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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

3.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., MARCH, 1843.

No. 3.

and Fall of the Moors in Spain.

WE are ALL familiar with the History of Greece and Rome—of Egypt, Persia and Turkey—we have at least a limited knowledge.—The subject, however, of Moorish history, of those professing the Mussulman faith, are, probably, the least familiar; and, particularly, in reference to the most brilliant period of their history, while holding possession of Spain.

It is impossible to refer to the Moorish or Turkish power without taking a glance at the Mussulman religion; its origin, principles and character, as exercising a very powerful influence on the genius and disposition of those professing its doctrines.

It is known that the Mussulmen are descended from the Patriarch Abraham; and consequently, are of great antiquity. They were known as the Arabs and enjoyed a roving nomadic life; acknowledging no government but their chiefs, claiming the desert as their home, inured to fatigue and suffering, proud of their freedom and their ancient descent, defying through ages the Persian, Macedonian, and Roman power, they presented the phenomena of an immense multitude of brave men, without an acknowledged government or a fixed territory. They thus lived, thus roved, thus fought, and thus died, until the year five hundred and sixty-nine of the Christian era, when a great man arose, who was destined to organize these wandering hordes and give to them a name, a religion, and a rank, which even at this day are too formidable to be lightly treated.—Mahomet, commonly called Mahomet the impostor. And here it may be well to correct a vulgar error concerning this extraordinary man. It has been the custom in rude and dark ages to term every great reformer in religion an impostor. If he assailed any of the received doctrines of an opposite faith, he was sure to

be greeted by that appellation; for what we imbibe strongly in infancy—the principles in which we are educated, though possibly erroneous, we cannot tranquilly allow to be attacked or undermined. Moses, who gave to the world the great written law which civilization has fully adopted, shared the same fate, in the estimation of prejudiced men; in more modern times the reformers have nearly all proved martyrs. We, however, who can afford to be just, I will not say liberal, who are trammelled by no ecclesiastical Government, and are not compelled to think on matters of faith according to the revised statutes; we, who know that in the multitude of sects, there is safety, that as no two faces are exactly alike, nor any two watches which can keep seconds together; we in short who live in a more enlightened and tolerant age, dare think, and dare avow our thoughts. We have a right to say that Mahomet was no impostor, if really we believe him to have been none.

He was a truly great man, not as the mere founder of a religious sect; because a combination of circumstances and events may elevate any man into a leader; but from his great and capacious mind, his undoubted valor, his love of justice and his general accomplishments.

Mahomet found an immense body of the Arabs with a mixed and undefined religion; partly Jewish and Christian, with an inclination to idolatry—a belief in sorcery and demons, and an adoration paid to the stars.

He meditated deeply on these facts—broached theory after theory, but it was not until he had reached his forty fourth year that he perfected a religious system which overturned existing religions and spread like a vast conflagration among a numerous, powerful and ardent people.

In the Koran we have the foundation of this religion mixed with rhapsodies and absurdities which the meanest intellect at our day would

repudiate as ridiculous and preposterous, together with much pure morality, blended with wildness and incoherency.

He could not philosophise with the child of the desert, nor offer him a pure, yet incomprehensible religion; he therefore made his eternal rewards, *personal* instead of *spiritual*—he dazzled and bewildered the imagination by the bright attractions of beauty and luxuries to be enjoyed in Paradise; which he painted in colours, so delightful and attractive, that all his soldiers became daringly valiant, with a contempt of death, nay, an anxiety, to “shuffle off this mortal coil,” to taste the imaginary joys held out in the new faith just preached.—The Jews and the Christians stood calmly by and preached salvation hereafter for the good practiced in this life, but were without converts—the new faith spread over the desert and reached quickly to the confines of Asia.

“Children of Ishmael,” said Mahomet to the Arabs, “I restore to you that worship which your fathers Abraham, Noah and all the Patriarchs professed. There is but one God sovereign of the world: He calls himself Merciful. Adore no other God but him. Be ye bountiful to the orphan, the poor, the slaves, and the captives. Be just towards all men; for Justice is the sister of Piety—pray and be charitable.” There is no imposture in this—it is pure morality, such as we at this day should practice as well as preach; but the reward—the inducement appended to this advice.

“Your recompense,” says Mahomet, “will be to live in heaven, in gardens, the most delightful, where limpid streams abound, where you will find wives forever beautiful, forever young and everlastingly in love with you.—Encounter with valor the unbelieving and the impious. Maintain the combat until you gain the victory, until they consent to embrace Islamism or to pay you tribute. Every soldier killed in battle will go to enjoy the pleasures of heaven. The cowardly cannot prolong their lives. The instant the Angel of Death gives the blow it is noted in the book of the Eternal Being.”

Such were the inducements held out by this extraordinary man, such the dazzling promises of temporal bliss and eternal rewards by which he chained to his fortune and destiny, the whole of the Asiatic dominions. The Koran is a compound of religious and political doctrines; a code of sacred and civil laws, written in a language soft, sweet, flowing and figurative. For, in addition to the valor of the

soldier, the discernment of the politician, and the ability of the Legislator, Mahomet was poet of the first order, full of tender conceptions, and when he produced that chapter of the Koran called *Labia ebu Rabia*, he was crowned as chief of living poets.

Reposing, however, in luxurious and voluptuous ease, indicting the chapter of his new faith, alternately in prose and poetry, his enemies pressed hard upon him in every direction.

He who broaches reform must meet the responsibility of new doctrines; and he who perfects a novel and attractive invention, does not often realize the benefits of his ingenuity. Accordingly, the persecutions of his enemies compelled him to fly from Mecca. In his case like thousands of others, religious and political persecution made him.

Had Mahomet been permitted tranquilly to exercise his freedom of opinion, his visions of a new faith undisturbed; had he been allowed to have luxuriated in the soft climate and extensive pleasures which his family could well afford, at Mecca, and have written chapters of his Koran and sonnets to his “mistress’ eyes and brows,” he would in a few years more of indulgence, have lost the energy of his character, and probably the horde of Arabs would have adopted a milder and more tolerant faith; and the descendants of Hagar’s offspring would not, at this day, have been a powerful nation, and masters of Asia and Africa.

But it was ordained, no doubt from good causes and considerations, to be otherwise. The flight of Mahomet from Mecca to Medina in 622 of the Christian era, commonly called the Hegira, gave at once glory to his standard and permanency to his faith. He then drew his sword like a baited lion, and carried his victorious banner through Arabia and Ethiopia; cut his way in the midst of every opposite conquered countries, cities, villages, armed bands, and hosts; kind to the captive, benevolent to the distressed, and merciful to all.

Mahomet, by his warlike yet pacific policy, made instant friends of his prisoners; feared yet respected by the sovereigns of Asia, and surrounded by renowned captains and an immense army, he became the most potent warrior and legislator in all Asia.

This great man died by slow poison, which for several years had gnawed his vitals: and from the pulpit of his mosque, in which he had so often prayed, he addressed them for the last time.

"Musselmen," said he, "I am about to die; no one now has occasion to fear me. If I have punished any one amongst you unjustly, behold here I am that you may punish me. If I have deprived you of your property, here is my purse that you may pay yourselves. If I have humiliated any of you, I give myself over to your justice, that you may humiliate me in my turn."

The whole nation was plunged into unutterable grief at his death; tears and lamentations were seen and heard in all directions; and his favorite daughter Fatima fell a victim to her grief.

Mahomet gave rise to a succession of great warriors and most eminent men. His sword and mantle seem to have fallen on all whom he had been accustomed to command. His father-in-law and successor, Aboub-Kre, raised the standard of Mahomet, and laid siege to Damascus. He had a captain who was to him what Ney was to Napoleon—*Kalel*, the bravest of the brave and the most chivalrous and generous of warriors; who conquered all Syria, Palestine, and a part of Persia, and brought immense treasures to the coffers of the Caliph.

The triumph of the musselman faith, and the rapid extension of the religion on the death of Mahomet, were in a great measure owing to the extraordinary genius and character of his successors.

The successor of Ahoub-Kre was the Caliph Omar, the wonder of the world. With Kaled as his general, he overcame the Turks and Persians, and carried his victorious arms in almost every part of Asia, and possessed himself of the most productive and beautiful country on earth; himself the pattern and *beau idéal* of simplicity, frugality, piety, bravery, and modesty.

He captured Jerusalem, but pardoned all the Christians, preserved their churches, and left them with an exalted opinion of his character.

Having conquered and reduced to submission all the surrounding nations, he, unhappily for ages yet to come, cast his eye on rebellious Egypt, and in a fatal moment entrusted the command of the invading army to his general Amron, who laid siege and captured Alexandria, and burnt the precious library founded by the Ptolemies.

Since the Deluge, the World has not experienced such a loss. It was the key that at this day would have unlocked the rich stores of ancient history, decyphered the Egyptian hieroglyphics; gave us to know all that had

been distinguished in arts, in arms, and in science, from the commencement of the world.

This library founded by Ptolemy Soter, greatly increased by his son Philadelphus, Cleopatra and others, amounted to 400,000 volumes of written manuscripts on vellum, parchment and papyrus, the destruction of which served the Saracen soldiers to light their camp fires for six months. It has been said that Amron gave as a reason, that if the library only contained that which was written in the Koran it was unnecessary and if it differed from the Koran, it ought to be burnt. We however doubt this, for Amron was a scholar and a man of enterprize—he designed and executed the great project of uniting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, by means of a canal, a work since allowed to go to decay; but which gave a new and short outlet to the commerce of the Indian Ocean. We apprehend the Library was destroyed in the course of the siege. It was worth more than Mahomet and his whole nation to the cause of learning.

Syria and Egypt being subdued, the Caliph Othman cast his eyes on the northern coast of Africa, for the opening of new conquests, where the descendants of the Numidians had long lived and enjoyed a free and pastoral life, with a mixed religion of idolatry and Christianity, ignorant and oppressed by their Governors, subjected to heavy imposts and cruel exactions—affording an easy prey to conquest, Akbey, the General appointed by Othman, to head his forces, subdued the whole of what is now called the Barbary states, brought all the tribes to the adoption of the Musselman faith, and reaching the broad expanse of the Atlantic near the promontory of Cape Spariel, at the entrance of the Mediterranean, drew his sword and plunging his Arab steed into the waves that were breaking their white caps over the rocky shore, exclaimed aloud—"God of Mahomet, were it not for this element, which has arrested my progress, I would advance to find out new nations and compel them to adore thy name." What could overcome such enthusiasm? It was a glorious enthusiasm, which in its course levelled all the altars of Paganism and Idolatry.

The Moors and Arabs spoke the same language, and were united by the same religion; when, to settle and confirm the conquest, the Caliph Valid the first, sent a powerful army of 100,000 men from Egypt under Meussa Benazir, who swept every thing before him, and pitched his tent at Tangiers, from which place

he cast his eyes towards the Spanish Peninsula, full in sight, and then in possession of the Goths.

He gazed on a country on which the sun never sets—a climate and soil, mild, rich and salubrious. The standard of Mahomet floated from the confines of the Black Sea to the pyramids of Egypt, through Ethiopia and the whole of the north of Africa. Benazir determined to pass over to the Peninsula; to carry his victorious arms across the Pyrenean mountains; to pass through France, Italy and Greece; to regain the Dardanelles, and thus encompass both shores of the Mediterranean.

Of the antiquity of Spain it is, perhaps, needless to say much. Sea-faring people traded to the Bay of Gibraltar as early as the days of Abraham, and that Patriarch died 1821 years before the birth of Christ, which would make it more than 3586 years since *Carted* was built and Gibraltar made a seaport. It was occupied by the oldest nations: the Phœnicians long held possession of Cadiz and all Andalusia.—Hannibal conquered it, and it was finally wrested from the Carthageneans by Publius Scipio, 172 years before Christ, which ended the second Punic War, and the Romans held possession of Spain for 600 years, when they were finally expelled by the Goths.

Spain was called in Hebrew Sapphara, and probably originated from the Hebrew Shefena, from Shafanor Span, a rabbit; the country abounding in those animals. In the time of King Solomon that country and probably France, paid tribute to the Jewish nation, as it is mentioned by Rosnage, that in the town of Tagunto in Spain, a tombstone was found bearing an inscription in Hebrew, thus:—

“This is the tomb of Adomram, an officer of King Solomon, who came to raise the tribute and who died the day,” &c.

There can be no doubt that Spain was tributary to Solomon, as he collected from that immensely rich country most of the treasures employed in building the temple. Another Jewish body was also found at Sagunto, in Valencia, bearing the following inscription:—“This is the Sepulchre of Oran Naban, the Governor, who rebelled against his master.” God supported him, and his glory lasted with the reign of Amaziah. Solomon, it is affirmed, sent fleets to Spain and the ports in Andalusia.

This country, so venerable for its antiquity, and singular vicissitudes, possesses double interest with me, having passed over its fertile plains and rugged mountains, and been on spots consecrated by great events.

Cæsar, in his official character as Questor had been at Cadiz, and admired the Statue of Alexander, in the temple of Hercules, lamenting that at his age Alexander had conquered the world, while he had done nothing as yet to commemorate his name. It is something for an American to say, I have stood upon the same spot where Cæsar stood. In reference to this official visit paid by Cæsar to his government, which included Portugal and Andalusia, it may be well here to recount an anecdote. Like many of the present age, the creditors in Rome arrested him for debt just as he was setting forth to enter on the duties of office, and Crassus became his security for the enormous sum of 830 talents, upwards of 175,000 dollars, and to show the wanton extravagances of those rulers, and the public money seized upon and squandered by the Despots of those days. Cæsar by imposts, forced loans and other direct measures, collected in Spain sufficient money to pay all his debts in Rome on his return, amounting to nearly eight millions of dollars. The reign of the Goths and Vandals in Spain is a history of itself; after holding the country for centuries, their barbarism and cruelty and crime hastened its downfall, and the fate of Roderic, their last King has been the theme of history, poetry, and romance.

When the Romans became weakened by dissensions and broken down by extravagance and effeminacy, Alaric, King of the Goths, attacked them in their very capital, and the Vandals, Surves, and Silings, surfeited with victory over the Gauls and Germans, poured down upon Spain, like an avalanche and these Barbarians, unlike any nation that ever existed, carried fire and sword, wherever they went, and destroyed the very towns and cities that they had selected for their own occupation.

Gonderic, in the year 425 after burning and pillaging every town and hamlet in Carthage, destroyed every thing on the road to Seville—took that place, and put every man, woman and child to the sword.

Our Creeks and Seminoles were gentle as doves in comparison with this nation of wild boars of the forest.

They dashed into the province of Estremadura and destroyed Toledo and the country bordering on the Tagus; robbed the people of Lisbon of all their moveables; carried fire and sword through Andalusia, (then called Vandalusia.) and Gallacia; pillaged all the churches, drove the poor people into caves and mountains, and, in fact, with war, pestilence, and

mine, left only their own hordes in possession of that fine country.

Generic, after destroying Cartea sailed over Africa to fight the Romans, and assisted on his face to gain many surprising victories.

In 438 King Rachelas defeated the Romans in Andalusia, and destroyed the whole province.

