

LITERATURE.

STANZAS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Farewell life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upwards steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthly odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

AN ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse dealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and, as soon as supper was ready, sat down to the table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper, the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news from the capital. The horse-dealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which he replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there.

At these words the landlord looked very significantly at the young man who sat opposite to him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as the supper was finished, to shew him to his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveller across a yard, into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second. As soon as the landlord had retired the traveller undressed himself, unbuckled a money-belt containing a considerable sum in gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank-notes.

Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey. He had slept but an hour or two when he was suddenly awakened by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow upon him.

A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall.

Confounded as the horse-dealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated; this circumstance however gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades.

But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed which he had just quitted! A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore, and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him.

He was just preparing to quit his hiding place, in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and, on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few moments, the door of his room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold.

'Keep the lamp back!' muttered the father in a suppressed voice.

'What have we to fear?' said the young man; 'we are two against one: besides he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly; hear how he snores.'

'Do what I tell you,' said the father, angrily: 'do you wish to awake him?' would you have his cries alarm the neighborhood?

The horse-dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe.

An instant afterwards, the bed was shook by a convulsive motion, and a stifled cry of pain, confirmed the foreboding, that the unhappy man in the bed, had his throat

cut. After a short pause, of awful silence, the landlord said:

'It is over now: look for the money.'
'I have found it under the pillow,' said the son; it is in a leathern belt and a pocket book.'

The murderers disappeared. Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three-quarters of an hour, the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horse-dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground.

This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led to the out-house, where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved.

The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, at least calm and sullen; but, when on entering the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed, despairingly:

'My son! I, thy father, am thy murderer!'

The murdered man, was in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault this young man had; and, this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his own bed, he had gone out secretly, and been carousing, with some of his companions, at the ale-house.

Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger, if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached outhouse, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest requires no further explanation.

Nor, do we need to add, that the murderers expiated their crime with their life; and that the horse dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

THE GREEKS.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL. D. M. P.

If a people be not brutalised by despotism, there is no ground for despair. I never despair of Greece. In the elasticity and activity of the Hellenic intellect, there was always a source of hopeful trust and expectation. True, they drank of the bitterest draught of slavery! True, they—the intellectual—were trampled upon by the coarse and brutish; but in that fertility of device which was called craftiness and cunning—in that subtle readiness which so often trenched on, and not unfrequently passed over, the barriers of truth and honesty—some resource was found against tyranny that would have been otherwise intolerable. But when the Turkish yoke was removed, with what a spring the old commercial spirit of the Greek islanders burst into energetic action! Even before the last successful Hellenic insurrection, the maritime passion of the inhabitants of the Cyclades was exhibited in a thousand shapes. The best sailors who manned the Turkish fleet were Greeks. That noble race of boatmen who ply through the Dardanelles, and about the Bosphorus, are mostly Greeks; there was scarcely a port in the Mediterranean where the Greek mariner, in his national costume, did not add something to the charms of the scene, the Hydriote there might be found in those plain coloured garments, which the sumptuary laws of his island imposed upon him. There the Sciote and the Spetziote, the Candiate and the Cyprus, the Rhodian and Eubean, were to be seen in the grotesque varieties of their distinguishing habiliments; and the Greeks of late have been more than ever faithful to their trading traditions. Within the last twenty years they have nearly monopolized the commerce of the Levant.

There is not a port nor a place in Europe, where business is carried on to any extent, in which Greek merchants are wanting. Every trading city around the Mediterranean Sea is crowded with them. Through Egypt they have penetrated into Nubia, Soudan, and down to the confluence of the blue and white Nile. They hover about the Red Sea, and trade with Abyssinia on the one side, and Arabia on the other. By Aleppo and Damascus they carry on their barter with the two sides of the Euphrates. They have invaded Georgia, Armenia, and Persia, by the Caspian; and at this moment the Greeks reckon among their number some of the most opulent and enterprising merchants of the world.

Their written language has adapted itself to the necessities of rapid communication. It is no longer written as of old, in separate characters, as in ancient Greek manuscripts—every letter standing alone, apart from every other. A rapid running has been universally adopted, in which the letters of every word are so linked together that the pen is not taken from the paper

until the word is completed. And this is an improvement upon our style of writing; for the dots on our i's, and the crosses on our t's, are a great impediment to our progress; and still more impediments do the accents create which are used by many of the continental nations. In addition to the current style of writing abbreviations are much employed; and there is no European tongue better suited than the Greek to commercial intercourse: and it is almost universally used by the Greek merchants among themselves.

