Chavigny, "and answer me frankly!"

"You may reckon upon it, sir! My friends here know me for a man of honour, incapable of trafficking with my heart and my conscience."

The Cardinalists looked to the Orleansists, who cast down their eyes and remained silent—

tacit abandonment that somewhat unnerved me. Was I enveloped, spite of myself, by some mysterious fatality?

"Will you deny, sir!" said M. de Chavigny, smiling, "that you have all power over the Duke of Orleans? Are you not his confidential secretary—his most trusted friend?"

"I am proud to say it—I am."

"Has he not given you apartments near his own, in the ducal palace?"

"All this is public and well-known."

"And since when have you been attached to the service of his Highness?"

"About four years, M. de Chavigny!"

"Good progress to make in four years!" observed the Cardinalist. "What say you, M. de Fontrailles, and you, M. de Montresor! Are you not envious of the favor of your friend the Marquis!"

Neither answered a word. I could restrain myself no longer, and in an irritated tone I addressed the Cardinal's secretary—

"Have done with this foolery, sir! What are you aiming at?"

"Aiming at!" repeated one of the toppers near him, ere he could reply; "at a very pretty bird—the harbinger of spring—ha! ha! ha!"

I fixed my eyes sternly on the man, and demanded an explanation, but he had his head down again on the table and was fast asleep in a few moments. A thousand suspicions darted through my brain. I seized the arm of Laubardemont and shook it violently.

"Is it to drunkenness that I am also to ascribe your former loquacity and present silence?"

"No!" he replied, coolly and dispassionately; "I am ready to proceed. *Monsieur*, it would seem, bears you much favor and affection—but why?"

"Why!" I rejoined with warmth; "because he knows that in me he possesses a loyal and devoted follower; because every boon of his is reckoned up in my heart; because I will never prove traitor to his cause, and would give my life to save him from danger! Is there any one here present who doubts this?"

My sincere and energetic words seemed to make some impression on M. de Chavigny; but my friends remained silent, and the other Cardinalists continued their jibes and laughter.

"Fine loyalty and devotion!" echoed one.

"Better paid than *Monsieur* generally pays his debts," cried another.

"Honour makes men clear-sighted, M. de Cossé!" said a third, "but courtly favor quickly shuts their mouths."

XVII.

MELCHIOR'S STORY:—THE CLOSE.

Amidst these sarcasms I measured the Cardinalists with my eye, wishing that all had but one heart and one form, that I might with one word return all their insults and with one blow avenged them. The gentlemen of *Monsieur's* suite rose, and half drew their swords from the scabbards, ready to assist me with their weapons, though they had failed me in speech. I felt as if my brain were seared by a red-hot iron. A strange suspicion began to insinuate itself into my mind, hitherto so frank and confiding. At this terrible doubt, which I made an effort to repulse as something too base and criminal for reality, I made an authoritative gesture to calm the surrounding tempest, and in a voice choked with conflicting emotion, I addressed M. de Chavigny—

"I adjure you by your honor, sir! to tell me the truth. Do not deceive me—I await my sentence from your lips."

"*Marquis de Cossé!*" replied the friend of the Cardinal, who seemed touched by my evident agitation, "I have been deceived, and I openly acknowledge your honor and rectitude, for hypocrisy could never imitate the anguish now depicted in your countenance."

"That is nought to the purpose!" I exclaimed hoarsely; "be frank and sincere! Tell me with what crime I am charged—of what dishonour I am suspected;—accuse me—defame me—only speak, and speak plainly!"

"I will, M. de Cossé!" he answered. "Myself and all my friends believed, till this moment, that you were but acting a part, and that you knew—as well as ourselves—as well as the whole Court—"

"Finish, sir!" I breathlessly ejaculated.

"That the *Marchioness de Cossé* is the mistress of the Duke of Orleans!"

At these terrible words my limbs tottered under me, my eyes closed and I clutched at the table to prevent me from falling. I muttered almost unconsciously. "A sword! a sword!" searching in vain for the weapon which *Villemore* had just detached from my girdle. At last, by a violent effort, I recovered myself, and casting a glance of animosity among the assembled guests—

"You have lied—the whole of you!" I cried; "it is an infamous falsehood!"

At the same moment a stranger—who had entered the hall of the hostelry a few minutes before, without any attention being paid to him amidst the clamour—advanced to Chavigny and struck him in the face with his glove. The Car-

dinnist started up, his eyes sparkling with rage; but when he remarked the somewhat mean apparel of the stranger, he said to him contemptuously—

"Are you of a rank to measure swords with a nobleman?"

"Petris de Cossé"—was the reply—"will await you on the glacis at what hour you please."

M. de Chavigny saluted him courteously, and replied that he might expect him there, with two seconds, at six o'clock. I remained almost stupefied by the sight of my poor brother, whom Heaven had thus sent to me in my need, as if to make me feel the more keenly my former base ingratitude to him.

In a few minutes all the guests had disappeared—Fontrailles and Montresor pressing my brother's hand significantly as they withdrew—and the hall, so noisy and tumultuous a short time before, remained silent and gloomy. Petris told me he had wished to see me once more before leaving France, for he was about to embark at Dieppe for South America. He accompanied me to the gate of the ducal palace, but there I besought him to leave me and permit me to proceed alone. With a hasty embrace we separated.

I hastily mounted the staircase that led towards my apartments, but on the landing place I paused, sad and thoughtful. I recalled a thousand circumstances which had hitherto remained inexplicable, but which were now terribly significant. I trembled as I thought that the accusation of the Cardinalists might be true—that perhaps *Monsieur* had revenged himself for my former fraud by this infamy. It was in vain that I endeavoured still to doubt; an internal voice cried aloud—"This woman hath deceived thee!"

I wished, however, to be convinced of the truth, and to gather it from her own confession; and with this resolution I proceeded on. I did not seek to disguise my agitation, and entered the chamber of Adelaide, pale as death. There must have been something stern and terrible in my look and expression; for she exclaimed, half rising from her seat:

"What has happened, my friend?"

"Your friend!" I repeated bitterly; "it is to your master that you speak, madam! It is to your judge you must reply!"

"What mean these harsh words, Bernard?" she said, trembling and looking up to me beseechingly, as if she would have arrested on my lips the explosion of anger she dreaded.

"I have been insulted, madam!" I replied roughly; "for the honour of a husband is made responsible for that of his wife. It is in vain

that a man thinks to place himself above all shame and disgrace, by leading a noble and honorable life. Poor fool! What matters it that he has never turned his back to the foe, refused an alms to a mendicant, slandered an absent friend, broken his oath, sold his master or his country for gold or honours? What though he has given none occasion to say to him—"Thou art a coward—traitor—hypocrite? Better for him to be seen trembling before a naked sword, or his hands filled, like Judas, with the price of his treason, than to have a wife too weak to preserve his honour and her own! He is the object of the universal scoff and jibe. In the eyes of all, he—the man of honour—is a mean, ambitious, hypocritical poltroon!"

"In the name of Heaven, Bernard! what has happened?"

"Your lover, Marchioness de Cossé!" I continued, "has been named in my presence, and to avenge our injured honour, I have committed a crime. He refused my challenge, and I struck him to the heart!"

"Gaston!" she faintly ejaculated.

This avowal, anticipated as it was, convulsed my heart.

"It is true then?" I exclaimed, seizing her cold and nerveless hand.

"Oh, assassin, off!" she cried, struggling to free herself from my grasp.

"Assassin! not yet, madam!" I resumed, with a bitter smile. "I only wished that your own lips should avow your crime—and that avowal has condemned you."

"Oh! pardon me, Bernard!" cried the terrified woman.

"Pardon thee!" I repeated; "No! Should such a word pass my lips, it would be a lie—a deliberate unscrupulous lie! Embrace your child for the last time, madam!"

She answered not a word, but dragged herself on her knees to the cradle where slumbered the unconscious infant, and imprinted a kiss on its small rosy lips, whilst her dishevelled hair covered mother and son as with a veil.

I must have been seized with sudden madness;—the rest of this frightful scene only dwells in my memory like the faint shadows of some horrible dream. I only remember that when, with my child in my arms, I rushed from these walls never more to enter them, I left the unhappy woman stretched on the floor of the apartment, motionless and weltering in her blood.

XVIII.

A MEETING AND A PARTING.

Here finished the manuscript. To the faltering tones of Joachim's voice succeeded a melau-

choly silence, which was broken at the close of a few minutes, by the young fisherman.

"Was she—was my mother really dead!"

"She must have been," sadly replied the old man; "I never heard of her more."

"And my uncle?" enquired Jochim.

"I never saw him again, but I learned that he had wounded M. de Chavigny, killed one of his seconds and disabled the other, with the aid of Montresor and Fontailles. He was obliged to hide himself till he could set sail for America. Having changed my name and sold some jewels in my possession I sought refuge in Spain with thee, my son! I afterwards embarked for San Domingo in the hope of rejoining my brother, but could hear no tidings of him, and having spent my last maravedi, I was reduced to my present situation. In this humble condition—especially in the time of the late Don Juan de Zarates—I have experienced many happy days, when active employment made me forget for a time the sad and bitter memory of the past. Would that now—in my dying hour—I could truly unshy much of what you have now read! I regret my vengeance on your mother, just and right as I then esteemed it—and I heartily regret too, my base ingratitude to my poor brother Petris!"

"But if he forgave thee, Bernard?" abruptly exclaimed a voice, choked with emotion.

"What sound was that?" murmured Melchior, feebly stretching his arms towards the threshold of the *njoupa*.

Jochim turned round in surprise, and saw the Leopard advancing towards the pallet of the dying man.

"Is this a shade, a phantom that Heaven hath sent me in my last moments?" continued the old man, his countenance expressing the utmost joy.

"No!" replied the Leopard; "it is thy brother himself. It is Petris de Cossé, who, no more than thee, has forgotten his brother; and who now loves thee with as much affection as on the day he defended thee against the wolf, or that on which he fought Chavigny in thy cause!"

"My brother! my dear Petris!"

Melchior raised himself on the couch with a last effort, and lifted his arms towards the buccaneer. But this emotion was too strong for his enfeebled frame, and when the Leopard pressed him to his heart, he embraced but a lifeless corpse.

"You have deprived me of my father's last kiss," said Jochim sadly, touching with his lips the cold forehead of him who had once been the ornament of a Court.

"But I swear before Heaven to fill his place

towards thee," replied the buccaneer. "In the mean time, we must not leave the remains exposed to outrage. We will lay him to rest in some lonely spot, to which, at a future day, we may return more boldly and openly."

By this time Balthazar had returned, and with his aid they interred Bernard de Cossé in a thicket of the mango-wood, taking care to break the branches as if some wild animal had passed that way. They then returned to their canoe, which had been left in a small creek, hid amongst the roots of the mangoes; and directed their course towards *Porto de la Paça*.

The heart of Jochim felt a pang as the shore receded from view.

"I leave behind me," he murmured, "all that I have ever loved—my poor father, whom I shall never more see in this world, and you, Donna Cannon! from whom I am now separated, perhaps for ever. Each is, as it were, dead to the other, but your image shall live for ever in my heart!"

"Away with this womanly weakness!" cried the Leopard abruptly; noticing his emotion. "You have manly deeds yet to do. In eight days, perhaps, you will again see Rancheria."

"In eight days!" cried Jochim, with sparkling eyes; "but with what intent?"

"Hush, my boy!" returned the buccaneer, with a mysterious smile; "that is a secret of state, and must not yet be told."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY JOYS.

BY M.

Flowers, scorched by noonday sun,
Trees, that fall beneath the blast,
Stars, which vanish one by one,
All too beautiful to last.

Emblems are they, fair and bright,
Of the fleeting joys of earth:
For a moment charm our sight,
Fading, almost from their birth.

But the everlasting throne,
The life of *yon angelic throng*,
The glory of th' Exalted One,
Whose matchless love is still their song—

Are not more lasting than the bliss
Of the redeemed, who enter heaven.
Oh! less than nought compared with this,
Are all the joys to worldlings given.

Then ponder well, and wisely choose!
What can it profit thee,
To gain the world, if thou should'st lose
Thy soul, eternally?

NOTES ON HISTORY.

No. III.

THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME.

BY VALENTINE SLYBOOTS.

"Septemque unâ sibi muro circumdedit arces."—VIRGIL.

It would be difficult to fix upon another spot in Italy, so well adapted for the seat of a great city, as that cluster of small hills rising from an extensive plain, which was chosen by the founder of Rome. From this peculiarity of its situation, we find among the numerous epithets of the ancient city that of "*septi-collis*;" and so fond were the people of multiplying festal days, that a solemn ceremony, as we are informed by Varro,* was annually celebrated in the month of December, called "*Dies Septimontium*"—the day of the Seven Hills. In modern Rome, these hills are not so marked and conspicuous as they were in ancient times, owing doubtless to the devastations which have swept over them, the gradual abrasion of their substance, and the elevation of the plain by the ruins which have fallen, during the lapse of so many centuries. The highest of the seven now appears only one hundred and fifty-four feet above the level of the Tiber.† Their names were the Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Caelian, Esquiline, Viminal and Quirinal. Let us glance shortly at the chief objects of interest on each.

