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The Literary Reputation and Remains of Robert C. Sands.*

The works of Sands are entitled to a large share of attention from this magazine. The affecting circumstance that he was struck down by death when in the very act of composing an article for the first number of our commencing work—and that the last connected emanation of his mind, and the last indistinct tracery of his pen, when his faculties were overtaken by the darkness of coming dissolution—were intended for the Knickerbocker,† is of itself a touching recommendation to our attention; but there are other and higher considerations. The reputation of Sands as an accomplished scholai and a ready writer was high; —his rank among the literary men of this country was distinguished; and here now is presented the rare spectacle in American literature, of two large volumes of pure literary matter, written by him, and sent forth to the world edited by one of our most eminent scholars, as the foundation on which to base the solid superstructure of his fame. It is therefore due to the public that these productions should be examined in that spirit of careful criticism to which they are entitled, as the complete works of a departed genius, and as occupying an important superiority among the literary novelties of the day.

That celebrity which arises from the publication of posthumous works, as it is certainly the most affecting, so, when it is deserved, may perhaps be accounted the most durable species of

* The writings of Robert C. Sands, in prose and verse, with a memoir of the author, 8vo. 2 vols. Harper and Brothers, New-York.

† See the admirable sketch of Sands's Life in No. 1. of the Knickerbocker, written by Mr. Bryant, in which the poet and the critic are feelingly and beautifully blended to honour the memory of a friend.

fame. There is a feeling which softens criticism to defect, and quickens it to beauty, in the consciousness that thoughts which have now first seen light, are the emanation of a mind which the throb of praise and the sting of censure can actuate no more. We hang not with the same fond sensibility of rapture over the productions of genius, which we know were sent forth to the world in the vigour of their author's life, the applause of which he shared, and of which the gathering reputation sent the thrilling foretaste of immortality to his heart; as we do over the "remains" of the hapless child of fame whose light has gone out prematurely, whose "spirit has passed from day to darkness" before its destiny of glory had been disclosed; and who had been debarred by the sad casualty of mortality the lofty felicity of knowing that he had lived to be remembered in futurity.

Though, perhaps, in the strict letter, these writings of Sands cannot be classified under this denomination, yet his reputation, as derived from these collected pieces, may be called essentially posthumous. Whatever fame he enjoyed in his lifetime, and that was not little, was based more upon his character for general ability, and upon his talents and acquirements, than upon the fleeting and varied pieces of which he was author. These, now, come before the public for the first time in a collected form, and from them we are to examine whether they will give to Sands a passport to futurity; whether they will shrine his name among those to whom America will hereafter point as the honored few who have contributed, by works of sterling value, to the formation of her early literature.

Of the life of Sands, Mr. Bryant's full and explicit memoir on the subject to which we have already referred, renders it unnecessary for us to speak; we will therefore pause to say a few words as to the manner in which these volumes have been edited. Literature presents not a more beautiful spectacle than that which we have in the instance before us. A gentleman, high, and deservedly so, in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, in whom extensive information and varied acquirements are controlled and directed by an accurate judgment and cultivated taste, finds time, amid the onerous duties of public employment, to do honor to the memory of a literary associate; and who worthily employs the great talents which have been so often used to the instruction and delight of the community, in illustrating the life and opinions of one who, but for this exertion, had had his memory consigned to an oblivion certainly undeserved. Mr. Verplanck's memoir of Sands is indeed not only an instructive and beautiful piece of biography, but, like the rest of its gifted author's productions, is distinguished in a rare degree by its pervading tone of rich thought and accurate criticism, the perusal of which leaves in the mind

a permanent and refreshing feeling of delight. Happy might any, even the most eminent names in our literature, be in the possession of such a surviving friend; and fortunate would it have been for our literature in general, had the works of many of its greatest ornaments been edited in such a manner—with such judicious care in the selection, and such careful accuracy in the illustration.

We cannot leave this subject without noticing one deeply interesting characteristic in the literary history of this city, we might perhaps say of this country generally, of which we are informed in this memoir. We allude to the higher intellectual tone which distinguished its society a few years back in the time of the early reputation of Sands. All the bright memorials of mind or talent which New-York possesses, belong to that period, when the high-raised appetite for a graceful and fascinating literature, which the rich indigenous wit and quaint excellence of the memorable Salmagundi papers first created, was fostered and excited by a number of powerful and original writers belonging peculiarly to the period, and vieing with each other in a generous rivalry of soul. When the town was delighted with the polished sallies of the muse of Halleck, and the fine humor of Paulding; when the exquisite lay of Bryant was fitly responded to by the charming song of the lamented Drake; and Sands, and Eastburn, and Leggett, and Wetmore, and Verplanck, (others it were needless to particularize,) contributed, by many brilliant efforts of occasional composition, and by infusing energy and spirit into many a recollected literary enterprize, to give this city the proud portion of intellectual character it possesses; a character which, from the high and rare excellence of their varied talents, it will long retain. What has broken up that charm? Whether have deaths or removals, or the cold encroachments of business?—or have "hearts fell off that ought to twine?"—We know not; but broken it is. Halleck has forgotten "the lute he used to tune so sweetly." Bryant, except in an occasional song, (and that we ourselves have been more than once the favored medium of communicating,) which serves to remind us of the beauty and the power which was once so enchanting, is likewise still. Paulding has ceased to write such novels as the "Dutchman's Fireside;" and the "Literary Reviews," the "Academic Recreations," the "Neologists," the "Talismans," of a former day, have ceased to live. The Mirror still exists; but "quantum mutatus ab illo," which week after week used to come forth "exuvias indutus Achillis;" and we can only revert to the fact that such a time has been, with a strong feeling that it was both honorable and creditable; and a melancholy consciousness that it exists no longer. It was a beautiful feature of this season of elevated sociality of feeling,

that congenial talents, tastes, and pursuits induced, more or less, among all that we have mentioned, an unrestricted community of thought; which made them seek to stimulate each other, by a sort of copartnership of mind, in the prosecution of literary pursuits. This generous enthusiasm in the cheering occupation of mental research, as it is one of the surest, so it is one of the most delightful, evidences of a healthy and vigorous tone of intellectual merit. Souls that love such exalting studies have a peculiar pleasure in reciprocating the sentiments they feel; in ploughing in company the rich fields of classic lore; in traversing the varied paths of modern learning; or in catching and communicating the spirit and impulses that actuate themselves. As a singular and characteristic illustration of this feeling, Mr. Verplanck writes as follows in Sands's Memoir:

"It was during the period of these studies that he and three of his friends, of as many different professions, formed an association, of a somewhat remarkable character, under the name of the Literary Confederacy. The number was limited to four; and they bound themselves solemnly to preserve a friendly communication in all the vicissitudes of life, and to endeavor, by all proper means, to advance their mutual and individual interest, to advise each other on every subject, and to receive with good temper the rebuke or admonition which might thus be given. They proposed to unite, from time to time, in literary publications, covenanting solemnly that no matter hostile to the great principles of religion or morals should be published by any member. They stipulated that whenever any two or more members should be within two miles of each other for any length of time exceeding a week, they should meet together. This compact of friendship was most faithfully kept to the time of Mr. Sands's death, though the primary and purely literary objects of it were gradually given up as other cares and duties engrossed the attention of its members. In the first years of its existence, the Confederacy contributed largely to several literary and critical journals, besides publishing in one of the daily papers of the city a series of essays, under the title of the Neologist, and another under the title of the Amphilogist, which attracted much attention, and were very widely circulated and republished in the newspapers of the day. Mr. Sands wrote a large portion of these, both in prose and verse."

The picture which this passage presents is absolutely beautiful. Four gifted spirits, with no other bond of union than congenial habits and feelings, bind each other together in a sacred compact to hold in common the best parts of nature; and when it is broken up by the death of its members, the survivors take a noble pride in doing justice to the memory of their

confederates. Thus Eastburn, who died in 1819, had his reputation faithfully honored and zealously preserved by Sands; and now that *he* is gone, another and still more distinguished member of the body, one of its brightest members when it existed, and whose talents, since it has been no more, have done so much to preserve its memory—has gone far in these volumes to give the celebrity of Sands a "local habitation and a name;" though with a delicacy which all will appreciate, and we, for ourselves, condemn, he has on all occasions left his own station in the confederacy, and his own masterly contributions to its efforts, to be supplied from the knowledge of the reader; which we are afraid in but too many cases will be unequal to the task.

This subject brings to our mind the thought, and we cannot avoid its expression, that to the memory of the gifted and unfortunate Drake this office of friendly justice yet remains to be done. The productions which the execution of that task will bring to light, would, we are persuaded, redound not less to the honor of our city than our country. Poor fellow, why does not some survivor and associate do for the beautiful relics of genius, which he has left behind, what Verplanck has done for Sands?

> Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my early days;
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> None named thee but to praise.

There is one accomplished gentleman to whom the concurrent voice of all would assign the task, who, as he has already rendered his memory classic in the most touching and exquisite of poetry, has still the grateful duty left him of rendering it known.

But these memories and reflections, though incidental to our subject and inseparable from its contemplation, nevertheless keep us from our task.

Sands's reputation as an author will rest principally upon his life of Cortes and his share of Yamoyden. The former is for the first time published in this collection. We are told respecting it in the memoir:—"He was fortunately relieved from any difficulty arising from the want of materials, by finding in the library of the New-York Historical Society a very choice collection of original Spanish authorities, which afforded him all that he desired. His manuscript was translated into Spanish by Manuel Dominguez, a learned Spaniard, advantageously known to his reading countrymen by other excellent versions from the English. It was prefixed to the letters of Cortes, and a large edition printed, while the original remained in manuscript until the present collection of Mr. Sands's writings. Thus his work had the singular fortune of being read throughout Spanish Ame-

rica, in another language, while it was totally unknown in its own country and native tongue."

This memoir of Cortes has been extolled by those whose opinion is entitled to every respect. Mr. Bryant gives it the unqualified eulogium of saying, "it is unquestionably the best biographical account of Cortes in the English language—perhaps the best that has been written." Its perusal certainly will not warrant such praise. The story of the exploits of Cortes has been already told in English in the elegant phraseology of Robertson; and, in addition to his full and luminous detail, there is a translation from the German of, we believe, Madame de Campan, which, though juvenile in its character, is graphic, spirited, and copious. In the accuracy of its details, the justness of its views, and the authenticity of its facts, the historical notice of Sands is entitled to the highest praise; for he weighed his materials with care, and went to the fountain head for information. Further than this we cannot go. It may be used with advantage in the compilation of another memoir, but it cannot be ranked as classical historical writing. It was intended by the author for a temporary purpose, and as subservient to another design; and though its composition is both accurate and careful, it has been too evidently written with that secondary intention to be classed among the higher efforts of similar composition. Thus, all those events in the life of Cortes which are detailed in his letters to the emperor, are omitted; and only those transactions in his history are brought into relief on which his correspondence is silent. Besides this, he has throughout rejected in the orthography of the Indian and Mexican names, those which long and invariable use have naturalized in the language, for, perhaps, the more correct, but certainly more barbarous, appellations he found in the old historians he consulted;—an innovation of very questionable propriety, for the English language may be as surely allowed the same privilege of modifying barbarous names to its usage as the French has exerted over even the classical, as well as the proper names of other nations—and of very unhappy results; since, to go no farther than one signal instance, the Montezuma of English history and poetry will hardly be recognised in, much less abandoned for, the unpronounceable Motenczoma of Mr. Sands. Nevertheless the language of this "Notice," (for the author himself nowhere gives it a higher name) is throughout simple, chaste, and subdued; the incidental reflections, when introduced, are in point, and in many places he narrates events with a terseness and brevity which is more effective than the most laboured diffusion. His subject never betrays him into extravagance of language, or even enthusiasm of sentiment; he is uniformly grave and correct, and sums up the character of Cortes with sin-

gular temperance and ability. The concluding passage we quote. It is a fair sample of the whole. In giving in a few words a view of such a man, it is singularly expressive :—" All conquerors are the 'scourges of God,' and Cortes was one of the number. It has not been sought in this Notice to justify his actions ; but simply to offer what may be suggested in palliation of some of them. Heroes have all had their foibles and their vices ; and so essential does a certain portion of them seem in the composition of their character, that they are gratuitously given to them by all the great epic poets. Try Cortes by a comparison with other great conquerors, and it will appear, that while few of them have rivalled his exploits, many have left darker stains on their reputation, admitting of no palliation. The charge of cruelty is the heaviest which has been made against him. Bernal Diaz mentions, that on one occasion, when he was called on to sign a severe sentence, he gave a deep sigh, and exclaimed, 'How happy is he who is not able to write, and is thereby prevented from signing the death-warrants of men !' This may have been affected ; but it may also have been natural. The charge of peculation, as we have remarked, is not proved. In indomitable perseverance in the accomplishment of whatever he undertook, Cortes is unequalled in history. No difficulty diverted him from pursuing his steadfast purpose ; and, like Scipio, in stumbling he took possession of the soil. He was fond of humming an old ditty,—

Adelante me sobrino,
Y no creais en agueros.

He assumed great splendour, as the king's representative ; but his magnificence was regulated by good taste, which rejected every thing gaudy or fantastic. He was proud of the single name, which he had made known over all Europe, and was better pleased with hearing himself spoken of as Cortes than as captain-general. As *Cortes*, he is known in the farthest regions by those who never heard of the Marquis of the Valley."

The joint poem of Yamoyden,* likewise inserted in this volume, as it is an earlier, so it is a much nobler effort of his mind, and will be a much more lasting memorial of his talents. The end which these two young friends proposed to themselves in this poem was indeed magnificent ; and the steadiness with which they completed so much of their design, is as worthy of admiration as their respectable execution of it at such an age is surprising. Scott was then at the zenith of that brilliant success which an untried and popular metre, and singularly poetical materials had opened to his genius. The wild romance, corresponding scenery, with the chivalrous personages and stirring events of the early Scottish history, gave a fascinating novelty and attraction to his song,

* It was written by the Rev. J. Eastburn and Sands.

which a host of writers in his own country hastened to imitate; and which gave to similar periods and events, in other histories, a new and powerful charm for the poet and romancer. Not only every subject which would admit of it in the history of the British Islands was embodied in verse, but the repulsive mythology of the Northern Scalds was decked with all the paraphernalia of cantos and notes, and made the burden of many an ambitious poem. The splendid field of Indian character—superstition—and American scenery was untouched and unsung;—a people whose pulse beat high to national feeling, and eager to encourage native literary promise, waited the attempt;—so that the plan of Yamoyden offered, both in its materials and its prospects, as fair a hope of poetical fame, and as fair a subject for poetical illustration, as any bard could have wanted and any aspirant could have desired.

The execution and the success of this poem were such as might have been expected from such advantages, and from the ability of its authors. Its merits are of a high order of excellence, its defects are mainly incidental to the manner of its composition; very little can be discerned in it of hastiness of conception or of immaturity of thought. It wants for its perfection a concentrating tendency of narrative and a controlling principle of action. Though there are many incidents touchingly attractive in the story, yet it has not an unbroken chain of strong personal interest to lead us untired and unbewildered through its scenes; and here lies its defect. In all the attributes of poetical greatness it is abundant; no opportunity occurs where the witchery can be used, where it is not used to much advantage. The descriptions of scenery, have, as the occasion may require, all the beauty, the variety, the freshness, even the magnificence, of nature. In the delineation of emotions and of passions, Yamoyden is rich,—at times deeply effective; and in situations of picturesque effect, described with vivid force, and exerting a corresponding influence on the feelings, it abounds. There is, too, a command of language and a concentration of images of horror, which deepens into a power absolutely harrowing. In this respect we fully agree with the critic of this pöem in the North American Review, whose remarks have been so highly eulogized by both Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Bryant.*

* This Article has been overpraised. Mr. Bryant calls it "one of the most delightful and eloquent articles ef literary criticism which has ever appeared in this country;" and Mr. Verplanck says of it, it is "admirable and most eloquent;" and again, in warmer language, "the concluding pages of the Review, in which the fitness of our early American history for the purposes of poetical and romantic fiction are pointed out, are splendidly eloquent." Eulogiums so unmeasured from such men, excited in us a great curiosity to peruse this article, which, after some difficulty, we procured. It gave our excited hopes the most unequivocal disappointment. The introduction is trite beyond the usual common-places of Reviews. Then

"We do not remember any thing finer of the semi-infernal kind, except Shakspeare's witches. We are at a loss how to praise this part of the poem sufficiently to satisfy ourselves, without seeming extravagant. We think we see in it proof of an imagination equal to a story of the class of the Vampire, or the Monk, which should make those horrible fictions seem almost nursery tales."

Yet with all this, Yamoyden, from the causes we have mentioned, makes as a whole but an indistinct impression on the mind, and takes not by any means that grasp of the attention, which its many detached passages of power, and pathos, and beauty warrants us in believing its authors had the ability in a high degree to have accomplished.

We shall now select such passages as will convey an idea at once of its excellence, and of its general and varied talent; in doing which we will render our readers a favor of no ordinary kind. The Poem, in its original state, is far less known than it should be, as the best sustained effort of the American muse; and the present volumes, being intended principally for the personal admirers of the author, will not be seen by the vast majority of our readers. In making our selections from among much of beautiful, we shall only take such passages as are best adapted for extraction. We fully agree with the accomplished Editor's opinion of the proem.

"This Proem as a whole is beautiful; and our language has, I think, few passages of more genuine and more exquisite poetry than the first four and the six concluding stanzas. They have a sobered and subdued intensity of feeling, carrying with it the conviction of truth and reality, while at the same time they glow with an opulent splendor of language and allusion, not unworthy of the learned imagination of Milton himself."

The following verses have peculiar and exquisite beauty.

> But, no! the freshness of the past shall still
> Sacred to memory's holiest musings be;
> When through the ideal fields of song, at will,
> He roved and gathered chaplets wild with thee;
> When, reckless of the world, alone and free,
> Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,
> That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea;
> Their white apparel and their streamers gay,
> Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghostly ray;—

follows a dry analysis of the poem, interspersed with a few remarks of cautious criticism and ambiguous praise, qualified with all the usual adjectives of the profession. The passages pointing out the adaptation of early colonial history of characters of fiction, are incidental to the subject, and are suggested by the poem; and are, in truth, made in as hop step and jump a style of respectable mediocrity as any thing we have seen; the "splendid eloquence" our zealous endeavors were unable to discover.

And downward, far, reflected in the clear
Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees;
So buoyant, they do seem to float in air,
And silently obey the noiseless breeze;
Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,
They part for distant ports: the gales benign
Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,
To its own harbour sure, where each divine
And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

The Indian Council is described with fine painting and fine poetical power. Every one must admire how well the author has made the prominent traits of the aboriginal character tell in the picture.

The council met; each bosom there
Pregnant with doubt or with despair;
And each wan eye and hollow cheek
The waste of toil and famine speak;
Yet o'er the dew-webbed turf reclined,
Silent they sate; and stranger's eye
Had deemed, in idle mood resigned
To nature's sweet tranquillity,
They lay to catch the mingling sound
Of woods and waters murmuring round;—
That the robin carolling blithe they heard,
Or the breeze the shivering leaves that stirred.
Among their eagle plumes it played,
And with their cinctures dalliance made;
But customed were they to control
The cradled whirlwinds of the soul;
And calm was every warrior's mien,
As if there a feast of love had been.

