

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

LITERATURE.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees, The russet year unrolled the balmy air; Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their lazy hills, O'er the dan waters widening in the vale, Sent down the air a greeting to the mills, On the dull dinder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued, The hills seemed further, and the stream sang low, As in a winter the distant woodman hewed, His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forest, ere while armed with gold, Their banners bright with every martial hue, Now stood like some old, beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight, The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint; And like a star slow drowning in the light, The village church spire seemed to pale and faint.

The thrushcock on the hill-side crew— Crew three—and all the stiller side before; Silent, till some replying warbler blew His alpen horn, and then was heard no more.

Where the jay within the elm's tall crest, Made garblings trouble round her unfledged young; And where the oriole hung her swaying nest, By every little wind like a censor swung—

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves, The busy swallows circling ever near— Feeding, as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a plentiful year.

Where every bird that waked the winter feast, Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn; To warn the reaper of the rosy east; All now was useless, empty and forlorn.

A lone, from out the stubble, piped the quail; And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom; Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale, Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the flowers; The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night, The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers, Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air, And where the woodbine shed upon the porch Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there, Firing the floor with its inverted torch.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene, The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread, Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mind, Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her, Off-eyed, and broke with her the ashens crust, And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir, Or his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom, Her country summoned, and she gave her all; And twice war bowed to her his sable plume— Regave the sword to rust upon the wall—

Regave the sword, but not the hand that drew And struck for liberty the dying blow; Nor him, who to his sire and country true, Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on, Like the low murmur of a live at noon; Long, but not loud, the memory of the come Breathed through her lips a glad and tranquil tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed; Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene; And loving neighbors smother her careful shroud; While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

THE WEST WIND.

Beneath the forest's skirts it wind, Those branching pines rise dark and high, And bear the breezes of the West Among the threaded foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of woe? Is not thy home among the flowers? Do not thy kiss at morning hours? To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glories redden outspread— Yon stretching valleys green and gay, And yon free hills top, or whose head The loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs, And many a fountain fresh and sweet To cool thee when the mid-day sun Have made thee faint beneath their heat.

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and love; Spirit of the new awakened year! The sun in his new realm above! Smoothes a bright path when thou art here.

In lawn the murmuring bee is heard, The wooing-ring dove in the shade; On thy soft breath the new fledged bird Takes wing, half happy, half afraid.

As 'thou art like our wayward race; When not a shade of pain or ill Dims the bright smile of Nature's face, Thou lovest to sigh and murmur still.

THE ARCTIC PRISON; OR, SAILING UNDER THE ICEBERGS.

BY LEOPARD ST. VINCENT.

The ship swung heavily to and fro—the long Yards creaking and shivering upon the masts. The wind whistled with a shrill, weird sound among the shrouds; and the shrouds beat inwards as though quosen bands of heavy footed men were descending them. It was a dark night, yet not so dark that we could see the lofty icebergs by which we were surrounded looming upward like spectres through the gloom. We were tossing about on the waters of the Arctic Ocean, and, subjected to a heavy gale of wind, our position was a dangerous one. We had already begun to prepare rats, and to hoist our chests on deck, expecting every moment the ship would be strewn by the ice. All hands would be thrown off their feet, and tumble on top of each other in a manner that was far from agreeable.

Suddenly a white face, with wild, glaring eyes and quivering lips appeared among us. It was that of the captain's wife. She laid her head upon her husband's arm as he stood near the bow. "Lillian! Lillian!" she gasped; "where is our little Lillian?"

"Lillian! Good heavens! wife, what do you mean? I left her with you in the cabin!"

"She is not there now; I have looked in all the rooms. Oh God! my child! my child!" and the mother wrung her hands in anguish, while her white face grew still whiter.

"Wife! wife!" exclaimed the captain, half sternly, "Lillian was with you when I left the cabin; surely you did not let her leave your side at such a time as this?"

"Yes! yes!" cried his wife, in accents of the most piercing grief. "It is all my fault—she is lost! My little Lillian is lost! and I am the cause!"

"For God's sake, explain yourself!" gasped the captain.

