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FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

ALMANZOR THE MOOR; OR THE FALL OF GRANADA.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

“Of brownies and of bogles full is this beuk.”

“Tis night, and the halls of Arazan are silent and dark,—the lamp of gladness is unlit, and the voice of mirth is unheard!” said the lovely Gonsala, as she rose with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and her head bent in lowly reverence, from paying the tribute of evening devotion to the powerful vicegerent of Alla! and seated herself upon the broad battlements of the castle, with her head leaning pensively upon her hand, and her large, dark and soul-melting eye, (the prominent and admired object of Circassian beauty,) sunk in thought to watch the departing beams of the setting sun, and the dark clouds, that were assembling in wild and majestic disorder along the blue vault of heaven. “Ah! how happy and contented are the lowly race of the children of labour around me, (said she glancing her wistful eye upon the humble cottages that were spread upon the verdant and myrtle-covered banks of the dark rolling Xenil,) the sun awakes them, with the bright burst of his glory, to the culture of the field, and the sweet notes of the evening songsters, from amid the odoury fragrance of their orange bowers, lulls them to repose, whilst the love of Almanzor thus sits in the loneliness of grief, and mourns for the absent in war!—Granada! lovely city of the children of the prophet! though thy lofty spires and pa-

laces are dim on my view, how the thundering peals of the engines of murder around thy lofty battlements, ring dismal upon my ear, and each seems to sound the death-knell of Almanzor!—again!—again!—christian of Arragon! may the curse of the all righteous Alla blast the efforts of thy demon rage!—When, Almanzor, wilt thou return, and thy smiles infuse gladness into my heart? Though thy arm is mighty in war, many and fierce are the warriors of Arragon, and thou mayest fall beneath a hated christian’s blade! far, far from the love of Gonsala!” Such were the ideas which occasioned the raven tresses of Gonsala to be steeped in tears; for the picture her imagination had drawn was too strong for her to bear in silence, and her deep sobs burst audibly upon the ears of the sentinels, as they stalked slowly and wearily past the elevated point where she was seated, concealed from vulgar view, amid the dark folds of the silken veil which completely enveloped her tall and slender form. The sombre shades of evening were fast enclaspng the earth in their sullen embrace, and the nightingale had commenced her song, slow and mournful, amid the grove of pomegranates behind the castle, whilst, at long intervals the loud burst of artillery would roll along the stillness of

eve, when the Lady Gonsala was aroused from her reverie, by a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and looking up, beheld a light and airy female figure, arrayed in all the blooming loveliness of youth, and whose loose and flowing drapery, floated majestically upon the gentle breeze that wantoned amid her tresses, decorated with a profusion of exotics of the richest colour and perfume, and her brows were encircled with a coronet, on which the richest gems of Golcondar blazed in many a glittering wreath. Gonsala bowed her face to the earth before the lovely vision, whose large blue eyes were fixed upon her with a look of exquisite tenderness, whilst strains of heavenly music were heard floating along the air, and added an impressive solemnity to the scene. "Child of mortality (said she) attend to the words of Him, before whom the universe bends, and before whom the princes of the earth are worms! The great Alla hath beheld, with pleasure, the virtues of thy life, and hath sent me to speak comfort to the afflicted Gonsala. The wicked shall not always triumph: the day of retribution will arrive. Afflictions gather, like the Arabian pestilence, around thee, but the task be thine to bear them as becomes the faithful, till the blessed Alla calls thee to the green bowers of the blessed. Almanzor will return, but—the darkness of futurity hides the rest. The strength of the children of the Prophet will fail, and a stranger worship at his shrine. Farewell, and Alla be your guide!" "Pleasant to my soul as the bowers of paradise are the words of the Prophet," said Gonsala raising her bended head, but the vision was fled, and all around was still and lonely.—Springing upon her feet she cast a wild and keen eye along the broad avenue of venerable trees in front of the castle by which she expected the return of her Lord. She indistinctly beheld at a considerable distance a figure approaching the castle at full speed; and, as it came nearer,

she plainly distinguished the eagle-plumed helmit and silver studded shield of Almanzor. How quick is the transition from female sorrow to female joy,—all these dark and undefined forebodings which a few moments before had occupied her mind, now gave way to gladness and rapture; and dashing away the big tear that still trembled on her dark eyelashes, and flinging her loose and dishevelled ringlets over her neck and heaving bosom, flew with a thrilling rapture, known only to those whose hearts are linked in one eternal chain of love, to welcome her warrior from the field of blood. Slowly and wearily he descended from his steed, and she heard his steps upon the staircase, but they were lagging and heavy.—"It cannot be Almanzor!" she was about to say, when he appeared, and her arms were already stretched to enfold him to her bosom, glowing with a heavenly fervour, seldom known to the beauties nurtured amid the gaudy and unchaste seclusion of a warmer clime: but he eluded her grasp; and pointing to a deep gash in his bosom, from which the blood trickled in a red and oozy stream, upon the light and crimsoned robe that wrapt his manly form, suddenly plunged amid the darkness of the adjacent corridor, and disappeared from her astonished view. "Fallen! fallen! thou art fallen, Lord of Arragon! and the manly strength of Almanzor hath failed! Who now will protect the lonely and expatriated Gonsala from the tyger love of Alboacen!" she exclaimed, with such a loud and yelling laugh of despair, as is heard from the evil destinies of mankind, when the powers of Alla blast their baneful rage, and sank senseless into the arms of her attendants, whom the cries of distress had brought to her assistance. By the timely application of proper means, she was at length restored to animation; but the dreadful apparition recurred every moment, to her imagination, till her mind was wrought up to a state of horrid phrenzy, and in



moment of madness, she rushed from her apartment, in spite of the feeble efforts of these around her, and buried herself deep amid the dark windings of the forest around the castle. She was immediately pursued; but the darkness of the night rendered abortive every effort to recover or trace her steps, except when now and then her piercing cries only served to lead them deeper amid the intricacies of the forest, and they returned weary and dejected towards the castle. One only, continued the pursuit with unabated ardour. Eben Amir had long been the friend and confidant of Almanzor, and had fought and bled under his banners, till age had converted him into a talkative old man; beloved by his Lord, and respected by his equals. It certainly required no ordinary firmness of mind to support the wilderness and solitude, the fearless Moor had now to encounter. The wind sighed deep and mournful amid the lofty elms, and its moanings were fearfully answered by the solitary signal of the midnight gun that was heard, at times, booming from the lofty battlements of Moorish Granada, and the camp of Ferdinand; and their peals sank deep into his soul: for he trembled for the race of Aboulrahman and Cordova's throne. Though his bravery was undoubted, and the command of his Lord to rush on certain death, would have been obeyed without murmur or a moment's delay; still his mind was strongly influenced with the superstitions of the age, and the sound of the breeze, as it rustled among the rustling leaves, often started the blood to his manly cheek, tinged under the scorching suns of many a clime. The moon, which now began to shew her silvery face in the heavens, suddenly became darkened by a heavy black cloud which extended itself along the clear concave, and nature was again wrapt in a deep and lonely gloom. The spirit of the blast awoke from "the caves of his slumbers," and roaring wildly among the venerable trees of

the forest, which bent creaking before its terrors, seemed determined to lay their leafy honours in the dust. The broad flashes of red lightning spread in wide and extended volumes from behind the gray edges of the dark clouds, whose cumbrous weight was scarcely supported in air; and the thunder burst in awful and deafening peals across the rocking and convulsed vault of heaven. The rain descended in torrents till each small rill rushed, river-like, along its pebbled bed. The rose and jessamine, which, a few short moments ago had budded and bloomed in beauty upon these bowers of love, which pride and effeminacy had planted far from the view of vulgar eye, now lay blasted and withering beneath the storm—[sad emblem of maiden innocence betrayed and spurned]. The nightingale, whose melting melody had so lately rung amid the roses, now sat cowering beneath the leaves of myrtle, and the strongest trees were rent from their firm foundations, and tumbled to the ground. The storm subsided as quickly as it commenced, and nature again smiled in her native sweetness. When it commenced, Eben Amir sought a shelter in the hollow trunk of an old oak, and now emerging from his retreat, endeavoured to retrace his steps homewards. After traversing the forest for some time, he reached an open and pleasant lawn, in which the mouldering remains of an old castle still frowned sullen amid the gloom. Its turrets had fallen from their lofty situation, and its once splendid halls now scarcely afforded a retreat to the birds of the air. The wolf formed his lair upon the chequered pavement; and his brood drank from the pure water of the marble bason, where the prophet had listened with pleasure to the prayers of the faithful: and its gardens, though nature now spread her hand over their once gay and cultivated parterres, still shed a faint, though pleasing odour around. He started back at the sight, and his strained eye-balls were wildly fixed upon the

tottering balconies, as if they caused the deeds of a long series of years past to rush fresh upon his mind.— He wished to depart, but some secret impulse rivetted him to the spot, and he leant against the slender trunk of a pomegranate, which stood there in widowed loneliness. He approached the gate with trembling steps ; it was thrown from its hinges, and lay in mouldering fragments upon the ground. He entered—all was silent and dark ; the free steps of warriors no longer sounded in the hall, nor the measured steps of the sentinels along its echoing corridors. At this moment the sound of hurried

footsteps alarmed him, and he had scarcely time to retire into a dark corner, when four men entered, bearing a figure muffled up in a dark cloak, and proceeded towards the interior of the castle. Eben Amir was precipitately retiring, when the loud yell of Gonsalva, rung loud and fearful within the walls, and this faithful musselman, unable to contain himself longer, rushed boldly with his drawn scimitar amid the dark passages, and, in a few moments sank beneath the swords of the secret foe.

JOHN TEMPLEDON.

Knoydart, Gulf Shore, }  
February, 1827. }

(To be continued.)

### THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

As the patriotic cause in South America, has excited, throughout the British territories, a general interest in favour of the independence of those countries, we doubt not the following beautiful lines, relating to that subject, selected from a late publication, will be acceptable to all our readers :—

Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,  
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru ;  
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,  
Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair ;  
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,  
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valour, in the noble Spanish tongue,  
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,  
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,  
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the foe.  
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew  
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,  
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,  
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,  
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight ;  
Since the parting kiss was given six weary months are fled,  
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,  
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north ;  
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden, the sharpest sight would fail  
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale ;  
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,  
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone,  
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,—  
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low—  
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,



Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,  
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride,  
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side ;  
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose the rein,  
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane ;  
He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded hill,  
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill.

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear  
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear ;  
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak  
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak :  
“ I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,  
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee.”

### LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.

(Concluded from page 285.)

It was a hot summer night, and Leopold found the open air refreshing as he hurried along the streets. The dawn was advancing, and he meditated return to his quarters ; but, perceiving that some one was walking at a quick pace towards the spot where he stood watching the fading light of the stars, and unwilling in his present mood to encounter idle questions, either from the guardians of the city, or a straggler of his own rank, he drew up behind a convenient portico : the intruder passed, and he recognized the features of Count Ottocar. Unable to restrain the impulse that tempted him to follow, he crossed into the shade, and proceeded in the same direction. The young Count bent his course straight to the avenue where the accident of the morning had occurred ; and, standing in a melancholy attitude under a projecting window, he sang the following verses :—

The grey-eyed morn to me is dear,  
Much dearer than the sunny day ;  
Or I may take my station here,  
And sigh my faithful soul away.  
The glittering stars—the queen of night—  
Have been for happier lovers made ;  
Beneath their soft and silv'ry light,  
They pour the tender serenade,  
But I—I dare not touch my lute  
When prying eyes may be awake ;  
My trembling, burning lips are mute,  
My harp unstrung for thy dear sake.  
Oh loveliest ! fairest ! sweetest ! now,  
When all around are hush'd in sleep,

One kind, one gentle word bestow,  
And bid thy lover cease to weep.

The window was open, probably, in this close quarter of the city, for the sake of air. It remained dark and unoccupied. Ottocar repeated the stanzas again in such soft, rich, mellow, seductive tones, that Leopold marvelled they should be wasted on the breeze alone. Morning was breaking fast, and the disappointed minstrel was obliged to tear himself reluctantly away. Raigersfeldt also returned home : he threw himself upon a couch ; but his dreams were broken and feverish. Ottocar's hint was not lost upon one almost equally enslaved by the charms of Victorine ; and precisely at twelve o'clock on the ensuing night, he quitted a festive party, and hastening to the humble dwelling of the goddess of his idolatry, placed himself opposite to her lattice, and poured forth his soul in song :—

Oh, lady, in the blaze of day,  
By the moon's light, the morning's ray—  
Before the face of heaven, and where  
Assembled mortals meet, I swear,  
To watch, protect, and love thee !

Oh, lady, whatsoever thy path,  
Through weal or woe, or peace or wrath,  
By those bright eyes, that brow, so fair,  
For ever by those lips I swear,  
To watch, protect, and love thee !

A rose-tree now formed a sort of  
blind to the window, and whether

by accident or design, a cluster of half-blown flowers, which had been detached from the stalk, fell upon the pavement close to the serenader's feet. Raigersfeldt, whose voice was full and harmonious, sang a second and a third time, but received no other answer. It was, however, sufficient to keep hope alive: he placed the fragrant treasure in his breast, and a little before dawn, he stepped aside to the friendly covert which had once before afforded him shelter. Ottocar, regular as the bird who sings his matin hymn at the gate of heaven, appeared with the first faint light that streamed upon the horizon, and breathed again that soft, low, exquisite strain of melody which had thrilled to the soul of his rival, but with as little success as before, and, at day-break, both quit-  
ted the spat.