Ill could the fiery SACHEM brook
That gloomy, never-changing look.
Though long inured to mazy wile,
Through all the thousand lakes of guile,
His secret skiff had held its course,
And shunned each torrent's eddying force,
Yet ever would the fiery soul
Through all the circles dart,
Which, like the ice around the pole,
Begirt the Indian heart.

Up started METACOM;—the train
Of all his wrongs,—his perished power,—
His blasted hopes,—his kindred slain,—
His quenchless hate which blazed in vain,

So fierce in its triumphant hour,
But now to his own heart again
Withdrawn, but ran like liquid flame
Boiling through all his fevered frame,—
All, all seemed rushing on his brain:—
Each trembling fibre told the strife,
Which quelled that storm with madness rife,
Gathering in horrors o'er his brow,
And flashing wildly bright below.
While o'er his followers faint and few,
On inquest stern his glances flew,
Across his quivering lips in haste
A smile of bitterness there pass'd;—
As if a beam from the lamp had stole
That burnt within his inmost soul,
As in a deep, sepulchral cell,—
It seemed with transient curl to tell,
How in his triumph or his fall,
He doubted and he scorned them all!
But silence straight the SACHEM broke,
And thus his taunt abrupt he spoke—

The invocation to Evening, at the commencement of the second Canto, has transfused into the song all the softness of the theme; though no new thoughts present themselves, and no new images are brought forward, yet the tone of feeling is so pleasing, and the softened harmony of the metre so much in unison, that we might almost indicate it as an example of the finest species of poetical excellence.

Hail! sober evening! thee the harassed brain
And aching heart with fond orisons greet:
The respite thou of toil; the balm of pain;
To thoughtful mind the hour for musing meet:
'Tis then the sage, from forth his lone retreat,
The rolling universe around espies;
'Tis then the bard may hold communion sweet
With lovely shapes, unkenned by grosser eyes,
And quick perception comes of finer mysteries.

The silent hour of bliss! when in the west
Her argent cresset lights the star of love:—
The spiritual hour! when creatures blest
Unseen return o'er former haunts to rove;
While sleep his shadowy mantle spreads above,
Sleep, brother of forgetfulness and death,
Round well-known couch, with noiseless tread they rove,
In tones of heavenly music comfort breathe,
And tell what weal or bale shall chance the moon beneath.

Hour of devotion! like a distant sea,
The world's loud voices faintly murmuring die;
Responsive to the spheral harmony,
While grateful hymns are borne from earth on high.
O! who can gaze on yon unsullied sky,
And not grow purer from the heavenward view!
As those, the Virgin Mother's meek, full eye,
Who met, if uninspired lore be true,
Felt a new birth within, and sin no longer knew.

Let others hail the oriflamme of morn,
O'er kindling hills unfurled with gorgeous dies!
O mild, blue Evening! still to thee I turn,
With holier thought, and with undazzled eyes;—
Where wealth and power with glare and splendor rise,
Let fools and slaves disgustful incense burn!
Still Memory's moonlight lustre let me prize;
The great, the good, whose course is o'er, discern,
And, from their glories past, time's mighty lessons learn!

The Farewell of the Indian Warrior, and the following song of his Christain spouse are alike exceedingly fine. There are a succession of images in the latter—beautiful as Goethe's celebrated song, which Byron has imitated in his Bride of Abydos; yet which have all the freshness and vigor of originality. There is too great felicity in the manner in which these fine poetical conceptions are grouped together.

"Farewell! the sound is as the wail
That rises o'er the closing grave!
While yet the shades of night prevail,
My boat must cross once more the wave.
I go to speed our brethren's flight,
And with the morrow's closing light,
Return to bear thee hence, and far
For ever fly from sounds of war."
"Farewell! I will not weep;"—she said,
Tho' stealing from its liquid bed
There fell the unbidden tear;—
I will not weep;—a warrior's wife
Must learn the moods of wayward life,
Nor know the form of fear.
There is a chill my bosom o'er,
Which sadly says, we meet no more.
But let it pass;—farewell! and God
Preserve thee, on the path of blood!"
Mute was their last embrace, and sad,
Forth fared the chief thro' forest shade;
And still, like statue of despair
His lonely bride stood fixed there,

Gazing entranced on vacant air;
Sense, feeling, wrapt in this alone,
The cherished theme of love was gone.
One throb remained;—the spell is broke,
When her unconscious infant woke;
Maternal cares recalled her thought,
And soothed her labouring breast o'erfraught,
While thus again her accents flow
In deep accordance with her wo.

"They say that afar in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green isle of lovers.

"There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depress'd,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of Nature, in mild glory hovers:
'Tis the land of the sunbeam,—the green isle of lovers!

"Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss;
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover
On high with their shade the green isle of the lover.

"But fierce as the snake with his eyeballs of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;
From beauty there valour and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the green isle of lovers.

"And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplex'd, has beheld it no more;
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;
O! who in this vain world of wo shall discover,
The home undisturbed, the green isle of the lover!"

There is much fine writing in all this, much pure thought and beautiful diction. Yamoyden, indeed, is throughout characterised by a high poetical tone of feeling, at once chastened and adorned by the collateral illustration which it derives from learning and research. It is thoroughly and peculiarly national; the thoughts, the similies, the expressions, are all drawn from the

people under description, or from the soil on which the scene is laid. There is a controlling taste throughout the poem, far too correct not to reject any other illustration than indigenous, in such a poem; and accordingly we have no wretched examples of Persian roses in American forests—no tiger or lion to assist the fancy of Indian heroes—no "birds or flowers of other climes" to startle us with their beauty in scenes they never saw. All is in correct and faithful keeping with the scene; we have the solemn wave of the forest, and the eternal roar of the cataract. The landscape resounds with the chill cry of the caty-did, and the stillness of night is broken only by the plaint of the whipporwill. The poet poises in the air the bird of his own blue and beautiful sky, and peoples the wild with its own free and fearless habitants. All is characteristic, all is natural, all is in keeping. In this consists, perhaps, the highest merit of the poem. There is no peculiarity in the Indian character which has not been used to advantage; no precept of savage ethics, or feature of aboriginal superstition which has not been employed in its construction, and that with great effect; nor are there any peculiarities of scenery or characteristics of manner acquirable by reading or observation which have not been pressed into service as illustrative of the theme. The historical critic might object, that strict accuracy has not been adhered to in the description of Indian traits, but that the distinctive peculiarities of all the tribes are confounded, and that the usages which distinguished different nations have been indiscriminately applied to one. But this is a licence which has only the effect of proving a charm in its poetry. In the characters and peculiarities introduced into Yamoyden, we recognize the beau-ideal of the savage warrior, poetically and appropriately invested with all the attributed qualities of his nature; and we would as soon think of finding fault with Sands for putting into the lips of the Pequod chieftain the idioms of the Huron, as we would of condemning Milton because he has given to the prince of hell all the courage and highmindedness of heaven.

The notes to Yamoyden say much for the diligence and the extensive reading of Sands. They form, in fact, a body of invaluable collectanea relative to aboriginal history and manners, where the desultory inquirer will find all the facts bearing upon the subject, which are scattered not only through our scarce and early annalists, but through the long roll of travellers and historians who have had occasion to speak of them. The whole poem may be fairly ranked as a standard production of American literature, and is entitled to a fonder praise as the boldest attempt to embody the distinct peculiarities of our country in verse, which has been made in English literature.

From the miscellaneous prose writings of Sands, however, we

can form the best estimate of his talents and peculiar genius; and though he does not appear to have thrown his whole soul with enthusiasm or firm purpose into any of these efforts; and though we can view them in no higher light than the occasional relaxation of a vigorous mind; still they evince talent of such high and rare excellence, that we may fairly presume, if his pursuits or inclination had led him to the trial, he might have commanded abundant success in any walk of fiction. In some of his lighter pieces there is a rich vein of fine turned humour running through an easy and agreeable style, and exhibiting character in a light at once pleasing and original; and in others again, where he gives a loose to his imagination, he has shown that he can invest prose with its most fascinating qualities. Such is the tale of Boyuca, where, taking as a ground-work an imaginary tradition of the Bahama Islands, he has flung some of the finest beauties of language into description, and followed up with all the freshness of originality a conception worthy of the enchanting possibilities of the Eastern romance.

In the scenes at Washington, there is great and original merit. The sketches of society and of character are happy and spirited; and the execution of the whole reminds of us of many similar pictures by the great masters of our language in the best days of English literature; or, what is a better prototype, some of the most spirited delineations of the Salmagundi. It is a good antithesis to say that they can be read without fatigue, and cannot be read without amusement. We think there is still higher merit in Mr. De Viellecour; the wit in this admirable piece is playful and refined, and the humour is at once natural and irresistible. The Simple Tale and the German's Story, both deserve the praise they have received; and certainly no author in our living literature has given the lighter species of fiction greater attractions, or higher or more delicate finish. Of Sand's didactic articles there exist enough to make us regret that he has not written more; there, indeed, he was singularly gifted to excel; his rare and extensive acquirements, his acute faculty of perception, and his sound and correct judgment, came into admirable use. His writings of this description singularly indicate the advantages which a soul of high order derives from the ennobling and enriching associations of classic literature, and are pregnant with the deductions of an observant and highly cultivated mind.

In asking what place Sands will fill in the literature of his country, we feel at once that his writings are neither sufficiently numerous nor sufficiently important to establish for him a perpetuity of fame. This, however, is more the perception of our own regret, than the examination of any claim which has been set up for him. It would be with pride we would see him take

his place among the classics of our language; and proud would be our feelings to see his light added, as another star, to the circle of our national reputation. Yet to the name of Sands will be attached the respectful distinction, that, had his life been prolonged, his character had all the qualities to secure it a place within his country's heart, and his abilities might have won him the proudest place among her sons. Nor will such memorials as he has left behind him sink into the insignificance of temporary effusions; they have in them the redeeming influence of genius, quickened and chastened by a fine combination of intellectual excellencies; and speak at all times to feelings which will keep them in remembrance. He was one of those spirits whom our current literature could least have spared; and he was one of those too seldom to be found in our commercial community, and without many of whom, neither we or any other people can ever be distinguished for an elevated or respectable literature. He was one, who gave himself up with ardor and enthusiasm to the pursuit of knowledge; who, untiring in his efforts to acquire information, yet sought communion for his soul in the immortalized inspiration of classic lore; who loved to recreate his spirit in those fields, in our country too little trodden, where we can meet with "the sweet souled piety of Cimon and the anticipated christianity of Socrates;" and where the undying light, kindled by the fresh genius of an early world, will ever warm with its holy illumination the mind which has the lofty instinct to seek for its irradiation.

Without such characters, no literature will be either elevated or lasting; and without such knowledge, no production of mind, however ornamented by the other endowments of intellect, will be either permanent or beneficial. The history of literature is but one long lesson to the fact—that no genius, however rare, or imagination, however brilliant; that no facility of talent, or happiness in its adaptation, will suffice to give permanency to mental labor. Such qualities may shed upon their offspring the radiance which is their birth-right; but that enduring beauty which will enchant the future as it enchants the present, must spring from a mind matured and improved by its acquaintance with those treasures of acquired knowledge; the world's heritage in every age, which other times have left for our instruction.

In this point of view may the lamented Sands be held up as a model to those among his countrymen who may seek to distinguish themselves by the same pursuits; and it was this which has given to the few memorials of his mind, which he has left behind, a tempered beauty of imagination, a chastened correctness of fancy, and a philosophic tone of observation, which will ever secure them a respectable rank among similar productions.

THE ALBROZZI.

A TALE OF VENICE.

CHAPTER I.

It was morning, and the golden beams of the infant sun gleamed on the bent figure of Julia, as she offered her matin vows to heaven, in the chapel which was attached to the Palazzo de Albrozzi, kneeling within the silken drapery that curtained the altar, and having her eyes devoutly raised to the crucifix that surmounted its tabernacle. A robe of white satin, chastely elegant, covered her fine person, and a diamond rosary hung from her clasped hands, so long that the cross which was attached to it touched the silken cushion on which she knelt. Her features were of the Grecian cast; the perfection of their order, and the spirit of unaffected piety that then animated them, imparted that imposing interest to their loveliness, which the poet would exaggerate into angelic. Woman indeed seldom looks to such advantage as when her mind is devoted to the influence of unearthly thoughts, when her soul rises superior to the world, asserting its prerogative, and refining the beauty of earth with the purity of heaven.

In long ringlets, on her shoulders, hung a cluster of silken locks tastefully interwoven with pearls. The elegant simplicity of this arrangement gave a peculiar and striking effect to the classic proportions of her figure, in which was reconciled the delicate refinement of the girl with the matured elegance of the woman. Her eye was black, and its expression as variable as the flexibility of her gentle heart could render it; while the smile that so often sympathised with its beaming, received its character from a happy mixture of pride, benignity, and softness, which invited esteem, while it repelled familiarity, and made it seem like the condescension of intelligence.

Julia was the wife of Count Leonardo de Albrozzi, a senator of Venice, and lord of the splendid palace to which the chapel was attached. It was her custom to offer every morning her prayers to heaven before this shrine; but there was a more particular motive for her presence before the sanctuary of the host on the morning we have introduced her; she was performing the devotions preparatory to confession, which she was about to make to the chaplain of the "palazzo," after the celebration of mass, for which he was robing himself in the sacristy. It was a sight of inspiring interest to see the lovely Julia kneeling amid the decorations of religious splendour, herself the noblest ornament, doing homage at the altar of her God, like some seraph-guardian of his shrine. The deep note of the organ, now low and like a distant murmur, again bursting into the plenitude of sound, pealed sweetly

in her ear, drawing a response from her bosom which heaved in perceptible harmony to its music. Her hands were clasped and sometimes raised to heaven, as the pious enthusiasm of her young heart would provoke such outward evidence of its feeling; her upturned eye uttered volumes for her soul, and her lips moved in the voiceless expression of holy prayer.

The music ceased as the Chaplain, preceded by two boys, advanced from the sacristy to the altar. When he appeared, Julia in the spirit of humility bowed her head almost to the step on which she knelt; but there was peculiar interest in the glance with which he regarded her as he passed. The features of the priest, who was the younger brother of Count Albrozzi, possessed that marked though undefinable character, which seldom advantages the owner in the opinion of others, from the very doubt whether it bespeaks a heart of good or evil mould. It is an unfortunate mistake to suppose that one commends himself to the esteem of the world by subduing or cloaking the expression of feeling in the countenance; for man is more prone to construe whatever is doubtful into evil than into good, and, however he may admire that capability, he seldom loves the character that possesses it. Ludovico (for that was the name of the chaplain) afforded an example of the remark. All held him in that respect that approximates to fear; and though most confessed him a man saintly in the severity of his habit, yet none were heard to say, "He has a kind heart," or, "His worth endears him to me." We will pause to make the reader intimate with his history.

He was originally intended for the profession of arms, but was induced by his father, previous to his entering the service, to take a tour of the continent; but not content with European limits, he crossed the great Atlantic, incited by the novelty of the adventure; and for five years, while he was sojourning among the red Indians of the American forests, he was unheard of at Venice. He sailed with a number of French emigrants; and having made himself tolerably conversant with whatever of America was then explored, he returned to Venice, where he learned the many material changes which had occurred in his family during his absence. The old Count, his father, was no more, and Leonardo, his brother, was wedded to the beautiful Julia. Ludovico remained for some months at the palazzo de Albrozzi, sharing the enjoyment that existed in its limited circle, and entering with all the buoyancy that then characterised his disposition, into the spirit of its amiable pleasures. Towards the latter end of his stay the first symptoms of change were evidenced in his manner. From being frank, hasty, and unreserved, his habit became suddenly cold, gloomy, and constrained; its dissembled reserve frequently giving way in the struggle with some violent though secret passion, which appeared to harrow his very soul. This his brother attributed to some acquired eccentricity, and the opinion was confirmed by Ludovico's sudden announcement of his intention to join the sacred ministry. What were his motives the events of the tale will tell; but the fact followed almost immediately on the declaration—he joined the Augustine order, and for two years devoted himself to a rigorous and uninterrupted discharge of his religious duties. He soon

acquired a character for uncommon piety; and had he not determined to quit his convent, and act as chaplain in the palazzo of his brother, his reputed sanctity would certainly have gained for him the highest clerical honours. On his return the expression of his features appeared less schooled, because less capable of restraint; for the passion or passions that gave it being seemed to have become more intense; but as time passed, its violence was quelled, and in its room was dissembled that cool unmeaning exterior that too often veils some latent malignity. To him, who could decipher the history of the heart by the characters of the countenance, Ludovico's would indicate the rebellion of some vile but potent feeling against his better nature, and its eventual success. He was a man of commanding and athletic proportions; his countenance, but for its habitual chilling restraint, exhibiting the excellence of manly beauty. His eye, though repulsive, was bright with intelligence; but it sometimes burned with more than intellectual lustre—with a fire of an unnatural intensity, that well accorded with the smile which would flit across his features, somewhat between woman's sweetness and the scowl of a vampire. The most remarkable interruption of his studied reserve was, that occasionally, when he would look upon Julia, a confused medley of feelings would start into his eye, that were rendered more evident, though individually less distinct, from the constraint which he practised to assume; but this traitorous seeming was of rare occurrence, and was invariably checked before any evil suspicions could result from its detection.

He now advanced to the altar, and the mass proceeded. After this ceremony was ended, he returned to the sacristy, and having divested himself of his robes, all but the stole, he retired to the sacred confessional, where he was joined by Julia.

"It was but yesterday, Julia," said he, after the preliminary forms were over, "it was but yesterday that thou didst confess and wert absolved.—Dost remember thee of any crime untold, that thou so earnestly seekest to be shrived again."

"Father, I have fallen."

"Fallen! take heed that thou be not over scrupulous, for that subverts a proper confidence in heaven. Thy delicate conscience, my Julia, is apt to magnify what is venial."

"I have fallen, father, and I would be absolved."

"In what hast thou erred? thou speakest like one burdened at the heart and crying for relief."

"Thou sayest right, holy father," replied Julia, in the same spirit of humility, "there is a weight upon my soul. I have listened to the voice of evil, because it came from one that is dear, one on whom darkness hath fallen, and who would tempt me to shut my eyes on the light. It is not fitting that we speak the name of another here; but he it was who could drown the poison of guilt in the sweetness of his tones, that would beguile me from the path of the Redeemer."

"How sayest thou, Julia?" asked the priest in surprise.

"That he of whom I have spoken hath argued falsely of our holy doctrines, and hath counselled me to forsake them for those of the heretic. His words were wily, and they shook my faith, father, for my reason slept."

"Dost mind thee of what he said?" inquired the priest hastily. "What profane motives gave he for the vile sacrilege?"

"Much did he say of superstition and error; speaking in such wise, I would esteem it sinful to repeat."

"But there is need, Julia;—To cure the wound it must be probed; so speak all of evil thou knowest, and tax well thy memory, that no grain of the sinful seed be left to vegetate in thy heart."

Julia here recounted the particular objections of protestants to Roman Catholic principles. She rejoined:

"I listened, father, and of that I repent me. Before heaven I humble myself in acknowledgment of my crime, and through my penitence I ask forgiveness."

A pause ensued. Julia, with eyes bent humbly downward, awaited in silence the expected reproof and admonition; but Ludovico spoke not. He remained for some moments with his hands covering his face and breathing convulsively, as from some strong emotion: he appeared to struggle with the evil of his nature, with some new-born thought or passion that he endeavoured to suppress, but which seemed to laugh fiercely at controul.