In 614, King Ligibert wrested from the Romans all their possessions in Spain, from Gibraltar to Valencia; and in 624 the patrician general surrendered all Spain to King Suintha, who held that country and also most of the Barbary states.

In 677 the Saracens in Barbary broke ground against the Goths, and annoyed them severely.

Yamba, however, fitted out a fleet and utterly destroyed the naval power of the infidels. For many years Spain was reduced to the lowest ebb, by the tyranny of the several kings, Ergius, Witiza, Chindasuintha, and Favila, until the reign of Roderic; when he endeavoured to restore order, until the fatal event, which induced him to offer violence to Cava, the daughter of the Count Julian, one of the first men in the nation.

Cava, or Florinda as she is called by some writers, a lady of exquisite beauty and high sense of honor, was the cause of those stirring events, which subsequently destroyed the power of the Goths in Spain, and placed that country under the followers of Mahomet.

Count Julian, a man of high sense of honor, was then on a mission to the Barbary States, and when King Roderic had violated the honor of his daughter, she wrote to her father acquainting him of the violence offered to her.

After bewailing her hard fate in that letter, she concludes thus:—

"In a word, my dear father, your daughter; your blood; the branch of the royal stock, who like an innocent lamb was recommended to the care of a ravenous wolf, has been violated by King Roderic.

"If you forget not what you owe to your illustrious blood, you will revenge the affront offered to it, by destroying the tyrant who has so basely stained it. Remember that you are Count Julian, and I am Cava, your only daughter."

This letter, written by a noble-minded woman, eleven hundred years ago, decided the fate of the Goths.

Count Julian, deeply incensed, resolved to sacrifice King Roderic and the whole country to his vengeance. Yet like a crafty politician, aware of his limited power, he called deep dissimulation to his aid, crossed to Spain and met the King, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt their friendship.

He was soon advanced to the highest honors, and then commenced a system of secretly engendering factions and strifes throughout all Spain; and when he had completely environed King Roderic in all kinds of difficulties, he and his daughter took their flight to Africa and arranged with Moussa Benazir to lead his troops into Spain.

Benazir, with a large force at Tangiers, determined to make an experiment before he ventured to employ his whole army in the Peninsula, and selected Tarick, or Tariff, a general of consummate abilities and determined character, to make the first essay. He crossed, with them what was called a small force, about 30,000 men, and suddenly falling on the rear of a powerful army commanded by Don Roderic, utterly destroyed it.

The alarm at the eruption of the Arabs spread all over Spain, and Roderic making fresh levies at Xerez, better known to us as Sherry, the place from whence the wine of that name is made, and exported. Tarick, after his first victory, was reinforced by the main army from Africa, and prepared for a final blow, and both armies met on the river Guadalette, whence after a most sanguinary conflict Roderic was routed, and his crown and shoes of gold being found in the river, gave rise to the belief that he was slain, but there was reason to believe that he had escaped into Portugal and died in obscurity. In that battle an act of apostacy and perfidy was committed which clearly decided the fate of the day. Oppa, a christian bishop, and bishops in that day fought with the army, went over to Tarick in the heat of the battle. In a short time Moussa and Tarick conquered all Spain, treating the christians with the utmost liberality and kindness, and made them by this tolerant course, their steady and firm friends—Tarick capturing Heracla, built by the Phœnicians, and changed the name to Gibel, Tarick now called Gibraltar.

Those two great Generals in modern times, could not long agree about "the division of the spoils," or rather the division of the glory, and quarrelled. The Caliph recalled them both to Asia, where they died, leaving Spain with a Governor, who for some time was annoyed by the rebellion of Pelagus, a Gothic Prince, who with a handful of troops had determined to drive the Moors out of Spain.

Constant skirmishes and battles were carried on between the Arab governors of Spain and the Christian Princes and Generals, with no visible change in the state of affairs, when

the great Abdaram, an ambitious and gallant leader, feeling secure of Spain, determined to carry the victorious standard of Manomet into France, and on the success of this project, rested the fate of all christendom.

Charles Martel, son of King Pepin, and grandfather to the great Charlemagne, a sovereign of great skill and valor, reigned in France and Germany at that time, when countries, however, were torn to pieces by intestine wars. A common danger soon united the several factions.

The Dukes of Equitaine, with Burgundy and Gascony, and with the forces of Austria, prepared to meet this new and frightful enemy.— Abdaram, with an immense force, passed the Pyrenees, captured Bordeaux, Navarre, Perigord, Santonge, and Pictou, and came at once to Tours, where he found and engaged Charles Martel in a most fierce and unparalleled battle, in which it is said five hundred thousand men were engaged on both sides, and three hundred thousand were killed. Abdaram was slain and his whole force routed; and thus was France saved from the control of the Musselman, and Spain, for the succeeding twenty-five years, was a prey to civil factions and constant quarrels with their African neighbors. In the meantime the immense and increasing power of the Mahometans, created much trouble and disaffection at the East among the various caliphs, and governors, and those intriguing for high commands, which gave rise to the quarrels and difficulties between the dynasties of the Omiades, Abbasides, and Barmecides. Haroun al Raschid, surnamed the just, a friend of learning and science, a man of discernment and valor, but not as remarkable for justice and humanity as history would make us believe, destroyed the Barmecide family; the Abbasides held the power for 500 years, when the Tartars, under the reign of Ghenges Khan, destroyed the empire of the Mussulman, and restored the simple power of the Arabs.

Spain no longer a Colony, was erected into a Mussulman Empire, distinct and independent from the Caliphs of Asia and Abdaram the first; the only branch of the Omiades, who had escaped into the deserts of Egypt, was in the year 755 proclaimed Caliph of the East, and established Cordova as the seat of government. Abdaram, a prudent yet gallant chief, had to encounter great difficulties on the threshold of his newly acquired power.

Charlemagne, a man not to be trifled with, had invaded Spain, took Pampeluna and Sara-

gossa, and threatened Abdaram on all sides but he had penetrated too far into the enemy's country, and determining to retreat, was met and defeated after a desperate fight in the celebrated defiles of Roncivalles. The Christians then abandoned Spain, internal dissensions had ceased, and he commenced giving that glory and lustre to the Moorish character in Spain, which they acquired and long sustained, by their love of learning and their protection to the arts. He made Cordova the glory of Spain, by the erection of that magnificent mosque, now the great Cathedral, which is the admiration of all beholders, even at this day. Part of it only has been preserved, which is 600 feet in length and 200 in breadth, ornamented by upwards of 300 columns of jasper, alabaster and marble, and was entered by bronze gates sculptured in gold. In this magnificent building, 4700 lamps were nightly used, and this mosque was to the Mussulmans what St. Peters at Rome has ever been to the Catholics. In addition to this splendid edifice Abdaram erected schools for astronomy, mathematics, and grammar, erected a superb palace, and invited to that place the learners from every clime. Nothing seemed to interrupt the progress of the arts, or the happiness of Spain for thirty years, when Abdaram died and selected his third son Hackem as his successor.

This Caliph, however, although a liberal and talented man reigned thirty years, which were full of trouble and discord, arising principally from the contests of his own family for the succession, and the crown devolved on his son Abdaram the Second.

This name seemed to be the herald of greatness and was always associated with valor and success; yet occasionally chequered with disasters; for it was during the reign of the Prince that the Christians, under the excellent and brave Alphonso, King of Asturias, attempted to regain possession of Spain, and himself and Sancho, his successor, defeated Abdaram in several battles, and established the kingdoms of Arragon and Navarre. Among the numerous improvements which Abdaram made in Cordova may be mentioned the first establishment of an academy of music. All who have been accustomed to the Mussulman bands of music, must have been struck at this day with their entire want of harmony, unity and cadence; the academy however, founded by Abdaram, which produced the celebrated Monsali, taught those simple plaintive airs accompanied by the lute, which we even now

ar all over Spain and Portugal, and which, we become identified with their national character.

After a reign of thirty years of glory, of luxury, gallantry, and refined pleasures, Abdrame died, leaving by his different wives forty-five sons, and forty-one daughters, which large family kept Spain in constant troubles and disputes for sixty years, during which time the Christians gained strength and both Toledo and Sarogossa had Kings.

The Caliphate was then filled by Abdrame the third; the Abdrame who ascended the throne in 912. His reign was marked by a series of brilliant events unparalleled in the history of those times.

He was a warrior and a statesman; a poet, profound politician, a man of capacious mind, great energy, and was termed by the Moors the Prince of true believers. He conquered the Kings of Leon and the Counts of Castile, destroyed the various factions throughout Spain, built and equipped a fleet and captured Ceuta in Africa and brought the kingdom to the highest pinnacle of wealth, enterprise and glory. It may be well to give here, a brief outline of the luxurious and magnificent reign of Abdrame as tending to show the immense wealth and resources of that kingdom which would be incredible unless fortified by the concurrent testimony of such historians as Bernier, Sir Thomas Roe, Marco Paulo, Duhalde, Cardonne, Carmenar, Swinburne and others.

The Mussulman religion is the true religion for luxury, indolence and extravagance; ease, elegance and taste, and all kinds of temporal felicities.

The Arabs, originally, were simple and frugal. Abonbe-kre, the father-in-law of Mahomet, only permitted himself to receive out of the immense booty captured from the enemy, an allowance equal to 2s. 6d. per day, for his expenses, and the great Omar, the most magnificent of the kings of Asia, entered Jerusalem, which he had conquered, on a camel, laden with a sack of barley and rice, a skin filled with water and a vessel to drink from, thus practically illustrating the importance of frugality among rulers.

The Moors in Spain, however, with the mere exception of abstaining from intoxicating drinks forgot entirely the early lessons of humility and prudence they had received from the founder of the faith.

Abdrame, although as customary among Mussulmen deciding all cases as sole judge, commanding his armies in person, superin-

tending the Academies, making treaties and alliances with foreign nations, occupied, we would suppose, at all hours, was still desperately and deeply in love with one of his slaves and with one solely, which love he never could conquer during his long reign. She was a Moorish girl of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, whom Abdrame gallantly called Zehra—meaning an Arabic, the flower of the universe. As Othello says, she was one entire and perfect chrysolite.

Within an hour's walk of Cordova, at the foot of a range of mountains, where the water gushed from a thousand limpid streams, and the air was pure and balsamic, he built a city called Zehra, entirely of palaces, with groves of orange and citron trees, which gave to it the appearance of a fair grotto, and was the summer residence of all the nobility and principle persons of Cordova.

All the beauties of this city, every way more magnificent than the Escorial near Madrid, were eclipsed and thrown into the shade by the palace erected specially for his favorite slave, by Abdrame. He sent to Greece for the most skilful architects, and gave direction that neither money nor time should prevent the erection of an edifice of incomparable richness and beauty. This palace, built in the Moorish style, with a court-yard in the centre, and a terrace, was supported by 1200 pillars of the most beautiful marble, exclusive of 140 of granite. It was finished throughout in the most costly manner; but the pavilion for the favorite slave was intended to excel everything in oriental magnificence that history had described. It was to be her pavilion for the evening, and so arranged that the orange groves could throw their perfumes through the lattices, while the gush of numerous fountains murmured through the stilly night. The walls of the pavilion were covered with the richest ornaments in solid gold, and the ceiling was studded alternately with layers of gold and polished steel, intermixed with precious stones. In the centre of the room, which was inlaid with beautiful mosaic, stood a fountain or basin of alabaster, supported by crouching animals, wrought in pure and solid gold, and from the centre of which shot up a stream or sheaf of living quicksilver, and when a hundred chrystal lustres were filled with lights, the brilliancy was so great that the eye could scarcely rest upon it.

I could see nothing of Zehra—no vestige of the Palace, nor the city, but mouldering ruins and broken columns. The mountains and ri-

vulets were still there, the sky, the silver moon, all nature remained unchanged, the work of man alone had decayed. *Vanitas vanitatum.*

The expense of building the city of Zehra and this magnificent Palace was 60,000 Dinars of gold annually for twenty-five years; which is 250 millions of dollars per annum—a sum almost incredible to believe, but is confirmed by Moorish, Latin and French historians.—Nor is it so incredible when we take into consideration the vast resources of Spain at that period. Commerce was in a most prosperous condition, and extensively carried on in silks, oils, sugar, cochineal, iron, wool, ambergris, amber, rock crystal, sulphur, saffron, ginger, coral, and the pearl fisheries, most valuable and productive mines of gold and silver were worked. Two mines were owned by the Caliph, of rubies; he also governed Portugal, Andalusia, Grenada, Murcia and Valencia; he possessed eighty large cities and one hundred towns. Cordova contained 200,000 houses and 200 baths. A capitation tax was paid by every person, and the amount of the revenues have been estimated at 600 millions of dollars annually, and in the maintenance of his army, in the erection of Palaces and in the support of Seminaries of learning and other contingencies, no surplus was allowed to accumulate in his coffers.

No small portion of this amount was derived from the sale of offices, for a consideration for every appointment was expected then directly, as it now is, in Spain, indirectly; and he who aimed at the highest honors in the caliphate, had to pay for them. A very wealthy merchant and proprietor, called Abdel Malek, aspired to the office of Grand Vizier, for which he sent to Abdarame the following presents:

Four hundred pounds weight of pure gold.

The value of 800,000 dollars, in bars of silver.

420 pounds of the wood of aloes; 500 ounces of ambergris; 300 ounces of camphor; 30 pieces of rich drapery of gold, of immense value; ten furs of sable and 100 of martins, then very valuable; 48 travelling housings of cloth of gold of Bagdad; 4000 pounds of silk; 30 Persian carpets of great magnificence; 800 armors of steel; 1000 bucklers and 100,000 arrows; 15 richly caparisoned and splendid Arabian horses; 20 mules, with rich housings; 40 young boys, as pages, superbly dressed; and 20 young girls of exquisite beauty; and in addition, to crown all, what we should deem of very little consequence but was then in high estimation, a copy of verses in honor of the Caliph.

With such qualifications for office, it was impossible for Abdel Malek to fail in his application.

Such were the days of the great Abdarame. Never was an age so fruitful of great men. Geometry, astronomy, chemistry, medicine and all the sciences, and every branch of mechanics, and the arts flourished to their utmost extent.

After a long and prosperous reign the Caliph died. Many no doubt, remember the great moral legacy he left to the world—to us—posterity. Many may not have heard it; cannot be too often repeated. Among the papers of Abdarame, one was found in his own handwriting containing the following:—

“Fifty years have elapsed since I became Caliph. Riches, honors, and pleasures I have enjoyed in abundance, and have exhausted them all. The Kings, my rivals, esteemed, dreaded, and envied me. All those things coveted by mankind, were bestowed by heaven upon me with a prodigal hand. In this long space of apparent felicity, I have calculated the number of days in which I have found myself nappy: the number amounts to FOURTEEN. Mortals! hence appreciate the value of splendor, of worldly enjoyments, and even life itself.”

It was reasonable to suppose that a man so illustrious for talents of the highest order, had not neglected the education of his children, and his eldest son Aboul Abbas El Hackem tranquilly succeeded his father under the title of Abdarame third.