It would be tedious to follow Raigersfeldt through all the mazes of his pursuit of Victorine. Accident befriended him at last, and he was permitted to speak to her, and sometimes to accompany her in an evening walk along the banks of the Elbe. Apparently abandoned by all the world, save the son of her father's murderer, the misfortunes of her life had wrought a fearful change in a mind of deep sensibility. Her very soul revolted at the name of Ottocar; and wild exclamations of horror and detestation would burst from her lips whenever her too faithful memory recalled the unrelenting cruelty of the Baron Von Schwerenburg. Her conduct to Leopold was not untinged with caprice. Sometimes all the affections of a heart naturally formed for tender emotions seemed lavished upon him; at others she shrank coldly and distrustfully away: but though deeply regretting the indulgence of these fitful sallies of temper, the cause more than excused them to a man who could estimate the sweetness and gentleness which seemed inherent in her disposition: she was not equal to sustain a combat with sorrow, and she sank under its

inflictions. Ardently did the impassioned soldier long to snatch her from her present obscurity, but she would not hear him when he mentioned marriage. To her it seemed an insult to her father's memory, and never failed to produce a paroxysm of grief. She would reproach herself violently for listening to the voice of love ere the mouldering remains of a beloved parent had returned to their original dust; and days would elapse before she could be induced to pardon this outrage upon feelings too exquisitely sensitive.

Ottocar, in the mean time, appeared to have given up the pursuit, and was now entirely attached to Adelaide Wilmir, whose fondness for him could not be disguised. Raigersfeldt had latterly withdrawn himself from the dissipations of the court; but whenever he entered into society he saw enough to convince him that the honour of the beauty of Dresden's attentions had only been granted to him in the absence of the man who possessed her heart, and who now took an unmanly delight in displaying her weakness. Disgusted with Ottocar's selfish vanity, he felt strongly inclined to express his opinion of his conduct; but the young nobleman, so imperious to every one beside, was particularly respectful to him. The serenades at Victorine's window had been relinquished, and he could not find the slightest pretext to quarrel with a person who seemed to be engaged in an entirely opposite pursuit. Almost a stranger in Dresden, and engrossed by a passion which rendered him careless of aught save its object, Raigersfeldt was not aware of the injurious reports which were now rumoured about the city to the prejudice of Altdorf's unhappy orphan.—All, except the very lowest classes of society, were conscious of having injured her: their animosity had been the principal cause of her father's ruin, and their neglect, since his fall, had consigned her to utter desolation. They were not therefore displeased to find an excuse for their unkindness



and her reputation was whispered away by people who were interested in finding her guilty. It was confidently asserted that she received the visits of two gentlemen. The victim of these slanders was totally unconscious of affording food for evil tongues: Leopold had never crossed the threshold of her door, and she knew not the secret machinations of Ottocar Von Schwerenburg. Her mind was gradually regaining its wonted serenity; the fierceness of her animosity had subsided; and, seated upon the river's bank, in the stillness of evening, a pensive smile would sometimes reward her lover's soothing endearments. It was after a delicious stroll in the soft twilight with this sweet companion, that Raigersfeldt found himself obliged to repair to a ball at the electoral palace. The assembly was brilliantly attended; but such scenes had lost their charm, and he seated himself on a sofa in careless observance of the crowd before him. The capricious Ottocar had again deserted Adelaide; and that accomplished coquette, though evidently ill at ease, was listening to the flatteries of a new and noble suitor. Leopold, recollecting his own fall, looked with an eye of pity upon the inexperienced stripling, who seemed almost intoxicated by the beauty of a syren, versed in every art that could deceive a young and unsuspecting mind. He sickened at contemplations which had formerly filled him with delight: the gaudy glare, the voluptuous music, the smiling countenances, no longer afforded him pleasure; he could perceive the hollow pretence, the insincerity, the vice which lurked, like serpents under the gayest flowers, beneath these fascinations. Ottocar Von Schwerenburg approached the place where he stood, and commenced a conversation with the easy gaiety so peculiar to his manner. Raigersfeldt, though aware that this courtesy to a mere captain of dragoons, was meant as a condescension, received it with a haughty indifference. The proud

noble, however, was not discomfited, and he rattled on until one of the Elector's aides-du-camp brought a message to Raigersfeldt, which, somewhat to his dismay, obliged him to take horse immediately, and depart upon a mission, honourable in its nature, but particularly disagreeable at this period, as it would detain him several days at a distance from Dresden. An inexplicable expression came over Ottocar's countenance as Leopold rose to obey the command, and he turned away with a light laugh, which grated upon the soldier's ear, even when he was many miles upon his route. Chafed and angry that he had submitted to Ottocar's insolent demeanour, he determined to take the first opportunity of chastising presumption, which was to him intolerable, whatever might be the consequence.

A week wore heavily away ere he received an answer to his despatches, and then, with a gladdened heart, he pressed forward upon his return. When he entered the principal street of Dresden, the first object that met his astonished gaze was the lifeless and bleeding body of Ottocar Von Schwerenburg, borne upon a bier, and surrounded by a crowd who poured unceasing execrations upon the head of his murderess, Victorine Altdorf! The agitated Leopold, in answer to his eager questions, learned a strange and appalling account. "Previously to the trial and execution of Altdorf," said his informer, "the addresses of the libertine Ottocar were paid alternately to Adelaide Wilmir and Victorine Altdorf, then the leading beauties of the court. The latter, of a more simple yet lofty character than her friend, refused to listen to vows which were openly and shamefully profaned; but the Count's attractions were too striking for any to doubt that a reformation on his part would have won a return of affection. The disgrace of her father softened her heart: she implored his life from Ottocar, and offered him

her hand in marriage if he would save him from a disgraceful death. There was a shew of interference upon his part ; but many have said that, had the boon been asked, it was the first that Von Schwerenburg ever denied to his son. Ottocar played the maniac for a month or two, and then, having sufficiently evinced the sincerity of his despair, wooed the daughter of a man murdered by his faction. Latterly he lived in a house adjoining that which Victorine occupied, and the citizens of Dresden have been little scrupulous in affirming that he was not the only lover admitted by the lady, who played a deep but losing game. Her persevering suitor refused to secure her from the world's contempt by marriage ; and he was this morning found murdered in the lower apartment of her house, either by Victorine, or one of her gallants. A chasm in the wall, broken purposely between the two dwellings, explained the means of his entrance, and leaves little doubt of the terms on which he stood with her, subsequently to the last fatal quarrel."

Raigersfeldt, amazed, alarmed, yet unconvinced, defended Victorine from the horrid imputations brought against her with all the vehemence of youthful love. He would have flown to hear the story from her own lips ; but though, in consideration of her sex and rank she was spared the ignominy of a confinement in the gaol, a guard was placed at her door and no one, save the civil authorities, permitted to have access to her.—Leopold, though unwilling to doubt the stainless purity of the object of his idolatry, yet recollected, with anguish of soul, the abhorrence which she had so undisguisedly professed to cherish for Ottocar. He now perceived that his own absence from Dresden had been the result of a premeditated plan ; and it might be possible that, to rid herself of his hated presence, and still more hated attempts, she had armed her hand to the commission of a deed of horror.

All Dresden rang with the tale : represented as the most seductive of beings, revelling in luxury, breathing air musical with the song of love, and artfully adapting herself to the various dispositions of various admirers, the unhappy soldier started in convulsive agony, as the idea crossed him, that he might have been deceived by the semblance of virtue, in one accused of practising the highest refinements of art. But he repelled the injurious suspicion, and busied himself in indefatigable endeavours to unravel a case, which presented nothing but the most hopeless mystery.

Whilst the unfortunate Victorine Altdorf, deprived of every friendly consolation, and the subject of general censure, remained a close prisoner in the gloomy dwelling whither she had fled on the wreck of her happiness—all was not peace to the inmate of a glittering palace. Pacing through richly ornamented saloons with a distracted step and disordered air, refusing all comfort and reckless of honour, of reputation, nay even of life itself, Adelaide Wilmar—the proud, the rich, the cherished Adelaide—unable to endure the intense torture of her feelings, rushed from her splendid and once happy home, and, throwing herself at the Elector's feet, paralyzied the surrounding nobles by the confession of her misery and guilt. Her passion for Ottocar had long been known. "Ill-fated wretch !" she exclaimed. "I am the cause of the murder of the noblest, the loveliest youth in Dresden ! Ottocar Von Schwerenburg fell, if not by my hand, by my command. I bribed my confidential servant to bring me intelligence of all his actions, Alas ! they filled me with hatred and despair. I learned that in consequence of Victorine's firm refusal of his addresses, he had contrived to send away the only friend she possessed from the city, and had resolved to effect a forcible entrance into her house. Bound by the most appal-



ths to me, that he would never  
 ek my rival more, rage at the de-  
 rtion of one for whom I had sacri-  
 ced all that my sex should prize,  
 aded my lacerated heart to phren-  
 y, and my tears, my promises, my  
 rsuasions, so wrought upon that  
 olish boy, whose mad attachment  
 ou all have witnessed, that he be-  
 ame the instrument of my fierce,  
 y measureless revenge. He it was  
 ho tracked the footsteps of the per-  
 rred Ottocar, and, ere he could  
 each the chamber of the deserted  
 ictorine, stabbed him to the heart.  
 Let him die," she continued, raving  
 ildly, "let him die for his crime.—  
 h, Ottocar! Ottocar! beloved  
 ren at the moment that I consigned  
 ee to destruction, I will take ven-  
 eance upon thy murderer, and fol-  
 ow thee even to the grave!"  
 The examination of the accomplice  
 of this wretched girl sufficiently  
 roved the truth of her statement,  
 and Victorine's innocence of the  
 crimes imputed to her was fully man-

ifested to the world. The Elector,  
 hitherto prevented from offering her  
 his protection, by the malignant de-  
 vices of Von Schwerenburg, now  
 caused the persecuted orphan to be  
 conveyed to the palace as his ward.  
 Adelaide Wilmar, condemned to end  
 her days in a convent, swallowed  
 poison; and the unfortunate youth,  
 whose guilt she had occasioned,  
 received sentence of banishment  
 from the realm. Two years after  
 these melancholy occurrences, Cap-  
 tain Raigersfeldt, who had received  
 an appointment about the person of  
 his sovereign, led Victorine Altdorf  
 to the altar in the presence of the  
 whole court. Though stricken al-  
 most to the grave by the accumulated  
 sorrows of a life early marked by  
 affliction, she revived under the fa-  
 therly tenderness of the Elector;  
 and, satisfied that she had convinced  
 the most scrupulous of the unde-  
 vating propriety of her conduct, she  
 no longer refused to reward a disin-  
 terested lover with her hand.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

NEW WORDS TO A POPULAR AIR.

Go! since Duty calls thee,  
 Yet, what e'er befalls thee  
 Oh! still remember me:  
 Though like magic round thee,  
 Pleasure's spells have bound thee,  
 Oh! still remember me.  
 Other vows thou hearest,  
 Other friends thou cheerest,  
 Yet, when they are nearest,  
 Give a thought to me;  
 Though I am forced to leave thee,  
 I will ne'er deceive thee,  
 Oh! then remember me.

When the song delights thee,  
 And the dance invites thee,  
 Oh! then remember me;  
 Think of one adores thee,  
 One, who now implores thee,  
 Oh! still remember me;  
 When again thou greetest

Scenes to me the sweetest—  
 May the friend thou meetest  
 Welcome claim from thee:  
 Or like Fortune changing,  
 Will that heart be ranging,  
 Nor more remember me?

By the softness stealing  
 From thy soul of feeling,  
 Oh! still remember me!  
 By the truth thou showest,  
 By the heart thou knowest,  
 Oh! still remember me;  
 From the hour I met thee  
 In this heart I set thee—  
 Oh! I'll ne'er forget thee  
 Ere I cease to be!  
 By the tear now starting,  
 By the pain of parting,  
 Oh! then remember me.

CECIL.

Luther used to describes Melancthon, Erasmus, and himself, in the follow-  
 ing terse sentences :

res et verba, Philippus Milancthon.  
 verba sine rebus, Erasmus.  
 res sine verbis, Martin Luther.  
 Vol. I.

Things and words, Philip Milancthon.  
 Words without things, Erasmus.  
 Things without words, Martin Luther.

Selected.

*STAUENBACH, THE SHARPSHOOTER.*

AFTER the battle of Austerlitz, the Austrian army was virtually disbanded. The regiments were left without pay in consequence of the general breaking up of the Austrian finance; the public spirit was extinguished by the result of so many unsuccessful wars; Napoleon's genius seemed to have gained the final ascendancy; and the general feeling throughout the continent was, that all efforts for independence were hopeless.

But in the midst of this national despair there were some gallant spirits left, as if to keep up the remembrance of the old national glory, and be ready for the time of retribution. Among the disbanded troops was a regiment of sharpshooters, chiefly raised among the range of the Carinthian Alps. They were ordered home to their native place, and some French officers, with a commissary-general, were sent to attend them to Laybach, and see the measure completed.

The country in the neighbourhood of Laybach is remarkably hilly, and the regiment was compelled to scatter a good deal. The men fell into groupes, and as they became less immediately within sight of their masters, murmurs arose at the journey, and the insult of being thus driven home by French commissaries. As a party were thus talking at a turn of the mountain road, where they had halted without much fear of their officers before their eyes, the rear company of the regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Stauenbach, overtook them, and the sitters-down invited the others to drink. Discipline had been nearly at an end for some days before, and Stauenbach made no objection. He had probably been meditating something of what followed, for, on the glass being presented to him, he drank "the health of our father, (the Emperor,) and better days to our country."

The toast was received with shouts. What was subsequently done to rouse the sharpshooters is not known, but it may be tolerably conceived, from the fact, that the colonel and staff were the only part of the regiment that entered Laybach with the Frenchmen: what had become of Stauenbach and the other officers no one could tell. Inquiry was set on foot by the French authorities, who were then pervading every corner of the Austrian territory; but nothing could be ascertained, further, than that the whole regiment had anticipated Napoleon's orders, and had suddenly disappeared.

In a few days, however, reports were brought in to Laybach of occasional fires having been seen in the mountains that edge the valley of the Saave; and one morning the despatches, regularly forwarded to the French commissary-in-chief, did not arrive. This produced some disturbance in the city, and no slight alarm among the gentlemen of the French staff, who immediately despatched a courier to Moravia for an additional force of French troops. The courier set out at night, to prevent accidents; but his prevention was unlucky, for the next day he was set down blindfold within a short distance of Laybach, with a note declaring "war against the French," and informing "the French staff, that if they chose to stay in Laybach they might, but that not a man of them should ever return to France." This formidable document was signed "The King of the Mountains."