"It shall be so," he cried; the chapel almost echoed with his words. Julia looked with amazement into his countenance, which she was shocked to see frightfully excited; but when Ludovico perceived the error into which he betrayed himself, he immediately reduced his features to their ordinary seeming, and in a mild tone rejoined,

"The awfulness of the crime, Julia, hath rendered me unfit to give thee the benefit of advice, but absolution thou shalt have."

She repeated the latter part of the "Confiteor," and as she ended, he pronounced the "Absolvo te," in a tone forcedly calm, adding more hurriedly, as if anxious to vent his feelings without a witness—

"Thou shalt read the 'penitential psalms' for seven mornings in satisfaction for thy sins; so now," his accents became milder, "in peace depart, Julia, and sin no more."

She rose, and retired from the confessional, with remorse painted on her countenance, more shocked than before with the reputed horror of her crime.

"Peace!—peace!—peace!" exclaimed Ludovico, echoing his own words as he threw himself back upon his seat, now giving way to a phrenzied ebullition of feeling, which acquired more violence from being for a time controlled, "talk I of peace? Peace is my commission—peace must be my counsel—peace must tenant my eye, though foul chaos reign in my heart. Confusion! I will go mad—mad! would that I were mad!" He grasped instinctively at his throat, as if to retain the breath of which his emotion was depriving him. "My heart is consuming—my brain burns—oh! for one calm moment now, to give the thought they labour with, a form. And wherefore not be calm? Is there not mildness on my brow when *she* kneels—am I not calm when *she* tells me that her love for the *cursed Leonardo* is like idolatry—*her* love—that I madden for; do I not lie then, the priest—the hypocrite! but I will—I will be calm."

He paused, as well from the weakness of passion, as to collect his scattered thoughts. When he again spoke he seemed to have recovered from the unsteadiness of his former fury; and sudden determination gave a settled energy to his speech.

"Her counsellor—the dear one—must be her husband—my brother—he that forestalled me in my love—well, that forestalls our fraternity. He has turned to the doctrine of the heretic—hum—I have a name for piety—my words would weigh with the inquisition; and should I accuse him, that tribunal would revenge me—dear sweet revenge! The indulgence of their loves would no longer mock my passion. Their—but hold;" his look of bitter triumph was displaced by an expression of disappointment; "would I be then the nearer to Julia—would she not spurn and revile me—curse—hate—despise."

He again paused, but his eye became after a moment suddenly animated; he clapped his hand to his forehead, and seemed fearful, from the intensity of the moment's interest, that the new idea would escape him.

"Calm now, sir priest," he cried in a half abstracted tone, that was still tinctured with the irony of malice, "calm as the words that drop like icicles from thy tongue, when thou speakest to the wife of thy brother; calm as thine eye when untroubled it glances at the husband of Julia. She loves him—better than herself—her life—her honor, and her soul. Calm, now, calm," he breathed quick and hard. "My brain is pregnant;" his respiration ceased. "I have it, I have it," he cried, and the next moment he was hurrying the black curtains of the confessional.

CHAPTER II.

Count Leonardo de Albrozzi on the succeeding morning was pacing to and fro with a dejected musing air, in a splendidly furnished apartment of the palazzo. He appeared to be involved in some labyrinth of thought or feeling from which he could not escape; for pain and uncertainty were imaged in his thoughtful eye. The features of Leonardo were of that sensitive cast, that betrays the keenest susceptibility of feeling, and on which the soul is ever etching its portrait. Pale, delicate, and expressive, without their manliness being at the same time compromised, they would seem to be the characteristics of some dreaming enthusiast, who loved to exist in an atmosphere of poesy and feeling. His person was tall and elastic, and though not of his brother's athletic consistency, it was perhaps equally strong. The "tout ensemble" of his appearance was impressively remarkable: it was such that wins an interest in our feelings at first sight—such as we would allow to a poet—a fabric which nature had amply tenanted, but in which imagination would seem to predominate.

"Wherefore did she weep," he mused, laying his hand on the corner of the harp that stood in the middle of the chamber. "From what con-

cealed spring did they flow—those tears. I thought I knew her heart—every feeling it conceived—her mind—every thought that had birth there; but there is still more to be known. They were bitter, bitter tears—the tears of a breaking heart; and though her bosom throbbed, and her eyes were red with grief, yet would she not confess to me its motive. Is it that she deems me heretic?—methinks there was a deeper cause than that. Julia, Julia, thou shouldst have no secret from Leonardo; he should be to thee as thou art to thyself, or there is no repletion for his love. Neither was the night a night for weeping; the moon beamed brightly, and the Adriatic was a sheet of mirrored silver. Such a scene, when together we gazed upon it, was wont to bring a smile of radiant pleasure to her lip; but in heaven or on earth there was no charm for her last night—no—in her heart there was but sorrow, in her eye there was but tears. Our little Julian, too—she strained him to her bosom, as if she pressed him for the last time; and she looked from her child to his father, as wildly as if her eyes would never rest on either again; but,"—he advanced to a sopha, and threw himself listlessly upon it, "she confided not in Leonardo's love."

"A letter, my lord, from Venice," said the Count's secretary, as he entered the apartment. "The bearer hints of some suspicion attaching to it, and says, there may be need of immediate attention to its contents."

"From whom comes it?" asked the Count carelessly.

"The boy informs me that it was given to him by a man, who, with a female that seemed in great distress, was embarking on board a vessel bound for France. The man told him not to deliver the letter until the evening; but he, through hope of reward from your lordship, hastened hither with it on the instant."

"Read it to me, Savigni."

The secretary opened the letter; but after glancing at the signature he became pale as marble, and remained in silence, rooted to where he stood.

"Proceed, man—I am attentive." Savigni continued silent, his eyes riveted on the letter.

"What ails thee; thou art ill, Savigni."

"Not I, my lord, but—"

"Do not crush the letter, man, or we may not come at its contents;" (the secretary had almost destroyed it in the convulsive working of his hands;) "canst thou not read it?"

"For my life, no," cried Savigni, dashing a tear from his eye, and throwing the letter on the carpet, he rushed from the chamber. The Count stared after him in mute alarm; but *his* time was now come. With a tremulous hand he raised it from the floor—he unfolded it—he—no, reader, not he, but we shall read it to thee.

FROM JULIA TO HER HUSBAND.

Farewell, farewell, Leonardo; a thousand, and a thousand times farewell; can I ever cease bidding thee farewell—I am leaving thee for ever. For ever, Leonardo—oh God!—for ever. I have written it;

and I am living—yes—my guilty fate lacks mercy; and I am living. Said I not that I was leaving thee—thee—and our Julian—my husband, and my child—leaving ye; and for whom? Do I dream, or will time, really, pass on, on, on? and will those eyes never rest again upon thee, my love; or on my boy? * * *

[The few succeeding sentences could never be deciphered; they were rendered illegible by the tears of the hapless writer. She seems afterwards to have become more collected.] * * *

I strive to be calm while I write to thee; I endeavour not to weep; but the heart, that was so often pressed to thine, Leonardo, is bursting with its sorrow, and the paper is already moistened with my tears; for I weep not alone that leave thee; but that my love for thee can be only measured by my guilt, and thy dishonor. Curse me not, that I have succumbed to disgrace; I preferred it to thy death. Despise me not for thy shame, thy life was dearer to me than thine honor. Do not drive me from thy heart, that I have forsaken thee; for had I not torn myself from thee, death would have torn thee from me. Between thee and myself had I to choose—horrid alternative! but my love decided me to embrace the guilt that preserved Leonardo from destruction. Dost mind thee of the evening thou didst tell me of thy changed opinions, and didst counsel me to throw off the bondage of our holy church for that of the ungodly heretic. I sinned, for I listened to thee—how could I but listen to thee. My heart bled that thou, Leonardo, didst wander from among the righteous; and I trembled for myself, because I was tempted to follow. To wash the sin from my soul I confessed me; and my confessor, Leonardo, was thy brother—the murderer of our peace, thine honor, and my soul. The fatal secret of thy perversion he made the instrument of our ruin—and how well has he succeeded. Do I not write calmly, my husband? and, save these burning tears that seal every word as I pen it, there is no evidence that the heart of thy Julia is breaking; but still—still will I be calm. The monster—he is now beside me, and has rebuked me for the word—when it was no longer in character with his purpose, threw off his holy guise, and disclosed to me the noisome colours of his heart. He told me of his unnatural love for the wife of his brother; and his hate to thee that thou wert the husband of Julia. He vaunted, and my soul shrunk back at his triumph, that I had given thy life to his disposal: he gave me to choose—oh, such a choice, Leonardo—whether I would fly with him, forgetful of my husband and my child, or accuse thee before the black tribunal of the Inquisition—accuse thee, my love—thee. My soul was harrowed with doubt—forsake or kill thee—be no longer a mother, or make my Julian fatherless—abandon thy love, or render mine own thy ruin. I paused, but I did not entreat—I spoke not to his mercy—I implored not—nor conjured; for there was that in his look that human eye never witnessed before, and it laughed supplication from my heart. But well could the wily mocker of heaven's ministry decide for thy Julia. He pictured in tenfold horror the torments of the Inquisition: he showed thee to the eyes of my love racked, starved, consumed, and in the frightful anguish of prolonged agonies tortured from existence. He spoke slow, that my soul should not

lose one poisonous word; and heavily they fell, for they turned the scale with the balance, that renders me the victim of his infamy. I swore, on the altar of my God, to fly with him; to leave for ever my home of happiness and love; to wed myself to guilt and misery; to be no longer the wife of Leonardo, nor the mother of Julian. When thou hast perused this, my husband, will Julia have passed from thy love; wilt thou no longer think of her, as the Julia on whom thy every affection was lavished? will thy heart have become cold, or only warm with contempt and hate? Our child—oh God!—perchance thou wilt never teach him to speak the name of his mother; or he may learn to regard her as the vile and guilty thing, from which virtue should turn in disgust, and humanity spurns as its outcast. Leonardo, why canst thou not look into my heart--why may I not cling to thee, and press my bosom to thine, that its throbbing might tell thee of its anguish? From the first hour I met thee, wert thou not alone in my heart? and until our little cherub was born, had it a chamber that was not thine? To the last hour of life, Leonardo, (I love to repeat thy name; for my heart shall speak it while I live,) thou shalt be the husband of my love, though for thy sake I be the creature of another. Wilt thou ever for a moment, when perchance thou wakest in the night-hour, and findest me not beside thee—when thou hearest the sweet note of the lark, and my voice is absent—when thou lookest on the star we used to gaze upon, and I look not with thee; wilt thou then—thou wilt Leonardo—but for a moment repel the recollection of dishonor, and give a tear to the memory of Julia. He tells me I must write no more—no more!—I must cease ere I have begun. A long, long farewell, my husband and my child—again, farewell—he is forcing me away—now indeed farewell, my own, own Leonardo—curse not thy JULIA.

We have not copied this letter verbatim from the original, which is in the possession of the Italian gentleman who favoured us with the history of the event; for, to be candid with the reader, we were fearful of compromising our character by an accurate translation. Passion regards no proprieties; and the wild unconnected style of the original letter, however eloquent and expressive to those who were immediately interested, might appear more extravagant than feeling, to the cold, criticising reader. We therefore acknowledge, that, deeming it more politic to be rather this side than the other of the sublime, we took the liberty of making such alterations, as, without marring the spirit, would check the extravagance of the style.

An hour after he had perused the letter, Leonardo was standing in the middle of the apartment in precisely the same position that he had fallen into after he had read it; his arms hung in the same listless manner by his side, and his eyes were fixed on the same object that they had then settled on: for that hour the engine of the mind was idle—the process of idea had paused, and moral consciousness had ceased. The eye lost its intelligence—the features their beauty--idiocy, for that hour, threw its murky veil over both. Here indeed we pause. The waking, from that sleep of intellect—the gradual expansion of consciousness—the con-

gealing of the heart—the shrinking of the spirit: let the intensest eloquence of language be thrown into the scale against them, and, reader, thy feelings with it, yet will the idea of Leonardo's agony be far deficient in the balance.

"Gone—gone—gone," were the first words he uttered, his eyes wandering about the apartment in the imbecility of hopelessness.

"In the name of heaven, what has disturbed thee, my son?" questioned his mother, entering at the moment. She had overheard his exclamation; and his countenance, imaging the keenest despair, gave a severe shock to her feelings.

"My Julia."

"Leonardo, I beseech thee, Leonardo, what of her?"

"My wife, mother!" he replied in a louder tone, or rather sobbed, for his frame was beginning to be convulsed.

"As thou lovest me, answer," persisted the mother.

It is a fearful era in the history of the human mind, when it alternates to the two extremes—now sinking into inaction, again excited almost to madness. Such a period was this to the Count. The question of his mother gave an impetus to a wheel that had not yet been disturbed; and it whirled round and round, until the chain ran out, causing a temporary pause in the progress of existence.

"Answer!" he exclaimed, wildly echoing her word, "I cannot answer thee; but the priest, my brother, thy son;" he gasped for breath, "ask him; he can tell thee if he will."

The wretched mother, confident of the regard which Leonardo ever professed for the chaplain, and unknowing the motive of the taunt, was actually hastening in search of Ludovico, to learn from him the cause of his brother's anguish; but regarding the maddened husband, as she reached the door, she was induced to return, by seeing the ghastly smile that distorted his livid countenance.

"Seekest thou the priest, mother? ha, ha, ha. I fear me thy journey will be further than to chapel. I can be gay, mother, thou seest, ha, ha, ha, very gay."

"Oh, look not thus, Leonardo, I implore thee; not so wildly"—

"Wildly!" he interrupted, "wildly! Am I not calm? Are not my words gay? Do I not smile?"

"Holy Mary, what fearful chance has wrought thee to this? Thy life is fleeting from thee, Leonardo."

Nature could no longer sustain the convulsion of its works. The eyes of Leonardo trembled upward, till only the whites were seen—his knees knocked against each other—the flesh quivered on his face, and his tottering frame fell fainting to the floor.

"My son, my son," cried the mother, bending over him in the agony of maternal solicitude. "Help, help, help, for the love of heaven, help."

Several of the family servants rushed into the apartment, and surrounded their unconscious master. A scene of bustle was about to ensue through the officious interference of the attendants, who thronged around, all anxious to direct; but none obeying in aught, efficient to his recovery: when the fond mother checked them impatiently, and kneeling

on one knee, raised his head gently to the other. She chafed his temples; and resorting to the usual remedies then exercised on such occasions, had soon the satisfaction of seeing him slowly open his eyes.

"Art better, Leonardo?" she asked, in that affectionate tone so soothing to the sick. He replied to her with a sigh, deep and long, and again closed his eyes.

"My poor boy," she said, letting a tear fall upon his forehead, "it must be sad indeed, that can thus affect thee."

"Shall we lead him to his couch, my lady?" asked one of the menials.

"'Twere better," she replied; "but let no one inform the lady Julia of this until your master be recovered."

How much is there in a name. Whether bright or dark be the associations of its engendering, whether pleasure or pain exist in the feelings it evokes, yet does it possess at periods an undefined influence over our hearts, like as if it were the spirit of the being it designates. The name of Julia was life to Leonardo. With a strong effort he freed himself from the servants; and rising to his knee, supported himself by grasping the harp that was beside him.

"Julia!" he exclaimed. "Give her to me," (a pause.) "Wherefore art thou here," he resumed, addressing the harp; "is not Julia away? Whose fingers will kiss thee into music—whose voice will melt into thy tones"—

"Julia's, Leonardo," interrupted his mother, endeavouring to soothe what she now began to suppose some causeless derangement of his intellect. He looked at her with impatient bitterness, as if he thought that she spoke in mockery.

"Julia!"—

"Wherefore not, my son."

He placed his hand on his forehead, and remained for a moment as in deep thought. He then looked slowly around the room, until his eyes rested on the letter which had fallen at his feet; pointing to it, and looking at his mother in the silent significance of despair, he paused until she took it up; and then turning round, he reposed his head on the corner of the harp, while she was employed in the perusal.

The mother of the forsaken Count stood petrified with horror, amazement, and regret, when, letting the letter drop from her fingers, she looked, in abstracted fixedness, on the form of her son. The servants, in silent astonishment, remained staring at both, unable to comprehend the fearful cause of their distress; and Leonardo continued to lean upon the harp, drowned in that chaos of feeling that admits not of expression.

It is not for those who are merely conversant with the every day interests of human intercourse, with the partial display of feeling which that intercourse elicits, to encompass, within their limited conceptions, the powerful influence of his misfortune over the heart and mind of Count Albrozzi. An Italian, in its utmost sense, he united to the warmest passions of his countrymen that susceptible fineness of imagination which gives acuteness to the feelings, and renders them more delicately scrupulous of any violation. His love for the unhappy Julia had assumed, from its uninterrupted indulgence, such an absorbing dominion, and had

become so much a parcel of his being, that life itself might be perilled by even a slight infringement; what then must the effect have been on his heart, when it was conscious that the one object which engrossed its vitality, was torn for ever from her throne by the rude hand of the spoliator, who left shame, anguish, and dishonor, to riot in her place? Reader, give me thy heart, for I cannot sufficiently engross its feelings by a mere portrayal in the water-colours of language. He loved her with that morbid intensity, that almost prevents the enjoyment of possession by the anticipation of its loss; and now———when expecting to see her light form glide into the apartment—her eye brilliant with the feelings of her heart, and her lips, perhaps, wreathed in smiles—at that moment, to receive the fatal warning of their severed loves—Leonardo —Leonardo—who may be conscious of thy pain? It was the very confusion of his feelings that tolerated existence at that moment; for could his mind have escaped from the chaos, and been directed only to the consciousness of his loss, it is improbable that he would have survived; but the fierce medley, at another time so pernicious, by counteracting the one giant feeling, had now the effect of preserving his life to the Count Albrozzi.

Leonardo had risen instinctively to his feet; but he remained silent and motionless, revolving the curses of that morning in his mind; while all the others appeared, likewise, as but the chiselled representatives of humanity; for even to the menials did the contagion of their master's silent misery extend. Even the voice of a fair and beautiful child did not disturb them, who crying, "Julian is come to papa," ran affectionately to the Count, embracing his knee, and endeavouring to attract his attention. The distracted father did notice his child, and the little Julian, ever accustomed to the warmest caresses of both his parents, changed his sweet countenance of joy into an expression more consonant with the feeling of those around him. He sat down dejectedly on the carpet; and the tears flowed plentifully down his cheeks for some minutes. He, at length, rose to his feet; and, in a voice of complaining sadness, addressing the Count, he demanded,

"Where is mamma?"

The question of his child acted like an electric shock upon the Count. He started back several paces, uttering a short hysterical laugh, and echoing the "Where?" of his little innocent. All, even to the child, trembled at the word.

"She did not kiss me to-day," said Julian.

"Nor me," rejoined the father. The tone of melting pathos in which this was uttered, wrung from the callousness of intensest misery, deluged the eyes of all with tears; and the mother, awakened from her painful reverie, flung herself upon his neck, and implored him not to kill her with his grief.

"Child of my Julia, come hither," sobbed the Count; his athletic frame convulsed as he spoke. "Let me kiss thy little cheek, my boy, it may be the last token of a father's fondness." He raised the child in his arms. "She did fold thee to her bosom, last night; and she wept over thee; but I knew not, then, the motive of her tears.—Thy right cheek, my boy,—'twas that she pressed; and I shall kiss the impres-

sion of her lips—though they are, ha, ha, ha—they are;" the proffered kiss was ungiven—the child dropped from his embrace—his shoulders rose and fell—his body writhed—and his hands were clenched, until the nails of his fingers were blooded in their palms—" they are, ha, ha—they are ——— * * * *—Slaves!—my steed!"———

The husband of Julia was on that day seen fiercely riding through Venice. His voice never afterwards echoed in the hall of his fathers.