"I left her down in the cabin," faltered the agonized mother, "and came on deck, as I was used to speak to you. I thought you were in the waist, so I groped my way there, and tried to find you. Not seeing you, I started on my return, fearing to leave Lillian so long alone. But when I reached the cabin again she was not there—gone! gone! God only knows where!"

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nothing of him. By the sound of his bark we should have judged that he stood on the summit of an iceberg were then approaching, and which was but a few fathoms distant. Yet, notwithstanding this, no Blusco was there visible. What could it mean? Had some mermaid charmed the dog into invisibility? We continued to approach. The barking became still louder, and was now full of frantic joy. The iceberg—a rather large one—trembled as though under the influence of an epileptic fit. Still there was no Blusco in sight.

Our boat struck the iceberg. A pair of bright eyes gleamed at us through a chink in the crystal wall—they were the eyes of Blusco! The mystery was explained! The monument of ice was hollow, forming a rude little chamber, in which the dog was snugly encoined.

"Oh, Heaven be praised! just look here," exclaimed the mate, turning to Bill, and motioning him to look through the crevice from which he had just withdrawn his own eyes.

Bill did as requested, and beheld a sight which filled him with as much joy as it did with amazement. Reclining in one corner of this ice-bound apartment, her golden hair falling about her pale face, and the silken tresses veiling her beautiful eyes, he saw the unmistakable figure of little Lillian.

With a few blows of our hatchet we soon succeeded in effecting an opening in the ice wall. The little girl and Blusco were taken out and placed in the boat. We laid back upon our oars with all the strength we possessed, while the mate, drawing a brandy flask from his pocket, poured a few drops of the liquor down Lillian's throat. By the faint pulsation of her heart he knew that the current of life was not frozen—that she had only sunk into that cold stupid kind of dose from which there is no awakening.

The ship was reached at last. The mate ascended to the deck and took the insensible burden that Bill passed up to him.

"Captain!" he said, as he descended the companion way, "I have brought you no whale, but something that I think will be more acceptable."

The captain and his wife had both caught sight of their child at one and the same moment.

"My child! My Lillian!" screamed the mother, rushing forward to clasp her in her arms. They, noticing her pale face and drooping head, she sank into a seat, overcome by her feelings, and stretching forth her arms, faintly murmured—

"Dead! dead! she is dead! Give me my poor little dead girl!"

"No!—she is not dead!" replied the mate. "If proper measures are taken she can be restored in a few minutes."

So saying he laid her on the bed, and assisted the anxious father in his efforts to restore the circulation of her blood.

In a few moments they had the satisfaction of seeing Lillian open her blue eyes, and of hearing her speak the word "mother." The next instant she was pressed to the latter's bosom, and covered with tears and kisses. This probably helped nearly as much as the other operations had done to restore the circulation of the blood, for there was a deep carnation tint upon both cheek and lip.

The excitement having in some degree subsided, explanations followed.

Lillian stated that after her mother had left her to go on deck, she thought she wd just go up to get a peep over the rail at the icebergs. This idea had no sooner entered her head than she carried it into execution. In leaning too far over the rail, however,—the ship happened to give a lurch at the same time—she lost her balance and was precipitated into the water. On rising to the surface she felt herself seized by the neck of her dress, and the next moment dragged on to a large cake of ice. Then she perceived that her deliverer was noble Blusco. She felt terribly frightened and clung close to the dog. She remembered that they were half shut in by the three walls of ice, which partly prevented the waves from dashing in upon them. Suddenly the cake upon which they were standing came in contact with another which towered up like a lofty column. When the concussion took place this lofty mass tottered over and fell upon the three walls of ice, (by which the little girl and her dog were encompassed, in such a curious manner as to completely close them up, as though they were in a prison. In this position she remained a long time, praying and hugging the dog by turns, until at last, feeling cold and benumbed, she began to grow drowsy and fell into a dose. Had her rescue from this situation been delayed a few minutes longer we would never, in all probability, have succeeded in bringing her to life. As it was, a long time elapsed ere the natural freedom of circulation could be restored to her arms.