This billet produced singular excitement in the city. The French commandant instantly ordered a meeting of the authorities, and in this civic and military council his Majesty of the Mountains was declared a public enemy, and a reward of an adequate number of thalers was offered for him, dead or alive. This



probably an unwilling measure on the part of the grave burghers of Idria, but they knew the activity of Napoleon's vengeance too well to be without hesitation; with the populace was altogether a different affair, their rejoicing at the defiance of all but treason to the supremacy of the conqueror. The "King of the Mountains" was an effective name, and the habitual taste of the German for forest wonders found its extreme indulgence in inventing adventures and adventures for this mysterious monarch.

War, and of all its kinds insurrectionary war, is fitted to take hold in the popular imagination. Its mystery, its sudden explosions—its sudden extinctions in one quarter, to rise up like a conflagration in another—even the personal intrepidity, intelligence, and dexterity required in its solitary and hazardous enterprises, throw a romantic and super-natural interest about it, that gives a powerful impulse to the imagination. The "King of the Mountains" had the advantage of the established indolence of the throne; he seemed even to have the faculty of being every where at once. The arrival of couriers soon ceased totally, or occurred only by the permission of his invisible majesty: when the letters were generally short, and accompanied by remarks, sometimes burlesque and sarcastic, sometimes conveying intelligence of the most disastrous nature from Idria to the city. The peasants brought provisions to the city only under the support of his majesty; the traders and travellers were compelled to advertise in the Laybach *Zeitung* before they set out, their route, with a declaration that they were not going to France; in short, his majesty's determination to extinguish all intercourse with the land of tyranny, was expressed with the most undistinctness and absence of ceremony.

The French authorities, however, did not set themselves actively to resist the public feeling; and, as their first

step, ordered the printer of the *Zeitung* to jail, with a declaration, that the first merchant or traveller suspected of compromising with "the banditti," should follow the printer. This had its effect for a few days, and the advertisements were stopped. But a Bolognese jeweller, who had come to the fair of Idria, and after lingering impatiently for some weeks in the city, was anxious to realize his produce on the other side of the Tyrol, had not left Laybach half a German mile, when he was met by a party of armed "peasantry," who ordered him back. They took nothing from him, and when he offered them money, refused it, stating that they were paid by their own "sovereign;" and ordered merely to prevent any man's going through *his* territory without *his* passport. Some other attempts had the same result; until at length the French commandant determined to take the field against the unseen usurper. He gathered about five hundred troops of different arms, and called out the Burgher-guard to make up his army. But the citizens had long since settled their minds upon the point, and they, one and all, discovered so many personal reasons for objecting to a mountain campaign, that M. le Colonel de Talmont was at last, with infinite indignation, obliged to compromise the affair, and leave the whole of the gallant Burgher-guard for the defence of the gates and ditches.

The Colonel was a bold fellow, a *vieux moustache*, who had served from the time of Moreau's march into Swabia, and was a soldier all over. The idea that his communications should be intercepted by a "mountain thief, a pedlar, a goat hunter," was at once intolerable and ludicrous; and he promised the civil council, that, before twelve hours were over they should see the "robber" with a rope round his neck. For the purpose of more complete surprise, the expedition was to wait for nightfall. About seven in the

evening a patrol which had been ordered to search the market peasants as they passed out of the gates, (for the honest Carniolans were strongly suspected of carrying on the correspondence of the disaffected within and without,) brought in an old seller of eggs, in whose basket they had found some gunpowder. This was of course contraband of war, and the peasant was brought to head-quarters. A farther search discovered a letter to the "Mountain King." He was extremely decrepid, and so deaf, that he could be scarcely made to understand that a court-martial was about to be held upon him. His Carniolan jargon was equally lost upon the Colonel. To shoot him, however, required some consideration. Trial was impossible, with a man destitute of all faculty of explanation, or understanding; his age rendered him harmless; and cruelty might have irritated the country people (who had crowded back on his seizure,) and deprived the city of its provisions. Finally, as the best alternative, it was determined to make use of the old man as a guide to the haunt of the insurgent chief.

This, however, he positively refused to be, under fifty pleas of ignorance, feebleness, and fear; he was at last induced to give way, was seated on a baggage mule, and with a bayonet at his back was marched out with the troops. The peasantry hung their heads, with no very measured expressions of wrath at the hoary traitor; but as the French never condescend to know any language but their own, all this was lost upon them. Night fell—the expedition proceeded—and the old man and his ass were put in front of the column, watched by half-a-dozen Chasseurs as the advance of the whole.

The mountain-range that overhangs the Idrian Mine Country is, though not very elevated, remarkably rugged. Short, sharp descents, and heights where every rock seems pointed for the express purpose of

repulsion, make it an extremely arduous business to work one's way through it in the day-time—what must it be in the night! To add to its difficulties, one of those storms, so common and so violent in the summer of the south of Germany, came on. The whole expedition, the "general camp, pioneers and all," were drenched in a moment, and after a faint struggle to get on, the whole scattered themselves under the pine trees that cover every spot where a root can cling. The Colonel, fearful of losing his guide, now ordered him to be doubly watched; but he was so far from attempting escape, that, to avoid the storm, he was already making his way back to the clump where the Colonel had taken his stand.

The storm had now risen to a pitch of fury that made the shelter of the forest more perilous than even the open air; the trees were torn up by the roots—huge branches were flying about, to the infinite peril of every one who came in their way—sheets of gravel, and the lighter stones from the sides of the limestone cliffs, filled the air; and when to this were added thunder, that absolutely deafened the ear, and flashes that burst like shells from rock to rock, splitting whatever they touched, it may be believed, that the French wished themselves far enough that night from the mountains of Idria.

It was now between twelve and one; the troops had been out four hours, and as no symptoms of the insurgents had appeared, and every soul was heartily tired, the order was given to return. The whole corps was instantly *en route* with gladdened hearts; but even this had now become no trivial matter. The road, bad enough before, was now ten times worse; the ascents were so slippery as to be almost inaccessible; the descents were but so many precipices—plunging them into so many torrents, as every rivulet had now swelled into a furious stream. The Laybach river this night had many a



knapsack and pouch carried down its flood from the tributary streams of the hills.

In two hours more it would be morning, and the storm had at length begun to subside. But fighting was altogether out of the question, in the present dilapidated state of the "grand army" of Laybach. They were now toiling their slow way along the verge of the hollow in which the Quicksilver Mines lie, and which, from its shape and perpetual vapour, puts the traveller in mind of the boiler of a steam-engine; but, however picturesque for the eye of the tourist, a more vexatious route for a drenched army could not have been found in all Germany.

On a sudden, the old guide pointed to something that through the fog looked like the light in a cottage window. In a moment it had disappeared, and was in another followed by successive light. The Colonel was an old soldier, and had learned his first lessons in the mountain battles of the Brigau. The troops were instantly closed up, and ordered to stand to their arms—but the order had been scarcely given, before a shower of shot was poured in upon the position. Some men were knocked down close to the Colonel, and among them the old guide. De Talmont was proverbially brave, and cared nothing about giving or taking death; but he had humanity about him still, and he stooped down to give the dying man a draught of wine out of his canteen. The peasant swallowed it with difficulty, and dropped back on the ground with a deep groan. The firing had suddenly ceased, or was kept up only by the French flankers, who sent out a random shot now and then, without, however knowing on which side the assailants were to be found. The word was again given to move, and the column began to pass down the sharp declivity above the village of Idria: but this declivity is seven hundred feet by the plumbline; and it may be imagined that, in utter dark-

ness, it was not the easiest path in the world for a drenched and harassed party of foreigners. They had not descended half a hundred feet when a rifle flashed full in the Colonel's face; and this signal was followed by a rapid running fire, that seemed to circle the whole valley.—The column feebly attempted to recover the high ground, but the balls came in showers from the ridge; to make their way down to the village was as much out of the question, unless they rolled themselves down the scarped precipice, where none but a dead man could ever reach the bottom; to stand where they were was impossible, for the bullets were raking their exposed column in all directions.

The Colonel had now found out his error, and with a few desperate men made a rush to the summit; the fire gradually paused on both sides from the excessive darkness, and he made good his footing; but out of his five hundred not above fifty could be gathered round him—the rest had been either shot or scattered through the forest. With that fifty, however, he made a bold stand, and the firing began to be vivid again, when he felt himself suddenly grasped by the neck. The grasp was that of a giant; and he was in a moment dragged away among the rocks, until, between exhaustion and surprise, he fainted.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself in a hut with two or three long-bearded wild-looking figures, warming themselves over a stove. Beside the bed on which he lay, there was sitting a handsome, athletic young man, in the uniform of a Yager; the Colonel thought that he had seen the face before, and inquired into whose hands he had fallen.

"Better hands than a Frenchman's" was the rough answer: "for if we had fallen into theirs, we should have been shot; you are now among the freehunters of Carniola."

"And who are you?" said the prisoner.

"Me! why, I am all things in turn." said the Yager, laughing. "Yesterday I was a grave citizen of Laybach, attending the order of Colonel de Talmont to shoulder my musket and mount guard in honour of Napoleon; this morning I am the King of the Mountains. I wish you joy at your arrival in my dominions, Colonel!"

"So, I am to thank your Majesty for last night's work; I wonder you did not shoot me at once—if I had caught you, it would have gone hard with your Kingship."

"Why then, to tell you the truth, you were spared for the sake of a little piece of service that you did to a friend of mine."

The Yager started up, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders, came forward tottering towards the bed.

"Ah, by Jove, our old guide—that infernal old rogue; I suspected him once or twice, but the rascal seemed so decrepid, there was no use in killing him; a pistol-shot would scarcely have hurried him out of the world. Yes, I could have sworn that he was mortally wounded by the first fire. All a *ruse* then?"

"All," said the Yager, "all was fictitious, but the generosity of Colonel de Talmont, that would not let even an old peasant go to the other world without a cup of wine. I was the old peasant—I had gone into the city to see what you were about. I threw myself in the way of your patrol, Colonel, and became your guide. I had intended, as soon as I had brought you thoroughly into mischief, to make my escape, and take the command of my mountaineers. But you watched me too well—I had then nothing for it, but to pretend to be wounded in the first fire. The manoeuvre succeeded tolerably, but, upon my honour, when I caught a glimpse of you, turning round to examine me, I expected to have found the business settled by the point of your sabre. I was agreeably disappointed by finding your canteen at my mouth, and from that moment I wished to

be of what service I could to you. On your advance I was free, and you know the rest. The flashing of the rifles shewed me where you stood; and, as the only chance of saving you, I took the liberty of making a dash at your neck; it was no time for ceremony, and I was lucky enough in carrying you off without being touched myself. This is my palace, Colonel, and here you may command."

"And who the devil are you, after all?" said the Colonel.

"Mystery is a source of the sublime," answered the Yager. "That must remain a secret till better times."

In a few days the Colonel was sent to Laybach. He found the greater part of his expedition there before him, for the random firing of a night attack had produced little besides terror. The dispersion of the troops, however, had been complete; they had brought home neither arms, ammunition, nor baggage. But, in default of these, they had brought abundance of exaggerated stories of the multitude and ferocity of the enemy. De Talmont soon returned with his corps to France. He found the passes open, and the King of the Mountains true to the laws of hospitality. But it fared differently with his successors; his Majesty continued the wonder of Carniola, and the horror of the French, for years. He continually surprised and defeated the corps that attempted to beat up his quarters, until the idea was utterly abandoned in despair. His last exploit was cutting off the rear division and the whole of the baggage of a French Marshal moving on Italy. Who the mountain king was, nobody knew, he had a hundred histories; he was alternately supposed to be Hofer, who had escaped from Mantua; Steinfort, the famous Austrian general of Light troops whose body had not been found after the battle of Austerlitz; and a multitude of others. The country people, however, fairly believed him to be neither Tyrolese nor German,



but a good incarnation of the Devil—a benevolent prince of the power of the air—to be touched by neither ball nor bayonet, and, in the fitting time, to lead his mountain spirits to the liberation of the empire.

At length the aggressions of France compelled Austria to try the chances of war again. On the first order to levy troops, Lieutenant Stauenbach appeared at the court of Vienna with the offer of a regiment of *three thousand* sharpshooters! A deputation of his companions in their mountain cos-

tume, long-bearded, and with buskins and caps of wolf and bear-hides, attended him. The offer was gladly received. He was placed at the head of his "Free corps," and distinguished himself by remarkable gallantry in the campaign of Wagram. At the battle of Leipsic he was a general officer, with the "Free corps" in his division; and the mountaineers of Carniola, and their general Stauenbach, will be long remembered by Germany, and by her enemies.

MY BONNY MARY.

Where Yarrow rows among the rocks,  
An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,  
A blithe young Shepherd fed his flocks,  
Unused to branglement or din.  
But Love its silken net had thrown  
Around his breast so brisk an' airy,  
And his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,  
As thus he sung of bonny Mary.

"O Mary, thou'rt sae mild an' sweet,  
My very being clings about thee,  
This heart wad rather cease to beat,  
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.  
I see thee in the evening beam,  
A radiant glorious apparition;  
I see thee in the midnight dream,  
By the dim light of heavenly vision.

"When over Benger's haughty head  
The morning breaks in streaks sae  
bonny,  
I climb the mountain's velvet side,  
For quiet rest I get nae ony,  
How sweet the brow on Brownhill cheek,  
Where many a weary hour I tarry!  
For there I see the twisted reek  
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

"When Phœbus mounts outower the muir,  
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily,  
When morn has breathed its fragrance  
pure,  
An' life, an' joy ring through the valley,  
I drive my flocks to yonder brook,  
The feeble in my arms I carry,  
Then every lammie's harmless look  
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary.

"Oft has the lark sung o'er my head,  
And shook the dew-drops frae her wing,  
Oft hae my flocks forgot to feed,  
And round their shepherd form'd a ring.  
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,  
While mine are fix'd an' canna vary,  
Aye turning down the westland brae,  
Where dwells my loved, my bonny  
Mary.