CHAPTER III.

Time and space are alike trifling to the author: his imagination bounds over one with as much facility as she outstrips the other, nor deigns she to measure the lesser portions of earth by the meaner dividends of time. The traveller may detail the miles of ocean he has voyaged—the lakes, rivers, mountains, cities, countries, he has seen, with the hours, days, weeks, and months, the little duration of his little progress; but the author will skip through a vista of years with an effort as light as he bounds over continents; transporting his readers with a touch of his magic wand—which, by the bye, is no more than a goose-quill—through time over space, until at the conclusion, and then he—I beg pardon—she finds herself at the precise spot from which she set out. If our readers then are not too much in love with the sweet climate of Italy, will they for a time forget the classic reminiscencies that give a halo to her gratefulness; and, leaving the Elysium of Nature for her grand sublime, fly over the wave of the Atlantic, and look with us on the tremendous Niagara.

Though rich in the proudest efforts of nature—rich in her vast dim forests—rich in her ocean-lakes—in her mountains, secreting their heads in cloud—in her rivers, rolling in the majesty of waters—rich in her lovely valleys—rich in her fertile plains, America can boast nothing superior—nothing equal, to her far-famed Niagara. The perennial roar of tumbling waters seems to hymn out the proclamation of its superiority and the challenge of its mightiness. Where is the rival of that eternal torrent, rolling in myriads of sparkling foam-gems down that fearful height, and reflecting in a brilliance terribly sublime, the tiara of light that it frequently borrows from the sun? The first sensation it excites in the beholder is analogous to itself—fear mingles in the former with the animation of delight—gloom borrows a fierce beauty from grandeur in the fury of the latter; but, however our feelings become cowards at first, they are soon schooled to expand in the conception, and embrace, with unshrinking admiration, the tumultuous immensity before them. It is impossible for those who have not visited Niagara to conceive, even an idea of what it is. Let them give the widest scope to fancy—let their every power of comprehension be swelled to the uttermost—let them create unreal heights—unmeasurable depths; yet will they never imagine the fierce energy of that world of waters swooping down the colossal precipice of rock, in one con-

centrated torrent, and burying itself in an ocean of froth below. Who will imagine the awful splendor that illumines, in rainbow hues, the indignant water spouting in its re-action with the intensity of volcanic fire, to heaven, and seeming like the genius of the place asserting the majesty of nature. To conceive the immensity of the sublime, those falls should be seen; for if nature were not inexhaustible, we might suppose that th utmost of her resources were devoted to Niagara.

The incomparable wildness of the scene, on the night that witnessed one of the most harrowing catastrophies which ever occurred there, and one immediately connected with our tale, was strikingly contrasted with the calm unclouded sky above it. The pale moon had all that pensive loveliness, peculiar to the clime and seemed, in her beautiful serenity, to smile on the ceaseless strife of the falling waters. If Niagara be so matchless in its sublimity when seen by day, how unutterably grand must be its appearance when viewed by the twilight of the moon? for that orb has a mysterious, undefined influence over man,—and who hath not known the feeling? hallowing to him every object which lights; when, therefore, its pale lustre disclosed that giant scene, of whose vastness we should be conscious even in darkness,—the dim gray sparkling of the boiling torrent, relieved by the dark shadows of towering rocks; what conception of awful magnificence could compete with its reality—what approach it in effect?

Intently regarding the grandeur of the view, at the extremity of the table-rock stood a male and female, the hand of the latter resting on the arm of her companion, with a cloak hanging loosely on her shoulders, not entirely enveloping her attenuated person, which, owing to the heat of the season, was clad in a thin robe of white muslin. The black ostrich plumes that waved around her hat, gave an unearthly effect to her pale countenance, which, though thin and wan, was still lovely, and more strikingly so from its expression of intense sorrow, momentarily yielding to the poetry of imagination which the scene elicited. But the animation of fancy imparted nothing of pleasure to her features nor detracted materially from their evidence of painful feeling; on the contrary, it deepened the melancholy of sorrow, by communicating a more vivid glow; and while it partially removed from memory the rooted cause of the anguish it attested, it gave a more elevated tone—a more refined excitement, to the poignancy of her feelings. Her eye was bright and glassy, as if the intensity of some moral pain had refined away its earthliness; but it was perfectly in character with the elflike appearance of her person, which might be mistaken for the disembodied outline of a human form.

Her companion was a being of quite another cast. Tall, and of athletic person, his countenance at that moment presented an expression of fierce delight, as if his mind was fitted to a communion with the savage in nature. A short cloak fell from his left shoulder; and fastened in a girdle on his breast were two pistols, their steel barrels gleaming in the moonshine. In his left hand he held a short sword; and on his head was a beaver hat in the Italian fashion, fastened by a silver chain under his chin, a profusion of short black curls escaping

from under it, and shading one side of his forehead. His eye frequently turned on his companion, and whenever it rested on her he seemed to forget the colossal beauty of the scene; while the combination of feelings which it then expressed, was as undefinable as it was in unison with its first character. The insurgency of the wilder feelings which the thunder of the falls provoked, appeared to struggle with the tenderness of a barbarous nature; yet she heeded him not, but continued her uninterrupted gaze with fearless fixedness on the awful vehemence of the falling torrent, her spirit swelling as she looked, until it nigh burst from the frail tenement that enthralled it. Some persons who attended them to the falls were scattered over the rock, but none within a distance of some hundred yards, all armed; which precaution their fears of an attack from the Indians rendered necessary. Never looked mortal on such another scene; the mild splendor above—the impetuous tumult below—the chaste calm in heaven—the unspeakable convulsion on earth: nature would seem to have designed the contrast to puzzle the admiration of the spectator.

"How grand!" involuntarily ejaculated the female; and how grand should we not respond when misery itself could not forbear its tribute.

"Grand, in truth, love," echoed her companion, pressing her hand closer to his breast, and regarding her with as much softness in his eye as he could affect. "I thank thee, Julia, from my heart, I thank thee for the word; for, save in insult and complaint, 'tis long since I have heard thee speak."

"I forgot, signor," she answered, speaking in the haughtiness of sorrow, "I forgot, signor, that I was not alone; but Julia's dreams must be ever short, as they are few."

He turned aside to conceal the flush of anger that reddened his countenance, and a silence of some moments again ensued, when, as if to divert her mind from the one idea that was ever harrowing it, he in a subdued tone directed her to observe the vivid contrast, which we have already noticed, between the lovely calm of heaven and the chaotic revel of the scene it looked on. She turned her eye on the pale traveller of the night, who moved, in loneliness and alone, through trackless blue, which was so refinedly transparent that the eye could almost pierce into infinity; and as she gazed, her features assumed an imposing energy, the weakness of woman's sorrow momentarily passing away, as if in that short commune she had imbibed the spirit of inspiration. Her companion was amazed at the change, and he looked upon her countenance with fond surprise. He caught her hand in his, and stole it to his heart; but though she made no effort to retain it, she yielded it to him with that regardless apathy, as if she was unconscious of his taking it or did not prize it as her own. She raised her other hand, and pointed with her finger at the moon; when her mantle, loosened by the motion, fell unheeded on the rock. The effect of her appearance at that moment was more than earthly; her white garment, like the drapery of a spirit, relieved by the dark plumes of her hat, and the imposing action of the moment, pointing as she was to heaven, giving a finishing character to the sublime expression of feeling

in her countenance. She spoke in a deep hollow voice, that as yet had sweetness in its tones; and every word, notwithstanding the furious roar of the falls, fell as distinctly on the ear of him she addressed as if they were spoken in the stillest midnight.

"Thou wouldst have me look upon the moon, signor: she is bright and spotless, and the chaste blue of heaven is around her; but all that I can learn from her, all that she teaches to me, is, that her light and purity image what I was; but look thither," she turned and pointed towards the falls: the eye of her companion involuntarily followed; "that, too, reads me a lesson—its phrenzy speaks the tumult at my heart; and its roar is not more stunning than the voice thou hast given to my conscience."

She looked at him as if to mark the effect of her rebuke, and his face was flushed with subdued bitterness. "It is a faithful picture," she continued, "and a vivid one, but the warning was not needed: for thou canst attest that Julia, even in her dreams, forgets not the moral of her sacrifice."

"Spare me, Julia; for the love of heaven, cease."

"And askest thou aught through love to heaven—thou that made it the agent of thy infamy—thou!"—

"By hell, then, if thou'lt have it so," he cried, dashing her delicate hand from his, unable longer to control the gathering storm at his heart. A thrill of agony ran through her frame, and a hectic glow suffused her cheek, passing away as swiftly as it came. When she spoke there was an unnatural calmness in her voice, but it was more hollow than before.

"*It needed not that the priest of Albrozzi* should give such warning to *the wife of his brother.*"

"I meant it not, Julia; in truth, I meant it not: but thou art ever torturing me with those taunts, until I can no longer refrain from venting the bitterness they engender. I ask thee, is this place fitted to such a theme?"

"Till the heart ceases to throb," she replied, "the memory to recollect by night or by day—in sickness or in health—mid calm or storm—on earth or on ocean it matters not; that, and that alone, shall be in my heart and on my tongue." She again looked upward. "What an age of guilt and misery has passed since I gazed with him on that orb in our own clime of Italy! The recollection is still vivid in my mind, of that dreadful night when last we looked together on her disk; and he knew not the cause of the burning tears that Julia tried in vain to conceal from him. He knew not why I wept over my babe—my forsaken babe; I mind it well: his arm was around my waist, and I leaned my cheek upon his shoulder, while he twined his fingers in my hair and sportively mingled it with his own. He saw not then that I was weeping; but when the scalding tear that dropped upon his hand gave him warning that Julia's heart was sore, how he strove to divert the secret sorrow, by pointing to me the glory of the sky, and boasting that we lived in a paradise if we but knew how to enjoy it." She addressed to Ludovico, "how could he have known that thou and the morrow would render it ——" she paused. "Leonardo, Leonardo, why did we outlive that night?

But heaven's will be done," she rejoined in an attempted tone of resignation.

The blood flowed from Ludovico's lips, which he gnawed in the violence of suppressed rage; while Julia continued to look upon the moon as if acting in memory the incidents that it so often consecrated, when by its light she was wont to roam, with the being of her love, through the domain of Albrozzi. A tear stole slowly to her eye—the prelude of a shower; for when the barrier, with which the intensity of grief had dammed up the current of feeling was removed, it burst into a deluge, and swept every obstacle with it.

"Thanks, thanks, thanks for this," she exclaimed, her eyes flooded in tearful jubilee: "'tis long since I have wept—since I could weep. My heart has been too full of guilt, and shame, and fear, and anguish; and tears are too like virtue, so I could not weep."

"Julia, Julia, when wilt thou cease. Can it be that thy gentle heart finds pleasure in another's torment. Have I not tried, as man never tried, to win thy love? and yet does not every word—every deed of thine, proclaim that thou hatest me as bitterly as humanity can hate."

"More bitterly."

"Thy days have been spent in travel," he continued, disregarding the interruption, "that thou mightest forget to be miserable. I have brought thee to this far-off land, away from aught that might remind thee wherefore thou shouldst contemn me; and we have tarried with the savage, because I hoped thou wouldst esteem me better by the contrast—"

"Thou wert a loser in the comparison; for the red Indian of the forest was no priest—he broke no heart—he killed no soul—he tore no wife from her husband—no mother from her child—he made not Leonardo widowed, nor Julian an orphan."

"Peace, Julia, and I'll worship thee: let there be an end of this, I implore thee by all thou reverest."

"And there shall be an end."

"How sayest thou?" cried he, struck with the altered tone in which she spoke.

"That death is about to take the guilty one from earth, I feel it, priest, I feel it. Look," (she pointed to her cheek,) "here hast thou planted the lily of the tomb—here" (she pointed to her heart,) "has it found its nurture, and 'twill soon, very soon, be ripe: then shall there be an end."

"Julia, my heart is black—Julia."

He clasped her wildly in his arms, and pressed her cold lips to his with burning fervency.

"Hold, devil," shouted a voice behind them that echoed in the ears of Ludovico like the trumpet of judgment, confusing his every sense, and even deafening him to the roar of Niagara. His throat was the next moment in the grasp of a rough hand, which tore him, with irresistible violence, from the embrace."

"Ha, priest!!—Brother!"

Like the rags which covered him—remnants of past finery—the intruder was but the emaciated representative of former manliness.

"Months have I searched for thee; thou art mine at last."

The stout heart of the chaplain quailed beneath the glance of the other, for the haggard countenance of Leonardo—aye Leonardo—was grim with furious triumph. His fingers were tightening round his brother's throat, whose face, at first blanched with terror, became livid, and then blue, so intently murderous was the gripe of the injured husband.

"Die, priest—die," he roared in the ear of the gasping wretch, appearing to forget the presence of his wife in the satisfaction of revenge. The hand of Julia was laid upon his shoulder, and she looked into his face, until her eyes were strained with the intensity of their gaze, to ascertain the identity of her husband. She then gave one long continuous scream; and, as if she had been petrified during the effort, she remained, after it had ceased, in the same attitude—her eyes gleaming wildly, and her arms extended in the air.

Without loosening his gripe, Leonardo turned slowly round, looking at the figure of his Julia with a cautious and stealthy glance, as if afraid to trust himself with too sudden a view of her countenance. His eyes gradually rose until they met those they sought, and then became riveted the gaze of the sundered lovers, drinking recognition from each other, and speaking a world of pain. The fierce scowl that knit the brow of Leonardo vanished, and his fingers forgot their hold on the throat of his brother.

Both stood motionless for a moment, both, perhaps, unable to comprehend, in the chaos of thought and feeling, the possibility of each other's presence; but when Julia saw the lip of her husband quiver, and heard a convulsive sob tugging at his heart, the feelings of the wife burst through the stupor of amazement, and she threw herself on the neck of the forsaken Leonardo. No word—no sigh was interchanged in that embrace, but their hearts throbbed to each other, as if they famished for closer union, beating from the intensity of a thousand concentrated feelings—eloquent of undying, unforgotten love.

We cannot pause to be sententious, for the priest of Albrozzi is speeding to his work.

While they were yet locked in that long embrace, he had time to recover his strength and manhood. All the fierce passions of his heart were roused, and he looked upon his reunited victims with a scowl of infernal malice.

"Ha—embracing!" he cried, "perdition catch me if she be not clinging to his bosom! hell! will they never cease?"

He released a pistol from his girdle. "Now, then, for the last office of my priesthood. There,"—(the pistol was cocked,) "do thou tell him that I bought her with my soul, and only with my life will yield her."

The fire flashed unseen save by Ludovico; but the report was unheard, and the ball fell harmlessly among the rocks.

"Curse on thee for an idle messenger," he growled: "thou wert unworthy thy commission; but, even though thou shouldst fail me too," (he deliberately cocked the other,) "there is yet my trusty steel."

The inhuman wretch placed the mouth of the murderous instrument near his brother's head. He paused for a few seconds to take a more

effective aim. A louder report than that of the other accompanied the flash, and was chorused by a shriek from Julia.

"He is murdered!"

"Not yet." She herself had prevented the treacherous design of the priest by dashing the barrel aside one half second before it would have been too late.

"Now for the last resource," shouted Ludovico. "Come out, my sword; if thou, thou and I can't win her, she is lost."

He coolly retired from the fierce advance of his brother, releasing his sword from its scabbard.

"Have at thee!" he cried, making a pass at the unarmed Leonardo; but it was fortunately evaded, and the maddened Count again succeeded in twining his fingers around the throat of the priest. Julia endeavoured to rush between them, while they, in that unnatural encounter, forgot the presence of its object, and were only conscious of a thirst—a burning thirst—for the lifeblood of each other. The struggle continued uncertain until they reached the utmost extremity of the table-rock; and then the fraternal contest attained its frightful climax. The mangling grasp of the Count was forcing the life from Ludovico, whose eyes, though bursting from their sockets, were yet wild with merciless fury. The sword was shortened in his hand, and he only waited to collect sufficient strength for the effort to bury it in the heart of his brother. Julia grasped each by the shoulder, endeavouring to tear them asunder, and borrowing new power from her terror.

"Murder him not, Ludovico," she cried, "and I will still be thine. I will love thee, I swear to thee I will."

Ludovico would soon have been a corpse but for the words of Julia. They fell distinctly on the ear of her maddened husband, and turning round, with a look of jealous rebuke, to his wife, Ludovico took advantage of his unguardedness; and throwing every remaining energy into the effort, he sheathed his sword in the body of his brother.

The murdered Count leaped high into the air, and the eye of his Julia followed. In silence she watched the fall of his lifeless carcass down the yawning gulph, the pale moonlight disclosing all that remained of Leonardo. She bent over the precipice, and in breathless agony she saw him—his hands tearing open the old wound—his eyes glaring in death with the last agony of life, and his quivering features distorted by the savage fierceness of inhuman combat. Backward he fell, appearing still to gaze on Julia—what a last look for a wife! The second that prefaced his submersion in the dark torrent below was to her as an age. She looked, and looked, and saw the life-stream gush upwards from his heart, as if his love directed it to her. At length one sullen plunge—the waters parted, the corpse was buried, and Julia de Albrozzi saw no more of her lord.

Ludovico stood leaning on his sword, which was yet reeking with the lifeblood of his brother.

" Rise, Julia," he cried in a voice hoarse and weak, " I have purchased thee at a precious cost, and there are none now to disturb me with their claims. Rise, my love, and let's home."

He was talking to a maniac. As the body of her husband was falling, the elastic clue of her reason was lengthening—and stretched to its utmost tension—when the sullen sound that warned her of his doom reached her ear, it snapt suddenly asunder, never again to unite.

She still bent over the precipice.

" Leonardo—Leonardo," she repeated, " come hither, for thy Julia awaits thee. I would kiss thee again and again—wilt thou not come, Leonardo?" She knelt on the verge of the rock, and watched for the form of her husband. " He loves me not, and he will never return; but I love Leonardo, and I will follow him. Stay, my love, stay, I am coming."

The witless Julia rose to her feet; but Ludovico, anticipating her frightful purpose, caught hold of her arm and dragged her to his side.

" Thou wouldst not leave me now, Julia?" said he soothingly, " when I have bled for thee." He already perceived that the mind of his victim had accompanied the life of her husband. " But for me he would have murdered thee, Julia. Let us away, sweet."

She replied mildly,

" We will wait for Leonardo; he came to take me from the priest, and bring me to my little Julian."

Ludovico was stung to the quick.

" Curses on Leonardo," growled the unrelenting villain.

" Nay, thou art wicked that curseth Julia's husband:" she exclaimed.

Ludovico suppressed his swelling passion.

" Come, love, we will away. He is gone whence he will never return."

" But he cannot prevent me from speeding after him. I tell thee, he leaped gallantly into the stream, and he beckoned me to follow."

" Help, help, help," shouted Ludovico.

" I tell thee I will follow."

" Help, help, help." She struggled wildly to escape from him.

" I must—I will follow."

" Help, help, through the love of heaven, help," He now held her by the wrist, while her person slanted over the precipice, her feet touching the edge of the rock: he was too weak from the recent struggle to detain her.

" I am coming, Leonardo," she cried in a tone of greeting.