The Capitoline Hill—originally called *Mons Saturnius*, and afterwards *Tarpeius*—received its name from a human head (*caput*) which, if tradition be true, was dug out of the earth entire, by the workmen employed by Tarquinius Priscus to build a temple to Jupiter—a circumstance hailed by the Augurs as a happy omen. This hill was at once the citadel or fortress of Rome, and the seat of its Tutelar Divinities. Indeed, when we consider its size, the number of temples which are said to have been erected on it will appear utterly incredible, unless we at the same time bear in mind that these did not all exist at the same time; nor were they, in general, buildings of anything like that vast extent so vaguely and commonly ascribed to the temples of antiquity. These sacred structures were often very limited in size, narrow, dark, and oblong—constructed only to receive the statues of their respective gods, whom

the priests alone approached, while the worshippers filled the porticoes or crowded the colonnades without. Of this description was the temple to Jupiter Feretrius, on the Capitoline Hill, founded by Romulus himself, the original dimensions of which, if we may believe Dionysius of Halicarnassus, were only ten feet long, by five feet broad.* It was afterwards, however, extended and beautified, chiefly by the Emperor Augustus. The principal object on this hill was the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the Guardian Divinity of Rome, supported by a hundred pillars, and towering above the fanes of Jupiter Custos, Jupiter Tonans, Fortuna, Fides, and the inferior Deities. It was repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt with great magnificence—the Emperor Domitian alone expending twelve thousand talents in gilding it.† In the centre of the temple, with Juno on the right hand, and Minerva on the left, sat the Thunderer on a throne of gold, wielding at once the sceptre of the earth and the lightning of the skies. Hither the consuls repaired to implore the favour of the gods before going out to battle, and victorious generals marched in triumph to present their spoils, and offer hecatombs to Tarpeian Jove. Here, too, the Senate—the Conscript Fathers—assembled at critical times in the history of the Commonwealth, to deliberate as it were in the immediate presence of the guardian gods of Rome. In early times, and even at so late a period as the three hundred and ninetyeth year after the building of the city, it was the annual custom of the Chief Magistrate to drive a nail, on the Ides of September, into the wall of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus: and by the number of nails, the years of the state were computed, "*quia*," says Livy, "*rara per ea tempora licera erant*."

The Tarpeian Rock, on that side of the Capitoline Hill, which overlooks the Campus Martius, was, as every scholar knows, the spot set apart for the infliction of capital punishment; the criminals condemned to death being hurled to destruction in the sight of all the people. This

* De Ling. Lat. lib. 5.

† Phil. Transactions Vol. LXXVII. year 1777.

* Dion. Hal. l. 2.

† Putarch; Life of Publicola.

precipice—a hundred feet in perpendicular height—might be scaled by a staircase of a hundred steps, cut out of the rock, as we are informed by Tacitus,* to form a short approach from the plain beneath, to the summit of the Capitol. Of all the ancient glory of this hill scarce one vestige remains—its temples and palaces are now one mass of rubbish, venerable and classical it is true, but rubbish still—and nothing left unhurt by the hand of the barbarian, or the gentler touch of time, save the solid rock—“*Capitoli immobile saxum.*”

The Palatine Hill, the centre of the seven, was the nursery of infant Rome, the spot on which Romulus founded the city. It was covered with numerous public edifices—among others, the Greek and Latin Libraries formed by Augustus, and the temple erected by him in honour of Apollo, where the well known “*Carmen Sæculare*” of Horace was sung, in presence of the Emperor, by twenty-seven of the young nobility of Rome, and the same number of high-born virgins. This hill was chiefly distinguished as the seat of the Imperial Palace, begun by Augustus, and not completed till the days of the infamous Caligula. This immense structure was injured by fire on different occasions, but restored by Domitian with a renewed gorgeousness and beauty, befitting the residence of the proud masters of the world.

In more remote times, there stood on this hill, as we are told by Valerius Maximus,† a temple dedicated to the goddess “*Viriplaca*,” or “*Apparator of Husbands.*” Whenever any dispute arose between man and wife, to this temple they repaired, and having laid their plaint before the goddess, returned, marvellous to tell, perfectly reconciled to each other! Doubtless some of our married readers will lament that such temples cannot be found in these latter days; but alas! as Mr. Gibbon demurely observes‡—“The epithet ‘*Viriplaca*’ too clearly indicates on which side submission and repentance were *always* expected.”

The Aventine Hill was the spot selected by Remus for the foundation of the city, while Romulus chose the Palatine. As they stood,—each on his favourite hill—awaiting some sign of approval from the gods, six vultures, it is said, appeared and rested above Remus and his followers, while twelve were seen to wheel around his brother’s head. In consequence of this unpropitious augury, the Aventine Hill was for some time believed unfortunate. The principal buildings of which it afterwards became the seat, were the temples of Isis and Juno, and that of

Diana, erected in the reign of Servius Tullius, the fifth King of Rome, at the joint expense of all the Latin Tribes, in imitation of the famous temple of the same goddess at Ephesus, built by the cities of Asia. On the declivity of this hill, and partly in the plain beneath, stood the most extensive of the public “*Thermæ*” of Rome, the Baths of Caracalla, which may still be seen in a state of comparatively good preservation, measuring eighteen hundred and forty feet in length, and fourteen hundred and seventy-six feet in breadth,—a stupendous monument of ancient splendour and refinement.

The Cælian Hill was originally called “*Querquetulanus*,” from the number of oaks, (*quercus*) which clothed its sides, and took the name of *Cælius* from Cæles Vibenna, an Etruscan Chief, who settled on it with a band of followers. In shape it is long, low, and narrow. The most remarkable object on its summit, which greets the eye of the modern traveller is an ancient temple, of circular form, and supported by sixty granite pillars of the Ionic Order—now known as the Church of *San Stefano in rotondo*. It is uncertain who was the tutelary God of this temple—some supposing it, chiefly on the authority of a passage in Frontinus,* to have been dedicated to the Emperor Claudius, deified after death, while others with less appearance of truth, conceive it to have been the sanctuary of Faunus, the most sportive of the sylvan powers—“*Nympharum fugientium anator.*” On this eminence there also stood, in ancient times, the “*Mucellum Magnum*” or great market-house, mentioned by Publius Victor and others—the famous “*Cenaculum*” of Domitian, called the “*Mica Aurea*,”‡ where his most luxurious entertainments were given—the magnificent Lateran Palace,‡ the residence of Phœvius Lateranus, the Consul Elect who conspired with Seneca and others against the life of Nero—and the beautiful statue in brass of the philosophic Emperor, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, now standing on a modern pedestal in the square of the Capitol. Branching off from the Cælian Hill was the little *Mons Cælius*, the spot where the inhuman Domitian ordered the Apostle John to be cast into a cauldron of boiling oil.

The Esquiline—separated from the Cælian by the “*Suburra*,” the quarter where the wealthiest and noblest Romans lived—was of considerable extent, and covered with elegant buildings both private and public. Here stood the temples of Venus and Cupid, and *Miæra Medica*, the sacred grove of Juno,§ and an altar, as we are in-

* Hist. Vitel. War; l. 3. c. 71.

† Val. Max. l. 2. c. 1.

‡ Roman Empire, vol. iv. p. 379, 400.

§ De Agri Cultibus Art. 76. p. 115. Ed. 1722. 4to.

¶ Martini; lib. 2. ep. 59.

‡ Juvenal Sat. 10. v. 15.

§ Ovid; Fast. l. 2. v. 435.

formed by Cicero,* consecrated to the goddess Bad Fortune—to such a degrading depth of absurdity did Pagan Superstition sink its votaries! On this hill were also situated the public Baths erected by Titus,† and the Palace of the same Emperor, wherein stood, accord to Pliny,‡ the far famed statue of Laocoon and his sons, the joint production of Agesander, Polidorus, and Athenodorus of Rhodes. In early times, a considerable portion of the Esquiline Hill was set apart as a cemetery for the slaves and lowest of the populace; their bodies being sometimes burnt, but very often thrown into uncovered graves. To remove these noisome objects, and to beautify the city, Augustus presented this spot to his favourite Maccenas, who crowned it with gardens and groves, and erected a high tower—

“*Molem propinquam nubibus arduis;*”

from the top of which, at an after period, Nero, contemplated with fiendish delight the spectacle of Rome in flames.¶

The Viminal Hill, lying to the North of the Esquiline, is the most uninteresting and unimportant of the seven. It appears to have received its name from being planted with osiers (*vimen*).¶ From the foundations which still remain, it would appear that the buildings of this hill consisted chiefly of Baths, both public and private—structures which were multiplied by the ancient Romans to an extent almost beyond belief, and of which none but the classical scholar can form an adequate conception. The rich and the poor alike partook of this luxury—the public establishments being under the superintendence of competent officers, and the common expence of a bath, independently of the costly oils with which the bodies of the wealthy were anointed, being no more than a *quadrans*, the fourth part of an *as*, which is equivalent to a sterling half-penny.

The Quirinal Hill was long, uneven, and irregularly shaped. It was added to the city by Numa Pompilius.** The temples of Venus Erycina, and Salus or Health,—the Baths of Constantine, and the sumptuous house and forum of the historian Sallust, all rested on this eminence. But its chief ornaments were the temples dedicated to the Sun, and to Romulus, deified under the name of Quirinus. The former was built by the Emperor Aurelian,†† and overlooked the Campus Martius. It was renowned for its splendour; the massive pillars which supported

its portals having been—if we may judge by a fragment remaining in the Colonna Garden—at least seventy feet in height, and seven in diameter, all of the whitest marble, and the elaborate Corinthian order. The more ancient temple to Quirinus was built after the death of Romulus, murdered, it is said, by the Senate; who then, with a view to satisfy his attached subjects, affirmed that they had seen him ascend, to take his seat among the immortal gods. This structure—one of unusual grandeur, and standing on the verge of the hill facing the Viminal—was approached by a noble flight of marble steps, and supported by seventy-six lofty columns. Yet all that now remains is the marble staircase, which has been removed from its ancient site, and adorns the modern Church of *Ara Caeli* on the summit of the Capitol. On the skirts of the Quirinal Hill was situated the “*Campus Sceleratus*,” where every Vestal Virgin, guilty of incontinency, was buried alive in a narrow vault with a bed, a lamp, a little oil, and a small allowance of bread, water and milk, to prolong her awful death.*

Such were the seven hills on which sat the Mistress of the ancient world. We might add the *Mons Pincius*, so called from the noble Pincian Family, or *Collis Hortulorum*, from the number of its suburban gardens—a hill which was annexed to the city by the Emperor Aurelian; and on the other side of the Tiber, the *Janiculum*, and the *Mons Vaticanus*. But our NOTES have already extended too far; and enough, we trust, has been said to assist the reader of history in comprehending those numerous allusions to the Hills of Rome, which must so often meet his eye.

CALAIS.

BY THE REV. W. PULLING.

Windy standing, Calais, by thy billowy rear,
Spell-like, methought, times present pass'd away,
And Scotia's Mary, 'mid the silv'ry spray,

Embark'd I saw to reach her native shore.

She was as lovely as in fabled lore

The Nereids were, but ah! no longer gay.

Tears bath'd her cheeks, and grief all-heavy lay

On her yoting heart. She France might see no more.

“Alas! these restless seas,” aloud she cried,

“Soon, France beloved! will hide thee from my gaze;

But in thy realms my thoughts will ever dwell!

Would with my royal consort I had died:

Fear whispers me that all my future days

Are hate and sorrow's prey—Farewell, farewell!”

* *De Nat. Deor.* iii. 25.

† Sueton. *Vit.* Tit.

‡ *Zib* 36, c. 5.

§ Horace; *Carm.* iii. 29.

¶ Sueton. *Vit.* Nero.

¶ Varro; *lv.* 8.

** Dion. *Hist.* iii. 16.

†† *Vopiscus; Vit. Aurel.* c. 33.

* Dion. *Hist.* ii. 17.

KATRINE;

A SIMPLE TALE.

BY E. L. C.

Kind wishes and good deeds will render back
More than thou e'er canst sum;

The source of outward joy lies deep within.

R. H. DANA.

In a small village of Germany, where the traveller through the picturesque scenery of the "exalting and abounding Rhine," often pauses for rest and refreshment, there stands, at the foot of a hill whose summit is crowned with woods, and whose sloping sides are beautiful with terraced vines, an ancient looking farm-house, shaded by broad chestnuts, that when clothed in their summer garniture almost hide it from view in their leafy embrace. At the time of which we write, however, the bare branches of these old trees glittered with frost, every twig with its fringe of tiny icicles glancing in the sun of a clear November morning, like the diamonds of a court beauty in the brilliant blaze of a ball-room. Early as was the season, winter seemed already to be treading on the steps of autumn, for a light snow covered the ground, and tree and shrub were seared and well-nigh shorn of their faded foliage. Groups of cows and sheep, surprised by the sudden cold, stood clustered here and there in sunny nooks among the many gables of the antiquated building, while round the door-stone, there was a perfect chorus of the feathered tribe, gabbling and cackling importunately for the bounty they were there in the daily habit of receiving.