"When gloaming o'er the welkin steals,  
And haps the hills in solemn gray,  
And bitterns, in their airy wheels,  
Amuse the wanderer on his way;  
Regardless of the wind or rain,  
With cautious steps and prospect wary,  
I often trace the lonely glen,  
To steal a sight o' bonny Mary.

"When midnight draws her curtain deep,  
And lays the breeze among the bushes,  
And Yarrow, in her sounding sweep,  
By rocks and ruins raves and rushes;  
Then, sunk in short and restless sleep,  
My fancy wings her flight so airy,  
To where sweet guardian spirits keep  
Their watch around the couch of Mary.

"The exile may forget his home,  
Where blooming youth to manhood  
grew,  
The bee forget the honey-comb,  
Nor with the spring his toil renew;  
The sun may lose his light and heat,  
The planets in their rounds miscarry,  
But my fond heart shall cease to beat  
When I forget my bonny Mary."

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,  
THE researches into our ancient poetical literature, which Dr. Percy

and Ritson first started, and which Sir Walter Scott so successfully pursued, and in a manner completed,

naturally enough led the way to a similar examination of our old prose writers. The debt which our modern poetry owes to these precursors every person is aware of, and I have no doubt the author of the Waverly Novels, in some of his works, owns himself indebted, in much the same way, both as to style and matter, to the neglected treasures of our prose literature, which he has had the fortune to discover, and the genius to improve. But for Wodrow, and the neglected addresses, (for Sermons they can scarcely be called,) of the early Scotch and English Reformers, of the Covenanters and Independents, we, in all likelihood, would never have seen "The Tales of my Landlord." The natural and unaffected, but yet impetuous out-pourings of fervent spirits, which we admire so much in these Tales, are there to be found in their coarser, it is true, but their genuine raciness, as well as that splendid, but to northern imaginations, incongruous imagery of illustration and allusion, which diffuses such brilliancy over the pages of that wonderful Novelist. Many of these productions are still in existence among the descendants of these fast-fading sects, in both England and Scotland, and from some of them, which have fallen in my way, I mean, from time to time, to give you Extracts. I must however premise that my collection, though evidently old, is more modern than some I have seen; and what is more to be lamented, inferior very much in value. I.

## EXTRACTS FROM OLD SERMONS.

## No. 1.

"My Beloved is mine and I am his.—Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would be utterly contemned."—  
SONG OF SOLOMON.

It seemeth to me, as I repeat the words of my text, that by the glances interchanged betwixt the young men and maidens, if open speech were allowed them, they would say the words are worthy of all acceptance;

while the dull eyes, in which no life seems to be, and the hanging heads of the elderly, would appear to say, that they thought the wisest of men for once was wrong. And both of you, my hearers, will wonder when I tell you that I mean, God willing, to prove you both right, and both wrong; so prick up your ears and attend, and lay what I say to your hearts. - - And, First, I shall endeavour to show you what sort of love is here meant: Secondly, Why many waters cannot quench it, nor floods drown it: Thirdly, Why though a man give all the substance of his house for love it would be utterly contemned; and conclude with some general observations drawn from, or suggested by the subject.—First, then, What sort of love is here meant.—Be quiet a little, my young friends, there: I doubt ye'll find afore long, its none of your kind of love.—Its no the love of fifteen, that thinks it like heaven's bliss to get a stolen kiss from red and juicy lips—that would make ye wander a long summer day by the burn side, and speak only by the eyes and the touch of the hands—that makes ye delight in bonny flowers and soft sounds—that draws your eyes to the gleaming star as if it spoke to you—that when deep sleep falleth upon men, speaks and lives within you, in dreams and visions—that makes you live happy days over again, and look forward upon nothing but "winter past, the rain over and gone, the flowers on the earth, the time of the singing of birds come, and the voice of the turtle heard in the land." Its no that love sweet and innocent though it be;—but yet that love is not by any means to be checked or discouraged. And for why? Because it is the full, but alas! the short summer of our comparative innocent state. O, how beautiful are then all the conceptions of the youths and maidens!—how pure and holy then all their ideas! And yet it requires but a little water from the cup of a little riper age to quench this love, and the flood of eighty drown



it—and forever. Nay, in many this love never springs. It shuns the city and where crowds are: the air of the city withers it—the breath of a ball-room poisons it—the voice of fashion kills it. In this quiet glen, my young friends, with these innocent flocks on their green hills around you, by your murmuring streams, and beneath your spreading elms, cherish, while you may, this love, and believe, long believe, in contradiction to me that many waters cannot quench it, nor many floods drown it. Though possessed of no prophet's eye, I can see at no great distance the tide of other society rolling here, and sweeping from the bosoms of the future young generation of this dear glen, those feelings which will then be laughed at as antiquated, and despised as unfashionable, but which make you, what may you long be, my pride and boast. - - This then cannot be the love which King Solomon means, for sad experience tells us that it is soon, very soon, quenched and drowned.

And think ye, ye young men of eighteen and upwards, so sprucely dressed in the newest fashions—that long for the Sabbath merely to sport your finery—that esteem yourselves men when your fathers were boys—that, like Rehoboam, despise the counsel of the old and listen only to the young—that crowd every ale-house and shun every school but that—that are ashamed of never having been beyond the bounds of your native glen, but boast of being acquainted with the vices of the city—ye, who possessed of immortal souls, think not, feel not, aspire not, look not, wish not, beyond the bounds of degrading mortality—ye to whom the brute beasts are in some respects superior, inasmuch as they seek to attain the perfection of their allotted nature—ye whose spirit goeth downward, and loveth not to look upward—think ye, I say that ye know what this love is? And think ye, ye maidens of seventeen and upwards, so gaily flaunting in gaudy

dresses—whose eyes in the kirk miss not a new bonnet or dress—who in place of treasuring up what ye hear from the pulpit, record in your memories only the curls, and caps, and furbelows of every city stranger ye see, to keep your hearts and hands employed on the like through the whole week—ye who meddle in household affairs only to get the name of workers—ye who are never at rest but when running to feasts and junketings—ye who can see nothing to admire in a young man but his clothes, foppery and impudence—ye whose delicacy and modesty are only affectation and prudery—think ye, ye know what this love is? What love do you think it is that animates you both? Does it in the least resemble that which I have just been describing? No that is clean gone. It cannot exist in you now, for as St. Paul saith, “ye are given up to vile affections.” Boldness and ardour in the one are invited by the dress and motions of the other—the timid and stolen glance is exchanged for the open licentious gaze—the trembling pressure of the hand for the close embrace—the guileless and harmless evening walk for the wanton and lascivious midnight dance—the gentle smile for the loud laugh—the modest and withdrawing conversation, suggested by simple thoughts and pure ideas, for equivocal sentiments, immodest allusions, and ribald wit.—Ye are servants of the flesh, and your thoughts, words, and deeds own no other master. Shall I call this your love by its own proper name?—I own it may at present have its seat in your souls, but your souls are in the same state that those of your first parents were when they eat the forbidden fruit. It is not purity assimilating itself to purity—but impurity to impurity—body to body, not mind to mind. And what is the consequence? Too many of you, my elder hearers, I am afraid can tell me that. Will you tell me how soon this love was quenched and drowned, and what remained? Alas! methinks I see before me a young man and

woman deeply in love with each other as they think. He is a model of manly beauty, assisted by all the dress which fashion pronounces necessary.—She is all grace and loveliness, bedecked in suitable ornament. See them when the honey-moon is over—when enjoyment is succeeded by satiety—when the struggle of opposite passions commences—when I like and I hate, become the rejoinders—when ardour meets langour, and langour introduces disgust—when pleasure is to be found only here, and only there—when I refused, and I refused is bandyed—when I was deceived, and I was deceived is recriminated—when I will leave you is threatened, and do, my dear, do, is replied, and both know they can only be separated by death.

No doubt you will, my young friends, in the warmth of ungoverned passion and impetuous desire—in that state of mind over which reason and reflection have no controul—when the present is all, and the future, if the future be ever contemplated, is only the submissive handmaid of the present. No doubt, I say, you will think this only the exaggerated picture of a suspicious and disappointed old man—of one who has allowed his summer to glide away without enjoyment, and his autumn without fruit, and who now, in his winter, would rail at the former, and pretend to despise the latter. Would my friends that for your sakes this were the case. Would that such a picture had never met my view in sad reality, and that not seldom. Would that self-examina-

tion and watchfulness over the natural propensities of my own heart had never forced upon me such conclusions. Would that nothing else were required but what youth and warm blood esteem enough to constitute life-enduring love. But it is not so. - - Much has been said in favour of early marriages as most conducive to happiness. This I deny in general, and admit only in very rare instances. In youth the disposition, I mean the disposition which will influence the whole of the future life, is not formed, and therefore to search for similarity, a necessary ingredient in the cup of marriage, is vain. In youth, taste, I mean mental taste, is constantly fluctuating and almost always totally changed by manhood, and therefore any thing like reciprocity cannot be rationally expected. In youth, religion is merely a name, and therefore it is either overlooked, or altogether disregarded by us in selecting a partner. - In youth present gratification is all that is regarded, or if our regard extend farther, it is to obtain means for future gratification like the present, which may soon be abhorred. Youth, in short, can never chuse for manhood. It is not till our habits both of thinking and acting are established—till the tenor of our future life can be said to be in some degree not wholly problematical—till our principles both moral and religious are settled, that mutual happiness can either be expected or found. A marriage contracted at this period cannot be unhappy, unless contracted from wholly selfish motives.

#### SKATING.

SKATING on ice is an exercise both graceful and healthy. Although the ancients were remarkable for their dexterity in most of the athletic sports, yet skating seems to have been unknown to them. It may therefore be considered as a modern invention; and probably derived its

origin in Holland, where it was practised, not only as a graceful and elegant amusement, but as an expeditious mode of travelling when the lakes and canals were frozen up during winter. In Holland long journeys are made upon skates with ease and expedition; but in general less



attention is there paid to elegant and graceful movements, than to the expedition and celerity of what is called journey skating. It is only in these countries where it is considered as an amusement, that its graceful attitudes and movements can be studied; and there is no exercise whatever, better calculated to set off the human figure to advantage. The acquirement of most exercises may be attained at an advanced period of life; but to become an expert skater, it is necessary to begin the practice of the art at a very early age. It is difficult to reduce the art of skating to a regular system. It is principally by the imitation of a good skater, that a young practitioner can form his own practice. The English skates are too much curved in the surface, which embraces the ice, consequently they bring the users of them involuntarily round on the outside upon a quick and small circle; whereas the skater, by using skates of a different construction, less curved, has the command of his stroke, and can enlarge or diminish the circle according to his own wish and desire. Those who wish to be proficient, should begin at an early period of life; and should first endeavour to throw off the fear which always attends the commencement of an apparently hazardous amusement. They will soon acquire a facility of moving on the inside: when they have done this, they must endeavour to acquire the movement on the outside of the skates; which is nothing more than throwing themselves on the outer edge of the skate, and making the balance of their body tend towards that side, which will necessarily enable them to form a semi-circle. In this, much assistance may be derived from placing a bag of lead-shot in the pocket next to the foot employed in making the outside stroke, which will produce an artificial poise of the body, which afterwards will become natural by practice. At the commencement of the outside stroke,

the knee of the employed limb should be a little bended, and gradually brought to a rectilineal position when the stroke is completed. When the practitioner becomes expert in forming the semi-circle with both feet, he is then to join them together, and proceed progressively and alternately with both feet, which will carry him forward with a graceful movement.—Care should be taken to use very little muscular exertion, for the impelling motion should proceed from the mechanical impulse of the body thrown into such a position as to regulate the stroke. At taking the outside stroke, the body ought to be thrown forward easily, the unemployed limb kept on a direct line with the body, and the face and eyes directly looking forward: the unemployed foot ought to be stretched towards the ice, with the toes in a direct line with the leg. In the time of making the curve, the body must be gradually, and almost imperceptibly, raised, and the unemployed limb brought in the same manner forward; so that, at finishing the curve, the body will bend a small degree backward, and the unemployed foot will be about two inches before the other, ready to embrace the ice, and form a correspondent curve. The muscular movement of the whole body must correspond with the movement of the skate, and should be regulated so as to be almost imperceptible to the spectators. Particular attention should be paid in carrying round the head and eyes with a regular and imperceptible motion; for nothing so much diminishes the grace and elegance of skating as sudden jerks and exertions, which are too frequently used by the generality of skaters. The management of the arms likewise deserves attention. There is no mode of disposing of them more gracefully in skating outside, than folding the hands into each other, or using a muff.

*A WEDDING UNDER GROUND.*

On the conclusion of my studies at the mineralogical college of Freyberg, I was made very happy by being named one of a party commissioned to visit the most celebrated mines of Europe, to procure information respecting recent discoveries, and collect specimens for the Museum.

No one, but a mineralogist, can imagine the heart-felt pleasure with which we Cimmerians descend into the bowels of the earth, and follow nature into those recesses which none but the progeny of an Eve would ever have dreamed of exploring. But, though prepared to find in these subterranean abodes some of the most gorgeous spectacles the eye can witness, as well as the utmost horrors imagination can paint, it certainly was not in quest of romantic adventure that I penetrated their fathomless abysses.

Such, however, in countries where the mines are employed as places of punishment, are by no means uncommon; and I never shall forget the impression produced on my mind by the celebrated history of Count Alberti's confinement in the horrible quicksilver mines of Idria, as narrated to me on the spot by a grey-headed miner, in whose childhood it had occurred. Though the rank and favour of that accomplished young nobleman, and the dismal transition from the splendours of a court, and the smiles of an empress, to condemnation for life to subterraneous drudgery of the most pestiferous nature, lend to his history a deeper and more terrific interest than can attach to the comparatively obscure adventures of the pair of youthful lovers, the denouement of whose little romance it was my good fortune to witness in the Hungarian mines of Schemnitz, I must trust to your indulgence, and the singularity of the scene of these nuptials, to atone for the deficiency.