" Help, help, help."

A shrinking of her person—a spring—and the white figure of Julia was seen bounding over the precipice by those who were running to the assistance of the priest. Headlong she plunged into the womb of the boiling torrent, descending like some spirit of air. The Niagara mausoleum of her husband enclosed another victim; and the priest of Albrozzi was left alone to his guilt.

There is yet another part of this wild and singular story, and without which its singular and horrible incidents would be incomplete. We will present it to our readers in the succeeding Number of the Knickerbocker.

THE SELF-EXILED.

Adieu to the many,
My boyhood hath known,
I flee from their censure,
To wander alone.
I go with a madness
The world hath brought on me—
I go with a sadness
Of spirit upon me.

I go, on the world,
Like the bark on the wave,
With my manhood to guide me,—
The Mighty, to save.
I go from the mountains,
The pastures, and streams,
The sources, and fountains,
Of youth's early dreams.

A deep spell hath bound me
Too long in its thrall,
With rapture I rend it,
Whatever befall.
Away with emotion,
With sorrow and tears,
For love and devotion
Are buried in years.

The proud ones that hate me
I leave to their hate !—
Though Destiny wreck me,
Why shudder at fate ?
For she, who was dearest,
Hath left me forlorn.
And the hopes that were nearest,
Are shattered and torn.

The sky is my canopy,
Blighted,—unknown—
I'll wander beneath it,
To wither alone.
Where earth hath its numbers,
The ocean a wave,
I'll seek for the slumbers
Of time, and the grave.

T. H.

TO A PORTRAIT.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE GERMAN.

Memorial sad of solitary years,
Of sleepless nights, and unavailing tears,
Of blighted youth by love too loosely won,
Of hopes destroyed and innocence undone.
Thou record of my frailty and my woe!
Why do I love to gaze upon thee so?
Why look upon thee now, when all should be
Around me joy, within tranquillity?
Why art thou now before me to awake
Tumultuous thoughts, and images that make
The holy sacrament, that calls me wife,
The lasting prostitution of a life?

Mine own Aurelio! but a moment o'er,
And I may utter that dear name no more:
A moment o'er, and I must then resign
The little joy of wishing thou wer't mine,
Of dreaming still to lean upon thy breast,
And after love's short troubles, sink to rest,
As she does now, more fortunate than I,
Who, cold and blameless, in thy arms may lie:
Too cold to value, boast thy conquered heart,
Unconscious that she won its baser part:
And think, tho' softened by an earlier love,
'Twas glory still its fickleness to move.

Yet reigns she o'er a heart that never felt
The thrill of love until to me it knelt,
The heart that never bowed, secure and free,
To woman's beauty, till it bowed to me;
Poured its first pure affection in my breast,
And left for second love the worthless rest.

Mine own Aurelio! is it then thy lot,
Forgetting me to be thyself forgot?
Ah no! too well my blushing cheeks confess
My throbbing heart, I ne'er can love thee less.
Be as thou wilt, unkind, forgetful too,
I cannot prove, tho' wedded, yet untrue
To thee! what am I then to him who now
Before the altar shall receive my vow?—
Unlike that passionate vow of love and truth,
Poured out to thee with all my strength of youth.

Farewell, my own Aurelio! I could bear,
For I have borne, and still live on, to hear
That thou art mine no longer.—Did I say
Live?—Is it life that I have worn away
Since the sad night we parted?—tears that blot
Thy once loved name, oh ne'er to be forgot!
In faithful memory of that night arise,
Choke my swollen throat and scald mine aching eyes.

How did I watch thy parting form, and dwell
To catch thy footsteps as their echo fell!
Or, ere that moment pregnant with despair,
Play with the softness of thy wavy hair—
Drink thy warm promises with greedy ear,
And press thee to me with an eager fear,
In dread to lose (a moment) what but then
Was bursting from me, ne'er to come again.
A moment longer, and I held thee not;—
A day—and those endearments were forgot.

Yet blame I not thy fickleness of will,
Were I less kind thou hadst been faithful still.
But ah! 'twas cruel thus to punish one
Who thought thee better than thy sex alone,
Who saw no beacon in a sister's fall,
Who heard no ruin in her warning call,
While thou, with love-inciting voice and eye
Lured'st to the deep, where all her treasures lie
—For ever buried, one who thought to see
Truth, virtue, happiness, and all, in thee;
Who learned no text, no pious precept heard,
But made her law the echo of thy word.

Mine own Aurelio! but the day will pass,
And the night cometh—such a night, alas!
When he the wronged, the generous, and the kind,
Too proudly trusting and too nobly blind,
Shall dry the tears in filial pity's name,
That gush to water passion's quenchless flame;
And call me wife—and woo me to his love—
Oh guilt, I know thee by these pangs I prove!
Be these thy joys to haunt my bridal night:—
Hide me, Aurelio, from my husband's sight.
Or if thy heart thy victims cannot save,
Oh, hide me quick in an eternal grave.

From dreams like these 'tis terrible to start.
Such dreams are mine—oh! when will they depart;

When life with all its fitful hopes is o'er,
Then shall this troubled spirit dream no more;
Then shall this wearied bosom cease to prove
The bitter pangs of unrequited love.

My own Aurelio! let me utter yet
The sound my bosom must so soon forget:
Kiss, as it lingers on my lips, thy name;
And kindle with my early rapture's flame,
And then forget thee;—thou no more for me
Exist, as I have ceased to live for thee.
How hard a lesson,—years have fixed a sway,
A single moment is to rend away.

Sad, silent, slow, the day is dying all,
And the night comes to wrap me in its pall,
With gloomy fears and horrors overspread
To deck my guilty, conscious nuptial bed.
Oh! might I sleep as quietly as she!
And never wake again to think of thee.
Fall in the bosom of her silent reign,
Unwept, unhonoured, but at rest again.

THE DRAMATIC GENIUS OF

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

The dearth of originality in the present age of the English drama has long been the subject of remark, and a just cause of censure upon the genius and dramatic talent of England and our own country. Sheridan Knowles excepted, no dramatic author of acknowledged ability is before the public. The days of Sheridan and Colman, of Morton and Reynolds, of Cumberland, and a host of others, have gone by; and hardly a single name is left in their place to which we can point in triumph as upholding the declining glories of this branch of our literature. While with us the drama has been for such a long time almost stationary, in France its progress has been onward; and on this day she can number among the bright names that adorn her scroll of genius, a noble phalanx of dramatic authors, whose works stand high in the dominant taste of the literature of France.

With this great balance of dramatic talent on one side, it is not to be wondered at that the English stage should have profited largely by the genius of her sister-land: and in truth the consequence has been, that almost nine tenths of the dramatic works produced in England for the last fifty years, are either entire translations from the French, or essentially indebted to them for the principal characters and plot of the piece. It cannot, it is true, be denied, that the dramas thus borrowed are for the most part of a light, and perhaps ephemeral character; yet

at the same time it must be admitted, that in their very buoyancy consists a peculiar merit which the writers for the English stage have not yet attained.

It is much to be regretted that in these borrowing transactions, where all the gain has been on the side of the creditors, there has not been observed that fairness and honorable courtesy which is due from the individuals of one nation to those of another; and where one party receives all the good, an honest acknowledgment of the benefaction at least, it might justly be supposed, would be given. We have cause to blush, however, when we confess that this courtesy has not generally been observed; but, on the contrary, literal translations have often been made of French dramas where the true authors' names have not even been mentioned. In almost every instance present to our recollection, wherein the least alteration has been made from the original, the translator has taken the whole merit of the production to himself—altered the name of the piece, perhaps and thus feloniously appropriated the reputation of another, without the most distant hint of the obligation:—

> "Who steals my purse steals trash,
> But he who robs me of my good name"—

The proverb is somewhat trite, but the facts of these literary larcenies need only be known to be despised. It might be supposed by many that in this country and in England, where the French language is almost as familiar as our native tongue, it would be difficult for such thefts to escape detection; but there are few who take the trouble to examine these things for themselves, and those who do, are more apt silently to acquiesce in the presumption of the thief, than to expose either the injustice of their countrymen or the poverty which could induce them to place their own country under obligations to its ancient enemy. We mention no names, not even those of our own countrymen who may have been guilty; let them keep their own ill-acquired fame, and blush if they can for the base meanness by which they have reached it.

The very spirited and chaste vaudevilles of Scribe and his compeers, have been produced with a celerity and success entirely unprecedented in the history of the French stage, and have created a taste for this lighter branch of the drama, which, through sundry translations, has extended itself to this country in the shape of Farce and light Comedy in a manner which promises to do much to elevate the character of the English Drama.

The true Vaudeville, which consists principally of graceful spirited Farce interspersed with occasional songs and duets, set to simple and popular airs, is as yet hardly known either here or in England, although the public taste is evidently inclining that way; and it would seem to need only the introduction of some of the most successful of the French Vaudevilles as models, to fix the popular taste favorably upon this species of Dramatic entertainment.

In Tragedy and serious Drama the subject of this sketch, Alexander Dumas, stands conspicuous; and is a wonderful example of almost precocious talents overcoming the rivalry of age and experience. Left an orphan at fifteen, he distinguished himself at this early period at the college of St, Barbe (at Paris) in all his classes, and at eighteen graduated one of its most brilliant ornaments. His pas-

sion for Dramatic writing exhibited itself at a very early age, and his success has been as great and sudden as it is richly merited. With an ardent imagination and a sincere taste for literary studies, the strong desire of distinction developed at this early hour the germs of a talent which the literary world soon appreciated, and to which the public, notwithstanding the peccadilloes of youth, rendered full and ample justice.

When only 23 he produced his Tragedy of Henri III. at the Theatre Français, where, with the talents of Mad'lle Mars as the Duchess De Guise and the assistance of the best artists in the capital, the piece was eminently successful, and had a run of one hundred nights before it was withdrawn. This was enough to encourage any author, however ardent his hopes might be; and with this broad foundation of his fame, Dumas applied himself diligently to the study of the new style in which he had adventured; and from that time to the present, a period of hardly seven years, he has attained for himself a place in the first rank of French Dramatists. In the English translation of "Henri III." "Catharine of Cleves," Miss Fanny Kemble appeared several times in London; and by her fine impersonation added much to her own rising fame and to the success of the piece.

M. Dumas is yet scarce thirty years old; and whether his fame is destined or not to be posthumous, he has the singular good fortune of beholding himself, in the very prime of life, acknowledged among the first Dramatists of the age.

Among the works of which he is the author, we have barely space to notice the following:—"Antony," a Drama in 3 acts, produced at the Porte St. Martin. The subject of this piece is treated with remarkable talent; the prejudices of birth are held up in their truly ridiculous light, while in the vivid picture of Duty struggling with Love, the final triumph of the latter is managed in a style of infinite power, and evinces a profound knowledge of the human heart.

At a later date the tragedy of "Fontainbleau" was brought out at the Odeon. The character of Christine of Sweden, so celebrated for her philosophy and her crimes, is the subject of this tragedy. Possessing neither the unities of place or time, this piece has yet passages of great beauty, and some scenes which even reach the sublime. Dumas is perhaps the only author who could succeed in this peculiar style of the Drama; which, while it possesses all the principal merits of tragedy, does not approach so near to it as to be trammelled by its rules or the strict principles of its constitution. "Napoleon, ou 30 ans de l'histoire de France," a Drama in 6 tableaux, was produced just after the excitement caused in France by the revolution of 1830, and is considered a chef d'œuvre. Among the many pieces of this name produced at about the same time, our author bore the palm, and was honored with extraordinary notice at the Porte St. Martin. "Charles VII. chez ses grands vassaux," a tragedy in 5 acts; one of his happiest efforts, which, together with the Dramas of Theresa, the Gambler's Fate and the Tower of Nesle, have definitely marked the high place of Mons. Dumas among the successful Dramatists of France. Many of these pieces have already taken their stand among the living plays of the English stage. The great success lately of the "Tower of Nesle," produced at one of our principal theatres, has induced a gentleman of this city to translate a new Drama of sterling merit by this author. We have been permitted to look over the MS of this piece, and select some extracts by way of making this article

more complete. The translator has not scrupled to take considerable liberties with the original in his adaptation of the piece to the English stage; and the drama as it now exists, under the title of "Ambition," we can safely recommend as a work of great interest, high philosophy, and elevated sentiment. "Richard Darlington" is considered equal to either of the author's former efforts, and was repeated at the Porte St. Martin on 85 sucessive nights. The French piece opens with what the author calls the Prologue, in which the birth of the hero is supposed to take place; and as the piece finishes with his death, the entire plot may be considered as pourtraying the principal events in the lifetime of a bold, ambitious, and unfeeling man. The birth of Richard is involved in mystery; all that is known of the matter is, that a carriage, conveying a lady and gentleman masked, stops at the house of Doctor Grey in the village of Darlington, closely pursued by the friends of the lady. The child is given to the care of Doctor Grey and his wife, who engage to take charge of him as their own; while the father of the boy promises a regular remittance for his support. Suddenly another carriage draws up, and the father of the lady forces his way into the apartment, seizes his daughter, drags her from her husband and child; and the husband, after an obstinate resistance, is overpowered and the prologue closes.

There is much interest and strong feeling displayed in this scene; and the whole, although effective on a French stage, is hardly in accordance with English taste, and is consequently omitted in the translation. An interval of twenty odd years (rather a long time by the bye) is supposed to elapse bstween the prologue and first act of the piece. The first scene opens, and discovers Doctor Grey, his wife, and an old friend of the family by the name of Mawbray, Julia Grey, and Richard Darlington now arrived at man's estate, the adopted son of Doctor Grey, whom he has always led to suppose is his true father. Julia, on the other hand, is aware that Richard is not her brother: and having grown up with him in a retired country, she has naturally and insensibly been led to regard him in late years with a feeling rather stronger than that of fraternal affection. The character of Julia is drawn with great truth and power; a simple country girl, innocent as the soft breezes that float around her ivy-bound lattice,—trusting and sincere, she regards Richard with the most fervent and faithful love; and believing that he is as honest as she believes all the world to be, feels herself secure in building up all her bright dreams of the future with him for a companion. Richard, on the contrary, believing Julia his sister, seems to have no other than fraternal feelings towards her; but on the event of presenting himself as a candidate for election to the House of Commons, the fact that Doctor Grey is not his father coming suddenly to his ears, and the cry that such as him having neither family nor property, can offer himself with any hopes of success, his feelings towards Julia appear to undergo a sudden revolution. Richard receives a letter from a designing, and, like himself, ambitious man—Thompson; in which he is told that he, Thompson, will furnish forthwith one hundred votes for Richard if he will offer himself on the hustings. After the exposure at the hustings of his want of family, Richard meets Thompson, and that worthy opens his plans, informing Richard that he, in consequence of "being too new to the people," cannot hope himself to be admitted into parliament; but that he had a certain influence, which he is willing to exert wholly for Richard with the condition that he, in the continued advancement which he foresees must fol-

low Darlington's election, is permitted always to retain the situation second to his master; or, in his own words, "To master Richard, Thompson valet; to Sir Richard proprietor, Thompson steward; to the Honorable Sir Richard M. P., Thompson secretary; to my Lord Darlington, minister, that which my lord pleases: arrived at the result, let the recompense be proportionate." We think we could place our fore-finger on precisely such a man as this same Thompson. Richard is advised by Thompson to marry Julia instantly, in order to become at once a man of family and fortune; and Richard, with an utter disregard to sincerity, proceeds at once to carry his design into execution; while Thompson flies to the election committee to make all smooth by declaring his master's purpose, which he is supposed to do without any more particular regard to truth than is observed by sundry politicians on this side of the water. In the mean time an affecting scene is carried on between Julia and her mother, while the former confesses her love for Richard. The natural simplicity of the girl in this scene is delightfully pourtrayed. Richard arrives; suddenly makes known the change of his position and his love for Julia: her consent and that of her parents is obtained: and the first act closes. The whole of the second act is occupied as an election scene; and here we fancy will be food for mirth, if this piece is exhibited on the stage. The whole machinery, the speeches, the rows, the chicanery of the parties; the double-dealing of some, the unlicensed voting of others, the bursts of patriotism, the chairing; and, in short, the entire picture of an English election is here presented. Richard Darlington, the Republican candidate, is declared duly elected, and the first step up the ladder is taken. An interval of three years is supposed to elapse between the second and third acts: during this time Richard has married Julia; the father and mother have died, leaving their foriune to Richard; and beseeching Mawbray, now their constant friend and companion, to watch over with his guardian care the fortunes of their children. As Richard's marriage was a mere matter of convenience, his treatment towards his wife soon becomes cold and indifferent: she is finally removed to his country-seat, where, with the old Mawbray she passes a lonely life. Richard in the mean time has by his cunning, and the assistance of some talents, risen to the head of his party in the house. His opposition to the ministry has become so strong, that terms of compromise are offered. Among the individual advancements proposed to Sir Richard by the Administration, is the hand of the grand-daughter of the Marquis da Sylva, a lady belonging to one of the most powerful families in the aristocracy. He accepts the terms, and sells himself to the ministry. A divorce from his loving but neglected wife, whose existence is of course unknown to their lordships, becomes necessary; and by the advice of the friend Thompson, who, according to previous agreement, has acted continually the part of "toad-eater" to Sir Richard, he is influenced to use any means to break down this only barrier to his elevation. At this stage of the Drama, the following scene ensues, which we give entire as possessing great claims to admiration.

Julia's room in a lonely country-house. Julia appears on the balcony. The tops of some trees are seen through the window. Below an abyss.

Julia. [*Solus.*] Again have I passed a whole day in waiting vainly at this window counting the waves of the torrent that dash on the rocks below; even thus are spent the hours of my life! Oh! Richard!—Richard!—Ah! that my poor mother was here!—Oh! a mo-

ther's heart—it is there that the gift of prophesy is nurtured. She alone foresaw my desolation, my wretchedness; she read the future character of Richard. During a whole year that I have lived in this retirement, where the good Mawbray has replaced my parents, no one has known that I exist; and I may die, sure that my death will remain as secret as my existence. Oh! it is horrid thus to live, thus to die! Since Mawbray left me, it appears to me that he too will not return. He promised to write me as soon as he arrived in London.

(*She rings the bell, enter Betty.*)

Julia. Have any letters come for me?

Betty. No, madam.

Julia. If there should come any, you will bring them to me immediately. Listen.

Betty. What?

Julia. What noise is that?

Betty. (*Listening.*) A carriage.

Julia. A carriage, a carriage, and coming this way.—Oh! it stops, it stops! Betty?

Betty. It is, perhaps, Mr. Mawbray returned.

Julia. No, no; Mawbray would have returned by the stage coach to the village, and from the village here on foot. Go down, go down. No one but Sir Richard *can* come here in a carriage. Go. (*Exit Betty.*) My knees tremble, my poor heart, when will you break.—(*She sits down, and rests her head on her hands.*) Oh! I dare not look, for fear of seeing some other person enter. But I deceive myself, It cannot be him; I should be mad to hope it's him. Some one comes—it is his step—It is my Richard! (*Enter Richard—she throws her arms around him.*) Oh! Richard, my love—

Richard. What ails you, Julia?

Julia. What ails me! he asks, what ails me! I who have expected thee daily, yet never hoped to see thee. I who have not beheld thee for a year. Dost understand?—a year! a whole year! and who have thee now in thy arms! thou, my Richard. Ah! can you ask what ails me?

Richard. Julia, recover yourself.