Long columns of blue smoke streaming from the capacious chimneys of the dwelling, indicated the plenty and comfort which abode within, and there indeed, at the present moment, all wore an air of domestic bustle, at least in the ample kitchen of the establishment, where the good-wife, her sleeves turned back to her elbows, was busy, assisted by a sturdy maid-servant, in culinary preparations for some approaching festival. Her broad dimensions, her active movements, and resolute manner showed her to be a thrifty and stirring housewife,—while the restless motion of her eye, her firmly compressed lip, and the imperative tones in which she issued her commands, declared no less her love of rule, and her repugnance to contradiction from any beneath her sway. Six years had passed since she was liberated from her nominal subjection to a most yielding and submissive lord, and during that

time the love of power had increased upon her in a ratio proportioned to the growth of her worldly wealth and prosperity. Something just now seemed to cause her unusual disturbance, for in the course of her operations she often glanced impatiently through a window that commanded a view of the road, and then turned away muttering and with an expression of deeper vexation on her countenance. At length, in crossing the room with a huge patty in her hands, towards a heated oven ready to receive it, some impellent entangled her foot, and but for the alertness of the servant girl, who caught it from her mistress' hands, the pie would have fallen to the floor and been demolished. Stooping down, the dame snatched up a small sprig of fir which had been the cause of her threatened mishap, and casting it angrily among some boughs that were piled in a corner, she exclaimed in no gentle tone;—

"That girl Katrine is enough to drive one out of their senses! Two long hours she has been gone, and I see no sign of her coming back; and there lies her work unfinished—and unfinished it shall be unless she returns to do it—no one else shall make the garlands for her wedding, I promise her. All day yesterday I suffered her to stay with her old uncle, who I thought, might by good luck die before night, while I toiled and slaved in the kitchen to make ready her marriage feast; but if she were not to marry my nephew I would give myself no further concern about her, an ungrateful hussy that she is!"

As she finished this outburst of her wrath, smiling as she spoke the action to the words, the door opened, and a young girl wrapped in a cloak, the hood of which was thrown over her head, entered.

"So, ho! you have got back at last," explained dame Wolframm eying her with a sharp and angry glance. "I began to think you were going to spend the day with the old toy-man, and if you had dared do so, I do not believe even Wilhelm would have unbarred the door for you, when you returned and knocked at it."

The girl whom she so harshly addressed, and

who, while she was speaking had cast aside her cloak, was young and fair, somewhat *embonpoint* it is true, but with delicate features, eyes of a lovely blue, large soft and intelligent, and fair hair, bright and abundant, which was gathered into a braid at the back part of her head. Her costume was the simple and picturesque one worn by the peasantry in the district where she dwelt, and consisted of a short full petticoat of dark blue stuff, and a crimson bodice fitting tightly to her figure, but made without sleeves, those of her chemise reaching from the shoulder to the elbow, leaving uncovered the round white arms, which were of a beauty to be coveted by many a high-born lady.

She moved, when disarrayed of her outer garment, towards the evergreens that lay in the corner, and began to disengage some half-formed garlands from the mass, saying earnestly in reply to her mistress,

"I was sorry to stay, ma'am, but indeed I could not help it, for my poor uncle had passed a bad night and was much worse. Grutchen too was away, and I had to kindle his fire and make gruel, and do many things for his comfort before I left him, or my going would have been of no use. But he seemed so much better when I came away, that I hope he will now be able to do without me; and I think he will, as Grutchen has promised to take what care of him she can."

The dame, somewhat appeased by this assurance, said in a tone slightly softened,

"Good! then I hope there will be no more of this gadding, for if it had kept on, I verily believe there would have been a regular break between you and Wilhelm. As it is, you must have frittered away more of your savings, than you ought to spare at this time, in buying dainties for the old man, that he was never used to; and after all, he cares not half so much for you as he does for one of his own paltry toys,—so that I know not what sort of a figure you expect to make on your wedding day, for sure I am, your purse now can never reach the pretty boddico and lawn sleeves which we saw at *Madam Eisehart's* the last time we were in the city."

"No ma'am!" said Katrine quietly, "nor am I sorry to give up that which I always thought much too fine for one like me—something simple will suit me better, and I trust Wilhelm will not love me the less for my plain attire."

"Perhaps not—nor any better!" said the dame, with a scornful toss of her head—"only have a care that Meta does not outshine you in his eyes—that is all."

And seeing the painful blush which this insinuation brought to the poor girl's cheek, her tyrannical mistress turned away with a smile of

satisfaction, and resumed with new zeal the ordinary labours she had for a moment suspended; bidding Katrine make haste and complete the garlands, for she would not have such a litter of leaves and sticks about another day. The young girl, glad to be left unmolested, cheerfully obeyed, and proceeded to complete the garland already commenced, and to weave others of different sizes from the dark sprigs of fir, and flexile branches of ivy, which had been gathered for the purpose, among the green leaves of which she interspersed flowers, that she cut with amazing celerity, and in very good imitation of nature, from strips of various colored paper, that lay on the table beside her. These beautiful wreaths, for beautiful they were, were designed to adorn the apartment, in which, on that day week, Katrine was to plight her marriage vows to Wilhelm Getzler, the nephew of her mistress.

In Germany these elegant decorations are indispensable wherever any festival, either public or private, is to be celebrated. At a marriage or a funeral, and above all at the merry season of Christmas, every dwelling, from the palace of the prince to the hut of the meanest peasant, is hung with them, and the different flowers of which they are composed, indicate as plainly as words, the nature of the occasion they are intended to grace. In those which Katrine now wore, she twined the rose and the forget-me-not, with other symbolical blossoms of equally tender meaning; but often, as she silently plied her task, an unbidden tear fell from her eyes, and hung sparkling like a dew-drop on the dark leaves of the ivy, for her heart had not its wonted buoyancy, and it yielded to a strange presentiment that the garlands she was weaving for her own bridal, were destined to grace that of another.

On the preceding morning her lover had left her in anger, because she refused to accompany him to a fair, thinking it her duty instead, to devote herself to her sick uncle, a poor and lonely old man, who was, besides, the only relative she had in the world. Since then, she had not seen Wilhelm, and now at the sound of every step, she turned her eye expectingly towards the door, but he came not; noon passed and he was still absent, and Katrine each moment felt more deeply how cruel was his unkindness, at a time especially, when she most needed his affection and support. But the temper which he thus exhibited heightened almost to agony a fear, which had often intruded itself, that her union with him would be productive of unhappiness. She could not deny that he possessed too many of his aunt's unamiable traits of character, though he had a far more compassionate and kindly heart. Still, like her, he was irritated by the slightest opposition to his wishes

and though rarely vindictive, yet any fancied neglect or injury, roused in him a thirst for revenge, which at any personal risk or inconvenience he would find occasion to gratify. His disposition also was tinged with a degree of jealousy which often made him fancy a rival where none existed, and led him to the indulgence of feelings that had embittered to the confiding Katrine, many hours of their intercourse, which might otherwise have been to both, hours of golden enjoyment.

Yet he had many redeeming points of character, and these had won her love. He was manly and generous, but too impulsive—industrious also, and steady in his habits—and he sustained a probity which had gained the entire confidence of his employer, Herrmann Desseldorf, a jeweller of repute in the city, who was so well satisfied with him, that more than once of late he had given him reason to hope he might, in the course of another year, become a partner in the business. Desseldorf was also well pleased with the choice Wilhelm had made of a wife—for he saw Katrine at a grape-gathering in the autumn, and was so much struck with her modest and gentle demeanor, that he warmly congratulated the lover on his prospects, recommended that the marriage should not be long delayed, and proposed, when his mother, with whom he now resided, should leave him in the spring to live with a married daughter in Berlin, to make his home with them until he should provide one of his own.

Such was the present position of Katrine, and notwithstanding the fears and doubts as to her future happiness which would sometimes torment her, she still looked forward with pleasure to the termination of the weary bondage which for six long years she had endured beneath the sway of a harsh and exacting mistress. Grateful indeed she was for the shelter and protection that had been furnished to her, a helpless orphan, and for all the useful and practical knowledge she had been taught, and too humble she was to permit the thought, that by her industry, her docility, her excellent judgment and good sense, she had more than repaid all the benefits which had been selfishly bestowed upon her. At the time when Katrine became an inmate of the farm-house, she was living with her uncle, to whose charge, when she was about seven or eight years old, she had been consigned by her widowed mother on her death-bed. This man, Hans Gassen, was a maker of toys, which he hawked about the country far and wide, obtaining thereby, as appeared from his habits, but a mean and scanty livelihood. While his sister lived, he occupied a corner in her humble dwelling, but when she died he took the

child she had bequeathed to him, who with her mother were the only living beings that ever seemed to awaken one spark of affection in his breast, and renting a small garret in an obscure lane of the city, he removed thither with the little orphan, and for several years, shared with her the poor pittance on which he himself subsisted.

Silent, and almost morose as her uncle was in his demeanor, the child, early accustomed to his manner, entertained no dread of him, but domiciled herself at once in his miserable apartment; and when the first tide of natural grief for her mother's loss had subsided, she began to take pride, young as she was, in exercising her female thrift, by seeking to impart an air of comfort to her new and desolate abode. Recalling ever the neatness of her own humble home, she strove as far as she was able to make that in which she now dwelt resemble it, laboring daily with her small hands, to restore cleanliness to the dingy floor, and brightness to the rusty stove which stood unlighted through many a wintry day, when a little genial warmth would have been a blessed boon to poor Katrine's tender limbs. But she never murmured nor complained, and if old Hans did but relax his rigid features into half a smile as he looked upon her, and say as he sometimes did, "Good child! I would for thy sake this bitter poverty were not my lot—but God sends it, Katrine, and we must not repine at his will;" it would seem to her that a sunbeam suddenly entered the dark garret, and made all bright within it.

There were days, however, when he scarcely addressed to her a word, but sat mumbly unintelligibly to himself, as he carved and fashioned quaint figures of animals and men, which he soon taught the child to aid him in embellishing by a dab of paint, a shred or two of silk, or a tiny tuft of feathers, as each might require. In reward for her little labors, he once, in a fit of good humour, made her an image of St. Nicholas nearly a foot in height, which he placed on a shelf above her reach, that it might not be injured by handling, but in whose pouch at Christmas time some gift of sweet-meats or cakes was always found by the expecting child, the bounty, not of her uncle, but of an old woman, named Grutchen, who tenanted a room on the ground floor, and with a little stock in trade of nuts and gingerbread, made out to earn the trifle which supported her. She was a kind-hearted creature, and felt such pity for the poor orphan—who, when the old man was away with his toys, remained often alone for weeks together—that she showed her all the kindness in her power, and from her small earnings furnished her with many little comforts, and even necessaries, without which, in her un-

ele's absence especially, Katrine must have suffered.

These nets on the part of Grutchen, awakened the strongest gratitude and affection in the young girl's heart, and she longed for the time to arrive when she might be able in some measure to repay her good friend's kindness, and also to alleviate the poverty of her uncle. For, notwithstanding his constant traffic in toys, going forth often, with his baskets full, and returning with them empty, the profits of his sales were never exhibited—on the contrary he complained ever of bad bargains, and of his heavy travelling expenses, which since people had grown so inhospitable, consumed all, except a few kreutzers, that he could earn. Sometimes she thought that he actually grudged her the poor morsel she ate, for he would give divers hints of her growing stout and tall, and the need there was of her learning—hints that did not pass unheeded by Katrine; for though she sometimes wept that her only relative should be willing to cast her off to the charity of a strange world, yet the wish to be instructed in such employments as belonged to her station and her sex, and as would enable her to provide for herself, and aid those who had shown her such kindness as was in their power, daily gained strength within her, and matured into a fixed and earnest purpose.

To effect this was now her object, and though Grutchen promised to lend her aid, the Providence that shapes our course presented her an occasion for so doing, sooner than she had hoped. One bitter December evening, famished with cold and hunger—for a crust of black-bread and a draught of sour whey, her morning meal, was all which had that day passed her lips—she was returning from the neighbouring village whither she had been to erry home some Christmas toys, when she met Wilhelm Getzler, then a tall strippling of fourteen, accompanied by his aunt, dame Wolfram, with whom he had been to attend a christening in the city. The dame cast a cold glance on poor Katrine as she passed, but the boy eyed her with a look of interest, not unmingled with pity, and pausing, said—

"Stop, good aunt, I have my pocket full of cakes, and this poor child I am sure looks as if she could eat some."

"Cakes, indeed?" echoed the unfeeling woman, "it were small charity, boy, to let her taste the difference between them and the nasty bread which is her daily fare. Come on, we are yet half a mile from home, and the sun has just set behind the hills."

"Wait one moment," said the lad as he slipped half a dozen cakes into Katrine's hand, who thanked him with a smile that broke like sun-

shine over her features, and gave to Wilhelm such a revelation of her beauty, that he called out eagerly—

"Pray wait, aunt, a moment, it is such a fair child—her eyes are the colour of the sky, and her hair is so smooth and bright, though her patched clothes show how very poor she is."

The dame at this, slackened her pace somewhat, while Wilhelm asked Katrine a few questions which she answered with such truthful simplicity, that he again, and still more earnestly appealed to his companion to stop, adding, as a powerful motive for her compliance—

"You have been searching, good aunt, for a young damsel to assist you in household cares, and here we happen on the very one, who I warrant me will serve you well."

Caught by any thing which promised convenience or advantage to herself, the selfish woman turned back; and fixing her keen eye on Katrine, asked her several questions touching her age and condition, to all of which she replied in a manner that evinced equal ingenuousness and cleverness. The dame well knew old Hans and his toys, and withal moved with some touch of pity towards a child, doomed to live with such a sour and sordid wretch, she proposed to take her at once into her service, and to "do well by her," provided she proved herself industrious and obedient. This Katrine readily promised, and pleased to have so readily obtained the situation she desired, and to be able to free her uncle from what he thought the burden of her maintenance, she proceeded on her homeward way with a light step, and a lighter heart, which was rendered even more buoyant when she related her adventure, by the approval she met with, both from Hans and her friend Grutchen.