Besides that superior order of nobles, or magnates, who from wealth

and extent of possessions, are more than nominal princes, there exists in Hungary a class of almost equally noble blood, but dilapidated fortunes, who, disdaining all professions save that of arms, have no means of increasing their substance but by alliances with the free merchants, who are beginning rapidly to acquire riches and consideration in the larger cities. Such marriages, among the cadets especially of the poorer nobles, are not unfrequent; and while they are tolerated by the privileged race, who occasionally condescend to them, they are eagerly courted by that, till lately oppressed and contemned class, who cheerfully make large sacrifices to accomplish them.

There was in S--- a beautiful girl, the only daughter of a Polish merchant, (half suspected to have in his veins some of the blood of Israel,) who, in addition to her father's well-filled coffers, possessed personal attractions enough to draw around her a host of younger brothers, whose pedigrees outweighed their purses. Among these the heart of Ida Stephanoff soon declared in favour of Casimir Yaninsky, one of the first and most ardent of her suitors, and just such a gay, gallant sprig of nobility as was likely to make a deep impression on the daughter of a grave and penurious trader.

Although the sole patrimony of Casimir was his sword, there were circumstances which inclined old Stephanoff to concur in his daughter's preference of the youth over others similarly situated. There was still a small estate in the family, and the elder brother of Casimir, though married, was childless. Here was something of a reversionary prospect: and as Casimir was unquestionably the most rising young man among Ida's suitors, she and her father, during some happy months, saw him with the same favourable eye. His consent was formally giv-



en, and a time not very far distant fixed for the marriage, when a nobleman, who had been for many years absent from his estate in the neighbourhood of S——, unexpectedly returned, and, having accidentally seen Ida at a village festival, made to her father such dazzling overtures as entirely overset the old Jew's fidelity to his previous engagements, and even his regard for the feelings of his daughter. What these were, on being informed of the proposal, may be better imagined than described. Graf Metzin, was an elderly man, of peculiarly forbidding appearance and austere manners; and having already contrived to get rid of two wives, he had brought with him a sort of Blue-Beard reputation, by no means calculated to win the affections of even a disengaged maiden. But then he was not only rich, but enjoyed considerable credit at court; and had returned to Hungary with a degree of delegated influence, if not positive authority, which rendered his alliance infinitely desirable to a man in trade.

Stephanoff, though standing sufficiently in awe of the fiery Yaninsky and his family, not abruptly to withdraw his promise, began to long earnestly for the means of breaking it; and this Graf Metzin proposed to furnish by possessing himself as if by force of the person of Ida, and apparently reducing her father to consent to a union which it was out of his power to prevent. The plot was not difficult of execution. Ida and her old nurse (her mother had been long dead) were surprised in a rural excursion by a body of the Count's servants, and lodged in his old castle, where by every demonstration of respectful affection which his harsh nature permitted, he strove to reconcile the high spirited girl to her state of durance. What *she* felt did not transpire beyond the enchanted walls; but Casimir moved heaven and earth to procure her release, and was only restrained by sincere affection for the child, from wreaking his

vengeance on her despicable parent.

Dreading the resentment which he was conscious of deserving, Stephanoff feigned to be inconsolable for the loss of his daughter, and solicited permission to reclaim her by force; but the local authorities, overawed by Graf Metzin, and indeed apprised privately that he acted in concert with her father, to break off an idle match between two unadvised young people, declined interfering, and it became evident that the farce would soon end, like so many others, in the marriage of the chief actors.

This Casimir was determined to avert, and legal means being beyond his reach, he was not deaf to the demon, who, in their absence, threw in his way some of a very opposite character. Urged almost to madness by a pathetic billet which Ida had found means to convey to him, he availed himself of an accidental rencontre with a band of free-booters, (some of whom are still to be found lurking in all the mountainous parts of Hungary,) to engraft on their previously formed plan of plundering his rival's castle, the rescue of his betrothed, during the confusion of the attack. The morality and loyalty of this measure may easily be called in question; but there is yet in these countries a sufficient smack of barbarism to make retaliation be considered perfectly justifiable; and a young man just robbed of his mistress, may perhaps be excused for not respecting his rival's money-bags. To his person there could be no injury meditated, as the time fixed was that of his necessary absence with part of his household, in attendance on a provincial assembly. The hazard of the enterprise was considerable, as Graf Metzin had a tolerably numerous establishment; however, their attachment was not deemed such as to prompt a very vigorous resistance, and the young temporary bandit, and his more practised associates, marched gaily to the assault.

There had, however, been treachery somewhere; for in passing through

a thick wood on the skirts of the Count's property, they were intercepted by a troop of soldiers, (who had long been aware of the existence of the brigands, and on the look-out for them,) and with the exception of one or two, were surrounded and made prisoners.

Yaninsky, in thus joining at the instigation of passion and despair, a band of robbers, had so far remembered his own and his family's honour, as to exact from his comrades, in case of any disaster, the most implicit vow of secrecy as to his real name and condition; he therefore suffered himself to pass as one of the band, but his youth, and the testimony of even his hardened companions to his comparative innocence, marked him for the milder punishment of the mines, while the captain and one or two more, (who, to say truth, little deserved Casimir's self reproaches for perhaps accelerating their fate,) expiated their former crimes on the scaffold.

As for Yaninsky, though he at first congratulated himself on being conducted for trial to a distant part of the province, where he was not likely to be recognized; yet the consequent impossibility of conveying to Ida any tidings of his fate, formed the chief aggravation of his situation, and having reason to fear she must have received his hasty information of her meditated rescue, the thought of her anxiety added bitterness to his own.

The mines, however, to which he was condemned for two years, were within three or four days' journey of S——, and among their frequent visitors, hope whispered one might ere long be found to communicate tidings of his personal safety, and unabated constancy.

Ida, meanwhile, had gathered from Graf Metzin's own triumphant account of his castle's escape from spoilation, corroboration of her own fears that Casimir was implicated; and during some days which elapsed ere the fate of the prisoners was de-

cidated at the capital of the district, she suffered agonies of suspense, which half inclined her to avow her suspicions, and redeem, by the sacrifice of her own hand, that life, which she was sure, Casimir would not stoop to purchase at the expense of his honour.

At length her persevering, though still courteous jailor, brought her the almost welcome intelligence of the sentence of death pronounced upon three ringleaders, (none of whom, being men advanced in life, and of well-known atrocity, could possibly be Casimir,) and of the condemnation for various periods to the mines, of the rest, among whom, her heart whispered, he would certainly be found.

To effect her escape and join him, became now her sole object. To replace herself under the inefficient and unwilling protection of her father, would, she knew, be fruitless, as from the tenor of his few letters since her captivity, she saw he was at least an accomplice in it, and might enforce her hated marriage with an urgency which would leave her in the end no alternative but a flight, less disgraceful from the power of a ravisher, than from a father's ostensible protection. Her nurse, who, in all but mental cultivation, had performed a mother's part towards the early orphan, and who loved her with all a mother's fondness, entered into her views with almost youthful enthusiasm, and a plan at length suggested itself for accomplishing her escape.

All parts of Hungary, it is well known, swarm with gipsies; and no where, perhaps, is that migratory race more largely tolerated and less oppressed. Bands of them are generally in some degree settled, as far as their habits permit, on each considerable estate; and, forbearing from all depredations on that privileged territory, enjoy a sort of tacit countenance from the proprietor.—Metzin, as an alien from his country, and a harsh repulsive character, was



no great favourite among his Zingari, whom he forbade to enter his castle, and banished from some of their immemorial haunts.

Old Natalia, little doubting that amid this acute and vindictive tribe she might secure coadjutors, could she once open a communication with them, feigned gradually to lend a more willing ear to Graf Metzin's endeavours to conciliate her, and to be won over by his arguments in favour of the match with her nursling.

She then confided to him that much of Ida's pertinacious adherence to her engagement with Casimir, arose from an early prophecy of one of the gifted race of Zingari, that she would marry a younger son of the best blood in Hungary, and, after many trials, would lead with him a long and happy life; and suggested, that, from a mind naturally inclined to superstition, the impression could only be effaced by a counter prediction by a yet more experienced and authoritative sibyl. Such a one, she knew, was to be found among the Count's territorial Egyptians, and in return for the communication, she received, as she expected, a commission to talk over the old beldame, and put into her mouth such an oracular response as should suit the purposes of her lord.

Delighted with this first step towards liberty, and satisfied that the prophetess owed the Count a sufficient grudge to enter cheerfully into any scheme to outwit him; Natalia held with her a long conference, during which she found in Miriam a coadjutress beyond her most sanguine hopes. It was agreed that, to prevent suspicion, the sibyl should at first confine herself to giving, in presence of the Count, mysterious intimations of his happy destiny, and afterwards solicit opportunities to confirm in private the impression on the still wavering mind of the young betrothed, Ida, duly prepared for the farce, received the gipsy at first with contempt and indignation, but,

as if irresistibly overpowered by the solemn eloquence of the skilful fortune-teller, gradually listened with more complacency to her gorgeous promises of a wealthy, as well as noble spouse, unbounded honour, and a numerous progeny, contrasted with a faithless and penniless lover, doomed by the destinies to a violent and premature death. Sufficient remaining incredulity was of course manifested to render future visits necessary, but the Count, though unsuspecting of any plot, did not yet feel confidence enough in the staunchness of his Zingari ally, to trust her with any possible revocation of her oracle. He therefore chose to be present when she again entered the castle, and this obliged her to exert some ingenuity in communicating to Ida the positive intelligence she had that day received, of Casimir's actual sojourn in the mines of Schemnitz.

In addition, therefore, to all her former asseverations, that the stars had irrevocably decreed the union of Ida with a rich and adoring suitor, she advanced towards her, and resuming her hand with an air of peculiar solemnity, exclaimed, in a manner fully calculated to excite her attention, "It has this day been revealed to me, that when you again meet your perfidious lover, *it will not be upon earth!*"

These ominous words at first made Ida start, but the gipsy's earnest tone and gesture, and an almost imperceptible glance of her wild dark eye, taught her to look for a less obvious meaning; and, with a joyful alacrity, from which the Count drew the most flattering hopes, she exclaimed, in reply, "Well, mother! I see you are a prophetess indeed! there is nothing, however deep, which you cannot fathom!"—The gipsy, thus made aware that she was understood, ingratiated herself so far with the Count by her adroitness, as to procure free ingress to the chateau; stipulating, however, for permission to bring with her an orphan grandson,

from whom she never willingly separated, as he was apt, when out of her restraining presence, to get into mischief, besides which, his musical powers on the hurdy-gurdy and Jew's harp, would, she was sure, serve to dissipate Ida's remaining melancholy, and pave the way for a new love.

Miriam generally contrived to pay her visits towards the dusk of evening, a time when she said the mind was more open to mysterious impressions, and the influence of the stars (which even, while she thus tampered with their supremacy, she more than half believed) peculiarly powerful. She and her grandson insensibly became such privileged personages as to pass in and out from the turret assigned to Ida and her nurse, without exciting any observation; and no sooner was this the case, than Miriam and Natalia began to put in execution their project of transforming Ida into a very tolerable *fac simile* of young Zekiel, by means of the well-known gipsy dye for the skin, and a suit of boy's clothes, introduced piece by piece, under his grandame's tattered mantle.

The resemblance was quite sufficient to have deceived more suspicious observers, and Ida's fears for any possible evil consequences to her poor second self being obviated by seeing him safely descend a rope-ladder with all the agility of his tribe, and swim the moat with the ease of an amphibious animal, she with a beating heart and trembling limbs followed her gipsy conductress to the gates. Natalia, who could with no great difficulty have found a pretext for accompanying her beyond them, insisted with maternal devotion on remaining behind to carry on for a day or two the farce of the supposed illness of her charge, and gain time for the fugitive to reach the mines.

Once arrived there, she strongly advised Ida to reveal her sex and condition to the Bergrichter, or director, a humane and benevolent man, through whose interposition she

trusted Casimir's release and her union with him might be effected, though the power of Graf Metzin, and the paramount influence of parental authority might render it a hazardous measure. Ida, however, once happily beyond the hated walls, could think of nothing but increasing her distance from them, and was disposed to consider the deepest mine in Hungary with her lover a welcome refuge from tyranny above ground. She was too sanguine and inexperienced to foresee the many difficulties in her path, or even her own want of resolution to brave them, when it should come to the point; and it was not till conducted by Miriam within a short distance of the mines, and instructed by her to act the part of a gipsy boy, a runaway from his tribe for supposed ill treatment, that her heart died within her, and she half wished herself even at Metzinska again!

When ushered into the presence of the director, the half-formed project of confession quickly expired upon her lips, unequal alike to utter either the truth or falsehood she had meditated. Had his manners been less gentle and encouraging, she must infallibly have sunk beneath his glance; and had the dye on her skin been one jot less deep, her blushes must have betrayed her. The tears, however, which she shed abundantly, only seemed to attest the truth of the incoherent story she at length faltered out, of a cruel stepmother, and dislike to a vagrant life; but the compassion they excited had nearly frustrated all her plans, by inducing the director to propose easy labour and personal attendance above ground, to so young a creature, instead of the confined air and laborious drudgery of the mine.

Never did poor culprit more ardently petition for release from that Cimmerian bondage, than Ida now did to be permitted to endure it; and here again the plea which her awakened self-possession taught her to urge, in the natural dread of being



traced and kidnapped by her gipsy relatives, found ample corroboration from the wild alarm which really filled her bosom, and lent energy to her supplications. Nor was she far from the truth in asserting, that above ground, for some time at least, she could not for a moment fancy herself safe.

Yielding, therefore, to her childish but pardonable terrors, the humane director promised to carry her down himself to the mine of N——, which, from its difficulty of access, and considerable distance from the more open and frequented ones of that celebrated district, was appropriated to the involuntary residence of convicts, and was rendered, by the same circumstances, a safer abode for a fugitive, than those spacious, nay, almost splendid excavations, where royalty itself has frequently penetrated, in commodious equipages, by an almost imperceptible descent, and where the daily and hourly egress of thousands of free labourers of both sexes would have lent dangerous facilities either for the escape of the criminal, or the recognition of the innocent.