Julia. And I, who accused thee, who thought thou hadst forgotten me! I was unjust, pardon me!—Thou dost not know?—How dare I tell it thee now! continually seeing my tears, and uneasiness that you did not write me, for, you naughty fellow, it is three months since I have received a letter from you!—Well! what was I saying? my brain is turned! Let me embrace you.

Richard. Perhaps you wish to speak of Mawbray?

Julia. Oh! yes. Forgive me, but I sent him to London.

Richard. I saw him.

Julia. And why did he not return with you?

Richard. He was tired, and could not start until to-morrow.

Julia. And to you, when you learned my uneasiness to-morrow appeared too long, you thought that you could not too soon console the poor lamenting girl—Oh! you are always my Richard, the Richard of my heart! so you have left him?

Richard. I wanted to speak to you without witnesses.

Julia. Without witnesses?

Richard. Yes.

Julia. Have you any secret to tell me?

Richard. I have a sacrifice to ask of you.

Julia. Of me, Richard? Oh! how happy I am! I will then do something for you. Would my consent be necessary to you to sell one of our farms? you must be in want of money, your situation requires so many expenses.

Richard. It is not that.

Julia. What is it then? but sit down, my love.

Richard. It is not worth while.

Julia. How.

Richard. I set off again in an hour.

Julia. Without me?

Richard. I cannot take you with me.

Julia. Well! at all events I will have seen you an hour; but sit down.

Richard. You then feel very lonely here?

Julia. I feel very lonely without you: I will not be lonely with you. It is not my retirement that bears heavy upon me, it is your absence. If at least you answered my letters!—

Richard. Of course you must have thought—

Julia. Oh! do not excuse yourself; I wrote too many letters. It is often the too ardent importunity of our sex that makes you cool towards us. Love is the single passion of our lives; yours divides itself into twenty different objects; we should consider that; I especially, who every day had news of you, (*showing newspapers,*) for those newspapers spoke to me of you. When I saw the columns interspersed with these words: "listen—listen—bravos"—I would say to myself, it is he who speaks; oh! if I was there to share his triumph! Oh! I would be too happy.

Richard. You know that among the privations which our scanty fortune enforces upon us, that of living separate is perhaps the most necessary.

Julia. I have submitted to it; and if I have cried, I have taken care at least that my letters should not bring to you the stain of my tears.

Richard. They would have changed nothing in our position, and would have made us both unhappy.

Julia. The only thing that you feared then was the embarrassments, and especially the expenses of the house that you would be obliged to keep if I was with you?

Richard. It is that especially.

Julia. Well! cease to fear it. Of all the rights that give me the title of your wife, I only sue for one, that of living near you, in retirement. I have but little taste for the world, Richard, but I have lost both my parents who loved me, and I have preserved the need of being loved. Well! alone you will go forth into that world in which I would figure amiss. Retired in my apartment I will see you at least at night an instant: and if I do not see you, I will know that you are near me. Ah! will you have it so? none shall know that I am your wife; none shall see me, none shall visit me.

Richard. You are mad.

Julia. Let us speak of something else then. You were about to ask of me a sacrifice, say you?

Richard. Far from removing me from my design, this conversation brings us nearer to it.

Julia. Proceed.

Richard. New circumstances that belong to the political chances that I run,—my position which is on the point of changing,—engagements of parties, make our present separation still insufficient.

Julia. Does not a separation of fifteen leagues appear to you sufficient? For two years have I not been a total stranger to you? The public voice alone brought me news from you, and I was instructed at the same time with all England of what my husband was doing.

Richard. Reproaches!

Julia. Tears.

Richard. The one and the other are intolerable to me.

Julia. What then do you demand? in the name of heaven! you kill me—Must I leave England, the land of my birth, the land where reposes all that remains of my poor parents? Well! I consent to it. Give me one day to weep over their graves, and to-morrow I will go. But, at least, Richard, tell me how long this exile will last. Oh! tell me.

Richard. You are mistaken, Julia, it is not my intention to drag you from your native land. I have not the right to give you to exile. Fortune committed an error in uniting us; it is not for you to atone for it. Can I condemn you to bear the bonds of a marriage which does not make you a spouse, which will not make you a mother? It would be an outrage. If a fatality against which I have struggled a long time separates us—I will not, I must not be an eternal obstacle to your happiness; and I can have no rest, Julia, until I have restored to you, with your liberty, the probable chances of a happier future.

Julia. I hear you but without understanding you, Richard.

Richard. Besides, what I would propose to you exists in fact already, with this difference, that you suffer all its evils, without being possessed of the power to enjoy the benefits which belong to it.

Julia. Speak, speak on, that I may understand you—or rather, do not speak, for I begin to understand you, and the truth is horrible.

Richard. Whilst a legal—

Julia. One word more—

Richard. Separation—

Julia. A divorce!

Richard. A divorce.

Julia. Oh! my God!

Richard. Reconciles every thing.

Julia. Have pity upon me.—

Richard. That word frightens you, because you see it in connection with the foul breath of scandal and infamy.

Julia. I did not look at the weapon, I felt the blow.

Richard. Time will cure it. You are young, Julia, and another love—

Julia. Another love!—profanation! sacrilege! another love! kill me, but do not insult me! blood, but not shame!

Richard. There is neither blood nor shame! not great words, nor violent gestures shall swerve me from my purpose.

Julia. It is atrocious—A union sought for by you, blessed by my father and mother; the engagement taken by you before God—and you would annihilate all that—The support which in dying they considered mine, you would take from me; in short, you would call upon the law to break those bonds which heaven itself sanctified.

Richard. How! you do not understand! The law! who speaks of the law—the law. I do not want the interference of the law.

Julia. What do you want then? Explain yourself clearly, for sometimes I understand too much, and sometimes not enough.

Richard. For you and for me, better that it be a mutual consent.

Julia. You have believed me then to be poor spirited indeed: when you supposed that I would go before a judge without being dragged by the hair, to confess by my words, to declare by my hand and seal, that I am not worthy to be the wife of *Sir* Richard! But you do not know me; you who think that I am only fit for the cares of a scorned household, who think my spirit annihilated by absence, who believe that I will bend because you do not trample upon me!—In the days of my happiness, indeed, these things might have been; but tears have tempered my heart anew, nights of wakefulness have strengthened my courage; misfortune at last has given me a soul that will not be crushed. What I am, I owe to you, Richard, it is your fault; then look to yourself alone. Who now shall have the most courage, the weak or the strong? Sir Richard Darlington—I will not!

Richard. Madam, so far I have made use of kind words only.

Julia. Try some others now.

Richard. (*Walking up to her.*) Julia.

Julia. (*Coldly.*) Richard.

Richard. Woman! do you know what I am capable of?

Julia. I can guess.

Richard. And you do not tremble?

Julia. (*Smiling.*) Look at me.

Richard. (*Taking her by the hands.*) Woman!

Julia. (*Falling on her knees by the jerk.*) Ah!

Richard. On your knees!

Julia. (*Raising her hands towards heaven.*) Lord, take pity upon him! (*Gets up.*)

Richard. It is for you, for you he should have pity; as for myself, I am going—good bye, Julia—I leave you, ask heaven that it may be for ever.

Julia. (*Running to him, and throwing her arms around his neck.*) Richard! Richard! do not go!

Richard. Let me be gone.

Julia. If thou didst know how I love thee!

Richard. Prove it to me.

Julia. Mother! mother!

Richard. Will you?

Julia. You did tell the truth.

Richard. Another word.

Julia. (*Putting her hand on his mouth.*) Do not say it—

Richard. Do you consent?

Julia. Hear me!

Richard. Dost consent?—very well—but no more messages, no more letters; let nothing recal you to me—let me not even know that you exist—I leave you a husbandless youth and a childless old age.

Julia. No imprecations! no imprecations!

Richard. Good bye.

Julia. You shall not go.

Richard. Damnation!

Julia. You shall kill me first.

Richard. (*Pushing her back.*) Away, leave me!

Julia. (*Falls on the floor.*) Ah! (*She gets up, her head covered with blood.*) Ah! Richard! (*She staggers, stretches her arms out towards him, and falls down again.*) I must love you very much for—(*she faints.*)

Richard. Fainted! wounded! blood! confusion! Julia! Julia! (*he places her upon a chair.*) She bleeds still! (*he tries to stop it with his handkerchief.*) Yet, notwithstanding, I do not wish to stay here for ever. (*He comes near her.*) Julia! let's have done! I am going—you will not answer?—good bye then. (*As he is going he hears the noise of footsteps at the door.*) What's that?

Enter Tompson.

Tompson. From the coach where I staid to keep watch, I have just seen Mawbray come out of the village, and direct himself this way.

Richard. What is he coming to do?

Tompson. To defend his *protogee*—but he will be too late, will he not? what have you obtained?

Richard. (*Showing Julia fainted.*) Nothing, notwithstanding my prayers, my violence—But, Mawbray! will see her thus, that is a new cause of alarm—Julia! Julia! let us forget every thing.

Julia. (*Recovering herself.*) Richard! I in thy arms—I am dead then? I am then in heaven?

Richard. My Julia, let us forget every thing.

Julia. I remember nothing. (*Putting her hand to her forehead.*) I bleed!
Richard. (*Aside.*) Confusion! (*Loud.*) Julia, some one is coming here; wipe your tears, let them not see those traces of blood—I beseech you do it.
Julia. Some one's coming, sayst thou; who is coming?
Richard. Mawbray.
Julia. (*With mildness.*) Ah! so much the better.
Richard. Julia, Mawbray must not know of these unhappy disputes. Promise me, I beg thee.
Tompson. (*Coming to Richard.*) Mawbray!
Richard to Julia. I command thee!

Enter Mawbray briskly. A moment of silence. He looks with uneasiness at Julia and Richard.

Richard. You here, Mawbray.
Mawbray. Learning your departure, and not wishing longer to leave Julia a prey to solitude, I hastened to return to her.
Richard. You have done well, and I thank you.
Mawbray. Must I return to-morrow to London to get your answer?
Richard. It seems to me that my presence here is answer sufficient.
Mawbray. You have then brought to your wife some words of consolation?
Richard. Yes. (*Julia throws herself in Richard's arms.*)
Mawbray. But it is only near you that the past will be to her without anguish, and the future without anxiety.
Richard. Eh! who told you that she would remain away from me?
Mawbray. (*With joy.*) She will go to London?
Julia. (*Seizing Richard's arm and with love.*) Can it be true?
Richard. No doubt, if you wish it so much—Farewell, I must go.
Julia. Without waiting for me?
Richard. I cannot—I must be in parliament at the opening of the session. (*Aside.*) The ministers will pay me dearly for the part I am playing here.
Mawbray. Farewell, then.
Julia to Richard. For a short time.
Richard. For a short time.
Julia to Mawbray. (*After Richard had gone out.*) My friend, I hope yet to be happy!
Mawbray. (*Wiping her forehead.*) Wipe away that blood, Julia; it may be that afterwards I will hope with you.
(*Julia runs to the window, and sends adieus to Richard; Mawbray looks at her with compassion.*)

Thus frustrated in his design, he flies to London; and Thompson, as a last resource, urges him to allow his wife to be carried away into France. Even this heartless proposal is heard and agreed to by the husband, and Thompson undertakes to carry it into effect. We must not forget to mention that Richard is untiring in his search to discover his real parents, and in the hope that he is descended from some noble family, his haughty and ambitious spirit continually breaks out: on this hope he lives, and builds still higher schemes of future grandeur. By a natural connexion of circumstances, the mother of Miss Wilmor, the lady to whom he is affianced, discovers unintentionally, in an interview with Richard, that she is his mother; and he finds that the lady whom he is about to marry, is the daughter of his own mother, although not his own sister. On the point of farther disclosures which the mother is about making unconsciously to her own son, Mawbray, the father of Richard and first husband of Lady Wilmor, enters; and the conversation is interrupted in the astonishment of the lady at beholding him she long thought dead; while from the bustle which immediately ensues, she is still left in ignorance that Richard is her son; and Richard, on his part, is unconscious that he owes his existence to Mawbray. In execution of the plan proposed by Thompson, Julia is abducted and carried away with speed towards Paris. Mawbray suspects the intention of Richard way-lays Thompson, and rescues Julia; whom he again restores to her retirement. Richard, presuming, of course, that Thompson's plan would succeed, has already invited the Marquis and his friends to attend that evening at his country-seat, as being the place where

they would be least liable to interruption, in order to make a final adjustment of their agreement, and to sign the marriage contract. We shall close our extract with this last scene of the piece; which, we think, without being extravagant, is brought to its denouement with great effect.

SCENE II.

(*Julia's room at Davenport House. Julia and Mawbray entering.*)

Julia. You are wounded, Mawbray.
Mawbray. It is nothing, the ball only grazed the skin.
Julia. But what will become of me? There is no longer any doubt that he desires to be rid of me—my presence in England torments him. Oh my God, who knows that even my life is not a burthen to him.
Mawbray. Julia, there is a last resource left me to insure your tranquillity: I have hesitated to make use of it—to hesitate any longer would be criminal. Julia, there is a secret between me and Richard; his ambition alone persecutes you, that secret can annihilate all his ambition; I have put it off for a long time, for indeed, indeed I love him.
Julia. And I—do not I love him?
Mawbray. I was proud of his successes, and I would have hidden that secret which puts an abyss between him and the future, with as much mystery as, if he forces me, I will give it publicity, to his destruction. When I disclose it to him alone, Julia, I hope he will concern himself no more in those political interests which banish him from you. Then, Julia, you will spare him from all reproaches—for he will be in his turn more unhappy than you have ever been.
Julia. Oh! if such will be the conseqence, my dear Mawbray, then keep that fatal secret, and let me alone be unhappy.
Mawbray. Impossible, Julia—you do not know all the reasons which influence me—your destiny is not the only one interested. Richard is on the point of becoming as bad a citizen as he has been a bad husband; for the same influences which he has had on your fate, he can have over the destinies of England.
Julia. And this secret—this fatal word which you will tell to him?
Mawbray. That word which Richard alone will hear—that secret which will remain between him and me will change every thing, Julia—will bring the proud neglectful husband back to your feet—too happy if he may then possess your love. Julia, you remain here.
Julia. Alone?
Mawbray. As I pass through the village, I will send Betty to you.
Julia. And where are you going?
Mawbray. To London.
Julia. To find Richard?
Mawbray. I must see him before to-morrow.
Julia. To-morrow, then, would be too late?
Mawbray. Perhaps it would.
Julia. This night—this darkness—terrifies me!
Mawbray. What have you to fear, my child?
Julia. Nothing—I know I have nothing to fear, but—
Mawbray. Have you not lived alone in this house a whole year.
Julia. Yes, yes.
Mawbray. In an hour your maid will be here.
Julia. I commend myself to you—do not forget it.
Mawbray. No, my child;—farewell!
Julia. Farewell Mawbray! farewell! my protector! my father!—will I ever love you enough!—you who love me so much! farewell! lock the door after you—farewell again!—Oh my poor! poor heart!
Mawbray. You are crying, Julia?
Julia. So many things of late have befallen me, that my existence is unhinged; and when a friend leaves me, I tremble lest I should see him no more.
Mawbray. Come my child, you will see me again and Richard with me. (*Exit.*)
Julia. (*alone.*) Oh! if that will be the result of going, go, go quickly, my father; (*to Mawbray after he has shut the door.*) Farewell, farewell! (*she falls on a chair.*) Oh, how strange appears my present situation; here I am in the same place where I stood yesterday, and during that interval of a few hours, Richard has been here, I have followed him, I have been dragged away by that wretch Thompson; and under the impression that I was coming back to my husband, was at full speed on the road to France. A miracle saved me, and again I am here. There are the incidents of a whole life in the event of a day. It is painful to think that all this is true; sometimes I fancy that I am asleep, and that it is all a horrid dream that haunts me.—But no! no! alas! all is true, all is real! I smother, I gasp for air, (*she goes to the Balcony.*) "How beautiful are all things here!" how tranquil! Could one imagine that amid this calm repose of nature, there should be a being who wakes and who suffers. Oh mo-

ther,—mother, forgive me! but oftentimes on this balcony, from the spot where I now stand I have measured the depth of this abyss; and then as the thought crossed me—forgive me, oh! mother—that a poor wretch, who had no longer the energy to support her troubles in this world, might find their end at the bottom of this precipice—Oh mother, mother, forgive me! Richard will return, I will be happy; and then such fearful thoughts will come no more to thy poor daughter, (*raising her head.*) Ah! what do I see yonder on the road, a carriage? it comes this way with the speed of the wind, it comes, the horse turns, no, no, it is here that he comes, he stops, who can it be? A man is getting out; he opens the door that Mawbray shut; it is Richard! Richard alone has a double key to this house—Oh! Richard! Richard—he thinks I am in France, and he will see me here; where shall I hide myself (*she runs to the door.*) Mawbray has locked me in, it was me who told him to do so, unfortunate that I am,—ah! here he is, oh love—that closet. (*she rushes in. Enter Richard, followed by a servant.*)

Richard. (*Entering.*) I arrive in time; hardly either, if I have not half an hour in advance of the Marquis and his family. James, bring in lights, and remain at the door, and conduct to this chamber the company that will arrive presently. (*James brings lights.*) That is right, begone. (*Taking out his watch.*) Eight o'clock. Tompson must be at Dover by this time, and to-morrow morning at Calais. God speed them. Let me see that there is nothing in this apartment which may lead to a suspicion that it has been occupied by a woman. (*Perceiving Julia's hat and shawl.*) The precaution was not useless. Where shall I put these things, I have not the key to that press; throw them out of the window! they will find them to-morrow. Ah! lights on the hill, it is no doubt the Marquis; he is punctual; but what the devil will I do with these rags? ah, that closet; I will take the key out. (*He opens the closet; Julia shrieks as he discovers her.*)

Richard. (*Seizing her by the arm.*) Who is there?

Julia. Me, me. Do not kill me.

Richard. (*Pulling her out on the stage.*) Julia! some demon throws her in my face every time I think I have got rid of her. What are you doing here? Who brought you back? Speak quick, quick.

Julia. Mawbray.

Richard. Always Mawbray! where is he? Where is he? Tell me, that I may revenge myself at last on a man.

Julia. He is far, far away—gone back to London—spare, oh spare him?

Richard. Go on.

Julia. He stopped the carriage ——.

Richard. What then? do you not see how impatient I am.

Julia. And to rescue me.

Richard. Go on, I tell you.

Julia. They fought!

Richard. Then ———

Julia. Mawbray killed Tompson.

Richard. Hell and fury! and he brought you back here?

Julia. Yes, yes; pardon, pardon!

Richard. Julia! Julia, listen.

Julia. I hear the rolling of a carriage.

Richard. It brings my wife and her family.

Julia. And me, and me then, what am I?

Richard. You, Julia! you are my evil genius, my curse. You? you are the abyss wherein all my expectations are swallowed up; you, are the demon that drives me to the scaffold; for, hear me, Julia, I will commit a crime.

Julia. Oh! my God!

Richard. I have gone too far, there is no receding now! You would not sign the divorce, you would not leave England!—

Julia. Now, now! I will do any thing you wish.

Richard. Now, it is too late.

Julia. What are you going to do?

Richard. I do not know; but pray, Julia, pray to God——

Julia. Richard!!!

Richard. (*Putting his hand on her mouth.*) Do you not hear them! Do you not hear them, they are coming up—they will find a woman here. (*Runs to the door, and bolts and locks it.*)

Julia. (*Running to the Balcony.*) Help! help!