In a week after this, Katrine entered on her new vocation, and in it, she proved herself faithful and diligent;—patient, too, and sweet tempered under all the provocations she was forced to endure from a mistress, whose imperious temper, and often unjust requisitions, tested her severely. But in her trials she had the consolation of feeling that though often blamed, often too when she least deserved it, yet in reality her mistress appreciated her services and her endeavours; nor was it seldom that she had the triumph of seeing her unswerving gentleness, subdue the turbulent temper, that strove to exert over her an arbitrary power. To do right was her constant aim, and her standard of right was the only true one—the precepts and example of Christ.

From the day on which her service at the farm commenced, she had found in Wilhelm Getzler a firm and true friend, ever ready to take her part and to shield her, as far as was in

his power, from blame. And this protecting kindness on his part, and the gratitude it awoke on her's, changed gradually into a warm and tender attachment, which ended in a betrothal. Dame Wolfrum, however, had set her heart upon Wilhelm's marrying Meta Kubstall, the pretty, but vain daughter of a wealthy neighbour, who could bring him a substantial dowry; and for a time she violently opposed the proposed union. But her nephew had a will as strong as her own—and in this instance, as it proved, stronger—for she found herself forced to yield to his wishes; and secretly convinced that the choice he had made would ensure his happiness, she at length not only sanctioned it, but as the time fixed for the marriage approached, she showed her interest in it, by engaging earnestly in preparations for the event.

All was going on smoothly and promised well, till old Hans was taken ill, and Katrine, though at this very time her hands and her heart found full employment at home, felt it her duty to go and attend him. In this laudable purpose she was strenuously opposed both by her mistress and her lover, but with all her gentleness, she possessed a firmness of purpose and a strength of principle, which, when the voice of conscience told her she was right, forbade her being swerved from the path of duty, either by the threatenings of anger or the persuasions of affection. For several days, therefore, she remained beside the old man's sick-bed, ministering to his comfort, and generously encroaching on the little hoard which she had long been saving to purchase her marriage outfit, that she might provide him such things as his situation required. All this caused much disturbance to the inmates of the farmhouse, and when at night, leaving her uncle to the care of Grutchen, she returned thither, it was but to meet reproaches from her mistress, and cold or averted looks from her lover. Her refusal to accompany him to the fair, had filled up the measure of his discontent, and he purposely absented himself from the farm, in order to inflict upon her a punishment which she did not deserve.

But her meek spirit had learned of him, who preached forgiveness of injuries, to endure wrong and injustice with patience. So all day long, she went on wearing garlands for her bridal, listening in vain hope for her lover's foot-fall, and striving to banish the secret misgivings that seemed to whisper of some approaching calamity. "He will come to-night, surely," she said inwardly, "and all will be well, and in one week"—she checked herself, for there was a prophetic feeling in her heart, which forbade her to speak with assurance, even mentally, of the

event that was in her thoughts. At that moment the outer door opened, and Katrine turned quickly round, confidently expecting to behold Wilhelm, but it was old Grutchen, and she knew that her evil apprehensions were about to be realized.

"Your uncle is worse, child, and has sent me to fetch you," said the old woman. "He has had an ill turn since you left him, and I do not think he can hold out much longer, so you had best hasten, for it is not well to leave him lying there alone."

"I will come immediately, good Grutchen," she said—"my task is finished for to-day, so that I suppose I may be spared."

"Not with my leave," exclaimed her mistress—"this woman can take care of old Hans as well as yourself, and your duty is here, where I command you to stay."

"But I promised my poor uncle, ma'am, I promised him if he grew worse to return to him," said Katrine pleadingly, "and I cannot think you will forbid my doing this, now that perhaps his last hour has arrived."

"No! I will not forbid you," said the dame, "but let me tell you, that if you persist in going, you not only incur my anger, but you run the risk of losing Wilhelm for ever. He is already vexed at your conduct and this act will not do much to appease him."

"I cannot help it, no! I cannot," exclaimed the poor girl earnestly, "and if he forsakes me because I do my duty, I ought willingly perhaps to give him up."

"Give him up, ha?" shouted the mistress,—"and for a miserly old man, who grudged you a shelter beneath his roof, and cares no more for you, not nor so much as he does for the trumpery toys that he spends his life in making."

"And if he does not," said Katrine mildly, "that is no reason why I should desert him, now when he is helpless and alone. He gave me a home when I was homeless, and I will show my gratitude by doing for him all that I can do, while he lies upon this bed of sickness."

"And supposing he dies;—you will take upon yourself I suppose, to see that he has decent burial," said the dame in a tone of derision.

"I have promised him to do so, ma'am, and I will keep my word."

"Promised him!" echoed her mistress—"the girl is a fool! leave his old carcass to be dealt with by public charity, I tell you—else, if you expend all your earnings in burying it, what have you left with which to buy your wedding gear, and the few household articles which every decent maiden expects to carry into her husband's house on the day of her bridal."

"Nothing indeed, ma'am—still I must so act

as to keep my conscience void of offence, if I would know happiness in my new home,—and if Wilhelm loves me as he once did, he will wait till——”

“Wait forsooth!” interrupted her mistress contemptuously,—“no, that will he not, and he would be an ass if he did, when pretty Meta Kuhstall, with a richer dowry than ever Katrine Von Keefer will bring him, stands ready to become his bride at the first word of asking.”

A bright glow spread itself over Katrine’s fair cheek at these words, and her heart swelled as though it would burst her bodice, but controlling her emotion, she said in a voice tremulous, yet always gentle—

“And if I thought another could be so readily chosen to fill my place, it would but render easier to me the performance of a sacred duty,—nor ought I to feel any sorrow at his loss, if he can forsake me, because I persist in doing what is right.”

“Hoity toity, wench!” exclaimed dame Wolframm, bursting with rage, “things have come to a pretty pass, when one like you, takes such airs upon herself. When Wilhelm Getzler first stooped to mate himself with you, I told him he would live to see the folly of it, for it is an old saying and a true one, that the crow cannot build in the dove’s nest. And now go if you will, but hark ye!—if you are not back here betimes in the morning, it is small matter whether you come at all—but we will not for that, have our merry-making spoiled. Meta can arrange the garlands; and if you choose to sit moping in the old miser’s garret, I warrant me Wilhelm will not be fool enough to hang his harp on the willow, because of your absence.”

As she said these words she flung out of the kitchen in a towering passion, while Katrine, accustomed as she was to similar storms, trembled at the consequences of this; aware that in quitting the house under such circumstances, she might not only provoke Wilhelm to desert her, but also forfeit the protection of a home which had long sheltered her, and thus condemn herself to the desolate and friendless condition of her childhood. An instant she wavered, yet but an instant—for a voice seemed to whisper in her ear, “be not tempted of evil,” and throwing her cloak over her shoulders, she bade the maid servant, who pursued her work through all this scene with the most stolid indifference, tell Dame Wolframm she should if possible, be back by sunrise, and then sallied forth with Grutehen, from the door of the farm-house.

The early part of the day was clear and serene, but as evening approached the weather had changed—the sky wore a dull leaden hue,

the wind whistled shrilly through the leafless trees, and large flakes of snow floated in the air, all indicating the rapid coming of a winter storm. It was more than a mile to the entrance of the suburb in which old Hans dwelt, and part of the way they had to traverse a bleak open country where there was neither tree nor hill, to break the icy force of the blasts which every moment became more cutting and severe. Katrine, however, had too many subjects of sad and gloomy thought within, to feel much discomfort from the war of the elements,—her only concern was for poor old Grutehen, but she was hardy and vigorous for her years, and she trudged on bravely by her companion’s side, till they reached the outskirts of the city, when the clouds, which for some time had been collecting in a dark mass, suddenly poured forth their contents in a fierce tempest of wind and hail, which compelled the wayfarers to seek shelter beneath a deserted stall, where some half dozen persons had already, like themselves, fled for temporary refuge. It was nearly dark, so that she could not distinguish any of the group within, but as she stood looking forth from the door of the stall, Wilhelm, who occupied an opposite corner without her, having perceived him, approached and said suddenly in her ear,

“This is a stormy night for you to be wandering abroad, Katrine, and with such a companion too, as that ugly old woman; though, to be sure, her looks are enough to keep danger at a distance.”

There was something in this cruel ridicule of her good friend that grated sorely on Katrine’s tender feelings, but observing at once the sullen ill-humour evident in her lover’s tone, she said gently,

“You know, Wilhelm, all is not gold that glitters, neither is all dross that shines not as brightly as gold. Grutehen was so kind as to come for me through the cold, because my poor uncle is worse, and wished much to see me—otherwise I should not have ventured out to night, especially as I fear I have much displeased your aunt by doing so.”

“Oh! your first duty of course, is to old Hans, and doubtless he will endow you with all his worldly goods when he dies, as a rich reward for your cure,” said Wilhelm tauntingly.

Katrine made no reply, but she raised her eyes to his with a look of mild reproach which he felt, though he could not see it distinctly; but it brought a blush of shame to his cheek, and angered still more by the hot suffusion, he said peremptorily, but in a low tone, to avoid being overheard,

“I am tired of this folly, Katrine—for a week

past you have been almost the whole time with this old uncle of your's, so that you have found hardly a moment to bestow on me. You remember, I suppose, that a week from this night is the time fixed for our wedding, but how is it to take place, if you do not stay at home to make ready for it?"

"I know not," said Katrine with a perplexed air—"I know not, indeed, unless you will consent to delay it for a few weeks till I can have more leisure to prepare."

"Delay it!" said Wilhelm indignantly, "and just for the sake of an old man to whom you owe nothing."

"I owe him much, Wilhelm; and if I did not, he is my mother's brother,—she loved him and bade me be to him a daughter,—and I should be unworthy to take upon me the duties of a wife, if I could leave him to suffer and die alone, while I thought only of my own happiness."

"But before a week has passed he may be dead and buried, foolish girl, and then will you sit and weep for him, rather than go to the altar, even if ill-prepared, with your affianced husband?"

"Then, Wilhelm," she said hesitatingly, "his illness and his funeral will have consumed so much of my little wealth, that it will be beyond my power to appear, as you would wish your bride should do. Therefore I have counted upon your love to defer our marriage for a few weeks, or months perhaps, till my industry can repair this want, when we may plight our hearts and hands, free from self-reproach, and with a surer prospect of happiness, than could be mine, at least, if I yielded to your wishes now."

"You have counted many times on my love, Katrine, and it did not deceive you, but for once you have counted in vain," he said, in an excited tone. "And let me tell you, too, that I think your excuse a false one—ay, ever since the day of the grape gathering, when Hermann Desseldorf turned your head with his flattery, you have not been like yourself—but I warn you not to raise your hopes to him, for his pride would quickly dash them to the earth. One word more, and I have done,"—and in a deep low voice he added,—"there shall be a bridal on this day week, and it shall be mine—your's, too, if you will—but if not, there is another whom you know, *and she shall stand in your place!*"

As he finished these words, without waiting for a reply, he turned from her and disappeared in the darkness without. Katrine remained for a moment transfixed by amazement, and almost unable to believe she had heard aught those threatening words, but still they sounded harshly in her ears, and her heart swelled almost to

bursting, and scalding tears fell fast from her eyes, as she recalled their cruel purport. The voice of Grutehen, urging her to proceed on their way, as the violence of the brief storm had now abated, aroused her from her momentary stupor, and she followed her from the stall, which all had left, except one individual, who sat with his head bowed down, seemingly asleep, upon an empty bench.

It was quite dark by the time Katrine reached her uncle's attic, the door of which stood ajar, and, assuming a cheerful look, she pushed it softly open and entered. All was still within the miserable chamber, and it was with difficulty she found a match with which to strike a light, for the fire during Grutehen's absence had gone quite out in the stove, and the old man lay extended on his narrow pallet, apparently insensible, and actually blue with the cold. Katrine's kind heart ached as she gazed on him, and forgetting in his misery her own secret troubles, she cast aside her cloak, and rekindling the fire, warmed a little of the soup which she had brought with her, and fed him gently with a few spoonfuls of the nourishing liquid. It seemed at once to revive him, for he swallowed it eagerly, and shortly opening his eyes, he fixed them upon her with a look of affection, which she had seldom seen in them before, and which at this moment touched her deeply. Bending towards him, she said soothingly,

"I have come to nurse you, dear uncle, and I will not leave you again till you are well."

He smiled faintly, and pressing her hand murmured "good child! good child!" then yielding to the drowsiness that crept over him, he closed his eyes and sank into a deep sleep. Katrine sat by him till late in the evening, and then, spreading her bed on the floor beside his, she lay down, wearied in mind and body, to seek the repose she needed. But the cold looks and withering words of Wilhelm haunted her, and would have driven sleep from her eyes, even had the wants of the sick man, which obliged her frequently to rise, permitted her to enjoy it. With the first dawn of morning she was up, and, by her neat-handed industry, soon imparted to the squalid chamber an air of cleanliness and order, which ever carries with it, in the humblest dwelling, some idea of comfort.