The mine of N—— was as yet accessible only by the appalling, and often, hazardous conveyance of the bucket; and fancy may easily picture the dread and horror with which a timid girl, even under the animating influence of love and hope, found herself suspended over earth's centre and lowered into its almost fathomless abysses.

She had already descended, by steep and slippery ladders, for nearly a hundred feet, without entirely losing the welcome glimmer of receding day, when, at a huge door, whose dingy aspect seemed fitted for an entrance into the infernal regions, she perceived two figures, half naked, and as black as ink, each of whom held in his hand a faggot of lighted fire, and, thus equipped, might have passed for one of Pluto's pages.

By these appalling satellites, the director and his trembling protegee, were invested with dresses of conge-

nial blackness, and, amid deafening shouts and muttered ejaculations, Ida found herself suddenly seized by one of the goblin grooms, who, unceremoniously throwing a rope round her, prepared to fasten her to the slight-looking bucket, which, with dizzy horror, she saw swinging in mid air, to receive her and her rude conductor.

It required a thought of Casimir to induce her to enter the frail vehicle within which she was ordered to seat herself, while the Stygian guide, merely resting on the edge, held the rope with one hand, and with a pole in the other kept the bucket clear of the numerous projections which might have proved fatal to its safety. There was an awful pause of a few moments, ere the machinery above was put in motion to accelerate their descent, during which the miner, secretly enjoying his companion's silent terror, cried, "Cheer up, my little fellow! we shall be at the bottom in a trice; that is (crossing himself), if it please St. Nicholas to give us a good journey. But we always make new comers fast to the bucket, since the ugly accident which befel a poor little girl, some half dozen years ago. She had a lover in the mine, it would seem, and, poor simple thing! nothing would serve her but she must be down to seek him."—(Here they began to descend with almost breathless rapidity.)—"She had either no guide, or one as awkward as herself: so, you see, the bucket was caught and upset by that point of rock we are just passing, and the poor girl pitched out on yonder narrow shelf below, where she clung, God knows how, for more than half an hour, till we got ladders spliced together, and picked her off more dead than alive. You may believe it was her lover who brought down his frightened turtle; he got a pardon, and she a pension; so you see, all's well that ends well, and here we are safe at the bottom, St. Nicholas be praised!"

Ida, while she shuddered at the fearful tale which had thus doubled the horrors of her passage, could have blessed the miner for the bright omen held out by its happy termination.

She now rejoined the director, and passing partly through galleries supported by timber-work, and partly through vaults hollowed in the rock, arrived at a vast hall, whose extremities the feeble light of many torches failed to illumine. It was supported by pillars of ore, and surrounded by seats of the same material, on which they paused for a moment's repose. They then proceeded to still greater depths—now saluted by burning exhalations from the furnaces and forges used for preparing tools, whose heat scarce permitted the workmen to bear the scantiest clothing—now almost frozen by subterranean currents of air, rushing with tempestuous violence through narrow cavities, till they arrived at the lowest gallery, eleven hundred feet under ground, where the pitchy darkness, the yet more dismal light from distant fires, the swarthy labourers, black as the ores they worked, partially discovered by the sparks proceeding from their own hammers, the noise of all this labour, and of the hydraulic engines for drying and ventilating the mine, together with the horrible figures which, from time to time, rushed past her with torches in their hands, made Ida, for a moment doubt, whether she had not descended rather too near to Tartarus. Emotions so new, and strange, were, however, soon absorbed in still stronger dread of not meeting Casimir, or of a premature discovery, from his hasty recognition of her, in circumstances so overpowering. Feeling, however, pretty confident that her disguise would shield her, for the present, from even a lover's eye, she made a strong effort, and endeavoured to summon to her own aid the courage, requisite for sustaining the spectacle of her beloved Yaninsky's humiliating condition.

The director-in-chief, whom chance had alone brought this day to visit the mine of N——, and whose stay below was necessarily brief, consigned Ida, on leaving the mine, to the resident overseer (a person fortunately for her, of advanced years and mild deportment), with directions to employ Zekiel (the name Ida had borrowed with her dress for the occasion), only in the slight labour of gathering those minute fragments of ore, which were overlooked in removing the larger masses to the furnace. "You will of course, as a father yourself," added the worthy director, "see, that what good his vagrant education may have left in him suffers as little as possible from temporary intercourse with your probate crew, among whom you have probably some minor offender, conscientious enough to look after a boy. When the danger of pursuit from his tribe has subsided, you may send him to me at Schemnitz, where I will enter him a student at the College of Mines; and who knows," added he, kindly patting on the head the trembling novice in dissimulation, "but he may have cause to bless through life his dark sojourn in the mine of N——!" Another silent blessing from the heart of Ida hailed the cheering presage!

Evening was far advanced when she was left alone in the great hall with the good inspector, and, deriving courage from his parental behaviour, she timidly requested leave to accompany him in his rounds through the upper and less dismal galleries, where she was to commence her task on the morrow. They had traversed the greater part of the immense excavations without her recognizing among the swarthy groups who pursued their labours, the well-known form of Casimir, and Ida's fears began to predominate over her hopes, when the overseer, turning into a new gallery, bade her observe its direction, and certain marks on the roof and pillars of ore, by which it was distinguished. "Here," said



he, "I chiefly intend you to pursue your occupation. The young miner who superintends this gallery is, though a convict, of superior manners and regular conduct, and I know not any part of the mine where a boy of your age may be trusted with so little danger of evil communication."

So saying they advanced; and at the further end of the dimly-lighted vault, Ida, with almost irrepressible emotion, descried Casimir busily engaged in directing half-a-dozen men to remove a large mass of extraneous matter, which impeded the further progress of the shaft. Ida involuntarily fell back, that the beating of her heart might not become audible to the inspector. He advanced towards Casimir, coolly approved of his proceedings, and then beckoning forward the trembling Ida, "Stephan," said he, (a name which Casimir had adopted as Ida's patronymic)—"here is a boy whom the Berg-richter has picked up from among the gipsies. His orders are to work him lightly; and, above all, to keep him from mischief. You are a steady young fellow, and with you I think he will learn no harm. Take him to your mess this evening, and at roll call I will come for him. He shall sleep with my little Adolf, who is afraid of spirits in the mine at night since his elder brother left us." Then turning to Ida, "Zekiel, I give you in that young man a friend and protector—if you quit his side it will be at your own peril, and you will repent it."—"Heaven forbid!" thought Ida.

Who would be so superfluous as to describe Ida's feelings, while the hasty and incurious glance of Casimir rested on her metamorphosed form, and his cold, yet gentle voice, uttered words of soothing and encouragement to the gipsy boy?—Who cannot fancy her feverish impatience while the awkward miners tardily obeyed the directions of Casimir, and its almost ungovernable height, as she watched their retiring

steps along the dreary corridor?—Yaninsky fortunately lingered to see all safe for the night, yet she half feared he would follow before her parched lips could utter his name in an almost inaudible whisper.

Low as it was, it found an echo in the heart of Casimir. He looked up like one awakened from a dream; caught one glance of a radiant eye which sorrow could not quench nor art disguise, and swift as thought was in the arms of Ida! Who that had seen that wild and long embrace in which the swarthy miner held the gipsy boy, had dreamed that under those lowly weeds were shrouded the bravest heart and noblest blood in Hungary, and the loveliest of its high-souled, though low-born maidens?

After the first few moments of unmingled ecstasy, Casimir, for whose character some weeks of solitude and reflection had done much, had leisure to consider the singular and distressing situation in which love for him had placed his bride, and to bless Heaven for the opportune relief afforded under it by the intended kindness and patronage of the inspector, and the society of his infant boy.—This he briefly explained to Ida, as they slowly and reluctantly approached the great hall, where the miners were mustered, previous to the return to upper air of all save the convicts (who alone slept under ground) and the evening meal of the latter.

Ida shrunk from the bare idea of appearing in the rude assembly; but Casimir (after allowing the miners who had been present when the director delivered her to his charge, to precede them by a few minutes, and thereby preclude embarrassing inquiries) conjured her to take courage, and not betray by unnecessary fears a secret which love itself had nearly failed to penetrate. In efforts to overcome this natural repugnance, time had insensibly elapsed, when a shrill whistle echoing through the galleries, seemed to strike Yaninsky with a sudden agony of terror, whol-

ly unaccountable to Ida, whom he hurried along with a breathless rapidity which rendered inquiry impossible. They had proceeded but a few paces, when a tremendous explosion burst on Ida's ear, like the crash of an absolutely impending thunderbolt, accompanied too, with a sudden glare, which illumined the whole subterranean territory, but in an instant vanished, leaving them in total darkness, the concussion of the air having extinguished the torches. This darkness was interrupted only by the fitful flashes from succeeding discharges, of which the light lasted only for a moment, while the sound was long and terribly reverberated by a thousand echoes. The vaults cracked, the earth shook, the arched recess, into which Casimir on the first alarm had instinctively dragged Ida, trembling on its rocky base.

To her, the noise of the bursting rocks, the sulphureous smoke in which she was enveloped, and the sense of suffocation it occasioned, suggested the idea of some awful natural convulsion; and though life had seldom been sweeter than during the few preceding moments, yet death with Casimir lost half its terrors; but to him, who knew the artificial cause of the mimic thunder, and its imminent danger to those unprotected from its effects, who knew also, that his own fond inadvertence had exposed his Ida to the peril of perishing by the actual workmanship of his own hands, the few minutes during which the awful scene lasted, seemed an age of anxiety and terror. The mute devotion with which she clung to his side, and resigned herself to whatever might be the result of so terrific an adventure, enhanced the remorse he felt for having endangered a life so invaluable; and it was not till all fears had subsided, and silence again resumed her reign, that he found breath to explain to Ida, that the peculiarly impenetrable nature of the strata in this mine, rendered frequent blasting with gunpowder necessary; and that

the period usually chosen for this hazardous operation, was during the meals of the workmen, when they were exempted from danger by being collected in one safe and central hall.

Towards this they now proceeded, guided through the gloom by the rude mirth of the guests, who rallied Casimir on his supposed design of amusing himself with the terrors of his young protege. The imperfect light favoured Ida's efforts to encounter, with tolerable calmness, such slight scrutiny as the fatigued and hungry group had leisure to bestow; but it was not till the motley group, assembled around the rude board, were thoroughly engrossed by their repast, that she ventured to raise her downcast eyes, and as they wandered in pity or disgust over the ferocious or the abject amid his lawless associates, to rest, at length, with unmingled admiration on the noble form and dignified countenance of her lover. She thought she had never seen him to such advantage; not even when, gaily running his richly caparisoned steed, with a plumed brow and a glittering vest, he shone (in her eyes at least) the brightest star in the Emperor's proud train at the opening of the Diet! And it was love, love for Ida, that had robbed the brow of its plume, and the vest of its bravery; aye, and sadder still, the cheek of its bloom, and the eye of its radiance: but what are these to the mute eloquence of the pale cheek and languid eye, when they speak of reckless constancy, and faith unshaken by suffering?

It was with a strange mixture of reluctance to leave Casimir, and repugnance to remain a moment longer in the Pandemonium he inhabited for her sake, that Ida tore herself from her lover to obey the summons of the inspector, a worthy old Swede from Sahla, who had been attracted from his own country by the mineralogical reputation of Schemnitz, and engaged for a short period to superintend some new workings in



the mine of N——, and introduce processes of his invention peculiarly applicable to the nature of the strata.

As they went along, the tender father could not forbear expatiating with parental delight on his child. "Adolf," said he, "is wild with joy at the idea of having a companion. Poor little fellow, I rashly, perhaps, promised his dying mother never to part from him, and foolish compliance with that promise has made me keep him with me even here; where, though we have been three weeks under ground, his health, thank God, has been excellent, though his spirits have threatened to fail latterly, especially at nights, from the foolish tales he hears from the miners, of Cobolds and Bergmannchen. Do, Ze-kiel, try and get them out of his little head: But, hark ye, do not give him any of your Zingari notions of palmistry and divination in their stead, else the remedy will be worse than the disease!"

Ida could only shake her head, afraid to trust her voice with a reply, when a beautiful fair-haired boy of five years old came bounding to meet them, and threw himself into his father's arms, evidently startled by the dusky hue of the new friend he had so ardently longed to see. A second glance at Ida, and her sweet smile, however, conquered the first impression, and taking her by the hand, he hurried her playfully forward. A turn in the great gallery suddenly brought before them an object so new and unexpected to Ida, that she could scarce forbear exclaiming when she found herself at the door of the inspector's house, a log-hut, neatly and substantially constructed. Adolf, remarking her wonder, exclaimed, with all the conscious superiority of infant knowledge, "Ah! if you only saw Sahla! papa's house there is a palace to this, and there are streets and houses, and a windmill! Oh! this is a shabby mine, not to be compared to dear Sahla!"

As he spoke they entered the house, which consisted of two apartments, one of which, filled with books and instruments of science, was occupied by the inspector, while the other, a sort of kitchen, was prepared for the use of the children. Adolf, after insisting on sharing with his new playmate (whose slight figure gave her, in male attire, an absolutely childish appearance) a supper, somewhat more inviting than the rye bread and black beer she had left behind, complained of being sleepy; and the inspector, pronouncing a grave blessing on his infant head, (in which the good man included his worse than orphan comrade,) retired to his own apartment.

No sooner was his father gone, than little Adolf, forgetting his drowsiness, began to tell a thousand stories about Cobolds and Minenockers, and good people; all of whom, he said, he saw or heard every night, and from whose visits he hoped the society of a companion would release him. Ida, too heavy at heart to laugh at the childish list of supernatural acquaintance, had recourse to her rosary; and recommending to the little Lutheran (who had never before seen such a plaything) to say a prayer for every bead till he fell asleep, put him to bed, availing herself of his still unconquered dislike of her complexion, to spread her own mattress at a little distance on the floor.