It would be a curious inquiry how many Greek letters are constantly in transit from one part of the world to another. The number, compared with the number of persons who speak the Greek, would be discovered to be very great. And the language itself is becoming purer and purer. It is ceasing to be Romaic—it is verging towards the Hellenic; and is now an instrument of epistolary exchange through regions undreamt of in classical days.

In the Greek nation, as now constituted, there will, no doubt, be found a blending of the various races which from time to time have occupied the Hellenic soil; and there are spots where an intrusive tongue has domineered over and almost ejected the Romaic. The Hydriotes, for example, speak Illyrian; but it is only among the very lowest classes even of the Hydriotes that the Greek is unknown; and the emancipation of Greece is again giving ascendancy to the language of Greece. Many of the ancient characteristics of Hellas may be found existing at the present hour;—not only national, but even provincial characteristics. There are specimens of the antique type, even in its most beautiful physical forms. Among the youths, who during Lord Byron's visit to the Morea, were sent for education to England, there was one, Stamos Nakos by name, the son of an Archon of Livadia, in whom the line of beauty—straight down from the forehead to the point of the nose, without the slightest indentation between the eyes—was completely exhibited. He might have been a model for a bust of Phidias—was the very personification of the equestrians on the friezes of the Parthenon. And the women of Greece—what country can exhibit diviner specimens of womanly loveliness! As a race I know of none comparable to them in grace and beauty. Among the groups of Andalusian ladies, you will be struck with the surpassing charms of some—with the small pretty feet, with the laughing coquetry, with the ready repartee, of most, or all. But you will see nothing comparable, upon the whole, to an assemblage of Grecian damsels. As a race, I repeat, they are the most beautiful women of Europe. Go forth at evening on the banks of the Bosphorus—visit any of the Greek villages either on its eastern or western banks, ramble on a holiday to the valley of the sweet waters, to Therapia, Arnaouta Koe, or Buyukdere—and you will see forms and figures gliding by, such as the eye of admiration would be never weary of contemplating, and the memory be delighted to dwell upon. Visit any of the European ports where Greek "merchants most do congregate;" and in the evening gatherings, the balls, or conversazioni, in which you observe circles of ladies more charming than the rest, you may safely pronounce them to be the wives and daughters of the ambulatory and adventurous traffickers who, from Scio and Syra, from the islands of the Archipelago, or the harbours of the Peloponesus, have there established themselves.

Not long since the Greek merchants, settled in London, gave a splendid dinner at the London Tavern to celebrate the Revolution of September. (It is sad to think how few and fleeting have been the fruits of that most worthy movement!) There were present most of the Greek ladies residing in our capital—each fairer than the others, and all surpassingly fair.

How truthfully and well did Byron sing, scarcely dreaming of the redemption, the not distant redemption, of Greece,—

"On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exist the remnants of a line
Such as their doric mothers bore;
And there perhaps some seed is sown.
The Heracleidan blood might own."

And how natural the feeling of a high-minded Greek in the days of his country's degradation,—

"Our virgins dance beneath the shade;
I see their glorious black eyes shine;—
But gazing on each glowing maid,
Mine own the burning tear-drop lavas
To think such breasts must suckle slaves!"

Most touchingly said; and "it is something" for a patriot Greek to feel that he has now entered on a better era than that of "blushes for Greeks," and "tears for Greece." The sounds which had passed from Scio and Teos to "the farthest west," have already returned harmonious to "their place of birth."

Greece has yet resources, agricultural and commercial. Her present population amounts to nearly a million; of which about a quarter of a million are distributed among the islands, the remainder in Eastern and Western Greece. But the million of inhabitants who are included in the kingdom of Greece comprise less than half of those who call themselves Greeks, and who speak the Romaic tongue. Of these, Macedonia alone—still subject to the Ottoman sway—is inhabited by three quarters of a million of Greeks. The area of King Otho's dominions is about sixteen thousand miles. Its geographical position is admirably adapted to trading enterprise. It has multitudinous inlets and superior harbours; its islands stud the Egean; its coasts furnish an abundant supply of able and practised mariners; the