Day after day passed on with slight apparent change in old Hans, who lay most of the time in a sort of stupor, except when roused by his kind nurse to take the spoonful of soup or the drop of wine which she offered him. To leave him in this state, and return to the farm-house was impossible, but hoping the anger of dame Wolframu would be somewhat mollified by a few nights of

rest, she despatched Grutchen thither in a day or two to say she would be back as soon as possible, but at present she could not leave her uncle, who was very ill, and in all probability would live but a short time. The answer she received from her mistress was, that as she had left the farm against her advice, she might wait till she was sent for, before she showed herself there again—a message, which, even had she been at liberty, would have forbid her venturing back uncalled.

Neither did Wilhelm seek her at her post of duty, but several times during those lonely days, a basket containing comforting articles for the sick, and wholesome ones for the well, was thrust inside the chamber door, and before the bearer of these bounties could be discovered, he, or she, had disappeared down the narrow and crooked staircase, and escaped unseen. But to her lover's thoughtful affection Katrine's faithful heart ascribed these gifts, erroneously, as it afterwards proved, but at that time of doubt and suffering, this belief spared her the pain of supposing herself an object of his utter neglect; yet it did not prevent her feeling deeply wounded by his absence. Angry as he was when they parted, she had such faith in his love, that she confidently thought it would shortly quench his resentment, and that he would seek her to ask her forgiveness for his unworthy insinuations, and to encourage her, as he should have done from the first, in the performance of her self-sacrificing and arduous duty.

But he came not, and the week was wearing fast away, at the termination of which their marriage was to have been solemnized. Silently she suffered, and not even to Grutchen, who came always at night to relieve her weary watches, did she breathe a word of murmur or complaint. Cheerfully she devoted, not only her time and strength, but most of the little sum which was to have been her wedding portion, to relieve the wants of her poor relative, and to make in his last hours, all things quiet and comfortable about him. And grateful to her heart were the expressions of love towards her, which, ever, in his few moments of consciousness, broke from his lips; and grateful too she was that He, who so sorely tried her, also gave her strength to overcome temptation, and joy, in the consciousness of having faithfully performed her duty.

And so arrived the day which was to have made Katrine a wife, and its earliest dawn found her watching beside her uncle's dying bed, who, it was now apparent, had not many hours to live. Grutchen had left her at daybreak, and as she sat alone, her mind filled with thoughts of that solemn future which extends beyond the curtain of

time, whose events seemed to her at this moment in comparison, but as the trifles of children, when a low tap at the door aroused her, and on opening it, she started at beholding Wilhelm. His look was grave, and as soon as she appeared he said coldly, and without any other greeting,

"Katrine, this is the day named for our marriage, and I come now to know your final determination respecting it. I have kept away on purpose that you might have time to reflect, before I asked again, if you intend this day to fulfil your solemn promise. Tell me briefly yes, or no—for the question must be decided now."

"Wilhelm, my poor uncle is dying, and you will not, I am sure, ask me to leave him alone at such a moment!" she said gently.

"I am answered then, and you refuse to fulfil your engagement?" he said sternly.

"I cannot fulfil it now," she faintly replied, "no, nor at present, Wilhelm, and the reason why I would delay it for a while I have told you, and trusted you would approve."

"But I do not," he said angrily; "I think it a false excuse. My aunt has all things in readiness for a wedding, and I will not be balked by your folly. We must be married this night or not at all."

"Let it be not at all then," said Katrine, her meek spirit roused by his unfeeling conduct. "If you loved me as you once did, you would not wound me by such bitter words, and if I am no longer dear to you, it is better—yes, far better—that we should part."

Her voice faltered as she said this, and tears, which she could no longer restrain, poured from her eyes; but unmoved by them he replied coldly,

"Be it so Katrine, we are no longer bound to each other. Farewell, and may you not have cause to repent the words you have just now spoken," and so saying, he turned away and abruptly departed.

Katrine felt that the die was cast, and her fate finally decided—and though stunned for a moment by the certainty, that the fond hopes and plans of years were suddenly crushed forever, yet indignation at the unjust and cruel treatment she had received, soon dried up her tears, and mitigated the pain and mortification she endured. Towards sunset Hans Gassen breathed his last; and that evening, which was to have witnessed her gny bridal, she spent, aided by Grutchen, in preparing for their last resting place, the mortal remains of her only earthly relative. She had often promised the old man during his life time, and again in his last sickness, that he should not be buried by public charity, a circumstance which he seemed greatly to dread, and this promise it

was of course her purpose to fulfil, though she knew that the funeral expenses would empty her slender purse of its last kreutzer, which would then furnish an insufficient sum, without the sale of all the movables which the meagre apartment contained.

These, therefore, were disposed of by Grutchen to a friend of hers, who wished to rent the room, and the trifle they brought was considerably paid, before possession was given to the new occupant. On the day succeeding his death the toy-maker was buried, and the funeral, through the exertions of his dutiful niece, was conducted, decently and in order. Many persons in Hans' own walk in life, in whose humble dwellings he, with his basket of toys had long been a familiar guest, and always a welcome one to the younger members of the household, came to pay a last tribute to his poor remains, and to lay on his coffin the scanty garlands, which, throughout Germany, are the universal testimony of respect and affection at the grave, and of joy and gladness at every festive gathering.

Slight reason indeed had Katrine, to regret the loss of her relative, yet his image was so closely associated with all her childish recollections, and so linked with the memory of her mother, that he seemed to her the only being on whom she had any claim, and now that he was gone, she felt that she stood alone in the world, unconnected by any tie of blood with one individual of the human family, nor likely, since Wilhelm had proved false to her, to form those new and endearing ties which it is the natural desire of every woman's heart to cement. Oppressed with the sense of her loneliness, she returned mournful and sad from the grave of her uncle, to the desolate garret, from which he had been borne forth never more to return.

She was homeless and forsaken—forsaken of all save her Father in heaven, in whom she had early learned to place her trust, and in whose ear, casting herself upon her knees beside the bed where her uncle had expired, she poured forth the prayer of a wounded and humble heart;—entreating of him strength to sustain her in all the trials of her life, and asking a trusting faith to guide her safely through her lonely pilgrimage to the blessed haven of her rest. Long and earnestly she prayed, and in that hour of still and fervent communion with her Maker, he seemed to draw nigh unto her, and to be indeed a present reality to her soul. When she arose, her before troubled countenance was bright and serene, and though traces of tears were in her eyes, their glance was upward, and the light on which they gazed shed its divine radiance into the innermost recesses of her spirit, filling it with that calm peace, that

trusting hope, which earth gives not, neither can it take away.

The shades of twilight had deepened while she remained at her devotions, and the chamber, when she arose, would have been profoundly dark, but for the dancing flame which shone through the crevices of the stove, into which she had cast a few faggots on her first entrance, for the night was damp and chill, and they still continued blazing, illuminating with their friendly gleams the low and narrow room. As she turned round she started on beholding the figure of a man, standing in a broad stream of light that issued from the mouth of the stove; he was earnestly regarding her, and perceiving at a glance that it was not Wilhelmina Getzler, as she at first supposed, she was passing in alarm to the door, when he moved towards her, and said in a gentle voice—

“Do not be frightened, Katrine. I mean you no harm, but I wish to speak with you for a few minutes, if you will grant me leave.”

The soothing tone of the speaker, together with another hasty look, reassured her, for she instantly recognized in him Wilhelm's master, Hermann Desseldorf.

“I pray you to forgive me,” he continued, “for intruding on your privacy. I knocked twice and receiving no answer, ventured to enter; for the door stood partly open, and I was desirous of seeing you to-night.”

“There needs no excuse, sir,” said Katrine, slightly agitated—“but I trust you bring me no ill tidings,—nothing of — of —.” She hesitated, deeply blushing, and he finished the sentence for her.—

“Of Wilhelm Getzler, you would say—no! nothing, Katrine, that ought to cause you disturbance;” he paused a moment, and then added,—“but you know, perhaps, that he was married last night to Meta Kuhlstall!”

A faint exclamation fell from the poor girl's lips at this confirmation of her lover's faithlessness; and, turning deadly pale, she grasped the back of the chair, beside which she stood, for support.

“Nay, you do not well to regret such an one,” said the jeweller kindly. “He is not worthy of you, Katrine! Had he been, he would but have loved you the better for your resolution, at all risks, to do your duty, instead of basely deserting you, as he has done, in a time of trial and of trouble. You marvel how I know all this, but I was among the group in the old stall when you took shelter there from the storm—and will you forgive me when I tell you that I suffered myself to overhear the conversation which then passed between you and your unworthy lover? and having heard that, you may be sure, I have

let nothing relating to your conduct or to Wilhelm's escape my observation since. But do not think that, in thus acting, I was stimulated by idle curiosity—some particulars had come to my knowledge of the tyranny exercised over you by Dame Wolfram, and of the meek spirit with which you endured it. These called forth my interest in your welfare, which I thought was to be secured by your union with Wilhelm, till the night of meeting you in the stall, when all that I heard, changed my opinion, and convinced me I had been mistaken.

"I am aware also of the cruel neglect with which he has treated you since you have been in attendance on your uncle, and of his visit to you yesterday morning,—also of what passed between you then, as it was related to me by one, a good friend of yours, who overheard all—notwithstanding which, I confess I was somewhat surprised to learn to-day that he really put his threat into execution, and was married last night. Heaven help the foolish girl who has been rash enough to wed him, under such circumstances; though well indeed does she deserve the fate, which you have been so fortunate as to escape."

"Oh sir!" said Katrine, brushing away the falling tears, "I can forgive his faithlessness to me, for sure I am, he was urged to it by his aunt, who had ever a desire that he should marry Meta. But he does not love her, and I fear that wretchedness will be the portion of both."

"And if so, it will be no more than they deserve, Katrine—they, who, saw the wind, must expect to reap the whirlwind, for even in this life there is a just retribution to the evil and the good, not perhaps in outward circumstances, but in the goading or the peace of the ever living conscience. Enough now of him—let me speak to you a moment of yourself—tell me, and truly, if you have any friend to lend you aid in this your hour of need and destitution?"

"None, sir, upon earth, except the poor woman who lives below, and she has been to me, since the lonely days of my childhood, a true and generous friend. But I should be ungrateful to repine at my lot, while health and strength are granted me to earn for myself an honest livelihood; and this I must now strive to do, by seeking service with some kind mistress, who will give me the quiet shelter of a home."

"Since such is your intention," said the young man, "I can forthwith direct you to one, who will not only protect you from wrong, but love and cherish you for the goodness, which they, who have it not themselves, know not how to prize in you. My mother, Katrine, is at this very moment in search of a young girl like yourself to manage for her the concerns of her household,

and if it is your choice to accept this situation, I promise, that you will find her service no irksome task. In six months she goes to Berlin to reside with my sister, and you shall accompany her thither, or, if you prefer remaining here, we will then provide for you another kind mistress and a peaceful home."

Tears of joy filled Katrine's eyes at this proposal, and her heart leaped up in gratitude to her heavenly Father for his protecting care and love. For a moment, however, the remembrance of Wilhelm's unjust taunt respecting his master's flattery, which in truth had never been administered to her, came like a cloud upon this brightening gleam of fortune, but instantly the thought arose "why should I let a few angry words bar me from the home whose door God has opened to me in my misfortunes?"—and casting away all fear of ridicule or reproach, she said, with grateful earnestness,

"Oh, sir, how can I ever thank you for your kindness to me, a poor and friendless girl—for to become even the servant of madam Desseldorf, of her whose goodness is the praise of all tongues, is greater happiness than I deserve."

"Not her servant, Katrine, but her friend and her companion," said Hermann, touched by the poor girl's deep emotion—"She knows the story of your wrongs and trials, and it is by her wish that I make you this proposal. Shall we consider it all settled, and may I tell her that you will be with her to-morrow?"

"Oh yes! I have nothing now to keep me here," she said, glancing sadly round the room; "and such a change will be a blessing to me."

"And is there any thing here that you wish to take with you, or to dispose of before you go, Katrine?"

"Nothing sir, except this small box, which holds all my wardrobe, and which I can take in my hand. The little furniture which the room contains, poor as it is, has been sold, and the trifle which it brought is already expended in defraying necessary expenses."

"Still, if there be any thing, Katrine, though in truth there does not seem much here, that one would covet—still, if there be the slightest article which you would like to keep, in memory of your uncle, I pray you to say so, and let me have the privilege of leaving the price of it here, where its first purchaser may find it."

"Ah, sir, your goodness makes a child of me," she said, brushing away the grateful tears as she spoke—"but I need not take advantage of it, as the only thing which my uncle ever gave me, I have kept, and intend to take with me. It is the image of St. Nicholas which stands yonder, a mere toy, and of no value to any one except my-

self. But he made it for me when I was a child, and I recollect his telling me that it was all he should ever bequeath me, and that I must never part with it, nor must I while he lived, remove it from the shelf where it now stands."

"That was an odd whim of the old man's;" said the jeweller, as crossing the room he laid his hand on the image—but it resisted his efforts to raise it from its place.

"It is fastened to the shelf, sir, to prevent its being overturned by accident," said Katrine, "though indeed there was small danger of that, as the platform on which the figure stands is filled with lead to render it firm and steady."

"He must have had a great reverence for the old saint, who I hope in return was very lavish of his gifts at Christmas time," said the jeweller smiling. "But I must be going—our bargain is sealed, Katrine, is it not? and I may tell my mother to expect you before noon to-morrow."

"Yes sir, I will not fail to come," she said, and bidding her good night, he hurried away.