Here, at length, sleep visited her wearied frame, and her slumbers (broken only occasionally by the infant voice of Adolf, muttering his childish but efficacious orisons) continued till she herself was conscious they had been protracted, and, on opening her eyes, fully expected to be rebuked by the bright blaze of day.

It was a painful moment that recalled her, by the darkness around, to a sense of her situation; but impatient to meet Casimir, of whom she had as yet enjoyed but a transient glimpse, conquered her dejec-

tion ; and, striking a light she awoke her little companion, and giving him his breakfast, (her share of which she reserved to partake it with Casimir,) she consigned him to his father, and awaited the arrival of her lover, who had promised to come and conduct her to the scene of their mutual labours. The sight of him in his coarse miner's dress, the paleness of confinement, increased by the rays of the lamp he held in his hand, proved almost too much for her ; but his unaltered smile cheered her ; and there was a radiance in his bright black eye since yesterday, that spoke of hope and happiness !

Casimir was able to contrive that they should be uninterrupted during a great part of this day, and it was spent in discussing their prospects, and weighing the advantages held out by continued concealment or immediate discovery. The former, exposed to irksome confinement and inevitable delay ; but the latter threatened possible destruction to their hopes, and was therefore more formidable. The inspector, though a worthy and humane man, must, as a parent, entertain high ideas of parental authority, and was not likely to sanction the union of an only child without the consent of her father ; nay, would probably insist on delivering her up to him immediately. It was, therefore, advisable to endeavour to secure an interest in his breast, by continued kindness to his child ; and they agreed, at all events to defer discovery till the approaching festival should bring down to the mine a priest, to whom, in confession at least, if not otherwise, the secret might be confided.

During the intervening month, Casimir and Ida (whose *tete-a-tetes* were usually confined to a few short moments in proceeding to, or returning from their labours) indemnified themselves for the restraint imposed by the presence of their parties, by establishing, through the interesting child by whom they were almost constantly accompanied, a medium

of intercourse as delightful as it was unsuspected. Tales of love and chivalry related by Casimir, (and which soon eclipsed in the mind of his young auditor the fairy and goblin legends of ruder narrators,) found a no less enthusiastic listener in Ida, who saw in her lover the hero of every romance, and read in the perils each experienced for his mistress, a faint reflection of the heroic daring of her own devoted Casimir ; while Ida's encomiums on love and constancy, nay, sometimes even her heartfelt expressions of fond attachment to the child on whom they were sincerely lavished, were interpreted as more than half addressed to one, who might have found it difficult under other circumstances to extort them. In short, that mental sunshine, which is altogether independent even of the smiles of nature, played so brightly across their darkling path, that each viewed with awe and anxiety the approach of a period which might restore them to light and liberty, at the possible expense of at least a temporary separation.

The festival which was to decide their fate (one of the most solemn of the Romish church,) occurred during our visit to the Mining district, and we were advised on no account to quit N—— without witnessing the brilliant spectacle of the illumination of the mine, and the performance of high mass in its lofty and spacious chapel, whose intrinsic magnificence might put to shame the richest shrines of our upper world.

We went down early in the morning, that the previous splendours of day might not rob the subterranean *spectacle* of any of its brilliancy ; and highly as my expectations had been raised, they were not disappointed. The blaze of the torches, reflected by the innumerable particles of silver ore that lined the roof and walls of the galleries, was absolutely dazzling ; while the deep shadows beyond their immediate influence would have been studies for a Rembrandt.

The chapel, when we first looked



into it, at that early hour, was crowded with miners waiting for admission to the confessional; among the last of whom, I remembered seeing a very dark but handsome boy leaning against a pillar, in evident agitation. I had followed the inspector into some distant workings, to see various effects of light and shadow and natural phenomena, rendered more apparent by the increased illumination, and did not return till a bell had given notice of the approaching commencement of mass.

The crowd in the chapel was rather increased than diminished; but it had spontaneously divided, leaving at the altar only the venerable white-haired priest, before whom knelt a handsome young miner, and the same slender dusky boy, whose dark skin was now, however, mocked and betrayed to be factitious, by a redundant profusion of the finest flaxen hair, which swept as he knelt on the dark rocky floor of the chapel.

Murmurs and whispers ran around the assembly; and on seeing the inspector advance, the priest, in a dignified voice, inquired if any impediment prevented the administration of the sacrament of marriage to the pair now kneeling to receive it; long affianced in the sight of Heaven, and thus miraculously brought together to complete a violated contract? No one presumed to contravene or question the propriety of the ordinance, till the half-fainting bride, blushing through all her nut-brown dye, glanced at her strange habiliments, and with maiden modesty faltered, "No, not in these!"

The appeal was irresistible, and as soon as mass had been celebrated, a messenger was despatched by the

kind inspector, to the village above, for a female peasant's dress of the country, in which Ida looked absolutely enchanting.

It was not alone a bridal dress that this embassy procured. It brought friends to grace the nuptials, whom fate had strangely conspired to bring that day to N——.

Ida had conjured the gipsies to lighten as soon as possible her father's anxieties, by acquainting him with her safety, though not with her retreat; but the communication had been delayed, and it was only the appearance of the faithful Natalia, who had remained concealed for some time after her escape from the castle of Metzinska, that at length led him to a knowledge of his daughter's fate. With a heart softened by long anxiety and parental remorse, he was now arrived at the mouth of the mine, followed by the faithful nurse, and attended by the reconciled Yaninski, who had also at length gained tidings of their brother (whom they concluded in a foreign country with his bride,) from one of the banditti, who had escaped on the seizure of the others, and was glad to purchase indemnity on his return to his native country by such interesting intelligence.

The Yaninski were amply furnished with pardons and letters of rehabilitation. Stephanoff came loaded with wealth to reward his daughter's benefactors and rich dresses to adorn her person—but it was in the peasant's dress of the mining district that she gave her hand to Casimir, and in that dress she has sworn to keep the anniversary of her WEDDING UNDER GROUND!

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*To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.*

SIR,

I HAVE not been in the habit of writing for publication, and consequently have never taken that pains which I always supposed works intended to

be printed require. For me then, to criticise the writings of any of your correspondents, may appear presumptuous; and, especially, to find fault with the writer on "Composition and

Style," may appear the height of arrogance. I am however one of those old fellows, who will say what they consider right, whether it be pleasing or not ; and as I have a great desire that your publication should prosper, I do not wish to see any thing in it which may in any degree retard its circulation, or lessen it in the esteem of its learned readers.

Now, Sir, these same papers, "On Composition and Style," are not, in my opinion, fit to appear in a community in which Murray's English, and Lilly's Latin Grammar, have been taught with such success, as that of Nova-Scotia ; where every school boy can explain as much, on grammar, as Atticus has done ; and very few of them would do it in such poor school-boy style.

"On Composition and Style," quotha?—He calls himself ATTICUS too. Atticus ! which was a kind of rallying watch-word, in the far famed city of Rome, for all persons of

learning and politeness. Why, sir, Atticus would have been ashamed of this same fellow that assumes his name. "Composition and Style !" why, Sir, there is neither the one nor the other in his writings, unless we suppose that the different parts of speech deserves that name. You have many correspondents of talent, who would furnish articles worth reading : why then should your pages be filled with such trash as that of Atticus'. Pay more regard, Sir, to the literature of Nova-Scotia, than to suppose its learned population require to be taught, in its most lasting publication, to distinguish THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

Should you think proper to print this and Atticus to reply to it ; or should you be induced to insert any more of his stuff, you shall assuredly hear from me again : for though I can by no means lay claim to the title of a *good writer* ; yet I think myself a full match for his "Composition and Style." Yours, M.

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FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

A SONG.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

Oh, my poor heart is sad ! sorrow dwells there ;  
Distant far is the lad, whose image fair,  
Lives in my love-sick mind,  
Emblem of all that's kind ;  
No relief can I find,  
'Till he appear.

Soft may the breezes blow, warm be the air !  
Fast melt thou winter snow, sweet flowers appear :  
Soon shall the warblers sing,  
Hailing returning spring,  
Making the woodlands ring,  
Banishing care.

Haste then my love to me, haste from afar :  
Safe guide him while on sea, each twinkling star :  
When I my laddie see,  
Light, light my heart shall be,  
Then every care shall flee  
Distant and far.

February 22, 1827.



NICHOLAS PESCE, THE CELEBRATED SICILIAN DIVER.

“Dire Scylla here a scene of horror forms,  
And there Charybdis fills the deep with storms :  
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves,  
The rough rock roars, tumultuous boil the waves.”

*Pope's Homer.*

The following account of Nicholas Pesce, the famous diver, is related by the celebrated Kircher, which, he assures us, he had from the archives of the kings of Sicily: the story, I make no doubt, will be highly gratifying to your numerous readers.—TELL-TALE.

IN the times of Frederick, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicholas, and who, from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed *The Fish*. This man had from his infancy been used to the sea, and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villagers on shore. His long acquaintance with the sea, at last brought it to be his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there, and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily to Calybria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to swim among the gulfs of the Lipari islands, no way apprehensive of danger. Some mariners, out at sea, one day observing something at a distance from them, which they regarded as a sea-monster; but upon its approach it was known to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship.—When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he shewed them a packet of letters, which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, neatly done up in a leathern bag, in such a manner that they could not be wetted by the sea. He kept them thus company for some time on their voyage, conversing and asking questions; and after eating a hearty meal with them, took his

leave, and, jumping into the sea, pursued his voyage alone.

In order to aid these powers of enduring in the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed, as in a goose; and his chest became so very capacious, that he could take in at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a considerable time.

The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself, who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicholas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicholas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but at last, however, after much searching, he was found, and brought before his majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he therefore conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information; and commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool; and, as an incitement to his obedience, he ordered a golden cup to be flung into it. Nicholas was not insensible of the dangers to which he was exposed, dangers best known only to himself; and he therefore presumed to remonstrate: but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of shewing his skill, at last prevailed. He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was immediately swallowed up in its bosom. He continued for three-quarters of an hour below, during which time the king and his attendants remained on shore anxious for his fate; but he at last appeared upon the surface, holding

the cup triumphantly in one hand, and making his way good upon the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause upon his arrival on shore; the cup was made the reward of his adventure; the king ordered him to be taken proper care of: and, as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labour, after a hearty meal he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself by sleeping.

When his spirits were thus restored, he was again brought, to satisfy the king's curiosity with a narrative of the wonders he had seen; and his account was to the following effect. He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands, had he been apprised of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he observed, that rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men, but even to the fishes themselves: first, the force of the water, bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks, that on every side threaten destruction;

thirdly, the force of the whirlpool dashing against those rocks; and, fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polypus fish, some of which appeared as large as a man, and which, every where sticking against the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him. Being asked, how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in; he replied, that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, not satisfying the king's curiosity, he was requested to venture once more into the gulf for further discoveries: he at first refused; but the king, desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf, repeated his solicitations, and, to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations, the unfortunate *Pessacola* once again plunged into the whirlpool,—and was never heard of more.

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FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE ANGELS' SONG,

*Welcoming to the joys of Heaven, the Soul of an amiable young Lady,  
lately deceased.*

Gentle spirit hither come,  
And with us your Lord adore,  
Come, and find your heavenly home,  
Come, where sorrow is no more.

Here no sickness you will find,  
Here no pains shall rack your frame,  
Here are joys of purest kind,  
Jesus, here is still the same.

Come, and leave the world below,  
Freed from worldly bondage now;  
Sing his praises as we go,  
And before his presence bow.

E. O.

*Halifax, February 26.*



## ANECDOTES.

## RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

IN 1090, Richard I. King of England, and Philip Augustus, King of France, joined their forces and went into Syria. Philip, however, soon returned to his kingdom; but the valiant Richard Cœur de Lion remained in Palestine. Philip was rendered jealous of the glory which Richard had acquired by the siege and conquest of Ptolemais; he therefore pleaded indisposition, and returned to France, leaving with the King of England a body of ten thousand men, under the command of the Duke of Burgundy; with these, Richard attacked the troops of Saladin, over whom he obtained a complete victory, and took the city of Ascalon.

The laws made by Richard for the preservation of good order in his fleet when he was sailing to Palestine were as follows:—He that kills a man on board shall be tied to the body and thrown into the sea. If he kills one on land, he shall be buried with the same. If it be proved that any one has drawn a knife to strike another, or has drawn blood, he shall lose his hand. If he strikes with his fist, without effusion of blood, he shall be thrice plunged into the sea. If a man insult another with approbrious language, so often as he does it, to give so many ounces of silver. A man convicted of theft, to have his head shaved, and to be tarred and feathered on the head, and to be left on the first land the ship shall come to. Richard appointed officers to see these laws executed with rigour, two of which officers were bishops.

Numerous anecdotes are related of the bravery of Richard. One day, he, at the head of only seventeen horsemen, and a small body of foot, was attacked and surrounded by the Sultan's army; the party of Richard maintained their ground with so much valour, that the Turks and Saracens drew back, quite astonished and terrified: their leader found it impossible to make them renew the attack.

Richard had that day ridden along the whole line of the enemy, and dared them all to a single combat with him, but in vain, for they were all too much intimidated at his surprising courage, for any one to venture to attack him singly. Had this circumstance been related by his own men only, or by some English historians, it might rather reasonably have been discredited; but an Arabian writer of the life of Saladin would scarcely tell so much of the prowess of an enemy, was not the account a fact.

Richard now drew near to Jerusalem with an intention of conquering and restoring it to the Christians; but all the chiefs of the crusading parties, himself excepted, were fatigued with the hardships they had undergone; a long absence from their native country induced each of them to wish to return. The disappointed Richard was obliged to conclude a truce with the Sultan Saladin (or, as it is more commonly spelt by the Arabian writers, Saladedin), wherein it was agreed that the cities he had gained from Saladin should remain in the hands of the Christians, and that the Pilgrims should have liberty to perform their vows at Jerusalem unmolested. The truce was concluded for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. After this Saladin died: he was on the whole a man of great generosity, and possessed many other shining qualities.