Many were the praises lavished on Blusco for his noble conduct, and although he shakes his head and turns up his broad nose when any person speaks to him about it, as much as to say "pshaw, it's nothing"—still we believe that in his own heart he is proud of his exploit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

(From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.)

As nature has made strange fellows in her time, we are surprised that some of her favorites should have been endowed with most extraordinary memories. Let us mention a few of these:—

Seneca says that he could, by the mere effort of his natural memory, repeat two thousand words upon hearing them. He also mentions Cynæus, King Pyrrhus' Ambassador to Rome, who, in one day, so well learned the names of the people whom he saw, that the next day he saluted them all, the Senators and all the populace assembled, each by his proper name. Cyprus, according to Pliny, knew every soldier in an army by name, and Lucius Septimius, an Italian, having learned the names of all the soldiers in Rome, it is said could repeat any volume found in the libraries as readily as if he were reading.

Mithridates, the king of twenty-two nations, held court in as many languages, and conversed with each nation in its own tongue. Cardinal Borgia knew so many languages that he might have acted as interpreter general at the Tower of Babel. Lipsius remembered all the history of Tacitus; Francisco Suarez all St. Augustine's works; Avicenna all Aristotle's metaphysics; Joseph Schlegel, when a young man, could repeat above one hundred verses, having once read them, and in the course of a few weeks could repeat the contents of whole books in foreign languages. The German poet Klopstock could repeat Homer from beginning to end. William Lyons, a travelling player, could repeat the whole contents of a newspaper. It is said of Magliabechi that a gentleman having lent him a manuscript which he was going to print, came to him soon after it was returned, and pretending that he had lost it, begged him to repeat as much of it as he could, upon which Magliabechi wrote down the whole without missing a word.

An Englishman once went to Frederick the Great, for the purpose of giving him some specimens of his extraordinary memory. Frederick sent for Voltaire, who read to his Majesty a poem which he had just finished. The Englishman was concealed in such a manner as to be able to hear every word that fell from the great monarch's lips. Frederick observed that a foreign gentleman could immediately repeat the same poem to him, and therefore it could not be original. Voltaire listened with astonishment to the stranger's declaration, and then fell into a great rage, and tore the manuscript into pieces. When Frederick informed him of his mistake, the Englishman again presented to Voltaire the whole poem with perfect correctness.

Morphy and other chess-players have recently given instances of their extraordinary memories. Dr. Wallis tells us that he could by a mere effort of memory perform arithmetical calculations, as multiplying Division, or the extraction of roots, etc., up to forty places;—Baxton Colburn, George Bidder and Jedediah Buxton were also wonderful arithmeticians. The last named, once mentally calculated how much a farthing, doubled 140 times, would come to, and the answer was set down from his lips in 32 places of pence, and he was asked to give the sum of whom he performed his feats in one minute and a half, 1,520,540 Sir Walter Scott had a marvellously retentive memory; so had Macaulay, who, it is said, could repeat from his memory the whole of "Paradise Lost."

In the stirring days of Athenian political greatness men could be found who could repeat the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and we have read of a man in Naples who could recite the whole of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and not only recite it consecutively, but repeat any stanza in any given book, repeat those stanzas in order of distance of the lines, or in the order of words, or from the eighth to the first line alternately. We have heard of several persons (notably the late Blind James of Stirling) who could repeat the whole of the Bible, or any required chapter or verse in it. There are, besides, dozens of living persons with marvellous memories, the chief of whom are, perhaps, Mr. Eliza Barrett, the Mezzofanti of the present day.

Now, all these are instances of extraordinary memories given by nature, although they may have been improved by cultivation and practice.

The "self-reliance" as assisted in plain in this as in other cases; and as a good memory has at all times been considered advantageous to its possessor it is not to be wondered at that attempts at different times should have been made to cultivate and improve it. It is now an art, and indeed has been so for a couple of thousand years. The first of these attempts was made by Simonides, B. C. by the poet Simonides, who was once, as the story tells us, employed by Scopias, a rich Thessalian nobleman, to compose a song in commemoration of the victory gained by the latter at the Olympic games—a banquet being given by Scopias in honor of the occasion, to which Simonides was invited. During the feast a message was brought to the poet that there was a young man at the gate anxious to see him.