Katrine slept sweetly that night, for she dreamed that her mother stood beside her wearing a resplendent crown, and that as she gazed on it wondering, the beautiful spirit said, "It is a crown of glory now, Katrine, but it was woven from the thorns of earth." When she awoke those words were ringing in her ears, and she felt that a voice from Heaven had spoken to her spirit, giving it new faith and courage to press fearlessly on in the arduous path of duty.

At the appointed hour she repaired to the abode of Madam Desseldorf, where she was received with a kindness, which, as she had ever been a stranger to it before, moved her almost to tears. The family, besides Herrmann and his mother, consisted of two little girls of eight and ten, his sisters—a maid servant and a boy; and the appearance of every thing in the household indicated order, harmony, and peace. Katrine's duties were light but responsible. She was invested with the keys of the cellar and the pantry—she had also the oversight of the kitchen, and when not actively employed there or elsewhere, she sat at her needle with Madam Desseldorf, who was sometimes engaged in the instruction of her young daughters, and often read aloud to the great delight and edification of Katrine, who possessed an intelligent and inquiring mind that thirsted eagerly for knowledge.

Never had the poor girl known such happiness as she now enjoyed,—and though sometimes the remembrance of Wilhelm fell like a shadow upon the sunshine of her heart, his cruel and unmanly conduct towards her, had struck at the very root of her affection, and, almost unconsciously to herself, withered its verdant promise to the dust.

But not desolate was left the soil in which it had flourished, for in it, sprang up sweet and new affections, which were daily nourished by the kind words and kinder acts of those, among whom she felt it a blessing to abide.

Nor was it long before all in that family circle felt and acknowledged the enhanced comfort and cheerfulness of their home, since she had become its inmate. It seemed even as if their very wishes were anticipated by her—the children especially, idolized her; and her industry, her neatness, and above all her constant good humour, were like perpetual sunshine, diffusing gladness and serenity through the whole household. There were moments when Katrine trembled lest some untoward circumstance should occur, to disturb this peaceful and happy life—she knew the vindictive temper of her former mistress, and from that quarter only she dreaded evil. But her new friends were resolved to protect her from any claim or assault that might be made against her,—but, as it happened, none were brought, for Dame Wolfrum, conscious that she could not justly her treatment of the poor girl, studiously avoided every place where she might possibly stand a chance of meeting either Herrmann or his mother; while Wilhelm, ashamed of his base conduct, and already punished for it by the fretful and selfish temper of his wife, which made his home a scene of constant discord and confusion, feared even to show himself in the presence of his master.

Day after day, under some paltry pretence, he forbore to appear in his wonted place of business, till Herrmann, understanding but too well the motive of his continual absence, which pronounced his self-condemnation, dismissed him, without requiring an interview, from his employment, and immediately engaged another to fill his place. Angry indeed he was at being thus discharged; but this was only the commencement of his misfortunes—for though he rented a small shop in another part of the city, and began business for himself, he never prospered. Meets quarrelled with his aunt, and so far involved him in her dispute, that both were banished from the house, and forbidden ever to set foot in it again; and she made his home so wretched, that the unhappy husband fell into irregular and intemperate habits, which soon completed the ruin that his first departure from truth and principle had originated.

Herrmann marked the fall of one, whom he had so trusted and esteemed, with sorrow, but he never pronounced his name in Katrine's presence, anxious exceedingly; that she would she had received should be closed without irritation, by the balm of kindness and affection. Day by day, he saw her growing more cheerful and gay,

till the pity with which he at first regarded her, warmed, as he marked the beautiful consistency of her character and the perfect simplicity and singleness of her heart, into a feeling of deep and ardent attachment. Nor was she slow to mark the daily life of Hermann, and as she grew familiar with all his generous and noble qualities, the contrast between him and Wilhelm struck her forcibly; but she was not conscious that the pleasure, which his presence in the domestic circle gave her, arose from any sentiment more tender than gratitude, till he one day told her simply and directly that he loved her, and that he had his mother's sanction for asking her to become his wife. Then the veil fell from her heart, and though startled to find that another had so soon displaced Wilhelm, she did not say nay to his earnest suit.

The engagement made, it was soon settled that the marriage should take place early in the spring, that Katrine might be installed in her new dignity, before Madam Desseldorf set out for Berlin. But as Christmas was just at hand, all preparations for the expected event were deferred till its gaieties were over, and this year, on account of their brother's betrothal, the little girls were to have more than their usual share of sport. Christmas Eve came—and a family party, of young and old, for she had a score of relations in the city, were assembled at Madam Desseldorf's. Katrine's skill and taste had been put in requisition for the occasion, and the moment tea was over the sound of a bell was heard, and the children knowing the signal, clapped their hands with joy, while the elders of the company arose in delighted expectation, and advanced towards the door of the little salon.

It flew open, presenting a scene of light and beauty that almost verified the glowing pictures of fairy-land. Lovely garlands intermixed with lamps, adorned the walls, and at the far end of the room stood a table, crescent formed, and covered with a drapery of scarlet cloth, on which were laid gifts for every individual present,—of every variety, and adapted to suit every taste. From the centre of the table arose the Christmas tree in all its sheen, tapering and verdant, loaded with innumerable toys—with gilded fruit, and with delicate confectionary, hanging from every twig, and illuminated with a hundred wax tapers of various colours, that gleamed among the rich green foliage with a soft and star-like lustre. Beneath the boughs of the tree, on a carpet of emerald moss, stood the image of St. Nicolas, for the children said, "Good Pelznichel," as he is called in Germany, "should be present to witness our pleasure when we receive his bounteous gifts"—and to please them Katrine brought the figure forth from her cham-

ber and placed it on the table, to preside over the festivities of the evening.

Exclamations of surprise and pleasure burst from every lip when this scene was revealed to them, and young and old, after the first delighted survey was over, hastened to claim and admire the gifts which were appropriated to each. Katrine had seen and arranged them all, but little was she prepared for the sight of that which was designed for herself, and which had been left on the table after she quitted the room—nor did she now perceive it, till amidst a general cry of joyful surprise, every finger pointed to St. Nicolas, who stood half enveloped in the light folds of a bridal dress which lay at his feet, and on which was inscribed, "To Katrine, from her guardian saint." Towards this he pointed with one hand, and with the other held forth the marriage crown of orange blossoms.

Katrine, heedless of the congratulations poured into her ear by every one around, gazed on the beautiful gift for a moment in utter astonishment; then her full heart swelled almost to bursting, for she knew well the kind and generous hand from whence it came, and with eyes filled to the brim she turned towards Madam Desseldorf, and throwing her arms around her neck, pressed her quivering lips in silence on her cheek.

"It is a blessed saint, Katrine," said her kind friend, as she smilingly returned her caress, "for he has brought bright hours and happy hearts to us all, since the hour in which our roof first sheltered him."

She was interrupted by a sound as of metal falling on the floor, accompanied by a burst of surprise still louder than any which had preceded it, and pressing through the group in the centre of the room, she saw her nephew Carl Hansell, holding in his hand the head and shoulders of St. Nicolas,—the lower part of the image, as he raised it from the table having been forced off by its weight, and as it fell to the floor, a perfect shower of gold poured forth from its capacious aperture.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Madam Desseldorf—and springing forward she snatched up a small slip of paper, which her quick eye discerned among the glittering heap. Holding it up to the light she read these words:—

"To Katrine Von Keefer, my dutiful niece, as the reward of her goodness and affection, I leave the sum of one thousand louis, contained in the image of St. Nicolas, which my hands fashioned for her in her childhood. It is the earnings of my labour. May she live long to enjoy it.

(Signed.)

J. VAN CARSSEN.

Touched to the heart by this proof of her poor

mother's love, Katrine murmured as she leaned weeping on the shoulder of her lover,

"Would he had used this wealth to make his own life comfortable! I need it not, since, sure I am, that this dowry of gold will render me no dearer to the generous heart, which sought me in my poverty and grief."

"You are right, dear Katrine," whispered Hermann; "as I first loved you, so I love you now—in all fortunes the same, for I know that the soul, which like yours, has learned to rise above the earth, cannot be tainted by its dross."

"A thousand louis, Katrine! see what it is to be good," shouted Carl at this moment, after having counted the sum upon the table—"but who would have thought," he added, "of ever looking in this old image for such a treasure. It is enough to make one take to the worship of saints for the rest of their lives."

With these words the gay party obeyed the call to supper, where the health of Hermann and his fortunate bride was drank, amid many warm wishes for their prosperity and happiness,—wishes which were amply fulfilled in their union, for it proved one of such rare harmony and felicity as can only be the result of practical piety and virtue.

THE

SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOY.

BY M.

Whence comest thou, poor sailor boy?

Thy voice is sad, and low,
Thy tearful eye and visage wan
Proclaim a tale of woe.

I come—he said in mournful tones,—
From yonder ocean's wave
And I've been wandering far o'er hills
Which its blue waters lave.

For o'er the sea a vessel sailed,
Which gallant hearts contained:
The storm swept on, the ship was gone,
And I, alone, remained.

Dark was the night, a gloomy pall
O'erhung the threatening sky;
Saw when the vivid lightning's flash,
Illumed it fearfully.

And with alarm, the tempest's note
The bravest bosom stirred,
As booming o'er the surging waves,
The minute gun was heard.

The storm to fury lashed the sea,
But still our gallant bark
O'er crested waves sped merrily,
That stormy night and dark.

At length it struck a barren rock,
How fearful was the crash!
But whistling winds blow heedless past,
And lurid lightnings flash.

While louder, and more piercing still,
S shrieks of distress arise;
But in that dreary place the rocks
Still echoed back those cries,

Until the vessel and the crew
Sank 'neath the ocean's wave;
Down in its fathomless abyss
They found a watery grave.

And there they sleep in death's embrace;
Their bed—the coral caves;
Their shroud—the seaweed; and their dirge—
The music of the waves.

But, when the vivid lightning flash'd,
I seized a broken mast,
And o'er the mountain waves it rode
And neared the shore at last.

But feebly to my bark I clung,
My grasp had well nigh fail'd;
But God my sinking frame upheld
Till morning's dawn I hail'd.

And oh! how welcome was its light!
The tempest's fury o'er,
The sky serene, the sunbeams fell
Upon a verdant shore.

I floated onward to the beach,
And as I trod the land,
I deemed my fearful perils o'er
And blest th' Almighty hand—

Which in the stormy night and dark,
And on the deep sea's wave,
Had still upheld my feeble bark,
And snatched me from the grave.

I fed on herbs and roots that morn,
And laid me down to rest,
But peaceful slumbers fled my couch
And dreams of woe distressed.

I've wandered since through forests dark,
Nor seen one human face
Until, three weary days o'erpast,
I reached this pleasant place.

And now your kindly aid I seek
An orphan sad and lone;
Your care will be repaid by Him
Who fills th' Eternal throne.

The "Father of the fatherless,"
His blessing will bestow
On field and barn and store of thine
Who soothe the orphan's woe.

SELINA.

FROM THE EXILE'S PORTFOLIO.

I TAKE a pleasure in rambling through the different Cemeteries around the city of Montreal. That belonging to the Canadian congregation oftenest attracts my footsteps, for there, according to the custom of the people they sprung from—I perceived the token of remembrances, that evince the proof that those who sleep in their "narrow homes" live in the tender recollections of their friends, and that when these have attended their beloved to the grave, they do not inter such feelings along with them—*Creation* still powerful to create in the mind, an ideal existence of the departed, not the less sweet on account of the softened shade of sorrow which hallows it.

At the head of one grave I would perceive a simple garland of *Immortelles*,* or of bright natural flowers—or perhaps a most beautiful specimen of artificial ones, that had ornamented the bosom of some young person, as beautiful and evanescent as themselves, as she had been carried by her companions to her last dreary abode. In another place, a space of ground, enclosed with palings, was thickly planted with shrubs and flowers, that successively bloomed through our short Canadian summer season—from the humble and modest violet, to the tall and spreading acacia, with its thick foliage and graceful pendant clusters of blossoms, that deeply shaded the marble tomb, under which rested the remains of a beloved and regretted mother and wife. A few simple inscriptions such as—"*Elle ne revieindra jamais, mais je ne l'oublierai pas*"—proved how her loss had been felt; whilst the profusion of leaves, shed by the beautiful surrounding rose-bushes over the half-hidden tomb, gently and affectionately suggested the moral of the fleeting charms of the most lovely, and the short lived pleasures of mortality.

Thus, although those scenes and retired haunts have not the solemn shades of the yew tree, and the antique appearance, that render them so impressively interesting in the old country, they convey to the mere curious observer, lessons as useful, although not with such severity; and each small spot, in whatever clime, that contains the form of a beloved relative or friend, has poured over it the tears of affection, and sighs of sincerity and regret.

* This flower has become endeared to the French nation, by the affecting presentation of it by young Napoleon to his mother. Every morning he collected a charming bouquet for her toilet-table: one morning, after a slight indisposition which confined her to her couch, he appeared, not with his usual bouquet of brilliant flowers—but this plant—and said, presenting it—"My son, my beloved Mamma! be—like this—*Immortelle*."

Yet beautiful surrounding scenery is here also. Situated about half a mile from town, from the view of which it is excluded by orchards, and the balm-breathing acacias blooming in the gardens dispersed through the intervals—in the opposite direction, the ground rises by degrees studded with patches of shrubs and tall poplars, contrasting with the lighter green of the rich sward, until it boldly ascends into the wood-clad mountain, amongst the groves of which, is *Me-Tavish's Tomb*, in "loneliness sublime."