This Monarch had all the genius and bold outlines of his father's character—he found Spain tranquil and happy and he determined to venture upon no experiment which might endanger its prosperous condition. He was the first Caliph who established a code of laws. The doctrines of the Koran had been the common law since the time of Mahomet, but he deemed it necessary to reduce them to a specific form; to make them simple and comprehensible to all and to allow of no latitudinous construction, that any Cadi or Magistrate might give to those laws as they understood them;—he greatly increased the public Library, encouraged liberally the cultivation of literature and the sciences, established an excellent system of police, and was in fact a just and upright Prince and generally beloved. During his reign, which was only fifteen years, the Christian Kings gave him but little trouble.—His eldest son, Hackem, was too young to wear the Kaftan of the Caliph on the death of

his father, and one of the greatest men of the age was appointed Regent. Mahomet Almanzar, a brave and efficient General, a sagacious politician, a powerful and acute statesman, but still an intolerant man towards the Christians, and although for 26 years he was their fierce enemy, fought no less than 52 battles, captured and sacked Barcelona, and destroyed the famous Cathedral of Compostella, he by his determined hostility towards the Kings of Leon and Navarre and the Count of Castile drove them into a league which finally destroyed the Omiades.

In 993 the christian kings met the invincible Almanzar, the man who had lived fifty victorious years, and defeated him in a bloody battle fought at Medina Celi.

The great chief died of grief; from this moment the christian power in Spain began to be felt. On the death of Almanzar, faction began its reign, and continued for several years. Alackem was deposed, a crowd of usurpers assumed the Caliphate, one day, to be strangled the next; the governors of the Provinces set up as rulers—the glory of Cordova was destroyed, and the Omiades in 1027 ceased to reign, after occupying Spain three hundred years. This was the commencement of the gradual downfall of the Moorish power in Spain.

Spain was now embittered with many dissensions and intestine wars. Toledo, Saragossa, Seville, Valencia, Huesca and Lisbon each had sovereigns, and during many years, battles were fought, cities taken and sacked, crimes of all kinds were committed, and anarchy and confusion every where prevailed.

The christian power did not strengthen during this period; it could not be concentrated, as all these Mussulmen Kings were at the same time engaged in wars with the different christian dynasties, and the Kings of Castile and Leon and the various Dukes and Princes, their allies, were also divided, and some formed treaties with the Mussulman; and at the battle of Albakara in 1010 three Bishops were killed fighting in the Mussulman ranks, Arnau'ph, of Vich Accia, Bishop of Barcelona, and Otho, Bishop of Girone. Alphonso of Castile gave his sister Theresa in marriage to the Moorish King of Toledo, Abdallah.

The heirs of Ferdinand of Castile were robbed of the kingdom by the children of Sancho, and all kinds of crime and all manner of hostilities shook the Christian power in Spain and threatened its entire destruction.

A head, a chief, a central power, was re-

quired at this time to allay these factions. At length, a bright star arose and one of those great men whom Providence destines for important events, suddenly appeared in arms, fighting for the Christian cause and carrying terror and dismay among the Mussulmen.—Roderigo Diaz de Bivar, commonly called the Cid or Chieftain, and celebrated for so many romantic adventures, carried his victorious arms in almost every part of Spain. Every one flocked to his standard and victory always followed his foot-steps. He was the first warrior of the age and one of the purest and best of men. He conquered Huesca and the kingdom of Valencia, and gained conquest after conquest, victory after victory, over the Mussulman. But the proverbial ingratitude of Princes was strongly manifested in his case; he was frequently banished and recalled by Alphonso, and at length, died full of years and honors in the city of Valencia, in the year 1039.

The history and adventures of the Cid would alone fill a volume of the most extraordinary and romantic character. His two daughters married Princes of the House of Navarre, from whom have descended the Bourbons of France and Spain. On the death of the Cid, the prospects of the Mussulmen again revived, and so strongly was the impression that it was impossible to destroy the Moorish power in Spain, that the policy of a national amalgamation was entertained, and Alphonso the fourth actually demanded and obtained the hand of the daughter of Benabad, the upright King of Seville, in marriage, but the ill-assorted alliance weakened both nations.

About this period the Almoravides ruled in Africa, and while the force of the Mussulman in Spain was continually weakened, it remained unabated in Africa; but it was a fierce and unrelenting tyranny, divested of all the accomplishments, learning and liberality that distinguished the Mussulman in Spain.

While Alphonso and his father-in-law Benabad had determined to divide the whole of Spain between them, the little kings and Governors were vexed beyond measure at the alliance between a Christian and a Mahometan Prince, and were apprehensive that unless the tie was broken, Alphonso in time would acquire such strength as to undermine the authority of the faithful. They secretly wrote to Jusseff Ben Tasseffin, the founder of the empire of Morocco, and the reigning Prince of the Almoravides inviting him to come to their aid. Jusseff who contended that as Spain was originally conquered by the Africans from the Goths, it

was a province of his inheritance, crossed the Mediterranean with his army and fell on Alphonso, King of Castile, whom he defeated in 1097. He immediately marched on Seville and laid siege to that city, and while preparing to storm and sack the town, Benabad to save its inhabitants, surrendered himself and family consisting of 100 children and was cruelly sent to Africa in chains, where he perished after living six years in poverty and bondage.

Juseff with all his African ferocity, attacked and subdued all the little sovereigns and governors in Spain and made his power so formidable that the Christians were apprehensive that unless some decided movement took place, their authority in that country would entirely cease. Fortunately for them, it was at that epoch, fashionable to be in love with crusades, and whole armies were flocking to Jerusalem for the charitable purpose of killing the Saracens in the name of that religion, which had uniformly preached peace on earth and good will to man. All the knights and squires however of Christendom could not be accommodated in the armies destined for the Holy Land, accordingly a snug party of amateurs was made up to join Alphonso, consisting of the Duke of Burgundy, and Henry of France.

The Count of Toulouse, with a large force of vassals and men at arms attacked Juseff, and he was forced to abdicate and pass over to Africa, and then commenced again the misfortunes and discomfitures of the Arab power. Alphonso, King of Arragon, conquered Saragossa, and Alphonso the first son of the Duke of Burgundy carried the city of Lisbon by storm, in 1144, and thus was Portugal forever lost to the Mussulmen.

The Kings of Navarre and Castile, after this made an easy conquest of several parts of Spain, and determined to carry their arms into Andalusia. New troubles, factions and divisions arose among the Mussulmen—adventurers and false prophets were daily undermining their power.

In Africa the factions of the Almoravides and Almohades were engaged in constant wars, and could not succor their brethren in Spain. The Kings of Spain and Portugal, unable to agree, went to war; the most bloody quarrels took place among these Christian Princes, which allowed tranquility to the Moors.—Sancho, King of Navarre solicited the Africans to join him, and in the midst of fresh difficulties Abi Jacob crossed over with an army and besieged Santarem, in Portugal. Alphonso, now an old man, marched to the aid of that

city, and a very fierce battle ensued. Sancho of the Prince, made a sortie, fell on the rear of the Moors and defeated them; Abi Jacob was killed.

Nothing occurred in Africa after this battle until the year 1210, when Mahomet el Nazar, Emperor of Morocco, proclaimed a holy war against the Christians in Spain, and raised a standard of the prophet, to which an immense force repaired, and crossing into Spain, was joined forthwith by all the Mussulmen, who were determined to strike a blow for the recovery of this country. Again was the Christian power and arms greatly endangered.

The Mussulmen force amounted to 600,000 soldiers, and Alphonso the noble, then King of Castile, made a powerful appeal to the Christian Princes of all Europe for succor. Pope Innocent 3d lent his aid. The archbishop of Toledo aroused the faithful in France. Peter the 2d, King of Arragon, took the field; Sancho, King of Navarre, headed a powerful army and about 60,000 Crusaders, belonging to Italy and France, poured into Spain, and the two great armies met to decide the fate of kingdoms at the foot of the mountains of the Sierra Morena, then known by the name of Las Navas de Toloza. The Emperor of Morocco well organized and well supplied, aware that the battle must be fought in the vicinity of the mountains, took the precaution to occupy the passes in such a manner that escape was impossible; the Christian power must either retreat, which was dangerous, or force the passage of the mountains, which was more dangerous and inexpedient. In this terrible crisis a shepherd declared that he was familiar with a path, which would, unseen, lead them over the mountain. The army followed, and after overcoming immense difficulties, the whole Christian force appeared on the very summit of the Sierra Morena, to the amazement of the Mussulman army in the valley below. On the 16th of July, 1212, the whole army, in three columns, each commanded by a king in person, and in the centre the knights of St James and Calatrava with Rodengo, Archbishop of Toledo, poured down upon the enemy. Mussulmen in old times, always depended on the cavalry; their infantry was poorly armed and equipped. Mahomet el Nazar had 100,000 horse in fine order; his foot he had assembled in various directions, posting himself on an eminence where he could see and be seen. Surrounding the summit with a chain of iron and a strong cordon of troops, with the Koran in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, he

ve orders to the whole force. Several times the Spaniards attacked this eminence and were repulsed; they began to retreat in disorder, when the Archbishop of Toledo threw himself in the midst of the contending troops, followed by Alphonso and the flower of his army, and the route began. Arragon and Navarre had already turned both wings of the Mussulman force, the iron chain was broken, and the Emperor of Morocco and his army fled, leaving the Christians masters of the field.

Historians all agree, that the battle of Toloza was a fierce and bloody fight, in which 100,000 Mussulmen were slain, and a very small portion of the immense army that left Africa ever returned. Mahomet fell back on the town of Andalusia, which held out against the Christian powers, and soon afterwards crossed to Africa, where he died neglected, and the Mussulman power was divided into three legencies, Tez, Algiers and Tunis.

The Moors, after their defeat at Toloza, still possessed Valencia, Murcia, Grenada, and Andalusia in Spain; the most populous and fertile provinces, with several sovereigns, the chief of which was Benhaud, a valiant and formidable chief. The Christian kings of Spain, France and Portugal, were again divided and quarrelling on minor points; for as often as they conquered the Moors, they quarrelled among themselves.

Two young and ardent kings however arose at this period, determined to allow no internal dissensions to divide them until the Moors were subdued. These were James the first, king of Arragon, and Ferdinand the third, king of Castile and Leon.

Ferdinand marched into Andalusia and captured all the important towns and cities, and James marched into the kingdom of Valencia, stormed and took all the fortresses. Benhaud in the mean time was strengthening himself in Andalusia, and the brave Alphonso, king of Leon, the hero of many wars, at an extreme old age, put himself at the head of an army, attacked and defeated Benhaud, and captured Merida and Badahoz. After numerous battles and sieges in which the Moors suffered severely, Ferdinand compelled Cordova to capitulate, after that renowned city had been in the possession of the Moors for 522 years.

Instead of proclaiming protection to property, to religion and personal rights, the Christians sacked every house and palace, and drove the enlightened and highly esteemed Moorish families into exile, and the indiscreet Ferdinand found himself master of a superb city, without

inhabitants and wandered almost alone through the splendid Mosque and the beautiful pavilions of the Caliphs. Valencia, the rich, the fertile Valencia, built on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and celebrated for its splendor, fell next into the hands of the king—nothing was left to the Moors in all Spain but Seville; destruction had done its work, and the Mussulmen who were unwilling to abandon that beautiful country became subjects of the different kings.

At length however a new star arose, and at a moment when all was lost, a change of events left Spain for 200 years longer in the power of the Moors. Mahomet Alhamar, an Arab from the borders of the Red Sea, fiery and superstitious—brave and at the same time discreet, made his appearance as a leader in Spain, almost when hope had been surrendered. Cordova, the Mecca of the Arabs, was lost, and Alhamar determined to build them a new city—a new rallying place, and founded the Kingdom and Capital of Grenada. He selected an admirable spot on two hills; on the summit of each, he erected two fortresses capable of each containing 40,000 men, Albayzin and the celebrated Alhambra. The town was more than three leagues in circumference, strongly fortified and defended by ramparts which contained 1030 towers. It was also built in the most fruitful and rich country in Spain, the mildest in climate, the most luxurious in soil, the most enchanting in position.

This plain, ninety miles in circumference, was the Golgotha of Spain for 100 years: and to recount the battles fought on that spot would form a history of itself. Alhamar to strengthen himself in Grenada made a treaty of peace with King of Ferdinand and soon found himself possessed of a large army and immenso revenues; but in 1273 he died; his son Mahomet the 2nd succeeded him. He immediately made a treaty with Jacob, King of Morocco, and passed over the Mediterranean into Spain with an army. These two Moorish Kings divided their forces and attempted to recover Andalusia, Seville and Cordova. Jacob defeated the Christians at Exifa. The King of Grenada defeated Don Sancho, Archbishop of Toledo, captured several important places and died in 1302, and his son Mahomet 3d commenced the celebrated Palace of the Alhambra, parts of which are even now the admiration of the world, and which has for ages been celebrated in romance and history.

In 1313 the civil dissensions between Mahomet Abenazar and his minister Faraday led to

a division of the kingdom of Grenada, and created the factions of Alnamar and Farady. The Christians, with good policy, kept alive those dissensions, and after numerous conflicts besieged Algeciras and Grenada in 1312, —at which place, it may be here proper to mention, the Mussulmen defended themselves with cannon, being the first time those important engines were ever used. Pier Messu, the historian, in speaking of this siege, says:—“The Moors used a kind of mortar of iron, which produced a noise like thunder.”

Spain for some years was disgraced by savage Kings, who in neither honor, good faith, nor humanity, were to be compared to the Mussulmen. Peter the Cruel, the Nero of Castile; Peter 4th, the Tiberias of Arragon; Peter 1st of Portugal, the lover of the celebrated Ines de Castro; James, King of Majorca, and others equally barbarous, stained the annals of those times by their murders. The Moors defeated in various battles, cut up in detail, finally surrendered Grenada to Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1492, and thus ended forever their power in Spain, after possessing that country for 782 years.

Philip the 3d expelled them entirely in 1609. Grenada was to them a second Cordova—even at this day you see a few aged Moors telling their beads beneath the lofty portals of the Alhambra. I have seen them plaintively bewailing their hard fate.

One of their historians, Abi-abdallah Abescini, who wrote in Arabic in 1378, describes the ladies of Grenada in the following manner:

“They are all beautiful; but that beauty which strikes us at once, receives afterwards its principal charm from their graceful and genteel deportment. Their stature is under the middle size, their long black hair descends to their heels, their teeth white as alabaster, embellish their vermilion lips, which always smile with a caressing air. The great use which they make of perfumes of the most exquisite odor, gives a coolness and a brilliancy to their skin. Their gait, their dance, and all their movements have a graceful softness and an elegant negligence, which adorn all their attractions. Their conversation is lively and keen, their genius refined and penetrating. they express themselves constantly in sallies of wit, or in words full of meaning.”

If the gallant historian has not coloured this picture too highly 500 years ago, it is certain that there are few *fac similes* to be found at present among the Moorish women.