Richard was so eager to raise money when he went to the Crusade, that on some one remonstrating what a large expense he had been at, Richard replied, "I would sell London itself could I find a purchaser."

## THE SULTAN SALADIN.

THE following anecdote of the magnanimity of Saladin does much honour to his memory:—At his return from the siege of Monsol, in Syria, he seized the whole Lordship of

Emessa, in opposition to the right of Nasir Eddin, the young Prince, who claimed it, on pretence that the late father of the youth had forfeited it by giving countenance to some confederacies against the sultan's interest. Saladin ordered that proper care should be taken of the education of the young prince. One day, wishing to know what progress he had made in his learning, he ordered the prince to be brought before him, and asked him what part of the Alcoran he was reading. "I am come," said the youth, to the astonishment of all present, "to that verse, which informs me that he who devours the estates of orphans, is not a king, but a tyrant." The sultan was much startled and surprised at the prince's answer; but after some time and recollection, he returned him this reply, "He who speaks with this resolution, cannot fail of acting with as much courage: I therefore restore you the possessions of your father, lest I should be taught to fear a virtue I only reverence."

It is said of Saladin, that at the siege of Alexandria, he was so much struck and pleased with the valour of a Christian knight, constable of Jerusalem, called Humphry de Thoron, that he requested to be knighted by him, which by the leave of the king was immediately granted, with every mark of esteem and confidence due to his valour, and the noble defence he had made during the siege.

#### THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

THE Siege of Acre, during the third crusade, towards the close of the twelfth century, is one of the most memorable recorded in history. The place was invested by two thousand horse and thirty thousand foot. The siege lasted two years, and consumed, in a narrow space, the forces of Europe and Asia. Never did the flame of enthusiasm burn with fiercer and more destructive rage. At the sound of the holy trumpet, the moslems of Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and the Oriental provinces, assembled under the ser-

vant of the prophet; his camp was pitched within a few miles of Acre; and he laboured night and day for the relief of his brethren, and the annoyance of the Franks. Nine battles, not unworthy of the name, were fought in the neighbourhood of Mount Carmel, with such vicissitude of fortune, that in one attack the Sultan forced his way into the city, and in one sally the Christians penetrated the royal tent. By means of divers and pigeons, a regular correspondence was maintained with the besieged: and as often as the sea was left open, the exhausted garrison was withdrawn, and a fresh supply was poured into the place. The Latin camp was thinned by famine, the sword, and the climate; but the tents of the dead were replenished with new pilgrims, who exaggerated the strength and speed of their approaching countrymen. The vulgar were astonished by the report, that the Pope himself, with an innumerable crusade, was advanced as far as Constantinople. The march of the emperor filled the east with more serious alarms. At length, in the spring of the second year, the royal fleets of France and England cast anchor in the Bay of Acre, and the siege was more vigorously prosecuted by the youthful emulation of the two kings, Philip Augustus, and Richard the First. After every resource had been tried, and every hope was exhausted, the defenders of Acre submitted to their fate; a capitulation was granted, but their lives and liberties were taxed at the hard conditions of a ransom of two hundred thousand pieces of gold, the deliverance of a hundred nobles, and fifteen hundred inferior captives, and the restoration of the wood of the holy cross. Some doubts in the agreement, and some delay in the execution, rekindled the fury of the Franks, and three thousand Moslems almost in the Sultan's view, were beheaded by command of King Richard. By the conquest of Acre, the Latins acquired a strong town and a convenient harbour; but the ad-

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vantage was most dearly purchased. The minister and historian of Saladin, computes from the report of the enemy, that their numbers, at different periods, amounted to five or six hundred thousand; that more than one hundred thousand Christians were slain; that a far greater number was lost by disease or shipwreck; and that but a small portion of this mighty host could return in safety to their native countries.

BLONDEL, THE MINSTREL.

As Blondel, the favourite minstrel of Richard, is alluded to in the *Talisman*, the following anecdote of him, will, we doubt not be read with interest:—

Blondel owed his fortune to Richard Cœur de Lion, and animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master (who on his return from the crusades had been imprisoned by the emperor), was resolved to go over the world, until he had discovered the destiny of this prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany, when at Lintz, in Austria, he learnt that there was near that city, at the entrance of a forest, a strong and ancient castle, in which there was a prisoner, who was guarded with great care. A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard; he went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made him tremble; he got acquainted with a peasant who often went there to carry provisions, and questioned him; but the man was ignorant of the name and quality of the prisoner. He could only inform him that he was watched with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one but the keeper of the castle and his servants. He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the staircase and the apartments were black with age; and so dark, that at noon-day it was necessary to have lighted flambeaux to find the way along them. He added, that the prisoner had no other

amusement than looking over the country through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into the apartment.

Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several days of coming at the prisoner; but all in vain. At last, when he found that from the height and narrowness of the window he could not get a sight of his dear master, for so he firmly believed him to be, he recollected a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung with a loud and harmonious voice the first part, he suddenly stopped, and heard a voice, which came from the castle window, say, "Continue and finish the song." Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the king, his master, who was confined in this dismal castle.—The chronicle adds, that one of the keeper's servants falling sick, Blondel got himself hired in his place; and thus at last obtained personal access to Richard. The nobility of England were informed with all expedition of the situation of their monarch, and he was released from his confinement by the payment of a large ransom; though but for the extraordinary perseverance of the grateful Blondel he might have wasted out his days in the prison to which he had been treacherously consigned.

GLUTTONY.

A REVEREND at one of the Universities was remarkable for two things—a great stock of wit, and a great stomach. There was not a college could have a feast, but he was certain to be there to furnish the table with mirth; and thus the keenness of his appetite, as well as that of his wit, his capacity for devouring being equal to his talent for humour, and as he spoke more than any six, so he ate more than any three. At an entertainment where he was a guest, he was observed, after half an hour's facetiousness and gluttony, just as the last course was going to be removed,

to seem very much concerned, and look with an unusual melancholy; every one about him wondered at the doctor's gloominess; at last the dean of the college asked him the reason: "Sir," answered he, "I am very ill, I am exceedingly out of order." "Dear doctor," answered the dean, "you look well and rosy; your colour is fresh, and you don't seem to have lost your stomach." "Mr. Dean," replied the reverend trencherman, "however well my looks may be, my case is desperate. I am not long a man for this world; the proof is too plain, for when I had my health, I never dined in this hall, but before the last course my surcingle fairly touched the margin of the table; you see, notwithstanding my best endeavours at the venison pasty, I am now distant full *three inches*; it is no toucher, my stomach fails me, and I am a gone man." "Is that the case," said the dean, "courage, though you have not reached to a toucher, you must know we have had the table moved six inches farther from the bench you sit upon, and therefore, instead of *losing three inches* you have *gained three* in that prodigious rotundity of flesh." "Oh, ho, is that the business, it is well enough, then," said the doctor, with a smile upon his countenance; and immediately resumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and rolled home to his chamber with the utmost satisfaction.

#### FORESIGHT.

A LETTER from the Isle of France, quoted in a Calcutta paper, gives the following particulars of a species of foresight for which this island is celebrated:—

"In my next letter I must tell you of the abilities of some few here to discover ships some days before they appear above the horizon. You may remember the phenomenon having been noticed some time ago in a voyage in the Northern Ocean; I forget the name of both the ship and the

captain\* on that occasion; but the ship appears in the air inverted, and of course the appearance is accounted for on the common theory of reflection. It is, however, peculiar to certain situations, or at least certain latitudes. One of the men at this place was invited to Paris by the Institute, but he could not observe the same appearance there, and came back. He here makes a daily report, and is rarely out. He has been known to announce a ship dismasted for five days before any other person could discover her (the *Dunira*, Chinaman); and among many other incontrovertible proofs, he not long ago announced the approach of two brigs unaccountably lashed together; in three days after a ship with four masts made its appearance, a thing that had not been seen for twelve years before. There are two old men that have the skill to discern very accurately, but they have many pupils whom they are teaching, and who can see the objects, though they cannot yet perceive distinctly the particular characters of them."—*Asiatic Journal*.

#### TIGER DUFF.

LIEUTENANT DUFF of the Honourable East India Company's Service, was dining with some brother officers a few miles from Bengal; while in the height of pleasure and mirth they were interrupted by an immense tiger, who springing among them, seized Mr. Duff by the leg, and throwing him across his shoulders, made off with the rapidity of lightning. The transaction was so instantaneous that long before his companions recovered their consternation, Duff was borne from their sight.

On consulting together, they agreed to take their pieces and proceed in search of their unfortunate comrade, tracking him by the progress of his destroyer through the fern and bushes. In the meanwhile, Mr. Duff was carried at that rapid rate for

\* Captain Scoresby.—Ed. A. J.



near half a mile, when the tiger began to relax in his progress and proceed much more leisurely. As they went along they came to a piece of wood that had been used as a wedge, Duff snatched it up, for at that very moment an idea seized him that with it he might conquer his foe. They had gone a little farther when the soldier cautiously extending his hands with their united strength, dashed the wedge into the tiger's mouth, and succeeded in driving it so far in that he could see the animal's tongue. The tiger howled and raged most fearfully, but Mr. Duff aware that this was his only hope of life and liberty was equally desperate, at length the tiger mad with pain and rage relinquished his opponent's leg, and he sprung from his back. It was now a most appalling crisis, for Duff had urged the wedge in, and seized the animal's tongue; his howls and cries of pain were dreadful, and was heard by Mr. Duff's companions, who were unable to guess the reason. At length, with a last and desperate effort, the lieutenant tore out his antagonist's tongue by the root, and then, though exhausted and almost breathless, he took his pen-knife out and succeeded in stabbing the tiger to his heart. Shortly after his companions came up, and were struck with horror and surprise at beholding Duff apparently dead deluged with blood, and the tiger lying by stretched out at length with the wooden wedge upright in his mouth.

They made a litter of boughs for him and bore him to the next Indian village, where they procured medical aid and he shortly after recover-

ed from his wounds and scratches, and was always afterwards denominated "Tiger Duff." His friends went and skinned the tiger and then having had the spotted covering beautifully dressed, presented it to him as the strongest instance of their admiration at his courage.

Duff was killed on the continent a few years after, when he had attained to the rank of Colonel.



## MOSAIC GOLD.

A composition, to which the incongruous name of Mosaic Gold has been affixed, has recently been manufactured in England; its ingredients are as yet unknown, but the effects produced by the mixture have never been equalled, except by gold itself. In weight alone, it is inferior to that metal; it admits of a higher polish, and resists, in an equal degree, the action of the atmosphere and moisture; its price, however, is extremely low, not exceeding, we believe, two pence per ounce in the ingot.—A public company has been instituted for the manufacturing of articles of this composition, of which his Majesty has ordered a large quantity for the embellishment of Windsor Castle. In this age of extravagant piety, it may be interesting to learn, that a passage in the book of Ezra, viii. 27, wherein "copper as precious as gold" is mentioned, induced an enthusiastic individual of the name of Hamilton to commence, about twenty years ago, a course of experiments, which were terminated by this singular discovery, almost realizing the alchemist's reverie of the transmutation of metals.

WE have hitherto been in the habit of giving, in our pages, a brief abstract of the news for the past month. As our limits were straitly circumscribed, we could give very little, and that little, we are assured, would afford but small satisfaction to our readers. The newspapers, circulated sooner than the Magazine, contain all and much more, of public intelligence, than we can insert under that head.

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What our pages might contain, must therefore be altogether uninteresting, by the time it is received. Besides, it is the wish of many of our readers, that both that, and the list of deaths, except in cases permanently interesting, should be omitted, and the pages occupied with something more generally pleasing. We shall endeavour in future to adopt our management of the Magazine more to the wishes of our subscribers, and shall be thankful for any hints, which may assist us in rendering the work more generally useful.

We should be glad if our correspondents would furnish us with good descriptions of the parts of the country in which they severally reside, and, if possible, with views of the scenery.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

John Templeton has our warmest thanks for his numerous and valuable communications. O, ye Powers! preserve his FINGERS from the cold blasts of the Knoydart shore—"his mind is ever wauking."

As for you, Mr. I., you see that your communications are always pleasing.

Far be dowie days frae you,  
And far be cankered care driven;  
Health, wi' his blessing, brend your brow,  
And keep your learned fingers screevin'.

We present our grateful acknowledgments to Cecil, and hope we shall continue to hear from him often.

Atticus is received; but we have not room to insert his piece in the present number. "Stolen Minutes," &c. by Entori, have been also received. We earnestly entreat Entori to employ his "Stolen Minutes," and indeed, all his poetical "Minutes," on subjects more worthy of his genius, than those of which his last communication consists.

Lines on Jealousy, by Juvenis, are before us. From his name we should suppose he has never felt that passion, and is not therefore the best qualified to describe it. Although we have published a piece this month, in which there appears some of it, yet it is not a subject on which the mind loves to dwell. Were he to employ his talents, which are respectable, on Love, or anticipated connubial felicity, he might produce something better suiting his age, and the taste of readers in general.

W. M. R. will appear in our next.

We are pleased with Arion, and his tale in general: but as, in its present state, it does not finish, we delay the insertion of it till we hear from him again. The little maid, according to the general style of fairy tale, should be ultimately restored, or rescued by some counter spell, and if possible by some interesting youth, the former companion of her childish sports, in whose heart the pleasing remembrance of her, aided by his frequently hearing, from the fairy haunts, her well known, and much loved voice, has nourished fond infantile affections into ardent and unchangeable love, and which has induced him to brave the demoniac rage of the whole elfin host, to rescue his little maid from their power. He ought to restore her to her parents; and, as a reward for his love and heroism, receive her from their hands.

Peregrinus will appear in our next.

W's communication is written with much taste for the kind of writing he has adopted. We should be glad to insert it, but for this reason, that it requires a COMMENCEMENT, and a proper termination. We hope he will supply us with these, in time for our next number.

X. will see that he is anticipated in his remarks on Atticus, by M.

A Brother's Love, by I., is under consideration.

E. O. we hope, will excuse us for inserting only part of his piece: we have taken what we consider the CREAM of it.

Mandeville came too late for insertion this month.