Richard. They must not find you here, not here, not here.

Julia. (*On her knees.*) Pity! pity! oh pity, Richard.

Richard. I *have* had it.

Julia. (*Trying to articulate.*) Oh help! (*Noise is heard on the stairs, Richard shuts the window and stands outside on the Balcony.*) Help!—

Richard. Eternal curses! (*A cry is heard which re-echoes from the abyss. Richard opens the window, and stands alone on the Balcony; he comes down, wipes his face and opens the door.* (*During these movements the Marquis knocks loudly at the door.*)

[*Enter the Marquis Da Sylva, Miss Wilmor, and the Minister of Finance.*]

Da Sylva. Your pardon, Sir Richard, you were shut in; your servant told us that you were waiting for us.

Richard. Yes—hem—excuse me—the—the key happened to be inside—I know not how—

Da Sylva. (*Introducing Miss Wilmor.*) Miss Wilmor.

Richard. (*Tending.*) Miss

Da Sylva. Are you unwell? you look very pale!

Richard. Do you think so? 'tis nothing, nothing; all is ready.

Da Sylva. His Excellency will serve us as a witness. Have you not yours?

Richard. No. 'Tis useless, I am content; let us sign, let us sign.

[*The Marquis induces Miss Wilmor to sign, and presents the contract to Richard.*]

Da Sylva. Your hand trembles, Sir Richard.

Richard. Mine! not at all. (*He attempts to sign, turning he perceives Mawbray by his side motionless and pale; they gaze at each other.*)

Mawbray. You want a witness, Richard—I am here.

Richard. Be it so, as well you as another. [*Low.*] If you say a word—

Da Sylva. What means this?

Mawbray. [*Low*] Richard, it is me who should threaten and not you. Listen.

Richard. Sir.

Mawbray. Speak low.

Richard. By what right?

Mawbray. Look at that Balcony. I saw Richard—I saw—I saw

Richard. In your turn, silence!

Mawbray. I was on the road opposite.

Richard. When?

Mawbray. I was, I say, on the road!—

Richard. Well!

Mawbray. I was witness.

Richard. Well then!

Mawbray. I can with one word!

Richard. You will not speak it!

Mawbray. Why not?

Richard. You would have already done it.

Mawbray. I yet may do it.—Hush!

Richard. Ah!

Mawbray. On one condition.

Richard. Name it.

Mawbray. Break up this marriage—leave London—renounce politics, and let us retire together to some remote corner of England, where you may repent and I weep.

Richard. Mawbray, I have said it—if you could denounce me, you would have done it already—some cause which I do not know, prevents you—but it prevents you, and that is enough.

Mawbray. Yo refuse then?

Richard. Refuse!

Mawbray. Decidedly.

Richard. (*Passing before and presenting the pen to the Marquis.*) In your turn, my Lord Marquis.

Mawbray. (*Arresting Richard by the arm.*) Hold! There is yet time!

Richard. Sign!

Mawbray. (*Aloud.*) Marquis Da Sylva!

Da Sylva, Sir.

Mawbray. Do you remember the village of Darlington?

Da Sylva. How?

Mawbray. Do you remember the night that you pursued thither a young girl who was stolen from you?

Da Sylva. Silence, sir!

Mawbray. I will not name her; she gave birth to a child.

Da Sylva. She did!

Mawbray. You saw the father of that child but an instant, a second; yet it must have been sufficient to have graven his image forever in your memory. Marquis, look at *me!*

Da Sylva. It was you!

Mawbray. Myself.

Da Sylva. Then, you are.

Mawbray. The hangman!!! (*Pointing to Richard.*) And there is my son! (*Richard falls.*)

We hope we have not trespassed on the patience of our readers in thus presenting before them, as some evidence of the talents of our author, what we con-

sider a vivid picture of an unfeeling, ambitious politician; who, when an object of sufficient importance is to be attained, finds the transit easy from moral turpitude into flagrant crime. To conclude our Article, we can only say farther of Dumas, that the piece from which we have quoted gives a fair specimen of his Dramatic talents, and combines many of the best attributes of his genius. It displays eminently his originality and truth in the conception of character; his numerous and happy touches of nature; and his admirable use of situations calculated to produce striking theatrical effect.

THE MEETING.

By Miss Hannah F. Gould.

I've met upon mount Auburn, ere its sod
  Was strewed with drops from sorrow's languid eye;
Before its shadowy walks the mourner trod,
  Or to its balmy air released the sigh.

The spot had just been rendered hallowed ground,
  By solemn rite and consecrating prayer;
It bore no marble, heaved no sacred mound;
  But Nature reigned in placid beauty there.

And, as we stood and viewed the peaceful scene,
  Our thought and converse on its purpose ran,
And on the swiftness of the race, between
  The point of starting and the goal of man.

I reached and plucked a branch, where, wide and high,
  The thick green boughs around us hung a shade;
But did not think his lips and beaming eye
  Must close for ever, ere its leaves should fade.

We never met again! the branch retained
  Its verdure, when his eye had lost its light.
The vital fire within his bosom waned,
  And left it cold, while yet my leaves were bright!

A few short days—and he was on the deep,
  Whose swelling surges he should cross no more!
In foreign earth the stranger's ashes sleep—
  His spirit walks the everlasting shore!

But we shall meet again! while 'dust to dust,'
  Of this fine-woven veil, is truly said;
The wearer His unfailing word may trust,
  Whose second coming shall revive the dead.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. I.

ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE OTTOMAN POWER IN EUROPE.

BY PROFESSOR DA PONTE,

Author of "the History of Florence."

The history of the Western division of the Roman Empire belongs to that of the progress of European civilization. The vicissitudes of the Eastern or Byzantine provinces are in the same degree connected with its obstruction and retrogression. From the earliest periods, the reader of history will mark the influence of two antagonizing principles in the political and social relations of men; and the developement of these principles is easily observed in all the variety of fortunes to which nations and races are subject. The writers of antiquity, who, with all their advancement in knowledge, were but little skilled in the philosophy of history, contented themselves with the belief that nature itself had planted the seeds of an everlasting hostility between Europe and Asia; and repeating this simple result, they conceived that they had discovered a principle and a cause. It was left, therefore, for modern times, and for comparatively recent historians, to observe that the same principle which arrayed against the early Greeks the refinement of Western Asia, of Persia, and the south, could not have brought upon Europe the savage ferocity of the mountaineers, who dwelt in their freedom on the high tops of the Himaleh, or descended to the plain and the valley to carry devastation and slaughter among the civilized inhabitants of their own continent. To the Greeks and Romans, however, it must have appeared, that the people and system of Europe were, in the general, representative of one of two conflicting principles; and that the operation of its opposite directed exclusively the policy, and formed the character, of the despised Asiatics. The fall of the Persian Empire and the establishment of Alexander's successors in the dismembered provinces, put a temporary end to the long contest of ages, and gave to the system of Europe that ascendency which has been perpetuated and improved in the science of politics and legislation, giving the distinctive characteristic of civilization to the nations in which it has prevailed. The despotism of the Seleucidæ and the Ptolemies was in no respect the same as that which had weighed upon Asia and Egypt before; and the principles by which the policy of the Europeans had been guided from the first were still observable in the administration of Caligula and Constantine. When, however, the empire which had long known but one ruler and one rule, and which had, consequently, felt only one pervading influence, was

divided into two; though the system of Asia could hardly obtain beyond the Eastern borders of the Euxine and the Hellespont, we cannot fail to note the tendency of the Byzantine policy towards the system of Asia, or rather, perhaps, we should observe its stationary character; while that of the Roman provinces more properly so called was hastening to the full developement of its still active principle. We shall perceive, in the course of our history, the full manifestation of that influence under which the government of the sultans has been stationary for ages as regards its domestic affairs, and retrograde in its foreign relations in exact proportion to the urgency of the opposing principle among the people and governments which environ it.

The masters of the Roman state and greatness had fixed the limits of their empire beside the Danube and the Elbe; the European forests beyond, and the still farther deserts of Asia appeared, like the sea of the ocean, but made to define the extent of their wide dominion. All that was civilized, and all that was susceptible even of civilization, appeared to be contained within these boundaries; and the Roman emperors, when told by the language of adulation that the world was their empire, could hardly detect in this homage the exaggeration of flattery. The empire thus contained within itself, when the restless Germans pressed upon its distant barriers was satisfied to repress the barbarian incursion, and more than satisfied if it reduced to a nominal submission the leader of each unsettled horde in the name of his tribe. Neither philosopher, nor historian, nor statesman, thought it necessary to interest himself or his country in the distant revolutions of a people whose very existence was to them but a problem. Yet the slightest movement of the innumerable people who appeared on the confines of the empire, and then disappeared in the rapid succession of the Germanic races; every change of residence among these migratory foresters was connected, in some degree, with the convulsions which shook the vast population of Central Asia. Each movement of the Nomandic dwellers beyond the Elbe and the Danube, might have seemed but as the ever-fluctuating wave upon the shore to indicate the troubled state of the mid-ocean, the tempests and tumults of which are unthought of by those who but witness the dying strength of its waters along the margin of its vast circumference.

In its decline, the Roman power had to contend with three races of men; for a long time the well-known tribes of Chauci, Catti, and Cherusci braved the powers of the emperors; and the page of Roman history presents us the familiar names of tribes like these, that still, in every temporary weakness of the Roman arms, recalled the ancient enmity between the north and the south, and turned solicitously to the recollection of their ancient liberty,—the Alemanni, Marcomanni, Sicambri, and the warlike Dacians. At last, however, a profounder movement began to display itself beyond the confines of the empire. Large bodies of men from the north and the east began to occupy the countres of those Germans, whom long vicinity and frequent submissions had made familiar to the people of Rome. The oft-repeated names of savages, now no longer terrible to their civilized neighbors, gave place and were lost in the strange appellations of Goths, Vandals, and Alans; and the

leaders of Germanic tribes now yielded the glory of opposing the masters of the world to the kings of powerful nations. A new population was evidently pouring into the forests of European Scythia and Sarmatia from the Caspian and the Caucasus; and the troubles of the unknown Chinese empire were now to communicate themselves to the people, who, ignorant of the mighty power then at work, had thought themselves the masters of the world. To these changes and to the threatening aspect of these new savages succeeded fresh commotions and a fiercer race of men. The Huns and Avars presented themselves, with all the Tartar deformity and ferocity to the affrighted Europeans; and bringing Asia itself upon Europe, made manifest the link that bound the destinies of Rome and Turkistan. The end of all that had subsisted for so many centuries was at hand; antiquity was itself about to pass away, and out of the ferment of that age arose the germ of modern manners and of modern civilization. The west of Europe had undergone this change, and had already advanced in the career of its new destiny, while yet the eastern empire remained and wore away in the decay of its ancient condition, without the impulse by which a new order of things is produced, and which it also imparts in its progress.

The wide and unexplored regions that stretch from India and China to Siberia were peopled by the various tribes of Turks, Monguls, and Manchews. The inhabitants of the defiles of the mountains were, at the earliest period to which we can refer, the Hiong-nu, progenitors of the Huns, who, in the fourth century of our era, stretched from the Volga to the Rhine, covering the line of their migration with ruin, and spreading consternation over regions to which their name alone had reached and the fame of their devastating fierceness. In the time of Hannibal, the earliest of their great revolutions with which we are acquainted overthrew the Chinese throne; and supplanting the dynasty of Han, extended their empire over the south as far as Tibet; while on the north the frozen regions of Siberia paid the tribute of their scanty produce. The mountains upon which they fixed their tents descended to the plains of China, and the emperors of that country felt themselves but insecure within the wall which they had created to defend their realm from the aggression of their troublesome neighbours. The dissentions of the Hiong-nu, however, freed at last the terrified Chinese from the frequent danger in which for ages they had lived; and the power of their emperors was extended over the rugged inhabitants of the inaccessible mountains. After this destruction of their liberties, large bodies of the Hiong-nu prepared to desert the country which now seemed incapable of preserving to them their valued independence; and, just at the time that the emperor Domitian was pretending to carry beyond its proudest grasp the limits of the empire, this new enemy was preparing to show itself to his subjects for the first time, and to offer to civilization the first prospect of the mighty and resistless power, by whose influence its destiny was to be controlled. Then first the innumerable hordes of Tartars fixed themselves beside the Caspian Sea, and formed, for the rest who should follow, a chain of connection between

savages beneath the Chinese wall and the armies of Attila upon the Rhine. As the Hiong-nu became known to the western world, their very name was lost to the east and to the eastern people from whom they had separated; such seemed the impossibility of connecting the affairs of countries, whose vicissitudes and fates were nevertheless inextricably interwoven. Upon the borders of the Caspian Sea the Hiong-nu received the name of Huns; but for a long time their occupation of the country was hardly perceived by the surrounding populations, so quietly did they possess themselves of the pastures which the country afforded, and which was all that their nomadic lives required. Suddenly, however, and urged, no doubt, by new troubles in the mountains from which they had formerly migrated themselves, new tribes of Avars, Huns, and Huniwars, whose deformity and dreadless ferocity seemed to justify the belief that more than human nature mingled in their birth, came bursting tumultuously on all that had guarded the outskirts of the empire. The Gothic power of Hermanric, that had formed from the Baltic Sea to the Euxine a bulwark to the civilization of the south, was swept off; and the flying camp of Attila contended with the imperial city for the mastery of the world. The Western empire, unable to sustain the shock of such invasions, fell; and the throne of Constantinople, which had but shared before, engrossed at last the honors of the Roman name. Meanwhile new changes in Asia were preparing new troubles for Europe.

A long degraded Tartar tribe had thrown off the yoke of dependence, and established a wide empire in Turkistan. Under the descendants of one of their chiefs they established a new dynasty in Persia; another branch of the same people, under one of the same family, succeeded in wresting the Caliphate from the descendants of the prophet; and a third, by daily aggression, tearing province after province from the feeble empire of the Byzantine throne in Asia Minor, then called Room, first brought a Turkish empire into collision with the Christian governments of Europe. The name of Turks, which these people began now to make familiar to the Europeans, and by which they were designated in common with almost all the Tartar family, was derived, as they pretended, from the son of Japhet, whom they style Tur or Turk; but the particular appellation of those who, as we have observed, extended their dominion over Persia, Kerman, and the western peninsula of Asia, was derived from Seljuk, a later hero of the Tartars, and whose history, however obscure, is connected with that of all the revolutions of Asia and the descent of the Asiatics on Europe. Under fourteen sultans, the Seljuk dynasty of Room contended with the empire, which still extended over many Asiatic provinces, with the numberless princes who had erected their governments in the peninsula into independencies, and with the Saracens, whose power had long been almost annihilated.

It was, however, on the decline of the Seljuks that the still more formidable Ottomans arose to finish the work which the former had begun, and to give to the Turks a lasting inheritance in the midst of civilized Europe, and to the law of Mahomet authority in the midst of countries that boast the coextension of civilization and Christianity throughout the world.

This anomaly it is that gives an interest so peculiar to the Turkish history, and offers so wide a field for speculation to the philosophic historian.

To civilized Europe, the progress of the Ottoman arms, and the final establishment of the Ottoman empire in the midst of the Christian nations, presented an appalling spectacle; and while terror prevented the calm investigation of those certain principles which govern the destinies no less than the actions of nations as well as of men, the astonished inhabitants of Christendom were inclined to behold as a portent, and not unfrequently as the fulfilment of a prophecy, the scourge which the desolating progress of Mohamedanism brought upon the Greek adherents to the church of Christ. The cessation of the spirit of conquest, while yet the spirit of enmity remained among the Mussulmans, the unvarying policy of their government, the questionable point of civilization which they have reached, and from which for many generations they have neither retrogaded nor progressed; all these in later times appearing no less prodigious, have offered a field for wonder and speculation no less solicitous. But the phenomena of Turkish history is about to be explained in the extinction or reconstruction of the Turkish power in the west; and the question is soon to be answered whether the seed of destruction were sowed with that of its early growth and prosperity, or whether there be in its constitution a capability of change and adaptation to fit it for the revolutions of the present and the times to come. Philosophic inquiry may anticipate the result of the important experiment, before the powerful hordes of Russia shall appear on the Balkan again, and before the death of the present active sovereign shall declare the end of his labors.

The Turkish writers, in their accounts of Othman and his family, vary materially from the Greek historians; and both, without recommending themselves to particular credit, prove decidedly in what confusion the origin of that fortunate conqueror's history is involved, and the inextricable confusion in which the affairs of the imperial provinces had fallen before the rise of that empire by which the last weak remnant of the Roman power was soon to be annihilated. It is hardly credible that the affairs of an important country like that of Asia Minor, connected, moreover, in all its interests with the still respectable power of the empire of the east, should have attracted in the thirteenth century so little attention as to have escaped the observation of the many chroniclers which then began to appear, and to have reached our time with little less fabulous embellishment than that which is allowed to pass for the history of Theseus and his times, or of any other supposititious personage who owes his existence to the poetical character of the primitive ages.

Towards the period of the decline of the Seljuk dynasty in Asia Minor, the conquests of Genghis Khan extended the power of the Tartars from the forests of Central Asia to the Euphrates; and driving the inferior tribes of Turks in their van, the Tartars themselves of the Mongol race appeared upon the western shore of that protecting stream, to wrest, as it seemed, from the Seljuks the prey which twelve generations of successful war had ravished from the sceptre of the Christian emperors.

From Armenia and all the lands which bordered on the Euphrates and the Tigris, hordes of flying Turkomans and Persians came with frightful impetuosity, the forerunners of the devastating Tartars; and many a petty leader of a fugitive tribe became in this manner, in his turn, an object of terror to the organized governments of the peninsular provinces. Of all these Solyman Shek, a prince of the Oguzian Turks who dwelt about Armenia, seemed to threaten the most disastrous consequences to to the Seljuks of Room. In the running fight, however, which he kept up on his retreat before the Tartars, this bold adventurer was drowned as he attempted the passage of the Euphrates, and the command of the Oguzians devolved upon Ortogrul his son. The sultan of Iconium, harassed by the Christians, upon the ruins of whose empire his own had arisen, and in continual apprehension of a Tartar invasion, resolved to secure the assistance of Solyman rather than to provoke him as an enemy. The Turkman was therefore received with his followers within the limits of the Sultan's dominion; and in all the subsequent contests of the Mahomedan prince, the services of this new ally were found to be no less efficient than faithful. Among the conditions upon which the alliance had been formed, it was permitted Ortogrul to assume the sovereignty of all the places which he might conquer from the Greeks. The extensive inheritance which, on his death, exalted his son to the highest power and eminence among the governors of the provinces subject to the Seljuk princes, was won for the most part from the Greeks; but the more powerful enemies which the revolutions caused in Asia by the wars of Genghis Kahn, sent forth against the west, were not to be repelled by the most faithful and active exertions of Othman and his fellow tributaries. The sultan of Iconium, Aladin, unable to resist or to sustain the pressure of his many enemies, fell a prey to the subordinate chiefs by whom his rule had been sustained. The province of Bithynia fell to the lot of Othman, the son and successor of Ortogrul; while numerous other princes divided between them the other parts of the peninsula, with the exception of the few districts and towns which still were faithful to the empire and believers in its church. This remarkable event happened about the year 1300; and it is the more important in our history, as it seems to be the true commencement of the Ottoman empire in Europe: for, so prodigious was the impetuosity with which the Turkish arms extended themselves over the dominions of the emperors, that we scarcely dwell upon the brief period which limited their power and their possessions to the peninsula in which they first assumed the badge and habit of empire.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLOURS.