The expulsion of the Moors from Spain has

been ascribed to various causes. The first, doubt, was the errors of their faith. It was religion of the sword: men were to be conquered and converted, not by the mild influence of persuasion or the force of conviction, but by the sharp edge of the scimitar. Nothing was left for reason, for reflection, for philosophy or common sense—believe, or you die. The result was, that every one believed or affected to believe; and when one war was ended, another crusade commenced, not from ambition, as was avowed, but to make new converts and to produce fresh proselytes to the standard of the Prophet. This bigoted religion of the sword led, of course, to great intolerance, injustice, and persecution; but fortunately for the ultimate triumph of Christianity, the early professors of that faith were just as intolerant and persecuting as the Mussulman—rather more so—for they cut off heads and burnt infidels at the stake, with a little remorse as the Mahometans impaled and punished the Christians with the bow-string. It was a fierce fight for religious supremacy, both brave, obstinate, and vindictive; the Christians better instructed, less disheartened, and more enterprising, followed up their victories until they entirely vanquished the enemy in that country.

A peculiar characteristic of the Mussulman is the indifference with which they sacrifice human life, an indifference which leads to savage and wanton cruelty, substituting death in many cases where humanity would point to milder and more lenient punishment; and, indeed, considering it the easiest, as it is the most effectual way of punishing real or imaginary offences. In early periods the Caliph set the example by destroying whole families which stood in the way of their advancement; and in modern times when Mussulmen have greatly degenerated, cutting off whole armies of obnoxious or suspicious persons is a common event. With them to be in “doubt is to be resolved.” Witness the destruction of the entire force of the Janisaries by the Sultan of Turkey. All viziers, commanders at the sea and land, kyahs and governors, have the power to condemn to death, and in most of the large ships of war, they have a block near the captain for decapitation, and an expert headsman always ready. The result of this prodigal destruction of life creates feelings, callous, brutal, hardened and insensible to the sentiments of humanity, generosity or liberality.

Another evil resulting from the incessant use of the scimitar and bow string is a broad

stem of hypocrisy and cunning which it endures. You never know your enemy until you feel him, neither can you judge from the smile of kindness which plays about the lips of authority what is the extent and measure of your punishment.

The officers who strangle your fellow-prisoners before your eyes, gather up their silken cords and depart in silence, not even condescending to inform you that you are not then wanted. An instance of unparalleled deception and hypocrisy came under my own observation during my residence in the Barbary States.—The Palace, or rather Citadel of the Bey, in which all his family and relatives reside, is three miles from the city of Tunis. Having paid a visit to his highness on business, and taking coffee with him in company with all his sons, ministers, &c., including the Prime Minister or keeper of the Seals, in Arabic the *SAPATAPA*, he was peculiarly sociable and conversable, and the Prime Minister and himself alternately asked many questions about the United States. The utmost cordiality and good feelings seemed to prevail. His Highness reclining on an ottoman supported by several large pillars covered with rich crimson velvet, his fingers and thumbs filled with large and costly diamond rings, employed himself leisurely in combing his beard with a small tortoise shell comb, studded with brilliants; to every answer he received touching the growing importance and strength of his country, he would exchange exclamations in Arabic and significant looks with the *SAPATAPA*. Early next morning, awakened by a noise in the street under my window, I looked out and saw the crowd dragging the mangled remains of the very Prime Minister through the streets, that I had left but a few hours since in the full tide of power and influence. It seems at the very time I had been there, the Bey had either suspicion or proofs that he was organizing a conspiracy to dethrone him; and after I left the Palace he coolly sat down to play chess with his minister, and when the game was concluded and he was crossing the court to go to his apartment, he was seized by Amps and Mamelukes, and, no doubt, by order of the very Bey whom he had quitted but a minute before, on the best terms, was cut to pieces, and his body stripped and thrown over the walls.

Such is the tenure of Mussalman power— one hour on a throne, the next in a ditch; and these scenes of revolution and blood occurred so frequently, that I really was happy when I

found myself once more under comfortable Christian government.

The Koran, as you know, enjoins temperance and total abstinence from spirituous liquors. The poor and labouring Turks are all abstemious, but officers, civil and military, and many of the soldiers, are exceedingly liberal in their potations. One of the cadies, who never forgot to tell his rosary or turn his face to the east to pray, used to say to me, "Sadi, when you dine alone, send me word," which I always did, and his honor the judge, after dismissing all his attendants, would ply his knife and fork briskly, eat interdicted things, and after carrying the contents of two or three bottles of Burgundy under his belt, would call for lights and his slaves, and take his leave with the utmost gravity—everything in the Koran against drinking wine to the contrary, notwithstanding. The labouring Moors are very abstemious in eating; like their camels, the least quantity of food satisfies them, and during the fast of Ramadan, which occurs in August, I have seen them at work without tasting food from day light until the sexton from the minaret of the mosque, proclaims that the sun had set, and then they drank only a small cup of muddy coffee, which is made and sold in the streets. Their usual meal is a roll made of good white flour, the centre scooped out and filled with sweet oil, into which fragments of the bread are dipped and caten. The Arabs of the desert live on milk and dates, and live to an incredible age.

I have seen them in their caravans moving briskly when more than a century old. Such is the result of temperate habits.

In the administration of justice, the Sultan, Beys and Viziers are judges, without the intervention of a jury, and in minor cases the Cadis hold court, and are just in their decisions when no powerful inducements are held forth to the contrary.

A bribe, according to the circumstances of the case, always weigh down the scales of justice, beginning with the sovereign, and going down to the very barber of the place. In Spain this Moorish practice is not altogether repudiated, even at this day.

A young American for some trifling cause at Cadix got into prison; his companion understanding that it was customary to bribe a judge, called upon and offered him two doubloons to discharge his friend. The Judge flew into a violent rage and threatened instant imprisonment and punishment for the attempt so daring, and nothing but the contrition and

humble apology of the American relieved him from his delicate position. The next day a Spanish broker said to the American, "You yesterday attempted to bribe the Judge—he himself told me so—how could you be so indiscreet? I am in the habit of bribing him daily. Give me the two doubloons, I will give him one and keep the other for myself, and your friend shall be released;" and it was done.

Another evil, and a great one, under which the Moors laboured, was their luxury and effeminacy—their love of ease and pleasures, their passions for costly edifices, magnificent fetes, and other debasing amusements. When we survey their magnificent palaces, their costly and splendid edifices, constructed at such immense expense we feel humiliated at the idea that these structures were reared for the gratification of private vanity and ostentation, and not to subserve any good, noble, or public object. They became as perishable as their founders. If, however, there were exceptions, and the early followers of the Mahometan faith were distinguished for a love of the arts and for the advancement of science, it cannot be denied that as they increased in numbers so the nation has gradually degenerated, until at this day they present a picture of intolerance, imbecility, and despotism without a parallel.

No enlarged principles of education, no love for or encouragement of the mechanic arts, no rewards for ingenious inventions, no great enterprises, no prospects of improvement, nothing that constitutes a free, liberal, enlightened nation.

It is the result of *despotism*, the concentration of all powers in the hands of a single individual, the total exclusion of the people from all participation in the affairs of government. Whenever such are the cardinal outlines of a nation, that nation must gradually sink and find its level like the Mussulmen.

The principal, and I may say the controlling cause of the present degenerate condition of the Mussulmen and the advantage which christian powers ever had and ever will have over them, is that they are a nation without any settled or fixed code of laws.

That the Koran may be considered in their estimation the most perfect and absolute work on earth rendering other laws which govern society wholly useless and unnecessary, no attempt has been made since the days of Mahomet, to bring the nation under the subjection of mild, just, and equitable laws, and altering and amending those laws to suit the times.

Hence, as other nations advance in science and the arts, as new inventions are brought forward, improvements made and education patronised, the Mussulmen remain unchanged; their feet are still upon the sands of the desert, the Koran in their heart and Mahomet on their lips;—they make their pilgrimage to Mecca, worship at the shrine of the prophet, get robbed by wandering hordes on their return, and bastinadoed by their Governors, taxed to death by their Pachas and decapitated by their Vassals; yet are content and submissive, confident in destiny and throwing aside as useless their energies and capacities with which Divine Providence has blessed mankind as the means of their improvement, the only means of making them great, happy, noble and independent.



INDIAN'S SACRED SONG.

God of the Light!—who never tires—
Thy blessed rays are good,
Sent from thy sacred Council-fires,
To gladden lake and wood!
Immortal One! whose altar stands
High o'er the mountain's brow,
Thine eye is bright o'er many lands—
The red-man's Manitou!

God of the winds! whose misty form
Is seen in summer cloud—
Before the pinions of thy storm
The lofty pine hath bowed;
The flash that leaves yon airy halls
Bears mandates from thy throne;
We hear thy voice in waterfalls,
And in the thunder's tone!

God of the rains! Thy summer showers
Refresh our Indian maize,
And change to fruit the forest flowers,
And cool the sultry days.
God of the night! whose golden bow
Is hung upon the cloud,
O'er all Thy shadows softly flow,
And wake the starry crowd.

We have the sacred dance at spring
Around the feast of flowers;
The solemn first-fruit offering,
And thanks in harvest hours.
We still retain the virgin feasts,
As taught us by our sires;
And still the prophets and the priests
Dispense the holy fires.

God of the wild and gloomy wood!
Accept our solemn fast;
Whose rod before our fathers stood—

Great Spirit of the past!
 God of the future! teach the road,
 By which in death is found
 The land of souls! that bless'd abode—
 The happy hunting ground!

[*Montreal Garland.*



THINK OF ME.

Oh! think of me when distant far thou'rt roving

In stranger lands,
 When joyously thou'rt moving
 'Midst laughing bands;
 When lightly beats thy heart to music's measure,
 When thrills thy soul with ecstasy or pleasure,
 Then think of me.

Oh! think of me when sorrow's darkly gleaming

O'er thy rough way,
 When eyes once proudly beaming,
 Are turned away;
 When by the proud and gay thou art forsaken,
 And care, thee from thy dreams of bliss awaken,
 Then think of me.

Oh! think of me, my heart's best, holiest feeling

Is still, still thine,
 Thoughts deeply, wildly stealing,
 Are ever mine;
 The smiles of joy, the merry notes of gladness,
 To my tired soul are nought but grief and sadness,

Oh! think of me.

Oh! think of me, this world's cold storms are blowing

In angry blasts;
 The streams of bliss once flowing
 Too bright to last,
 Their course have run, and woe is sternly reigning,
 And life's dim lamp is slowly, surely waning,
 Think, think of me.

Oh! think of me, withhold me not thy blessing,

Nought else I crave,
 The willow trees caressing
 My early grave;
 The flowers of life are withering, fading, dying,
 My soul for some sweet haven of rest is sighing,
 Oh! think of me.

St. John, February, 1843.

HARRIET.



The great mass of men are interested only for principles best calculated to ensure to them liberty, prosperity, peace, and happiness.

[*From the Montreal Garland, for February.*]

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

For the first time in my life, I have been to-day, in an American Cotton Mill. I went through it, and surveyed both its *living*, and its inanimate machinery. I have been through mills of most huge dimensions in England, of which this one seemed to me, a bright and elegant miniature edition. The gigantic vastness of an English mill is more imposing, but the superior cleanness of an American mill is more pleasing. Hordes of children pant wearily in an English mill; in an American one, but few children are employed. Fewer men, also, are engaged in American Cotton Factories. The principal operatives, therefore, in American cotton factories, are young girls. They come to these factories from all parts of the country in New England; are daughters of farmers; many of them well educated, and most of them of excellent character. After a few years of hard work, they return, and marry on the strength of their earnings. In the mills they are decently dressed, and on holidays, they are the gayest of the gay. In looks they are generally pretty; in appearance, healthy; in demeanour, modest and retiring. One evil in American Factories corresponds to a like one in those of England: and that is long hours of labour.— Here I find that work commences with the light, and closes, at the present season, at six. In summer time it commences at five in the morning, and closes only at seven in the evening. An hour and a half each day, I believe, is allowed for meals. I have, myself, a theory against factories, in their most mitigated operations; but as, with our civilization, so many fellow creatures are likely to be engaged in them, I trust that facts may prove my theory false. That much may be effected to render such labour consistent with all that is best in the development of human nature, the literary productions of the Lowell Factory girls evince; and where much has been done, there may be more. Girls from England and Canada, I found, had been enlisted into work in the mills here; and, although the managers discovered that some of them were rather rebellious creatures, others were highly appreciated, for peaceful and docile industry. Factories, I know, *must be*, and as they *must*, let them be as consistent with the happiness of their laborious workers, as every human effort can make them. But as it is, there are few modes of occupation that give me less pleasurable emotions, than these immense combinations of

throbbing engines and throbbing hearts. Our civilization has its foundation in terrific sacrifices, for all our material enjoyments—our systematic comforts, there are piles and piles of victims, one grade treading down another, and standing on it—from the pinnacle of privilege and pleasure, down to the depths of hopeless ignorance and ceaseless toil.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery thou art a bitter draught," and, in my opinion, slavery to machinery is not the least bitter draught in the cup of servitude.

While waiting in the sitting parlour of the hotel, previous to supper, an elderly man of very marked appearance was my only companion. His face was oval, of beautiful contour; his white hair combed back from a forehead of noble height, his eye benignant, but piercing. His conversation—for we had conversation—was calm, intelligent, singularly correct and elegant in phraseology. I am not given to the superstition that you may know a remarkable man by his forehead or his nose, and yet I was impressed by this man. I had, one way or the other, an idea that he was *somebody*. We went together to the supper-room. He ate very slightly, and then left the table. A gentleman, who remained after him, asked me, "Do you know who that is?" "No," I replied; "but I have been peculiarly struck by him." "That," said my fellow-guest, "is Mr. Audubon." "What! Mr. Audubon, the celebrated American Ornithologist?" "The same." I spoke most sincerely, when I replied, "there is no man in the United States, whom I am more pleased to see than Mr. Audubon." On our return to the parlour, Mr. Audubon gratified us by shewing some magnificent prints of a grand new work, he is about to publish, on the Quadrupeds of America. It would be vain for me to try to give you, by description, an idea of the vigor and the life which appear in these drawings—the grace of their positions—and in many instances, the exquisite comery of their looks. When Mr. Audubon had kindly done all this, he set out to travel in the stage coach for hours in the night, through a deluge of rain, and roads compounded of mud and ice. Mr. Audubon is one of the most distinctive instances of the union of enthusiasm with patience,—of genius with labour. His devotion to his favourite pursuit has been as unremitting as it has been fervid: through travel, fatigue, danger, he has still preserved the glow of his soul and the tenor of his way. Years ago in England, Professor Wilson and other men of poetic fire, admired

the enthusiast of the woods, with his black hair, and his bold front—such was his character; it has not since changed;—true, his locks have grown hoary, and wrinkles have creased into his face; but his eye has not become dim, nor his natural force abated. With other tributes of genius he has its disinterestedness. By his first great work, he lost twenty-five thousand dollars; there is a smaller edition by which his friends hope this loss may be refunded. Yet although pecuniary loss ought not, in this case as others, to be the fate of genius, to say nothing of toil and trouble, such a noble compensation in high thoughts and a living name! Such compensation, at least Mr. Audubon has; but the world should not make that his all. Have you ever read Professor Wilson's eloquent article on him in Blackwood? If not—read it.