When he went out to attend to him, he while engaged in the search, the house which he had just entered, fell in with the wind, and all that were within. The bodies were so mutilated that they could not be recognized; but Simonides, by calling to mind the place that each had occupied at the feast, was enabled to distinguish them; hence his attention was attracted to the important and beautiful subject of memory, and the art of memory was subsequently much practiced among the Romans. Cicero says: "Such are the effects of local situations in recalling associated ideas to the mind; that it is not without reason some philosophers have founded on this principle a species of artificial memory."

It is said to have been discovered about 400 years ago, and is now a favorite study of the ancients. It is now a favorite study of the ancients. It is now a favorite study of the ancients.

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Confians himself fought well, as did certain of the other vessels, but his own plan continued steady; thunderous miscellany of cannon and tempest;—Confians, with his plan steady, or Confians, with his plans wavering, versus those vanward eight, for two hours or more. But the scene was too dreadful; this ship sinking, the obliged to strike, things going away with Confians. Hawke, in his own dagship, bore down specially on Confians in his, who did wait and exchange a couple of broadsides, but then sheer-off, finding it so heavy. French Vice-Admiral then gave Hawke a broadside; only one, and then sheered off, satisfied with the result. Some loss of other vessels occurred, but the like. "One blast as we hurry by," making for the shore most! So that Hawke seemed swallowed in volcanoes (though indeed their firing was very bad; such a flurry among them), and his blue flag was invisible for some time, and various ships were hastening to help him, but a fire-ship, which was coming up with her broadside, Hawke's seven-hundred in particular (*La Superbe*, a seventy-four) with all his guns together, which sent the poor ship to the bottom in a hideously sudden manner. One other, the *Thaise*, had already sunk in fighting; two other, the *Soleil* and *Le Herois*, were already sinking, or the *Herois* was being taken in a manner. But on this terrible plucky home of the *Superbe*, the rest all made for the shore; and escaped into the rock intricacies of the darkness. Four of Confians' ships were already gone; struck, sunk, or otherwise extinguished; when darkness fell, and covered Confians and his distresses, and he was obliged to return to the bay.

Country people to the number of ten thousand, crowded on the shore, had been watching the battle; and as sad witnesses of the white flag's disgrace, disappeared into the interior. It was such a sight as men never witnessed before. Walpole says: "The sight was the most extraordinary and touching that ever occurred in the history of our ships; and both occurred in that scene of horror to part a period to the navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line got into the river Villaine, (lay there fourteen months under strict watching till their backs were broken, the masts and rigging were every day being cut away, and only three with three frigates ever got out again); eight more were captured, and the river Charlotte closed, and the river and another were run on shore and burnt. One was taken. Two with their crews had gone to the bottom; one under Hawke's cannon; one partly sunk in the bay, and another, which was the worst lost in the storm ('*Chasing that Soleil and Herois*'), but the crews saved. Lord Howe who attacked *La Formidable*, bore down on her with such violence that she was forced in his lower tier of guns. Captain Digby in the *Dunkirk* received the fire of twelve of the enemy's ships, and lost not a man, and the *Formidable* was captured. Hawke's was full of water and he thought it sinking; a sudden squall emptied his ship; but he was informed that all his powder was wet. "Then," said he, "I am sorry I am late." They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged. "Very well then," said he, "attack again." Not three ships of our ships were engaged in obtaining a decisive victory. The invasion was no more. \* \* \* Hawke continued watching the mouths of the Villaine and the Charlotte Rivers, for a good while after, and without interruption, until he had captured the *Formidable*, and which, according to our own season. Supplies of fresh provisions had come to him from England all summer, but were stopped by the wild weather.—Upon which, in the fleet, arose this grivelly pathetic stave of sea poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humour grinning in it:

Till Hawke did hang Monsieur Confians (Confians) You sent us beef and beer; You Monsieur's boat, we've brought to eat, Since you have brought to fear.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF WOMEN.

There is a great outcry at present against the extravagance of women. The expensiveness of their dress, their jewellery, their ornaments, their habits, the frivolity of their tastes