But it is of a more humble and lonely one that I would now speak, and to it I now return. The high weeds that surround it, tell that no hand of affection and care is near to decorate it—although the perfect state of the marble might give reason to suppose, that the land of the living yet contains him who erected it. I could find no date—no names; but from Zoë—once a dear friend of her whose form lies beneath—I obtained the following particulars.

"A British officer—a widower, and apparently a man of much sorrow—centred all the affections of his widowed heart in his lovely young daughter, Selina, whose every smile recalled her adored mother to his devoted recollection. It is not known why he returned to Europe, where he expected to remain but a short time, and wishing to spare his child the dangers and *ennui* of a voyage across the Atlantic, he preferred leaving her as a boarder in a convent, where he trusted she would find a tranquil asylum, and have her education improved.

"Circumstances, however, must have detained him in his native land for three years—much longer than he had anticipated—and his absence from his daughter was rendered endurable only by the recollection of her safety, and that she was guarded by the sisters, with love, care, and watchfulness. Alas! too truly did they guard her!

"Her fortune, which they expected would be immense, was an object worth striving to have attached to the establishment. But we will give them a more amiable motive, for it is well known that making a convert is one of the meritorious services of that church; nor is this desire in itself reprehensible, nor the observation much more applicable to this than to other sects. To those motives, nature added another, by bestowing on Selina a beauty of so rare a splendour, that the convent seemed to enclose an angel descended from her native sphere. When her father placed her amongst them, she was in her fourteenth year; those who came to the Nunnery chapel to pray, forgot their purpose in gazing through the grating on her sylphide form; the strict rules of the convent obliged her to attend the ceremonies, and

the beautiful waxen images over the altars, in the midst of gold, radiant lights, incense and flowers, yielded in loveliness and bloom to the little English chernub. At times she was seen, with light step, gliding through the court and gardens, herself the fairest flower there; and when, weary of the close demure cap of the order, which boarders are obliged to adopt, she would take it off—O! how redundantly fell her waving ringlets over her fair forehead and snowy shoulders! one would have thought that a shower of gold dust was sprinkled on her classically formed head, as it glittered in the sunbeams. Her smiles were the offsprings of the innocent joy that reigned in her bosom and sparkled in her full deep blue eyes, diffusing universal gladness around to all.

"It was no wonder then, possessed thus of beauty so fascinating, a gifted mind, and manners equally so, that the Mother Abbess and Nuns should dote on her, and hail the sound of her light foot, and the music of her voice, as she moved from cell to cell, to cheer the solitude of the devout recluses within; it is no wonder, that they all bewailed so heavenly endowed a creature should be a heretic—should be in the wrong path—and that they combined to save her therefrom. Her elasticity of disposition gave them confidence of success.

"Alas for poor Selina! though so young and seemingly thoughtless, she soon evinced the recollection of age; her mind became oppressed by care and thought. It is useless to repeat the endeavours of the religious enthusiasts to bend her from the faith of her fathers: hints, arguments, persuasions, were successively tried in vain—but though they conquered not where they wished, they tamed her spirit. Her native home, liberty, and her beloved father—she pined for objects so dear; her affections were deep rooted and strong—long, long did the time of her father's absence appear. These repinings, added to the continual temptations she endured, oppressed her young heart; her complexion faded, her eyes downcast, save when raised to the grating, in hope of seeing there that beloved indulgent parent, whose arms would restore her to all she longed for.—But she had not a friend to take her part.' At length the father came—his noble form bespoke him of no mean race, anxiety deep and tender was depicted on his manly countenance, as he presented himself and enquired for his daughter, his heart no doubt throbbing with sweet expectations of beholding his darling and blooming child hasten to clasp her snowy arms around his neck,—press her rosy cheek to his, sunk and faded with sorrow and affliction, and looking forward to long after years of happiness, to a home rendered a halcyon nest by her careful cares—to an old age, perhaps,

supported and rendered not only endurable but sweet, by filial love and tenderness. How delightful were her father's anticipations!

"The doors of the reception parlour opened—he started up—held out his arms—but it was not his Selina—the Abbess entered.

"Ah, Heavens!—A glance at her serious, mournful countenance told him the sad tale that awaited him.

"His Selina, child of his love, object of his sleeping and waking dreams—that creature of youthful beauty, health and innocence personified his eyes were never more to dwell upon. The cold grave now held his child—she had died of a broken heart. When, after a long and weary lapse of insensibility her sorrow-struck father sufficiently recovered to enable him to act—he raised that tomb to the memory of his darling, and having poured out his heart in sorrow, disappeared—none ever saw or heard of him more, and if his days were cut short, no doubt they were ended in sorrow and despair."

THE WIND.

BY MRS. MOORE.

Stern spirit of air—wild voice of the sky—

Thy shout rends the heavens—and earth trembles with dread;

In hoarse hollow murmurs the billows reply,

And ocean is roused in his cavernous bed.—

When the thunder lies cradled within its dark cloud,

And earth and her tribes crouch in silence and fear,

Thy voice shakes the forest, the tall oaks are bowed,

The electrical flash tells that danger is near.

On thy broad rushing pinions destruction rides free,

Unfettered they sweep the wide deserts of air;

The hurricane bursts over mountain and sea,

And havoc and death mark thy track with despair.—

When the Lord bowed the heavens and came down in

His might,

Sublimely around were the elements cast;

At His feet lay the dense rolling shadows of night,

But the power of Omnipotence rode on the blast.

From the whirlwind He spake, when man, wrung with pain,

In the strength of his anguish dared challenge his God—

In thunder he told him, man's wisdom was vain,

Till he bow'd to correction and kissed the just rod.

When called by the voice of the prophet of old,

In the "valley of bones" to breathe over the dead;

Like the sand of the sea, could their numbers be told!

They started to life, when thy mandate had sped.

Those chill mould'ring ashes thy summons could blud,

And the dark icy slumber of ages gave way;

The spirit of life took the wings of the wind,

Rekindling the souls of the children of clay.

Shrill trumpet of God! I shrink at thy blast,

Which shakes the firm hills to their centre, with dread

And have thought in that conflict, earth's saddest and

last,

That thy soul-thrilling sigh will awaken the dead.

Helleville, 1815.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Ox Hounslow heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A milkkin abode,
And built like Mr. Brickbeek's, all of wood;
The walls of white, the window shutters green :—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest,)
On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who travel in 'aternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnished, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman ;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in daisy flower,
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His pence,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r !

But tir'd of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day—
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer, N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading ;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley, ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentino and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted, in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cuttage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim ;—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggon,
And magic-fishes swim
In puddle-ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flaggons ;
When as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding,
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
Or Durham feed ;
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth ;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together :—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank ;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble ;
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pole,—
Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brassy bell-ropes of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the saga
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse, who could :—two tales at once ;
And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuff,
Bang'd to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel :—
The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, " took to the road" again !

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper :
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach ;—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale.
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight !

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing ;
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing !
No house !

The change was quite amazing ;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explanation seem'd to harden ;
But soon her superannuated nous
Explained the horrid mystery ;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
" Well ! this is Fairy Work ! I'll hot a garden,
Little Prince Silverwings has catch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden !"

NOTES ON THE NOSE.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most neglected and ill-used part of the human face is the nose. The poetical literature of all nations extols the other features: the eyes, for instance, have furnished a theme for the most sublime poetry; cheeks, with their witching dimples and captivating tints, have drawn forth some of the finest similes that were ever invented; and the raptures which have been indulged concerning lips, it would take an age to enumerate. The hair, also, has from time immemorial been intensified into "silken tresses" in printed, as well as manuscript verses; and "sonnets to a mistress's eyebrow" are of continual occurrence; but it may be safely averred, that in the universal anthology of civilised or uncivilised man, there is not to be found a truly sentimental effusion to a nose! Indeed, so far from exciting any of the graver emotions of the mind, it would appear that there is a hidden something in that feature to deaden, rather than to excite, sentiment. The cheeks, whether pale with care, or red with blushing, strongly excite the sympathies: a glance of the eye is all-powerful in calling up the most vivid emotions; but who ever remembers any very intense feeling being awakened by a twitch of the nose? On the contrary, that unfortunate feature seems to have been especially appropriated by humorists to cut their jibes upon. It has, from the earliest ages, been made the subject of disparaging and sportive remarks. It has been set up as a mark to be hit by ridicule—as a butt for the arrows of satire; as if it were an organ, proper to be played upon by nothing but wit. We may grow eloquent concerning eyes, speak raptures of lips, and even sentimentalise upon chins, but the bare mention of the nasal promontory is certain to excite a smile. What the latent quality may be which is so productive of risibility in this instance, it seems difficult to discover, for, in point of utility, the physiologist will tell you that the nose is quite on a par with the rest of the face. To it the respiratory system owes the ingress and egress of a great portion of the food of life—air. To it we are indebted for the sense of smell. Moreover, it acts as the emanatory of the brain. In an ornamental point of view, the physiognomist declares that the nose is a main element of facial beauty; and without stopping to inquire how very much this depends upon its shape, we may just corroborate the fact, by hinting the unpicturesque effect which is produced by a countenance that happens to be bereft of the nasal appendage.

The authority of physiognomists may, indeed, be almost taken without examination; for they

are undoubtedly, of all connoisseurs, the greatest in noses. Their prototypes, the augurs of old, went so far as to judge of a man's character by the shape of his nose; and this has been in some degree justified by a French writer, who appears to be deeply versed in the subject. "Though," he asserts, "the organ is only susceptible of a moderate degree of action, while the passions are agitating the rest of the countenance, yet these limited motions are performed with great ease." In addition to this, we find Sir Charles Bell remarking, in his "Anatomy and Physiology of Expression," "that the nostrils are features which have a powerful effect in expression. The breath being drawn through them, and their structure formed for alternate expansion and contraction in correspondence with the motions of the chest, they are an index of the condition of respiration, when affected by emotion." The nose may therefore be regarded as somewhat indicative of, and in harmony with, the character of the individual.

It is probably by reason of this connection of the external nose with the internal characteristics, that so many proverbs and axioms have taken rise in reference to both. Thus, the French say of a clever man, that he has a "fine nose;" of a prudent one, that his is a "good nose;" of a proud man, that "he carries his nose in the air." An inquisitive person is said to "poke his nose everywhere." A gourmand is described as always having his nose in his plate: that of the scholar is declared to be always in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French also say, "the mustard rises in his nose." Neither are we in this country deficient of similar sayings. A man, for instance, who does not form very decisive opinions—who is swayed more by the persuasions of others, than by his own judgment—is described as being "led by the nose." The same is said when any strong inducement turns a person aside from a previously-formed intention; thus Shakspeare—

"Though authority be a stubborn bear,
Yet he is often led by the nose with gold."

Individuals not blessed with much acuteness or forethought, are said "not to see beyond their noses." Others who, to do some injury to an enemy, injure themselves, are declared "to cut off the nose to spite the face." The condition of a supplanted rival is described as that of a person who "has had his nose put out of joint;" with a hundred other proverbs in which the nose takes a most prominent part. All of these, it will be observed, are of a comic cast; while every simile and allusion made to the eyes, the brow, and the other features, is of the most serious and poetical character. If, therefore, the ordinary organ, considered and alluded to in the abstract, be provo-

ative of jocularity, in how much higher a degree must it provoke the smiles of the comically inclined, when it happens to be an oddly shaped, or out-of-the-way nose?—when any of those very uncomplimentary epithets, which have been invented to designate different noses of all sorts and sizes, can be emphatically applied to it; such as hook-nose, hatchet-nose, club-nose, snub-nose, pug-nose, potato-nose, peaked-nose, parrot's-nose, turned-up-nose; or when it is figuratively termed a snout, a proboscis: or, like the nose of Slawkenbergius, a promontory. This, by the way, brings to mind the etymology of the word, which is in Saxon "ness," meaning also a point of land, as Stromness, Blackness, and a hundred other nesses or noses which mother-earth pokes out into the sea.

Of jests concerning eccentric noses, an immense collection might be made; but a few of them will suffice, chiefly to show to what remote antiquity facetie on noses may be traced. One of the best is attributed to the Emperor Trajan, on a man who had, besides a long nose, very large teeth. It has been thus versified:—

Let Dick one summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws:—
With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

The literal translation of this epigrammatic extravaganza is—"Placing your nose opposite to the sun, and opening your mouth, you will show the hour to all passengers." Another Greek poet describes a friend's nose as "being so immense, that its distance from his ears prevents him from hearing himself sneeze." Castor's nose was said to be in itself all the useful instruments of life—a spade, a trumpet, an anchor, a pot-hook, &c.

Certain noses have, however, been celebrated in history, not as a matter for jest, but as distinguishable features belonging to great men. The Romans had a proverb which signifies, "it is not given to every one to have a nose,"† meaning that it was not the good fortune of all to exhibit a marked and precise nasal individuality; to have, in fact, an expressive nose. The individuals whose noses have lived in history were, it would seem, favoured in this particular. The great Cyrus had a long sharp nose; hence it is said that the noses of all Persian princes are pinched by bandages, that they may grow like their great prototype in at least one particular. Cicero was called the "orator with the equivoal nose." Ju-

lius Cæsar's was an aquiline nose; as was that of Aspasia, of Paris, and of Achilles. The nose of Socrates was a decided pug.