The next morning, being considerably fatigued, I was late for the common breakfast, and with whom think you did I get mine? Why, with three judges of the Supreme Court and a bar of the most eminent lawyers in the state, * and among the most eminent in the nation. They were here in special session of an exciting case of murder. I went with them into court; remained there all the forenoon, came out, dined, and then again returned. The matter, of course, will be to you scarcely worth relation, except that it was my first time of being present at a capital trial in America—and there may be some small interest in the vividness of new and contrasted impressions. Although in a country town, the courtroom was more neat, more clean, and more comfortable than any that I have ever seen in Ireland or England. The judges went from their lodgings in the order of age, preceded by the sheriff, and took their seats gravely on the bench. Let me tell you, that, notwithstanding all my early associations, I did not miss the parade or the robes. Indeed, I think my feelings were more solemn without them.

There was something, indeed, that almost awed me into the spectacle of the three plain-dressed men, having a controlling influence over the life of a fellow creature, sustained in their authority by the free opinion of those around them, and the sense of justice; having no other grandeur than that which lies in learning, wisdom, integrity, and years. Nor was the audience less impressive to me, in its decorous silence, and submission—obedient to the predominant sentiment of law, by which alone

* Massachusetts.

community can have either civilization or security. The progress of evidence developed indications of crime. A man was killed who had made one of a gang to tear down a house. The house had been subject to some odium; the inmates had fled; a lawless band, it would seem, was made a ruffian the less, by one who was as great a ruffian as himself. Having continued through the day, the scene appeared to me specially dramatic by candle light. The three judges, with their serious faces, seemed yet more solemn in the dim gleam of the tapers. The members of the bar not engaged in examination, are listening with fixed attention, or musing in concentrative abstraction. The prisoner sits within a railing exactly opposite to the bench. He is a man respectable in station, and fifty years of age. As the candles faintly glimmer over his features, they seem sad, thoughtful, worn, and not ungentle. I could not avoid thinking what a contrast that face now presented, in the hour of retribution, to his hour of passion; how different that dependent eye, from that which had been shot with glaring vengeance;—how different that arm, relaxed in weariness, from that which was nerved to plunge the murderous dagger in the human heart. And this man, who undrained the fountain of his brother's life, had some and kindred, and, doubtless, all the affections that belong to such relations; and these were at this moment around him with most devoted anxiety. Three brothers sat outside the dock. The prisoner was the eldest: and the arrangement was an ascending progression from a fine young man in the bloom of life, to the individual whose fate they awaited. His son-in-law, a beginner, as I understood, in the legal profession, was indefatigable in aiding the counsel for his defence. Scarcely is there any evil, which leaves us solitary in this earth of kindred humanities, and scarcely is there any sin so dark, as to rob us of sympathy, from some heart that has bonds with ours.

There is no place in which human passions are so revealed as in a court of justice. In political assemblies they are but partial; in those of worship, they are suppressed; on the stage they are only feigned; in the court alone, they are various, and they are real. I must except the lawyers, for they have the simulation of actors without their art. But for the rest: observe the audience. Take your place near the bench, and look up towards the opposite gallery. Contemplate that dense mass of countenances, of every age, and each with characteristic and earnest expression. There

is one man about the middle of the group; he is so crushed by those behind, that he has to lean his elbows on the front rail, and place his face between his hands. His coat is a rusty drab and patched, his cuffs are greasy, and the face between them is a study for Cruikshank! See when he closes his lips, how the wrinkles converge towards his mouth; each wrinkle contains a grin, but no one of the grins has a streak of humour or of light. See him, now, when he opens his mouth—in the fore part of it, two upper teeth are wanting—his widened face is grotesque, but not funny—it is odd, but you cannot laugh at it—it is one of those countenances in a thousand, which fixes your attention, not by attraction but compulsion—which you do not exactly fear, which you do not exactly hate—which does not command your esteem, nor yet move your contempt—which, beholding once, you can never forget; but which you never desire to behold again. Then where, as well as in a court of justice, will you observe suspense, grief, terror, despair, so truly, so tragically, depicted?—this scene of all the passions in their consummation and retribution,—the winding up of those doings, whose ways are misery and whose end is death.

Scenes similar to this, and yet different from it, in other lands, passed across my memory. One especially occurred to me, of a trial at which I was present, in the south of Ireland. It was a trial for murder. This was now the night of the third day. Even the bench and the bar were but feebly lighted, and the body of the court had only such a glimmer, as a wretched tallow candle here and there afforded. The jury have retired. The judge, a venerable old man, has folded his crimson robe around his breast, and reclines back exhausted. The lawyers are some engaged in low whispers, others are in postures, of listlessness and fatigue. The prisoner—what of him! There he is, unhappy creature! behind an inner railing. A policeman stands on each side of its barrier, and from each side the rays of a flickering candle pass athwart his features—and what features! Look at them—his low forehead, with no stamp of thought—his eye, with no dawn of speculation—his hard, weather-tanned cheek—his mouth large, coarse, thick, which bespeaks nothing but the animal. And there he stands—stolid, unmoved, impassive—now, his poor unmeaning face turns towards the audience, now to the judge—then towards the jury box; never with any concern—except, that it had occasionally a look of stupid

and puzzled wonder, which appeared to say : what's all this about? Then, the audience. The old man, whose son was, perhaps, next day for trial, and the stalwart peasant from the fields, waiting to be a witness for his brother or his neighbour. The elder matron to leave the town, it may be, childless, and be dragged down with her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. The young maiden—a few weeks since, blooming as summer's freshest rose, now pale in apprehension for her brother or her betrothed. These, surrounded by a mass of faces, stamped with want, with suffering, or with vice—all intent, fixed, eager—formed a spectacle as wild and gaunt as the gloomy and sublime Salvator ever fancied or ever painted. An hour passes away—eyes wander from the accused to the door that conceals the weighers of his destiny. It stirs—the heart leaps—it opens, and they come forth in solemn order. This dense silent crowd have all now but one soul, that soul but one thought—and that thought an awful suspense. The question is put: Guilty or not guilty? The answer is: Guilty! Had the prisoner changed colour, had he shed tears, had he evinced any intelligent heroism, I would have been relieved!—But no! the poor, forlorn, mindless, victim, did not seem to think that these matters had any relation to *him*. The judge placed the black cap on his head, addressed him in gentle and moving tones, and then pronounced the sentence, that made every heart quake and every knee tremble. Exhortation and sentence were alike in vain; they found no response of either compunction or dread—they did not enkindle or moisten the leaden eye which still stared unheeding. Seldom is the terrible doom of the law pronounced in an Irish court, without the echo of breaking hearts, to whom the victim of the law is dear. But about this unfriended and outcast man there seemed no shelter of kindred affections. Had I heard the sobs of a father, the shrieks of a mother, the mad lamentations of a wife, my pity would have been softened by a touch of comfort—but this uncheered, unbroken desolation upon the lot of a brother, in my humanity, did not so much move me as oppress me. Miserable, unimpressed, dogged, he retired with the officials to his prison, and in a few days that miserable creature was hanged; the life was taken which he had been never taught to use; and the gallows became the sovereign remedy for the ills of an unprotected infancy, a neglected youth, and a guilty manhood.

Thus I have given you the incidents and im-

pressions of a day, which forms somewhat a rambling medley, but if the record affords you the least pleasure, it will not have been made in vain.



YTHANSIDE.

I had ae night, and only aene,
On flow'ry Ythanside,
An' kith or kindred I hae nane
That dwell by Ythanside;
Yet midnight dream and morning vow
At hame they winna bide,
But pu', and pu' my willing heart
Awa' to Ythanside.

What gars ilk restless, wand'ring wish
Seek aye to Ythanside,
An' hover round yon fairy bush
That spreads o'er Ythanside?
I think I see its pawkie boughs,
Whaur lovers weel might hide;
An' O! what heart could safely sit
Yon night at Ythanside?

Could I return and own the skaith
I thole frae Ythanside,
Would her mild e'e bend lythe on me
Ance mair on Ythanside?—
Or, would she crush my lowly love
Beneath a brow o' pride?
I daurna claim, and maunna blame,
Her heart on Ythanside.

I'll rue yon high and heathy seat *
That hangs o'er Ythanside;
I'll rue the mill whaur burnies meet;
I'll rue ye, Ythanside.
An' you, ye Moon, wi' luckless light,
Pour'd a' yer gowden tide
O'er sic a brow!—sic een, yon night!—
Oh, weary Ythanside!

* In the woods of Eslemont, there is a most romantic looking pinnacle overhanging the Ythan. Nature has scooped in it a beautiful little gallery; there the late amiable lady, Mrs. Gordon, was seen regularly, each day, surrounded by the children of the neighbouring peasantry, teaching them all things needful to their situation in life, and their duty to God and to the world.



THE mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not let out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of wild growth.—*Spectator*.

BLACK-CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

Forty years ago, Black-Chief was Sachem of the clan of Senecas residing at Squawky-hill, in the valley of the Genessee River. He was famous for his skill and bravery in war and the pursuits of the chase; and withal, endeared to his people by his amiable temper and generous qualities. After his death, his clan honored with their esteem the only daughter of the chief, remarkable for her beauty and intelligence, and resembling her deceased father a native goodness of heart. Indeed, so highly was she regarded, that, by a formal decree of council, notwithstanding her extreme youth, she was clothed with the authority of a princess. The brightest fish from the waters, the sweetest flowers, and the richest and rarest fruits of the forests, and the proudest trophies of the hunt, were left, in reverence, at the door of her wigwam. Old men prayed daily to the Great Spirit that her years might be long in the land; for their ancient seers had assured them that during her lifetime the former glories of the Senecas would be in part restored.

But, as with the white man, so with the Indian, it is well that the future is a sealed book. A malignant fever, which had nearly depopulated the flourishing village of Connewangus, extended its ravages to Squawky-hill. The strong man was laid low, woman grew pale, and, with the infant at her bosom, perished.—The dog howled over the festering carcass; and hunger, in alliance with the fell distemper, filled the cup of misery to overflowing. In vain every precaution was taken to arrest the blow from the head of their beloved princess. After the panic had in a great degree abated, and signs of returning health became visible, the Destroyer entered her lodge, and amid wails of grief, and groans of despair, her young heart was stilled for ever.

When a distinguished individual expired, it was the custom of the Senecas to deposit the remains in a simple structure of unhewn logs, called "The Cabin of Death!" But such was their enthusiastic affection for their chieftain, that they departed from this ancient rite, by erecting a high scaffold in a neighbouring grove. After adorning the body with beads, shells, feathers, and other primitive ornaments, they placed it in an upright posture, on the rude throne they had thus raised. A drum, formed of the untanned hide of a deer drawn tensely over a section of the hollowed trunk of a tree, and beaten upon by a war-club, gave out its dull and dismal note, whilst men, wo-

men, and children, moved in a slow and solemn dance around the dead.

Swift runners were despatched with the melancholy tidings to the Seneca towns of Tonnewanta, Connewangus, and Caneadea; and the principal men of those places accompanied them back to assist in the sorrowful ceremony. Garlands of flowers, ears of corn, and valuable furs, were thrown in profusion at the feet of the lifeless object of their idolatry. By night, fires were lighted, and watchmen stationed to guard the hallowed spot, and keep the lurking wolf at a distance. Every morning the solemn rites of the preceding day were renewed. After a partial decomposition of the body had taken place, it was removed, and committed to the earth, with tears and loud lamentations.

These rites were not peculiar to the Senecas, or to the Five Nations. The Chippewas, who pitch their tents on the shores of Lake Superior, (proudly called the "Father of Waters,") and other nations of the far north-west, honor their dead with similar obsequies. It has been conjectured that the Chippewas derived their picturesque funeral observances from the Iroquois, who were their enemies of old, notwithstanding the vast wilderness that separated their hunting-grounds. Na-de-wa-we-gu-nung, in Michigan, nine hundred miles from the Great Council Fire at Onondaga, was the scene of a terrific battle between them "a long time ago." On the death of a sachem, or other person of note, the Chippewas, after dressing the body in the vestments of the living, and, by the aid of colours extracted from plants and clay, giving a life-like appearance to the countenance, deposit the relics on two cross pieces fastened with thongs to four posts set firmly in the ground. With pious veneration they plant near the poles the spreading wild hop, or the flaunting woodbine, in order that the revolting process of decay may be rendered less offensive by the refreshing verdure of vegetable beauty, and, in a short time, the corse is thickly embowered with leaves and flowers. There is something strikingly poetical in these simple rites of the untutored savage. Whilst the enlightened pale-face yields to the sunless custody of the tomb the beautiful and brave, his wild brother of the woods mourns over the loved and the lost with a lasting sorrow, and deems it hard to cast into the cold embrace of the earth

"Countenances benign, and forms that walked,
"But yesterday, so stately o'er the earth."

THE BLESSING OF A PIOUS MOTHER.—A retrospective view of the mercies of the Lord, hallowed by the heart's grateful emotions, must ever be esteemed by the christian as a choice source of joy, causing him throughout his pilgrimage to sing,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

To trace with the natural eye the manifestations of infinite wisdom, power, and love, in our own planet, and in the bright and beautiful worlds around us, is indeed a high duty and privilege, for the earth and "the Heavens declare the glory of God." To trace the same hand of wisdom and love in all the guidance of the poor pilgrim from the city of destruction to the Mount Zion of eternal glory, is a duty and a privilege of a more excellent character, unfolding to the contemplative mind more varied kindness and multiplied adaptations of heavenly wisdom, love, and power, to the innumerable weaknesses, wants, and unworthiness of the vessels of mercy which our Father has "prepared unto glory." Among these blessed means of grace, the favour of a holy mother, next to the gifts of the Son and Spirit of God, is pre-eminent; the relation she sustains in the department of the earliest training of the intelligent and moral being forming, instrumentally, character for earth and Heaven, involves a responsibility and consequences which can be properly estimated only in the clear perception and vivid impressions of the awful realities of the eternal state. To the praise of eternal love, the writer of this imperfect article bears his feeble testimony to the inexpressible value of a pious mother. Whilst now she mingles her holier praises with those of the spirits of the just made perfect, he delights to raise his humble notes for the prayers, the tears, and the counsels of her, who in infancy, childhood, youth, and in manhood, too, watched over him with a solicitude peculiar to a mother's love. Often when his heart has been cheered amid life's woes with the hope of eternal rest, has he traced that hope to the divine mercy flowing in the instructions, the rebukes, and the pleadings of parental love.— Often has the touching of this chord inspired his cold heart with ardent gratitude and joy, calling forth contrition for past delinquencies, and animating him to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Delightful, indeed, is the calm retrospective view of this valuable favour. To think of the hour when, lying at the fountain of infant nourishment, the maternal prayer ascended on his behalf; of the hour when the folly of childhood was

checked by faithful correction, and the perversity of youth rebuked by holy counsel; and especially of the hour, thrice blessed, when the efficiency of divine grace secured to them means the result of holy penitence and faith—these are reminiscences more precious to the soul than the gold of Ophir. In the contemplation of them he still loves to linger. As the daughter of the Egyptian monarch said to the mother of Moses, so God saith to every mother—"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." How imperative the command! How solemn the charge! How encouraging the promise! Who can estimate the thrilling joy of that mother, who, by divine favour, shall stand accepted at the last tribunal, saying, "Here are I and the children that thou hast given me!" Who can adequately imagine the emotions of that wretched mother, who, on that awful day, must hear, in unison with that dreadful shout "depart," the curses of her own children for educating them for earth and hell instead of Heaven!