It is a favorite theory of mine that colours have marked and distinctive characters; and that they exert a far greater influence upon our emotions than is generally supposed. I have often pleased myself with investigating these characters and influences; and it is possible that others may be amused by the result of my speculations.

What ideas of freedom and expansion, for instance, mingle with our conceptions of Blue! What potency in its very name! Vague and stupendous mountains—far-off shores, shadowy as the visions of Mirza;—the mighty ocean and the interminable sky arise to our intellectual vision upon its utterance. Blue is peculiarly the colour of sublimity. Even the little wild flower, plucked in our infant ramblings, when of this spiritual dye, claimed a precedence over mere matter-of-fact and every-day blossoms. There was a dreaminess—an incipient reverie—a feeling as if we were sailing aloft among the clouds, that would come over us as we held it in our tiny grasp. Garish sunshine has been usually deemed unpropitious to romance; but is it not because it excludes, in a measure, *blue* from the colouring of nature? The sky, resplendent with light—the crested waves, sparkling like liquid diamonds, lose the identity of their tints amid the factitious splendor that irradiates them: and, however beautiful and glorious they may appear, they exert not the same power upon the mind as when they resume their own peculiar and cerulean aspect. In the one case we behold a vivacious coquette; in the other an intellectual Psyche. Hope is always represented with eyes of a watchet hue, because she is so vast and magnificent in her anticipations. Should she unfortunately squabble with the Fates, and get her visuals ebonized in the contest, her most sanguine votaries would find it difficult to recognize her. If further confirmation were wanting of the exalted character of azure, it would be found in the circumstance that the Gods have *blue* hair.

The spirit in Comus says—

> "This isle,
> The greatest and the best of all the main,
> He quarters to his *blue-hair'd* deities."

There is a purity, a coldness, a severity in *blue*, that is possessed by no other colour. It has no sympathy with earthly imperfections, no feeling for mortal frailties. It is among the attributes of Iris what justice is among the Virtues. It was undoubtedly from some unanalyzed perception of this truth that the rigid and uncompromising code of our puritan forefathers was termed "the Blue Laws." Owing to an inherent sense of the intellectuality of this colour, those who scout learning in a female, term her in derision a *Blue;* but did they know the full import of the designation, they would seek some other epithet from their vocabulary. A set of mischievous little Imps, who at times grievously torment us, have preposterously assumed to be called "Blue Devils."

Now, who can ever imagine these irritating goblins to be of a celestial blue? Do we not rather fancy them formed of the murky fog, generated by the Styx, or begrimed with the smoke of Hades? It is high time that they should be despoiled of their alluring name. It is high time that the sacred tint of *Blue* should cease to be aspersed.

YELLOW is a boastful and overbearing colour. It browbeats and oppresses. Gold upbraids us with our slavery for its acquirement, and Harvests taunt us as frail pensioners upon their bounty. The sun stares in our eyes with the bravado—" Outdo me if you can;" and the yellow sands whisper in our ear—" Try if you can count us." Nabobs who return to their native land, expecting that all will cringe before them, like the Pariahs of the East, come home bilious and *yellow*. The Chinese are still more tawny in their complexion, and presumptuously term that " dead sea of man," their unenviable country, " The Celestial Empire." The title of " Brother to the Sun and Moon," which they bestow upon their emperor, is well merited by that august and sallow dignitary. This haughty colour is often reduced to be the characteristic of decay, in accordance with the wise decree, that " Pride must have a fall"—hence " the sere and *yellow* leaf."

GRAY is the tint of Memory. Melancholy twilight steals forth to mourn over the bier of departed day, and exerts the influence of sympathy upon the soul. In the joyous morning we cast a longer shadow than amid the dust and heat of noon; and the happiness of our early youth prepares far more mournful recollections than the cares and toils of maturity. The memory of sorrows sustained in by-gone years may cheer the heart from the principle of contrast, as the image of mountain waves and creaking shrouds renders the humblest hovel a palace in the eyes of the shipwrecked mariner. Not so with reminiscences of joy; they are present wretchedness; and the greatest component in the misery of Lucifer must be, his reflections upon that time when he was emphatically the " Son of the Morning"—the brightest of the archangels who trod " the spangled pavement of the skies."

There are times when recollections of the past will press heavily upon the most thoughtless: when the echo of voices, now hushed for ever, will reach the ear of fancy; and glances, whose light has long been quenched in the damps of the grave, will meet our spiritual vision. If ever these mournful influences have fallen upon the heart, if ever these illusions have beguiled us of a tear, has it not been when

> " Gray-hooded Even,
> Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,
> Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus wain?"

When the first bitter poignancy of bereavement has subsided into the calm feelings of tender sorrow and cherished recollection, the deep sables of the mourner are exchanged for pensive *Gray*. Whoever looks upon gray hairs without reverting in imagination to that period when those " locks were like the raven?" They are, in effect, the mementos of the past—the head-stones of buried Time. Dilapidated piles of architecture are often of this saddening hue, and remind us of those

eras of feudal splendor when their walls resounded to the minstrel's harp, and the jocund laugh of baronial retainers. It has been finely said, with reference to the arrogant and unfeeling nature of sun-beams, that they

> "Gild, but to flout the ruins gray."

Let it also be recollected, that the most memorable production of the poet *Gray* was his elegy upon the slumbering inmates of a village churchyard.

How fearful and ominous is Red! I never look upon it but with an involuntary shudder. It is the flag of warning, hoisted by Nature. It admonishes us of impending woe, as a bitter taste in fruits and a disagreeable scent in flowers indicate those that are of a poisonous nature. When a country is about to be convulsed by an earthquake, or desolated by a hurricane, the sun assumes a *lurid* aspect. When lava bursts forth from the rumbling volcano, burying vineyards and cities in its stony depths, its tide is crimson. Fire, that terrible engine of destruction, is also *red.* So likewise is blood; which, whenever it is rendered visible, is the symbol of pain, sickness, or death. The field of battle is always *red.* I have it from an authentic record of the Rabbi's, that the forbidden fruit was the only specimen of this colour in Paradise; but that when the f atricide Cain took the life of his brother, the blood of the innocent Abel dyed the adjacent flowers with an indelible hue. Roses may be considered as the blushes of Earth for the crimes that are perpetrated upon its surface; and this theory satisfactorily accounts for these flowers being so much more abundant in the East than in any other portion of the globe: since crime and slaughter there celebrate their ceaseless orgies. Why are the Indians so sanguinary in their warfare,—so unsparing in their victories?—They are "Red Men." Ye vain philanthropists, who think to imbue them with domestic love, and eradicate from their souls the fierce passions which there flourish in wild luxuriance, first change the colour of their skins! Then may the bleached pappoose be trained to the duties of social life, and Mercy be one of the Lares of an Indian household.

It has long been held by philosophers, that the Owl is the Nestor among birds. Whether the peculiar sapience of his aspect, his night-watches, or his inharmonious notes indicating superiority to the vulgar rules of birdish melody have obtained him this pre-eminence, it is difficult to say. I claim, however, the right to bring forward a new competitor for the palm of wisdom, and indulge in the most heartfelt felicitations upon the occasion; not merely from the conviction that the deed will immortalize myself, but because injured merit will be thereby rescued from undeserved obscurity. Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg leave to introduce to you the Turkey. This sagacious worthy, far wiser than many human bipeds who flaunt proudly in the awful colour upon which we have been descanting, never beholds it without manifest emotion and displeasure. Pained by seeing it used for personal adornment, when he considers it dedicated to the purposes of warning and admonition, he manifests, without fear or favor, an honest and sturdy indignation. He

can classify; else, wherefore his aversion to red? He can reason; else why does he judge its inaptitude to be lightly used? Yes! The Turkey is undoubtedly the most sensible of Birds.

"The PURPLE light of Love!" How many unhappy Benedicts have been misled by this dubious phrase! It is worthy of the Oracle that lured the wretched Crœsus to destruction. Fondly imagining that it implies a congeniality between *purple* and the tender passion, when in effect it has merely reference to the universal sovereignty of Cupid, the doomed victim rushes madly upon his fate. He cultivates the natural bias of his spouse for this ambitious and royal tint, when his utmost energies should be exerted to suppress it. He calls forth the purple ribbon, when he should regard it with the same horror that he would the plague spot. He nourishes the viper, whose fangs will yet gnaw upon his vitals. Monarchs and conquerors have, in all ages, been particularly partial to purple; and it is also the colour of the grape—that most potent of fruits—whose juices enslave, not only the body, but the soul of man. Tyre was noted for her manufacture of this dye, and "her *merchants* were *kings*." When the accession of a Roman emperor to the throne is announced in history, it is often merely stated that "he assumed the purple." I always consider a preference for this colour as evincing aspirations after greatness.

GREEN is decidedly, an indolent and peaceful hue. Nature, when she rests, after the wild warfare of winter, robes herself in verdure. I can compose myself to slumber much sooner under a green canopy than any other; and pools, when they are disposed for a nap, are entirely of my way of thinking. Clouds, those forerunners of a storm, are often *red* and sometimes of a gorgeous *yellow;* but you never saw a *green* cloud. You may have remarked, however, a slight shade of this tint in an evening sky, when every thing was uncommonly placid and serene; and if so, you must have felt that the effect produced was indescribably tranquillizing. The Turtle, the most torpid of all animals, is green; and we are informed by contemporary historians, that the first James of England, so renowned for his sluggish and pacific temperament, was usually clad in a doublet of green velvet. The Turks, from their love of quiet, are extremely partial to this colour; and it was assumed by the followers of Omar, as the badge of their religion. Southey had its character in his mind when he represented the spotless Leila as becoming a "*green bird of Paradise*" after Thalaba had involuntarily sent her there. The dwellers in Elysium are probably all green; but as it is an old adage, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," it is most likely that Sisyphus and his infliction retain their earthly hues. Jealousy has been called "a green-eyed monster," because it is monstrous for any thing so active as this passion to have green eyes.

BROWN, is sober and thoughtful. Superficial observers may confound its traits with those of gray, but there is a wide difference between them. The one is a philosophising sage; the other, a pensive sentimentalist. Brown is the colour of mother earth, the kind and judicious bestower of all our comforts. What an investigating air have the brown rocks, raising their craggy peaks, as if peering into Heaven; and

what a reflective look have the sombre stones by the sea-side! As we grow older, and learn the vanity of human wishes and expectations, we grow *browner*. The leaves, too, after they have had experience of the deceitfulness of sun-shine and bland breezes,assume this thoughtful livery. The origin of the expression "a *brown* study," may be traced to the peculiar character of the colour. Reader, if you have a son, let me advise you to send him to *Brown* University.

TO ELIZABETH.

'Twas when thy years were tender, love!—and beauty's budding rose
Was on thy cheek, like summer's tint on Alps' eternal snows,
And when thy maiden thoughts were pure as dew-drops on the lawn,
Or virgin breeze that fann'd the flowers on Eden's natal dawn,
'Twas then—our hopes, our fears, our joys, our sorrows were begun,
And then our hearts, like kindred drops, were mingled into one.

And years have flown since first we met, and many a smile and tear
Has mark'd the hours, the days, the months, of each revolving year;
The joys of hope, the pangs of fear, have proved their varying powers,
And fancy used our waking thoughts to gild our dreaming hours;
Thus Time may roll his chariot on till all his race be run,
And find our hearts, like kindred drops, still mingling into one.

Deluded man may search for bliss in power, or fame, or wealth,
I seek the joys of wedded love, of competence and health;
To these let heaven in mercy add, from Love's exhaustless store,
A heart that glows with charity, and I will crave no more;
For then, like thine, in paths of truth, my hastening steps shall run,
And thus our hearts, like kindred drops, shall mingle into one.

Ye glittering gems, that ceaseless gild the azure robe of night,
Beyond your spheres shall Love reveal a world of holier light;
Their fairer stars, in purer skies, o'er greener landscapes move,
Where every thought is perfect truth, and each emotion love:—
Then shall we—dearest! ever gaze on heaven's unclouded Sun,
And there our hearts, like kindred drops, be mingled into one.

Editorial Remarks on Editorial Things.

After all, there is a great deal of sense in the custom which has appropriated a small portion, each month of a magazine, wherein an editor can hold periodical communication with the Public. Looking at the thing rationally, to send forth a mere string of articles, unconnected except by the stitch of the binder, and unmarked by any features of family resemblance which might give them a distinctive and generic character, is not the best way to make a magazine. There must and should be a secret and defined understanding between the under-current of the public feeling, and that magazine in its official capacity as received caterer to certain tastes ; and this will create a feeling for its appearance, and that communion with its opinion, which is the life and soul of all periodicals.

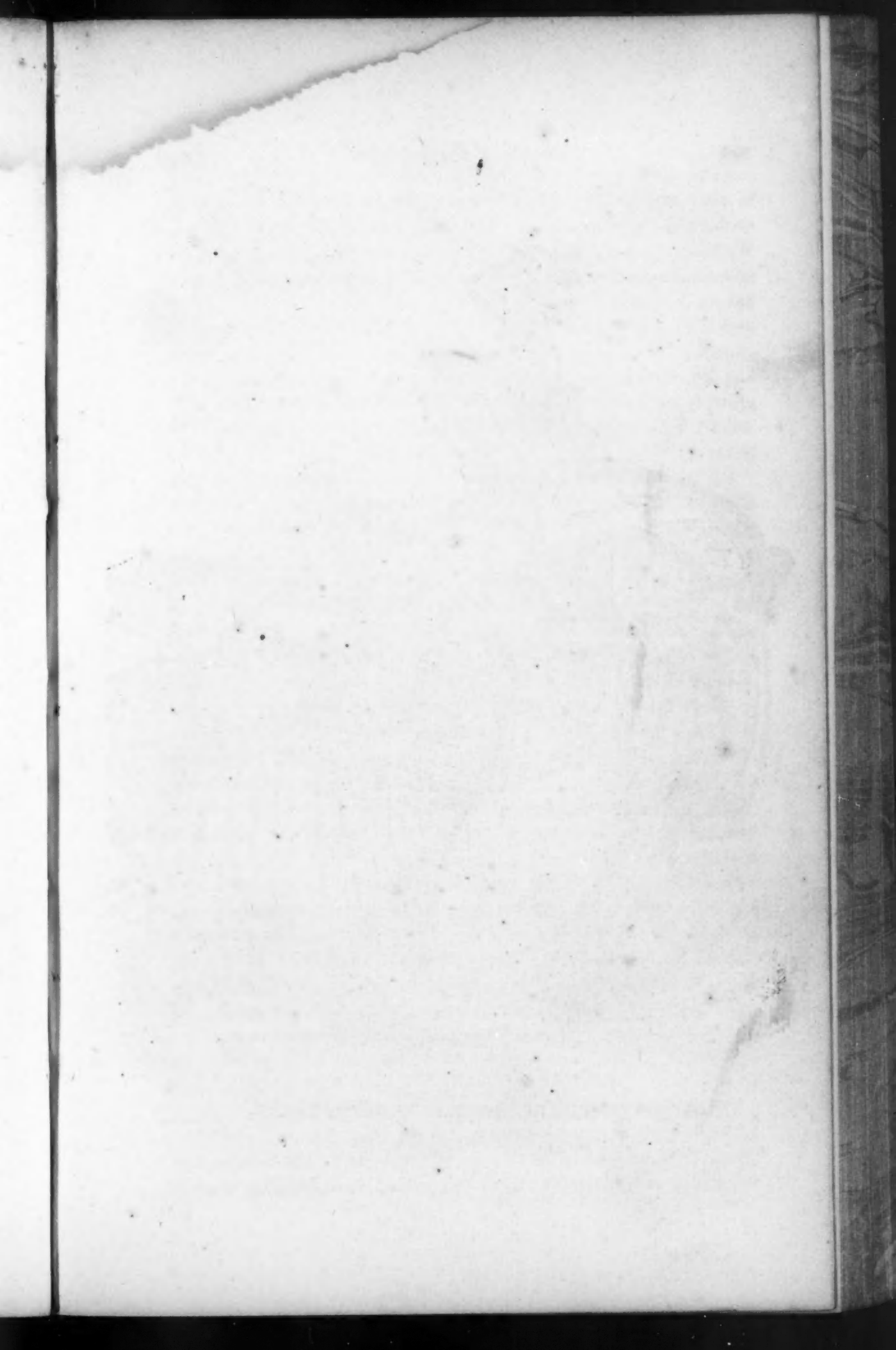
Editors, like kings, never speak except in the stately plural—like kings also, they should have an officer at their elbow, who should act not as "keeper of his majesty's conscience," but as explainer-general of their opinions. Even Junius could not carry on his celebrated correspondence without such an assistant; and as he dare not trust his secret, he was obliged, sub rosa, to perform the office for himself. How useful would such a character be for us—even of the Knickerbocker, upon some incidental emergencies, the rueful interpretation which upon many occasions has been put upon our thoughts, will most abundantly testify. Thus, no later than last month, a few words of good humored and courteous advice which we addressed to our respected brethren of the American Monthly, instead of being received in the kindly spirit which dictated them, were so portentously misconstrued, that the monthly advertisement of our valued contemporary could not go to press until its "unmeasured indignation" was duly recorded in the measured periods of its bill of sale. How truly unfortunate we are; we recommended them to advise their discarded underlings to leave off, for the sake of appearances, the writing of paragraphs concerning us and themselves; and the editors wax chivalrous in favor of a *nonentity*, inasmuch as they inform us no discarded underlings were ever in their employment—a piece of information we feel as happy as the "acting" editors themselves

in conveying to the public. Editors! did we say—No, we must be cautious in our phraseology. There are wars and rumours of wars. We believe some revolutions have occurred since we generously announced for them the mighty accession to their force; and, instead of, like us, "changing editors some half dozen times," we hear that they have fairly turned the tables on us, and changed some half dozen editors at once! We are, however, good friends to our worthy contemporary, and intend to remain so; and therefore record ourselves among the greatest admirers of the delicate "school of puff" by comparison, or inuendo so ingeniously dove-tailed alike into closing remarks and New Years' addresses.

But on another, and still more serious occasion, we regretted the want of the officer, whose institution we have recommended to our brethren of the chair. The most mighty and magnanimous of Diurnals took it into his head to administer to us a little good-humored flagellation, because, forsooth, in our extravaganza about Washington Irving last month, we did not specify all the "others" associated in giving birth to the Whimwhams and opinions of Lancelot Langstaff and others; and even affects a small portion of indignation at some symptoms of suspected rebellion on our part against the Critics of the Broad sheet. Do only retract that ungenerous thought, and we will forgive all the rest. We indeed esteem the Critics our best friends. They have never been severe with us according to our deserts, and have ever shown us indulgence greater than our hopes; and it was with seemly satisfaction that we hailed the donning of the helmets preparatory to a campaign, which seemed evidently threatening. We refer our friends and foes to what we said, reiterating our sentiments and preserving our opinions.

Is this all? We have examined the charges, and, like Peers, we have responded "Not guilty upon our honor." We are not alarmed, still less are we intimidated. Old Knickerbocker is not so easily to be frightened from his propriety; our course is onward, and onward we will go, strong in our purpose and strong in our means, and strong in our support; and, saying with our face not towwards the ocean, but the ink bottle; and our resolve not on departing but remaining (*at our post.*)

Here's a hand to all who love,
And a smile for all who hate,
And whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for every fate.



Original Outline Portrait of Miss Leslie,

Author "of Pencil Sketches," &c.