As a matter of taste and ornament, the nose has gained the attention and researches of authors and artists in a prominent degree. It has been truly remarked, that the nose is the centre around which the other portions of the face are arranged and harmonised. It is, in a degree, the regulator of the other features. Many celebrated artists estimate that its length should be a third of the length of the face, from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair. If there be any deviation from this rule, it must, it would appear, be in excess, for all unite in preferring large to diminutive noses. Plato called the aquiline the royal nose; and it is evident from their works, that none of the ancient masters of sculpture and painting considered a liberal allowance of nose as a deformity. Even in a physical point of view, this excess appears to be far from detrimental. "Give me," said Napoleon, "a man with a good allowance of nose. Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head together." Like this great general, the ancients entertained a marked preference for an ample nose; but all beauty is relative, and taste as capricious and varying as the winds. Amongst the Kalmucks, a short dumpy club-nose is considered the perfection of beauty. The Hottentots press the noses of their infants so as to flatten them; and the Chinese require a nose to be short and thick, ere it can accord with their notions of good form.

Amongst Europeans, the preference has always been given to the straight, or Grecian nose, as exhibited by the Venus de Medicis. Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, in his Essay on Beauty, that "the line that forms the ridge of the nose is beautiful when it is straight; this, then, is the central form which is oftener found than either the concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed." Opinions are, however, occasionally divided between this and the aquiline, or Roman form of nose, especially for men. Yet, how much soever tastes may differ, one fact is certain, that—with the exception of the Crimeans, who formerly broke their children's noses, because they stood in the way of their eyes—all nations consider this prominent feature a great ornament.

It appears, then, that the nose differs from all the other features in as far as it is regarded by

* Translations from the Greek Anthology, &c. London: 1806.

† Non cuique datum est habere nasum.

mankind in two entirely different points of view, namely, as a thing essentially ridiculous, and as a thing indispensable to the beauty of the face, and in itself beautiful. Does not this curiously show how near the whimsical and the serious are to each other. We gaze with pleasure on a female face which is set off with a fine nose, and acknowledge the effect which that elegant object has in the *tout ensemble*; yet, if wishing to apostrophise this lady's beauty in the language of the poet, we allude to everything except the nose. On that point, not a word! It would at once mar the effect of the whole. Why is this? Because, in general, we associate only ridiculous ideas with the nose. And what, again, is the cause of this ridicule? Alas! good reader, I fear it must be traced to some of the useful functions served by the organ. Man strains after the fine, which flies from him; the useful is his willing drudge, and he laughs at it. If the nose were of no little service to us as the cheeks, it would doubtless be as much, and as undividedly admired.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

BY MRS. ARDY.

Saviour of peace, of mercy, and affection!

Great was thy might to succour and to save,
When Bethany's sad sisters, in dejection,
Led thee to weep upon their brother's grave.
The word was spoken—they beheld, in wonder,
That blessed word reverse the spoiler's doom;
Thy presence broke the bands of death asunder;
Thy voice revived the tenant of the tomb.

Lord, though to serve thee humbly we endeavour,
We may not hope such bounties to attain;
We lay our loved ones in the grave for ever,
Nor shall they rise to mortal life again;
Yet may we each recal, in heavy sadness,
Some friends for whom our secret tears are shed.
O Lord, convert our sorrow into gladness;
Raise, we implore, the spiritually dead.

The boon of life they seemingly inherit,
And in the crowd they bear an active part;
But frozen is the dull and joyless spirit,
Grace has not touched the cold and languid heart.
They deem thy holy word a law of rigour;
Thy name from them no adoration wins;
They move in outward healthfulness and vigour,
Yet are they dead in trespasses and sins.

Lord, to our fond and tender prayers restore them;
Teach them to feel thy greatness and thy worth,
Spread thy divine and holy influence o'er them,
As when thou saidst, "Lazarus, come forth!"
He came, in gratitude the boon confessing,
That called him back to scenes of earthly strife,
O grant to those we love a dearer blessing—
Call them from death unto eternal life.

THE FREEMAN;

BY DR. HASKINS.

The thunder of the battle-field—the roaring of the main,
When the storm-winged waves have boldly burst dark
Ocean's icy chain—

The Victor's glorious godlike voice, when he shouts
above the slain
Of the despot host that trod down man, but ne'er shall
tread again.

These are the sounds that stir my soul, and bid th' im-
petuous blood
Bound through my bosom wildly, like the Spring-enfran-
chis'd blood,
That o'er the mountain's sternest steep hurls down its
torrent tide,
While hills and vales re-echo to the thunder of its pride.

The Victor's shout—stern Liberty's heart-breath'd tri-
umphant cry,
O'er the tyrant's conquered army that has striven but
to die:

When o'er the field she rears unscathed her noble form
on high,
And waves her blood-stain'd banner, gild by radiance from
the sky:

This is the voice I love to hear;—not that my inmost
breast
Loves woe's scenes, nor fails to court humanity as
guest;—

Not that my soul delights in war for its intrinsic charm,
This heart still bleeds at tales of woe, at suffering's rueful
harm.

But must we men forego our right,—is it high Heaven's
decreed

We shall to dust abase our brow, when Heav'n hath form'd
us free,—

Stamp'd on our souls His signature,—bade us unfetter'd
be,

Agents of His Eternal Will—none else our Lord but He?
Oh! Slaves and Slaves'ry!—words unknown save on this
earthly clod—

Ye have no warranty from Him—Creator, King, and
God!—

Him, Him, we serve;—His delegates on earth we rev-
erence due;—

No Slaves to kings nor syclope mobs—no yield allegiance
true.

Where His high hand hath well bestowed the sceptre and
the crown,—

Where Britain's peerless sway extends its glory and re-
nown:

Here are no slaves to cringe and cower beneath a tyrant's
frown;

Here are no mobs to fiercely tread true Faith and Fealty
down.—

Oh! Canada! if thou art wise—with warm, unchanging
love,

Still wilt thou cherish Britain's sway, still lead and sted-
fast prove:—

Hed not the voice of those who fain would rend the
filial tie

That binds thee to blest Britain—favor'd land of Him on
high!

SHAKSPERIAN MELODIES.

No. I.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

[*"Merry Wives of Windsor"* Act III. Scene 1.]

89

Come live with me, and be my love, And we will

all the pleasures prove, That hills and valleys, dale and

field, And all the craggy mountains yield.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "Come live with me, and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove, That hills and valleys, dale and field, And all the craggy mountains yield." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

The lines which Sir Hugh Evans, "in his trampling of mind and melancholies," misquotes so horribly, form part of a pretty little poem, which we find in after years inserted in Walton's "Complete Angler." Old Izauk, who delighted in the smooth flow and quaint conceits of this "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good," as he terms it, ascribes the authorship of it to Christopher Marlowe, a contemporary and friend of Shakspeare. This has been confirmed by the discovery of the lines, and of the melody to which they were sung, in a M. S. of the Elizabethan age, by the celebrated Sir John Hawkins.

The latter is given above, harmonised, and the poem itself follows, as it is printed in Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry."

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield,
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing matrigals:
There will I make three beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love."

KIND BREATH O' SUMMER.

BY JAMES T. WHITELAW.

"Th' kind breath o' summer blew softly along,
The crawflower an' gowan on ilka knowe sprang;
An' sweet was the air as I wander'd at e'en,
An' wou'd the dear lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

O clear was the burnie that wimpled along,
An' sweet was the strain o' its murmuring sang;
But sweeter that voice, an' far clearer, I ween,
Was the blythe bonnie blink o' her twa laighl' een.

As night in the gloamin' we wander'd along,
I speer'd gin she wou'd me, gin she'd be my ain;
Nae word did she speak, but her answer was gien,
Wi' the blush on her cheek, wi' the glint o' her een.

As the autumn leaves fell, my heart it grew sick,
I saw the rose fading that bloom'd on her cheek;
That voice now was ead that sae cheerie had been,
There shone a strange light in her bonnie blue een.

The cauld winter cam', nought that fair flower could
save,

She wither'd awa', she was laid in the grave;
The stane that lies ower her is moss-cover'd green,
But I've ne'er unco forgot the blythe blink o' her een.

TO A BEAUTIFUL APPLE TREE.

BY THE REV. W. PULLING.

WELL I remember, in my being's spring,
That I could watch, dear tree, thy proudest height,
When scarce thy boughs could show one blossom bright
To tempt the honey-seeking murmurer's wing!
Now oft the wildest birds within thee sing:
In May's gay hours thou art one mass of white,
Whereon Pomona looks with fond delight,
And annual boons to her thy riches bring!
I sigh when I with thine my state contrast!
The few fair flow'rets which my youth display'd
Have felt the nippings of affliction's blast.
Too soon their blushing tints were seen to fade;
Leaves void of fruit are all my promise past,
Or wither'd blossoms, chill'd by sorrow's shade.

GEMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

ASK ME NO MORE.

FROM CAMPBELL'S POEMS; MUGGERIDGE.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers as in their cases sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past:
For in your sweet melodious throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downward fall in dead of night:
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if East or West
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest:
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

LOVERS PARTING.

FROM BROWNE'S PASTORALS; MUGGERIDGE.

Look as a lover, with a lingering kiss,
About to part with the best half that's his;
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,
And curseth time for so fast hast'ning to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteemed true;
Then says, he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of mind;
And while he stands to look for't in her eyes,
Their sad sweet glance so ties his faculties,
To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former strain,
To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again;
Then turns, comes back, sighs, pants, and yet doth go,
Fain to retire, and loth to leave her so.

OUR TABLE.

MISS MARTINEAU'S LETTERS ON MESMERISM.

These Letters—which were originally addressed to the Editor of the Athenæum, and are now published in a separate form—have excited considerable interest in the literary and scientific circles at home, and have attracted additional attention to the subject of which they treat.

The claims of Mesmerism to be ranked as a science, and the degree of credence to be given to the facts (or fancies) on which it rests these claims, have set the learned world by the ears for the last half-century—and to little purpose either, as it would seem. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*; the question still remains undecided. Despite the innumerable experiments, the profound pamphlets, the learned harangues, on one side or the other, that have been brought before the public since the days of Mesmer and Puysegur, we find the supporters of Animal Magnetism as zealous and persevering, its opponents as inflexible and unconvinced, as ever. "Who shall decide when *Doctors* disagree?" is an oft-quoted saying, and one we will not venture to infringe in the present instance; but this we may be permitted to say, that the powers attributed to Mesmerism so far exceed what we meet with in the ordinary course of nature, that one may refuse it credit, unless on the incontrovertible testimony of their own senses, and yet not be chargeable with any very great incredulity. Such testimony, however, Miss Martineau considers herself to have received, and the facts of her case having been made partially known through the newspapers, she thought it her duty to come forward with a full statement of the circumstances. Hence the Letters now before us, which were published, as already intimated, in the London Athenæum, during the months of November and December last.

That Miss Martineau is herself firmly persuaded of the truth and reality of those peculiar manifestations which she records, we do not for a moment hesitate to admit; but she has altogether failed in producing the same impression on our mind, and,—if we may trust the periodical press, generally a very accurate thermometer of popular feeling,—the same result has followed amongst the great body of her readers at home. Many of the circumstances, which, to her mind—naturally, no doubt, strong and vigorous, but suffering then under the inevitable lassitude and enervation of long illness—appeared unaccountable and miraculous, admit, we think, of very simple explanation; and the utmost we can say of any is, that we are not acquainted with all the circumstances necessary to explain them.

LA REVUE CANADIENNE.

We take shame to ourselves for not having taken previous notice of this new candidate for public favor, but we rejoice that the delay enables us to announce, not only its establishment, but its continued and increasing success. Our fellow-colonists of French origin have not the same access to literary and political intelligence from the land of their fathers, as is possessed by their brethren of British descent—limited and scanty as that in many instances is. It was to be expected, therefore, that a Colonial Journal which presented them, not only with such information as we have alluded to, but also with many excellent specimens of Canadian literature, and an ample *resumé* of the news of the day, would be cordially welcomed;—and this, we are happy to say, has been the case. The work has been auspiciously launched, and, under the guidance of its talented and energetic Editor, we can safely predict for it a long and prosperous voyage.

Ere this number can reach our readers, they will have learned, from other sources, that His Excellency, the Governor General of this Province, is now: "BARON METCALFE, OR FERRISILL."

We have studiously endeavoured, since this Magazine was first started, to avoid all questions of, or allusions to, party politics; nor do we consider that we are in the slightest degree trenching upon that resolution, by avowing the high gratification with which we have seen the official announcement of Sir Charles Metcalfe's elevation to the Peerage. Long years of active usefulness in the service of his country, in both the Eastern and Western Hemisphere, had brought His Excellency fame and fortune sufficient to have warranted this step, even before, the time when, at the unsolicited request of the British Minister, he assumed the Government of Canada. It must, however, be a peculiar source of pleasure and gratification to the people of this Province, that it was during his residence among them that this high dignity—a dignity bestowed with so sparing a hand for the last few years—has been conferred upon him. The ennobling of our present Governor, we consider not less an honour to the country by which it is conferred, and the Colonies in which he has held so distinguished a position, than to the Noble Lord himself.

Whenever it may be that Lord Metcalfe takes his seat in the House of Lords, we rest satisfied that his name will be hailed by the Noble Members of that August Senate, as a worthy addition to the long list of illustrious Statesmen which already graces their roll.