THE FATE OF WAR.

I SAW him go, with a swelling heart,
From the home of his early years,
As he proudly grasped his father's sword,
Yet wet with a mother's tears.

A sad smile played o'er his youthful face,
As he turned from his home at last;
And the hamlet poured its gazers forth,
To bid him adieu as he passed.

I saw him again, on the battle field,
At the head of a chosen band;
But other drops now stained the blade
He bore in his ardent hand.

That fair face, once a mother's pride,
Was marked with the foeman's gore;
And his war-horse pawed the bloody plain
As if proud of the load he bore.

I saw him again, when the field was won,
And where was the soldier then?
He slept with the brave, that sleep from which
He ne'er shall awake again.

Long, long, may the childless mother weep
And the hamlet long may deplore;
But, alas! to the home of his early years,
That warrior returns no more.

[Montreal Gariand.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

THE SPIRIT BRIDAL.

Could mortals but know and feel the bliss of ethereal existence; could they but experience foretaste of the raptures known only to those who, having performed a pilgrimage through the vicissitudes of a sublunary world; borne as never-ending griefs with patience; enjoyed with moderation its short and unsatisfactory pleasures while they had power to please—and, when their charms faded, beheld them vanish without regret; who, having loved with constancy the companions with whom were shared the pains and pleasures of the world, and at last seen the universal mower, death, with relentless hand sweep those companions from mortal sight, yet still lived on, waiting with patience the moment, when through the valley of death and our shining portals, themselves should pass to a re-union with the objects of their affection, never more to part, but dwell with them in everlasting peace and happiness;—could, I say, mortals but foretaste such an existence, how insupportable would be the remainder of the term they are destined to inhabit the world below us; with what restless anxiety would they look forward to that hour, in which their souls shall leave their earthly abodes. How gladly would they welcome him who is called the “King of Terrors,” and did they not fear, that by summoning him prematurely to their aid, they might be forever shut out from our communion, few, few indeed, would wait his pleasure, but, by their own act, force him to their presence and, under his influence, “sleep the sleep that knows no dreaming.”

To dwell with us, none but the lovely and virtuous can be admitted; our constant employment, the interchange of kindness, the contemplation of the beauties of our abode, the praising of that power which placed us in and gave us to enjoy the pleasures of such a state of being; and if sometimes one, who has rushed from earth uncalled, seeks and gains admittance to our company, the knowledge by us, that earth's troubles, weighing too heavily on the throne of reason had forced her from her seat, and deprived of her support, caused her forsaken object, whose sensitive nature and hitherto unblemished soul, crushed by her desertion to deeper despair, to violate, in an unguarded moment the law of nature, and seek by its own act in death, a refuge from the woes of life—we draw a veil over and obliterate by our sympathy all remembrance of the fault, and to palliate, remember only the train

of ills which instigated to its committal. That we may, by contrast, more fully appreciate our happy condition; the griefs we ourselves experienced while on earth and those of such as come among us, are the themes of our converse; and though tears of sorrow are among us unknown, tears are shed. But the tears of sympathy for the woes of others are not of sorrow; for as they comfort and console the afflicted, sorrow can have no share in their nature. Therefore it is, that at this moment, smiles, tears and offices of kindness are now in their fullest plenitude, that the greetings and welcomings of our band may fully accomplish their design at the induction of two newly arrived spirits into, that they may form part of our community, enjoy our privileges, pleasures and abode; forgetting in eternal happiness the pains and sorrows they have left on earth, contemplate only the bliss prepared for them in their present state and be no longer strangers. Think not however, mortal, thou canst, even in imagination, give us a local habitation, think not our region is circumscribed by limits, however remote in space thou canst imagine them; no, that would destroy one of our greatest privileges, for privileged we are. Our region is boundless, earth, air, sea, fire, all are ours: even thy race, mortal, is under our controul. What is sleep but temporary death? what the visions and fantasies of sleep, but our powerful agency working within the inanimate though breathing clay?

When mortals wearied with toil stretch themselves on their beds, 'tis then we take their spirits into our keeping, they are among us and enjoy, for a short season, our pleasures; but we deprive them of the power to convey on their return to earth, any information of our state or condition. What conveys sweet fancies through the brain of virtuous sleepers? While their spirits are absent some of our band hover about or lie beside them, breathing into their ears, recounting their virtuous deeds, of which we have been witnesses, sweetening their sleep by visions of happiness they shall at some future time enjoy, and picturing to them the place to which we have momentarily conveyed their own spirit, its future destiny and eternal abode. Why is the sleep of the vicious troubled? It is that we in like manner convey their spirits from them, but they enter not our home; afar off they behold our happiness and conscious such can never be theirs, feel the despair to which they are at a future time destined. So also do we recount in the ears of the sleepers their misdeeds, tell

them of happiness they never can enjoy, and picture the despair which awaits them. The spirit of the fair one, who has been called by us from her lover, now lightly descends, flits around and hovers o'er him; like a transient breath awakened in the stillness of a soft summer's eve, she passes o'er and breathes a kiss on his lips, he stretches his arms to clasp her, but ere that can be, he must have become as she now is. So also the spirit lover, with a constancy the grave could not conquer, revisits her, who, had we permitted would have been his earthly bride; he breathes into her ears the vows often before repeated, tells how that he is ever near her, and impatiently awaits her time to come to him. The tears start through the closed eyelids—a sigh—the maiden awakes, and quicker than lightning's flash, the spirits have resumed each their own abodes. Mortal, would'st thou know everything of those whose spirits have just entered our abode? I am thy presiding spirit: to-night when thou sleepest, I will be with thee, I will shew thee all. Think not however, the lenity extended to them is frequent among us. T'empt not thy fate. Abide thy time. We will call when we are ready to receive thee. The trials thou hast yet to undergo, are for a probation, which, if borne with patience and faithfully passed, will fit for and ensure thee a place among us. Ah! dost thou sink to repose?—away spirit!—now I am with thee! Listen, and in fancy, behold.

Look, where rises from among and above the tops of those tall elms, the beautiful and lofty cathedral spire; listen to the chaunt, as accompanied by the pealing organ, the swelling voices reverberate through the long aisles and beneath the pointed arches. Even so, for centuries past, has the daily service been performed. Now enter its portal. Seest thou those youths, who in robes, emblems of purity, are engaged in the ceremonies? Such was he once whose spirit has, this night, been admitted among us. Now look across yonder green. Through intervals of the foliage of those venerable trees, which surround it, thou canst catch glimpses of the residence of a high dignitary of the cathedral beneath the roof of which we now are. There dwelt she whose spirit has also become one of us. Never did sunbeam look upon a fairer or more gentle being than was Margaret De Vere. Born and since her birth, ever residing amidst the natural beauties of the loveliest spot of your world, this gigantic and beautiful monument of art and place of God's worship continually in her view, with

the imposing ceremonies of its service, which she constantly attended, shedding its influence on her senses and hallowing a heart, by nature susceptible of all that is beautiful and lovely; no wonder she should grow up in accordance with the objects around her; no wonder her heart should be susceptible of all that is pure, chaste and admirable. The years of childhood were passed as generally such are, with regard to amusements; but always by her in a manner strongly indicative of her after disposition. Attachment to favourite objects, constant and warm, no waywardness, but ever ready to obey those to whom obedience from her was due. As she grew older, though her friendships were few, and those warily formed, they were remarkable for the constancy and sincerity by which they were characterised. The studies she chose were also in harmony with her disposition; but above all her passion for music was particularly pre-eminent; and often was she melted even to tears, when the sublime anthems of the cathedral service moved her soul, already opened by devotion, to receive and feel the powerful influence of their soul-elevating strains. These also to her, when at home, were a source of delight; gifted by nature with a fine voice, often in the stillness of evening would its melody be heard pouring forth the strains of some of those sublime compositions. About the time Miss De Vere had attained her twelfth year, a youth of about the same age made application, a vacancy having occurred, to be admitted as one of the select number assisting in the service of the church. Being a remarkably handsome youth, well educated, for his age; having a good voice and strongly recommended by influential friends, his application met with no obstacle to its success. His assiduity and attention soon rendered him a valuable auxiliary in the performance of the service, which, added to his general good conduct and disposition, rendered him no less a favourite among his companions, and the high dignitaries of the church; and conspicuous among his friends was Canon De Vere, the father of Margaret. The Canon never failed to speak kindly to Lionel whenever they met, which often was the case, in the church. Generally accompanied by his daughter on these occasions, Lionel became an object of her notice, and a smile was always the greeting he received from her, though seldom any conversation passed between them. About two years after his admittance, as he was one day leaving the church after service, he perceived on the pavement in

one of the aisles a richly embroidered handkerchief; upon taking it up he observed a mark which examining, he found to be the name of Miss De Vere. Supposing she must have recently passed, he hastily quitted the church; and looking toward the Canon's house beheld Margaret about to enter. By walking briskly, he crossed the green as she was closing the wicket gate in front of the house. She, perceiving him, waited his approach. He made known his object in following her and presented the handkerchief. This was the first time they ever met each unaccompanied. As she received the handkerchief and raised her eyes to thank him, their hands accidentally came in contact and their eyes met each other's glance at the same instant. A deep blush overspread the face of both, yet neither seemed to have power to withdraw their gaze. Both however were relieved and restored to recollection, by the voice of the Canon, who, having seen them cross the green, and wondering at the non-appearance of his daughter, suddenly presented himself. The reason of Lionel's presence being explained, the Canon good naturedly rallied Lionel's boyish gallantry, and was about to dismiss him, but suddenly exclaimed, "Margaret, I think if Lionel were to comedaily, and you were to sing together, it would be greatly advantageous. Again a deep blush overspread the face of both Margaret and Lionel, though neither could have satisfactorily explained why, had they been questioned. "What say you, Lionel," continued the Canon, "would it please you? And you, my dear daughter, would you be pleased?" Both stammered something sufficient to express their willingness, and it was arranged that the next day after morning service, Lionel should for the first time enter the house of the Canon on the footing of a privileged visitor. As he took his leave a look from Margaret, such as he never had before received from human eyes, sent a thrill through his every nerve, yet could he not divine the cause at that time. Better had it been for both if the time never had come, which not only taught them the cause, but matured the feelings now in such infancy, as not to be recognized by those by whom they were felt.

Little did the Canon imagine, that by this proposition and arrangement, the long sweetly cherished wishes and hopes of two young hearts were to be realized; little did he think that he had laid the match to a train of events, which although first productive of happiness, would result and terminate in sorrow.

The particular notice bestowed by the Canon

on young Weston, his handsome intelligent countenance, clear melodious voice and general manner, had all combined to render him an object of peculiar interest in the eyes of Miss De Vere, and often had she wished that circumstances might arise, should cause a closer intimacy between them. When at home, engaged in her favourite practice, her delight was to select those compositions, the prominent parts of which, when performed in the cathedral, were borne by Lionel. While she sung, in imagination she heard his voice also,—in fancy beheld him. Then would she think that were he but with her, could she but blend her voice with his in sweet accord, nothing would be wanting to perfect her happiness.

Devoted to the service in which he bore part, that service was rendered more interesting too, by the hitherto only opportunities it afforded him of seeing Margaret and attracting her attention to himself. The beautiful language of the forty second psalm, "Like as the hart desireth the water brooks, so panteth my soul for thee,"—while they emanated from his lips, were addressed, in his heart, with nearly as much devotion and quite equal purity of feeling, to her as to the God in whose worship he was engaged.

He, in the evening time, would linger near her dwelling, to catch a glimpse of, or sound of her voice, and think what happiness would be his, were he but allowed to be with and join in her amusement. These were the secret, mysterious sympathies and yearnings of two congenial spirits, predestined to experience the bitter tribulations of earth; and having passed through them, dwell together in the realms of bliss.

Wild with delight, Lionel departed from the house of the Canon, and reached home he scarcely knew how. His flushed cheek and beaming eye, proclaimed to his parents that something unusual had occurred. He needed no questioning by them, for his heart was too full to conceal, and with rapidity of language he disclosed the cause of his joy. The remainder of the day was passed by him in that restlessness, which ever accompanies the looking forward to a certain hour, in which some long cherished hope is to be realized.

Evening and night succeeded each other in due course, he slept—her spirit's influence was o'er him; and visions of hoped for events and happiness crowded in constant succession through his excited brain. With the dawn he awoke, arose and awaited with impatience the hour when the sound of the cathedral bell

should call him to the presence of the object of all his thoughts.

At length its solemn peal vibrated on the air. From an elevation of two hundred feet came its deep sonorous tone which, to Lionel, seemed like a mighty voice from some spirit's region, calling him to an angel's presence. In an instant he was on his way to, and soon reached the cathedral. Every object, in his eyes, appeared to wear an aspect different to that it ever before had worn. The sunshine seemed brighter, the verdure more lovely, the rustling of the leaves more sweet; the cathedral itself, appeared to stand in more majestic beauty than he before had ever observed. He entered, and all within its walls peculiar to such a building, the deep silence, broken only by the scarcely perceptible echo of footsteps on the tessellated pavement, the streaming light, rich, yet softened and subdued by its passage through the stained windows, the slender shafted columns supporting the groined arches, and vaulted roof; now shed, though his heart had ever felt them, their hallowing influences upon it with unprecedented power. Having attired himself in his robe, he entered the choir. The service proceeded.

Miss De Vere was in her accustomed place, but he dared look but once toward her, for her eyes were constantly on him, and expressive of the innocent admiration of a pure heart for a beloved object. The service ended; now was arrived the hour for which he had so evidently longed; that in which he was to fulfil his engagement of the preceding day; and yet, with that perverse feeling peculiar to sensitive mortals, he hesitated to go. Longing, yet afraid, he would have returned home, but on leaving the church, perceived Margaret, who had already returned home, at her window evidently watching for him. He therefore, with a beating heart and burning cheek made his way toward the house. He was there warmly received by the Canon, who conducted him to an apartment appropriated exclusively to the use of Margaret. Here every thing proclaimed the disposition and taste of its occupant.—Flowers, cultivated by her, dispensed their perfume. Pictures, the production of her pencil, adorned the walls. Specimens of embroidery, wrought by her needle, and the various useful articles formed by female ingenuity, occupied their several appropriate places. In one recess was placed a book-case containing a small but choice collection of books. In another, a handsome and beautifully toned cottage piano, with a number of volumes con-

taining the works of the most esteemed composers of cathedral church music. As she entered the apartment, Margaret, who was sitting on a couch, rose; and with a sweet smile, her eyes flashing with delight, extending her hand to Lionel, bid him welcome. After a few minutes unimportant conversation, the Canon selected an anthem from one of the volumes, and bade them perform it. Margaret seated herself at the piano, and Lionel at her side, singing to her accompaniment, complied with the Canon's desire, who passed many encomiums on Lionel's present performances, kissed his daughter, and bidding Lionel stay as long as he chose, left the apartment: his heart swelling with love for his daughter, and his mind filled with pleasant thoughts, thus increasing her happiness through the enjoyment of Lionel's society.

For several minutes after his departure, a deep silence reigned in that room. The heart of each too deeply felt the happiness of the hour. Each wished to break the silence, but knew not how. Margaret turned to the window, and gazed on vacancy; Lionel remained standing by the piano, turning over the leaves of the book. When we call to mind the circumstance that for two years, though no intimacy had existed between them, each had been the sole object of the other's meditations—*to* Lionel, Miss De Vere was *his* Margaret; *to* Margaret, he was *her* Lionel;—is it surprising then, that those names long familiar to, and cherished in their hearts, should soon find utterance from their lips? But with one of those names was the silence broken. Trembling with emotion, Lionel at length exclaimed—Margaret! Quick as the lightning's flash, she turned—gazed on him an instant with all the lustre of her dark eyes—the tears started, and with the exclamation, Lionel! she threw her arms around his neck;—their lips were joined in a kiss, like that would pass between angels. Then came the outpourings of the overcharged heart; then did they, in the eloquent and burning language such feelings only can prompt, reveal the secrets of their hearts, and, in the intoxication of the present moment, blind to the events of future years, and forgetting all but themselves and their own joy, pass the vow, that, while their hearts beat with life, the affection they now felt for each other should never diminish. Thus were the fates sealed of two young hearts the feelings of which had far outgrown their years,—and which time served only to unite with a stronger link, than these youthful lovers had ever dreamt

of. Yet was all this pure spiritual feeling. Each had, in imagination, long associated and invested the other with every thing pure and virtuous. They took no thought for the future; but in their day dreams and present hour of delight, deemed, and hoped that as they then were, so would they ever be to each other.

As day by day Lionel made his visits, so did attachment, by their constant intercourse the more increase and become confirmed. Lionel also became a greater favourite of, and was treated by the Canon with more kindness than ever, being frequently invited by him to dine and passevenings, on which occasion he would have him and his daughter sing together.—For two years did this state of things continue and Lionel and Margaret were constantly in each others company—none dreaming of the deep affection existing between them. With regard to parents, both were now similarly situated. Margaret at eight years of age was called to mourn the loss of a mother who had tended her during her earliest years with the greatest tenderness, since which period she had been left much to herself when at home. The Canon besides attending to the duties of his office, passed much time in study; and except when her masters were in attendance, assisting her in her studies, she was her own mistress. The death of the mother of Lionel had taken place in the course of the last two years. His father held an office under government, the duties of which demanded and occupied his whole attention, so that Lionel, with the exception of the church duties, and a few stated hours of each of three days during the week, which were devoted to classical and musical studies, was free to go where and when he pleased.

He had now attained the sixteenth year of his age, and the clear silvery tone of his voice, according to the course of nature, was changing to the deeper diapason of manhood; consequently the time had arrived that he, in due course of events, must resign the office which he had hitherto filled in the church. The symptoms of such change were regarded with much regret by Miss De Vere, because she no longer could hear the compositions in which she took so great delight, performed by one, who, in her judgment far excelled all others in their execution. By him, because really attached to, and taking delight in the service, he could no longer retain his office. His visits at the house of the Canon too must now be less frequent, because independent of the cir-

cumstances under which he had commenced them having no longer existence, he must also engage in some worldly occupation, which would require his attention to its successful and profitable prosecution. Having resigned his office he became a less frequent visitor at the house, but his intimacy was now on such terms that he was no longer regarded as a mere boy, but treated by the Canon in a manner more in accordance with his riper age.—While attached to the cathedral no one noticed the familiar terms which existed between himself and Miss De Vere; because knowing the favour with which the Canon regarded him, he was merely considered fortunate in having attracted his notice, and so much of familiar intercourse seen in public, which passed between the daughter and himself was looked upon as a natural consequence of the Canon's distinction. Their youth also had hitherto been sufficient to shield them from the remarks usually made on others in similar situations. But now circumstances were changed. Lionel was no longer a mere boy, his present position no longer warranted that familiarity on the former terms; and the same reasons equally applied, with regard to Miss De Vere. The Canon still entertaining the same friendly feelings toward Lionel, often specially invited him to his house, and on these occasions if by writing, it was by the hand of Margaret the invitation was penned. And now began to lower the clouds of sorrow, which darkened the horizon of their bright heaven, and were the precursors of the storm which was about to burst on them in all its fury. The Canon having expressed a wish that Lionel should visit him, desired his daughter to write and send a billet of invitation to him; a desire which was most gladly complied with. The note was written and despatched by a servant, who having arrived at Weston's home, found Lionel preparing for a journey; and on delivering the note, was dismissed with a verbal message that a written answer would be shortly returned. It so happened that a few hours previous, Mr. Weston had received a government despatch accompanied by others with instructions to give his immediate personal attention to that directed to himself; select a messenger in whom he could place firm confidence, and by him forward without loss of time the others to their place of destination, which place was situated about one hundred miles from the city in which he resided. In compliance with their instructions, he immediately desired Lionel to prepare himself to carry the despatches,

and just at this time arrived the invitation from Margaret. While his father was preparing a few instructions, he, in hasty though most affectionate language penned a note to Miss De Vere, stating the circumstances which had occurred, and that he would necessarily be absent some days. Having folded and sealed it, he was at that instant called by his father who had finished writing his instructions, and desired to mount his horse, which a servant was holding saddled and bridled ready at the door, and away. As he mounted, he hastily said to the servant, "Take a note you will find on my table and leave it at the house of Canon De Vere,"—forgetting, that in the hurry of the moment, he had neglected to direct it. The servant finding no other than that, took it and arrived at the house of the Canon at the very instant that he opened the door, to proceed on his way to church for the afternoon service, and to whom he delivered the note. On breaking the seal the Canon was surprised to find it addressed to his daughter, and still more so at the stile of address. Had it been simply "To Miss De Vere," or any ordinary mode, he would have closed and given it, without reading, to her. But his curiosity being excited by the address, the evident haste in which it was written, and the absence which at first he noticed, of any direction, induced him to read it to its end.

The effects on the Canon by the contents of this note, were of a character altogether different to those generally produced on persons who unexpectedly make discoveries of a similar nature; no sudden outbreak of passion, no feeling of anger toward either of the parties concerned; but a train of reflections succeeded, which caused him to consider, if any one, himself the person on whom blame should fall. The recollection of many past circumstances now came upon him, which, though he witnessed them, at the time of their occurrence he then thought nothing of; he now perceived their cause, and connexion with the subject of his present discovery. He remembered the embarrassment of Margaret and Lionel on the occasion of his proposition, that Lionel should visit, for the purpose of singing with her; the extraordinary delight and warmth of feeling which she exhibited on his first visit, and, added to these, when he considered the affectionate, ardent and amiable dispositions of both, the opportunities he himself had allowed, by suffering them to be so much in each others company with none beside, for an attachment engendered in youthful friendship to ripen into

a passionate and firm affection;—he lamented his past want of caution, and resolved for the future, to endeavour to exercise a double share

Thus determined, his first step was to discover, if possible, how far this intercourse had been carried; and the most prudent course to adopt, in order to bring it at once to a termination in the least possible painful manner. When the Canon returned home, he found Margaret arranging the apartment as she usually did, when expecting Lionel on any of the visits by her father's special invitation. Carefully and anxiously regarding her, without allowing her to notice it; he enquired according to his request, she had sent an invitation to Lionel. She replied she had done so, and he had sent a verbal message, that a written answer would be returned, that none had been received by her; but as she supposed that some mistake had arisen, or that Lionel had afterwards deemed a written answer unnecessary, as she still expected, so she intended to be prepared to receive him. The intention of the Canon being to discover the state of her heart, with regard to Lionel; in a manner purposed to impress her with an idea that something dreadful had happened to him, said "I fear we shall not see Lionel this evening." A deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she trembling and anxiously enquired the reason. "Have you not heard," replied her father, "that circumstances have occurred which have obliged him suddenly to leave the city?" Scarcely had he finished the question, when, as if an arrow had passed through her heart, she uttered a piercing shriek and fell apparently lifeless at his feet. Greatly alarmed and agitated, the Canon raised, placed her on a couch and violently ringing the bell, a man servant appeared who was despatched for a physician, while the Canon, assisted by a female domestic, endeavoured by every means in their power to restore his daughter to animation. The physician, whose residence was but at a short distance, arrived before they had accomplished her restoration to consciousness; but by proper treatment he soon succeeded in so doing. At first she opened her eyes, gazed wildly around the apartment as if in search of some particular object; then fixed her gaze long and steadfastly on her father, then on the physician. At last seeming suddenly to recollect the cause of her present condition, her bosom heaved convulsively and a violent flood of tears came to her relief. While in this state she was, by order of the physician, removed to her chamber; and he, prescribing and prom-

ing to send a composing draught, took his leave. As soon as he was gone, the Canon hastened to the bedside of his daughter, whom he found still weeping; her pillow wet with her tears. As soon as she perceived him she started up, and the Canon bending over her, he threw her arms round his neck and implored him, in the most passionate and earnest language, to explain the meaning of his words; and, still under the impression that her father had intended her to believe that Lionel had been guilty of some misdemeanor, the fear of the consequences of which had caused his flight—before the Canon could answer, she entered into an energetic and eloquent defence on his behalf; and with eyes flashing with indignation through her tears, declared her firm conviction that he never was or would be guilty of anything criminal or dishonourable; and that until she had substantial and undeniable proofs of such misconduct on his part, she would be the champion of his innocence at the risk of life itself. The Canon with a feeling of pride in his daughter for her spirit, yet mixed with regret at this demonstration of a firm and unalterable attachment, and fearing she would again, from exhaustion, sink in insensibility, immediately explained the circumstances causing Lionel's departure, assured her of the high estimation in which he himself regarded him, and implored her to calm her agitation and endeavour to forget her sorrow in sleep.

While this explanation was going on, she gradually, as she listened, became less agitated, and, at its close, sunk on her pillow; and though she still wept and sobbed, her tears, instead of leaping from her eyes like globules of molten lead, now gently flowed, soothing and relieving her almost bursting heart, and the heavings of her bosom were as the gentle undulations of a lake when the fury of the storm has long passed over its surface. A servant having now arrived with the draught, it was administered to her, and shortly after she sunk into a profound sleep. The Canon bending over, regarded her for some time, with looks expressive of the tenderest affection, and kissing her flushed cheek, as she lay in blissful unconsciousness, left the chamber and descended to his parlour.

Canon De Vere, though a man in whom every virtue that can adorn mankind was inherent, was possessed of one strong and unconquerable worldly feeling—this was pride of birth. The De Veres were descended from an ancient and illustrious line; and as the Canon beheld his daughter growing in beauty and

every day becoming more lovely in person and amiable in disposition, he would, in imagination, anticipate the time when she should appear in, and take the station in society to which as a De Vere, she was entitled; and finally, he hoped, be addressed by one as noble in birth and distinguished for good qualities as herself. And though he now acknowledged within himself, that no two persons, *as far as the latter qualifications were considered, could be so exactly by nature suited to each other,* as Lionel and his daughter; yet the want of the former one, on Lionel's part, was a barrier to their union, which he never could suffer to be removed. He therefore determined at once to send for Mr. Weston, and endeavour to make some arrangement by which, by their joint authorities and plans, this intercourse between Lionel and Margaret might effectually and for ever be broken. With this view he despatched a note to Lionel's father, requesting his immediate attendance. When Mr. Weston arrived, the Canon acquainted him with the discovery he had made, candidly stated his views with regard to his daughter, expressed his admiration of and regard for Lionel, and his readiness to advance his interest and welfare by any possible means in his power, with the exception only of allowing him to become his son.

Mr. Weston of course disclaimed all knowledge of, and expressed his astonishment at the circumstances now for the first time made known to him; and promised to do all in his power, with regard to his son, to support the Canon in his desire. After considerable conversation, in the course of which the Canon enquired what profession Mr. Weston had destined his son to engage in—it was agreed between them, that if Lionel could be sent away to a distant part of the world, and for some years, the end to which they were desirous might be accomplished. The Canon having relations and friends high in the Admiralty Office, immediately wrote, enquiring what vessels were then on commission, or about to be so; and in case of a vacancy in the midshipman's berth in one of the earliest, begged to be allowed the privilege of sending a youth to fill it. An answer was in a few days returned that in about three weeks the *G—* a Frigate would be despatched to convey the newly appointed minister to Buenos Ayres; that from thence she was to proceed to the Mediterranean and other parts of the world, and would be absent at least three years; that two vacancies required to be filled, one of

which should be reserved for the person proposed by the Canon, and that they would give orders that preparations should be made for his reception.

In the course of the time intervening between the application of the Canon at the Admiralty and receiving the answer, he had had several conversations with his daughter respecting this affair; he urged her by all the means in his power to divert her thoughts from Lionel—spoke of his own views regarding her future welfare—conjured her, by the duty and obedience she had ever exercised toward him, not to depart from it, and at last succeeded in gaining from her a solemn promise, that, as she should never be forced to marry against her own consent, so she should never do so against that of her father.

"Dear father," said she, "I ever have obeyed you, and I solemnly promise I will do so in this, though it should be death to me."

Having received this solemn assurance from his daughter, the Canon sent again for Mr. Weston and told him of the promise he had received from Margaret, adding, that he knew her firmness of character too well to fear that she would break it; avowed his own fixed and unalterable determination never to consent to a marriage between Lionel and his daughter—shewed him the answer he had received from the Admiralty office, and requested him to urge Lionel to accept the appointment, which if he did, he would use all his influence to gain his promotion and ever advance his welfare in other respects, whenever an opportunity permitted him so to do. Mr. Weston replied that on his part, he would accept it on behalf of Lionel, and when he returned acquaint him with all that had passed, and doubted not that when he knew the Canon's determination regarding his daughter, and considered the advantages likely to arise from being engaged in an honourable service, with powerful friends ready and willing to promote his interest, added to the persuasions of himself, he would readily depart, if only for the sake of leaving a locality where trouble and sorrow would be ever arising should he remain.

Mr. Weston returned home determined that nothing should be wanting on his part to induce Lionel to accept the appointment now offered him; for independent of his desire to bring this unhappy affair to a termination it was what he long had desired; but although having considerable interest, he refrained from making application himself, fearing that his

interest would not prove sufficient to get Lionel an appointment.

That evening Lionel returned home. Having delivered despatches which he had brought from the place to which he had carried the former, and divested himself of all responsibility of the service in which he had been employed, he was preparing to go out, but was arrested in his progress, by his father, who desired him to follow him into his private office.

When they were entered and the door closed his father commenced the conversation, by stating to him that, in his opinion, it was high time that he should engage in some profession by which to support himself and take a rank in society. He then acquainted him of the appointment awaiting his acceptance, told him by whose interest it had been obtained, and the promises which accompanied its offer. The instant the Canon's name was mentioned as the procurer of the appointment with the evident anxiety that he should accept it, a cold sweat came over all his frame, and he turned pale as death, for in an instant he perceived that the attachment between Miss De Vere and himself had been by some means discovered, and that this was for the purpose of sending him from her. His father, observing his agitation, spoke in an affectionate manner, and said, "My dear boy, I see by your looks, that you have forebodings of ill, and I think it my duty to let you know the worst at once, that you may with that good sense, and in accordance with that firmness of purpose which I know you possess in a high degree, meet your misfortune with courage and fortitude; and endeavour to gather all the good you can through the opportunities afforded to do so commence and spring from what at first will no doubt render you for a time wretched and miserable. In short all you fear has taken place—the attachment existing between you and Miss De Vere is discovered." He then related to Lionel all that had passed during his absence—told him of the determination of Canon De Vere, and also of the promise Margaret had made to her father. During this recital Lionel had sat motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed on his father, and the paleness of his countenance increasing 'till he had assumed the appearance of a corpse. When his father had ceased speaking, he remained motionless for a few minutes, when suddenly springing from his chair, he exclaimed, "Father—dear father, if you love me—if you have one spark of affection for me, strike—strike me dead at your feet!"—when sinking again

to his seat, covering his face with his hands, and bending so as to lay both on the table; he weaned and sobbed like an infant forsaken by its parent.

Mr. Weston regarded the anguish of Lionel, with all the sympathy a fond parent should feel for the sorrow of a beloved child; but well knowing that to offer him consolation by exciting false hopes of any probability that the Canon would relent, or that himself would change his views, would not only be a breach of the faith he had pledged to the Canon, but also tend to weaken his influence with his son in persuading him to act as he wished him; and believing that when the first feelings of Lionel's anguish should subside, he would be more ready to indulge them without interruption, more ready to listen to and obey his commands; he refrained from any attempt to soothe him.

At length, after some time had passed, Lionel raised his head, and with more calmness than might have been expected, asked his father's advice and assistance—implored him not to send him away, but that he would allow him to remain, that he might be enabled to seize any opportunity that would be likely to place him in circumstances which might cause the Canon to relinquish his present determination. His father replied, that his wish remained unaltered; that any expectation or hope that he might entertain respecting a reversion of the Canon's present resolutions, he had better relinquish—reminded him of the promise Margaret had given to her father, and added, in his opinion, that circumstance alone should be sufficient to determine him how to act; for he, knowing her so well, should be well aware that a promise once made by her would never be broken, and that to doubt this, would be equal to a declaration on his part, that the confidence he had placed in her firmness of disposition was shaken, and that he believed her liable to change. This was touching Lionel's heart in a tender part, and he felt it. "Father," exclaimed he, "one favour—go to Canon De Vere, tell him I wish once more to meet Margaret, and alone, that she may speak freely, with none by to influence her. If from her own mouth I hear that such a promise has been made, and firmly resolved to be kept, I will then cheerfully obey your desire and depart; I will shew her that I too can be firm, and as worthy of her confidence as she of mine."

Pleased with this determination of Lionel and his display of spirit's pride, Mr. Weston

waited on the Canon and made known to him Lionel's determination and request. The Canon pondered for some time deeply, but at length replied that although he considered it a dangerous experiment, so confident was he in the purity of intention and honour of Lionel as also that of his daughter, that, with her consent, the interview might be had, and in the manner requested. Leaving the apartment, he went to that of his daughter, and having informed her what had been Lionel's request—asked her if she could command sufficient firmness to support so trying a scene as must necessarily take place. She, after some considerations and many tears, gave her consent; and it was decided that it should take place that very evening.

Mr. Weston returned, informed his son of the arrangement, and begged him to conduct himself with firmness and bear its trials with fortitude. The evening came, Lionel and his father proceeded together to the house of the Canon. On their arrival, they were shewn into the parlour where they were soon joined by the Canon who had just left his daughter whom he had been endeavouring to comfort and prepare for the approaching interview.—He took Lionel kindly by the hand, enquired with much tenderness of the state of his health, assured him that his opinion of him was unchanged, that he would ever be his friend, and leading him to the door and pointing toward the apartment of his daughter, bade God strengthen, and left him.

With scarcely power to breathe, Lionel, understanding the Canon's motion, entered the apartment. Miss De Vere occupied exactly the same station on the couch, as she did on the day when he first entered that apartment two years before. Ah! with what different feelings they now met;—on that former occasion all was bliss and joy; they met dreaming not they ever should be separated—they now met to part, believing that they must never meet more. Both were pale and trembling—both were silent. Lionel stood before her and at length broke silence—

"Tell me dear Margaret," said he, "is it true?"

"Lionel! dear, dearest Lionel!" exclaimed the agitated girl, "question, upbraid me not, it is my father's will—it is his command—I have promised to obey him, though my heart break—let the firm and unchanged affection I have borne and ever will cherish for you, be a token of my regard of duty and obedience for my father."

"And," said Lionel, "since this is your resolve, if we must part, will you still love me with the same pure and holy love with which we have ever loved each other? Dear Margaret, shall I ever hold the first place in your memory?"

"Lionel, I can never cease to love—to worship and cherish thee in my heart; my soul's happiness is in thee and thy prosperity; if thy life were forfeit, and mine could ransom it, gladly would I lay it down. We must part; but oh! Lionel, could you but bear me company, rather would I pass the portals of the grave—I would not thou shouldst live without me—I would not wish to live after thee; but could we depart from this world together, oh! how welcome would be death!"

"Now dearest!—one look from thy dear eyes—one kiss from those dear lips, and fare thee well; for why should I longer distress thee?" Throwing herself upon his breast, twining her arms around his neck, and passionately kissing him; she, with a convulsive effort, tore herself from his embrace, and fled from the apartment. Lionel hastened home; and his father, anticipating this result, having during the last few days made every preparation, that night departed from the scene of his unhappiness. The next day found him at Portsmouth on board the Frigate; and soon the "boundless waste of waters" intervened Lionel and the object of all his joys and sorrows.

The situation in which Lionel was now placed, by its novelty, tended to divert in some measure his thoughts from dwelling too acutely on the late unhappy events. The duties of his station—the new scenes which every day presented, had their charms; but when viewing the strange and interesting objects of, to him, new countries, he would think with how much greater pleasure would he behold them, were she but with him to participate in his pleasure. During two years since his departure, the Frigate had, after fulfilling her mission at Buenos Ayres, visited several other parts of the world. He had received several letters from his father, in not one of which was the name of Margaret mentioned, or any allusion made to any of the past circumstances.

The ship had now one year to complete the term of her commission, after which she would return home; she was now bound for the Mediterranean. Upon her arrival, the commander found orders awaiting, directing him to perform certain services, which being done, the G—a was to return home. Several of

those floating bulwarks, of which England so justly proud, were at anchor; and an interchange of visits of course took place between the officers of each. A party of midshipmen from one of these vessels, came on board to visit those of the G—a. In the course of the conversation which Lionel had with one of them, he found that he was a relation of the De Veres. This stranger had lately received a letter from home which informed him, *en passant*, that Miss De Vere was shortly to be married to a son of the Earl of S—; and added, "by what I can understand, it will take place about the time of your arrival, so no doubt you will be there." Deep as these words pierced Lionel's heart, he betrayed no emotion, and shortly the visitors returned to their own ship. This information which Lionel had received was true.

About eighteen months after Lionel's departure, the Earl of S—, a particular friend of his and who had been a classmate with De Vere at Oxford, came on a visit. Much pleased with Miss De Vere, and having himself a son a few years older than Margaret, he proposed, if it could be arranged agreeable to all parties, that his son should pay his court to Margaret, with a view to their future marriage. De Vere expressed his willingness; and it was agreed that the Earl's son, Marcus, should make a visit to De Veres for that purpose, which he very soon did.

Marcus was a handsome, amiable, intelligent young man, twenty-five years of age; and if Margaret had been mistress of her own heart, would probably have met with no opposition to his suit. But Margaret, true to her first love, gave him no encouragement. The Canon, however, who wished much that a marriage should take place between the parties in question, earnestly prayed Margaret once more to be persuaded by him, telling her that in so doing she would confer much happiness on him, and although he intended to keep his promise with regard to compulsion to marriage against her will; that if she did not consent to receive Marcus as her future husband, he could not regard her in the light of as dutiful a child as he previously had done. Having heard no tidings of Lionel since his departure, though he was constantly in her thoughts, urged by the earnest solicitations of Marcus, and influenced by her father, she at last reluctantly consented and the time fixed for the marriage to take place. While these arrangements were going on in the De Vere's house, the G—a with a fair breeze was ploughing her way homeward,

a short time she entered Portsmouth harbour, having been absent three years and two days. As soon as he possibly could, Lionel asked for and obtained leave of absence. Immediately he hired a post chaise, and taking a small portmanteau, was soon on his road to, and near his home. Arrived in the city he determined not to go to his father's house for some days; as he well knew a strict injunction would be laid on and a watch kept, that he should not attempt to see Margaret, but which he was determined to do. Taking a lodging in a small public house in an obscure part of the city, he, by adroitly questioning the persons in whose house he lodged, learnt that the marriage of Miss De Vere was to take place in two days, that it was to have taken place the last week, but for some reason had been postponed to the time now mentioned. In the evening Lionel walked to the vicinity of the Canon's house, in hopes to see Margaret. As he was loitering about he heard the sharp bark of a dog; and the next instant a small spaniel belonging to Margaret, sprung and fawned upon him with all the tokens of joyful recognition. Looking around he saw, to his great joy, Margaret De Vere, just returning from a walk. He had before quitting the house, prepared a note, stating what he had heard respecting her marriage; informing her that he had but three days leave of absence, and begging her to afford him an opportunity of once more seeing her, that they might pass a few moments in each others company—bid each other farewell, and as would then tear himself from her for ever. Hastily securing this note to the collar of the dog, he severely pinched the animal's ear, which ran yelping to its mistress, who stooping to caress and examine the cause of its cries discovered the note. Having read it she looked hastily and anxiously around, and on seeing him made a sign for him to follow her, and walked quickly in the direction contrary to that she had before been walking. He, following, soon overtook her. To his great astonishment, she, instead of expressing surprise at seeing, said she had been expecting him for some days past. She then told him that about a fortnight since, a young lady, a friend of her's had received a letter from a young midshipman to whom she was engaged, in which he mentioned that he had met Lionel, and also informed her of the time when he would probably be home. This was the cause of the postponement. Anxious to see Lionel once more, when she would meet him as in past days, and expecting him, she insisted on

the marriage being delayed ten days longer, which was done. Now she had seen him once again, she felt more repugnance than before to become a bride. Fearing that her absence would be noticed, and that persons would be sent to look for her, she was about to bid him farewell for ever. But he urged and finally gained her consent to allow him to come that night at midnight—climb to her window which she was to leave open, and in the apartment where they had met in happier days to bid her an eternal farewell. This being agreed upon they parted, and he returned to his lodging to wait until the hour of midnight should arrive. At length the bell of the cathedral pealed the hour of twelve—that bell, the sound of which had so often called him to the holy pile in which he had performed a double worship. As he hastily caught up his cloak, he perceived on the table, among some things which he had taken out of his valisse, a small dirk, which he wore as part of his uniform when on board the ship. It was not that he feared or anticipated an attack from any one; but he, knowing not why, took it up and concealed it in his breast.

He reached the house of the Canon. A faint light gleamed from the window of Margaret's apartment, shewing that she waited his coming. He threw a small pebble against the casement, but no answer was returned. By the blind fastenings he easily reached the window which opened at his touch. He entered the apartment—all was deep silence, broken only by the soft breathings of Margaret De Vere, who, wearied with anxiety and watching, had sunk on her couch in slumber. Lionel gazed around on each well remembered object; a train of events rushed upon his recollection which caused his brain to burn and his heart to beat. Their first meeting—the happy hours they had passed—and then came the recollection of the last meeting—and then—“*I would not wish to live after thee; but could we depart from this together; oh! how welcome would be death!*” These words rang in his ears, and unconsciously he grasped his dirk. As he looked on her beautiful form reclining in sleep—the innocent expression of her countenance struck him as appearing like that of an angel. “Yes!” exclaimed he, “she is fitted for heaven; what has she to do with earth? What if I should set her spirit free! She would bless me—can I give a more convincing proof of my heart's worship than to save her from the polluting touch of mortal? No!”—He softly stole toward and bending over, pressed his lips to her

forehead—it was cold as marble. The bell of the cathedral tolled the hour of one—again its sound called up to his fancy the events of years—a glare of fire seemed to fill the apartment—a rushing in his ears as of a flood of waters overwhelming him. He raised his hand—the small ray of the taper glittered brightly on the blade of the dirk—the next instant his arm descended—the dirk was buried in the heart of Margaret De Vere! Flung beside her, he pressed his lips to her's—no mighty struggle convulsed her frame—no groan; but with a gentle heave of her fair and innocent breast and a murmur on her lips—a murmur of the name of him who knelt beside her; so passed away her gentle spirit.

Rising from beside the inanimate form, Lionel gazed upon it several minutes. "There," exclaimed he, "beautiful as is that clay, what is it in comparison to the divine spirit which has left it? Yes, she is now an angel, and I! Yes she will plead for me—I shall be forgiven. We shall dwell together for eternity—Margaret! dear Margaret!—I come to thee!" Once more the dirk entered the earthly tabernacle of a spirit—a spirit which fleeing to the region where sins are forgiven and sorrow is unknown, was instantly received by our band and united to its kindred spirit. Thus, in our blessed abode will they ever dwell together—thus, amid and in the presence of our resplendent company, was consummated the *Spirit Bridal*.

Carlton, 10th February, 1843.



ANECDOTE OF LOVE.

It is not long since the following extraordinary adventure is said to have taken place in one of the districts of Hungary:—

A number of workmen, being engaged in opening a communication between two mines, discovered the body of a miner, apparently about twenty years of age, whose position showed that he had fallen a victim to one of those accidents of frequent occurrence in these subterranean excavations.

The men remarked that the body seemed to have lost nothing of its flexibility and suppleness; and the state of perfect preservation, likewise, in which it was found, was attributed by scientific men to the effect of the vitriolic water in the mine.

On being exposed to the air the body became stiff, but the features and expression of the face were not changed. Still it could not be

recognized, although there was a confused collection in the neighbourhood respecting time when the accident occurred, report through the village to have been above half a century ago.

No farther inquiries, however, were made and they quietly proceeded to inter the corpse according to the usual forms; when all at once there appeared an old woman, hastening as fast as her crutches would carry her toward the spot. On hearing of the circumstances she had quitted her bed, where she had been confined during many years, and insisted upon seeing the features of the deceased. Spite of the wrinkles and fixed expression of her countenance, it betrayed uncommon agitation and anxiety, mingled with a singular air of satisfaction, which had in it something almost supernatural and inspired.

She approached, and fixing her eyes upon the features of the corpse, threw aside the hair that concealed part of the forehead, she burst into tears and piercing cries. She claimed, that she had found the body of her lover, to whom she was on the eve of being united sixty years before, when he suddenly disappeared. When her tears had ceased to flow she returned thanks to Heaven for having permitted her to behold once again the object of her first attachment, adding, "Now, indeed I shall die content."

The violence of her feelings had been more than her feeble frame could support. The peasants wished to carry her home; but her mind seemed to have broken the last links that bound it to earth, and she was laid in the same grave with him from whom she had been so long and strangely separated.

☞ "Rise and Fall of the Moors in Spain,"—a subject which fills a considerable portion of our present number, is condensed from an able article, written by M. M. No. of the New York press.

☞ Our correspondents must excuse us for not giving a place to their favors—in our paper, however, we will endeavour to comply with their wishes.

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