

## LITERATURE.

## TO AN OLD VOLUME OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

My ancient favourite! while I bend  
On thee my fascinated gaze,  
The voice of some old pleasant friend  
Seems talking of my childish days.

Such sweet and mingling memories cling  
About the dear familiar page;  
Back to my mind they freshly bring  
The joys of that light-hearted age.

Time shakes not thine established sway  
So long as boys and girls there be;  
Forgotten tasks, neglected play,  
Will prove thy changeless witchery.

To me what real life they seemed,  
While yet thy graphic scenes were new!  
Admiring childhood never dreamed  
They could be otherwise than true.

I read till twilight's gradual shade  
The letters to confusion turned,  
Then stooping to the fire, I read  
Till eyes and forehead ached and burned.

When bedtime came, the volume lay  
Beneath my pillow closed in vain—  
I spent the hours till dawn of day  
With Crusoe in his lone domain.

Girl as I was, I felt thy spell,  
My cherished day-dream for a while,  
How I, like thee, should one day dwell  
On some far-off unpeopled isle!

Since then, old friend! I've learned too well  
How desert islands there may be,  
Surrounded by the roar and swell  
Of human life's great restless sea.

To be shut out from sympathy,  
Unloved, and little understood,  
The heart feels all too bitterly  
How deep that real solitude!

For 'cast away' I too have been;  
Just such a lonely spot was mine;  
As desolate, although I ween  
Not half so beautiful as thine.

Its culture was a sickening toil,  
For the green things I planted there  
Refused to grow in such a soil,  
Or withered in the chilling air.

I had my cats and parrots too,  
Bright flutterers with plumage gay,  
Who not, like thine, attached and true,  
Chattered of love, and flew away.

And those sleek silky friends whose stay  
Lingered till they could wound no more,  
While the rough billows washed away  
The few strange footprints on the shore.

watched till hope itself was spent,  
While some fair bark went heedless by,  
And signal after signal sent,  
Till distance mocked my straining eye.

Love's language, all unused, grew strange,  
Not even a Friday turned to me,  
I had but God, whose eye can range  
O'er field and desert equally.

And now that those dark days are gone,  
And that I am at home again,  
A life in Eden's bowers alone  
I feel would be a life of pain.

The loving tone, the kindly glance,  
Must be the spirit's longed-for food,  
Despite the rose-hue of romance,  
Which sheds such charms o'er solitude.

Had we no love, no friend to greet,  
What would our human nature be?  
Sure Heaven's rich anthems rise more sweet  
Because they're sung in company!

## SCHMITZ, THE ENGRAVER.

A TRUE STORY.

Professor Krahe, superintendent of the Gallery of Paintings in the city of Dusseldorf on the Rhine, was seated one morning in his study, when a servant informed him that a young man wished to see him. "Show him hither," said the professor. Accordingly, in a few minutes a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age was introduced by the servant into the study. Seeing the dress of his visitor to be that of a baker, the professor imagined him to have brought a bread bill, and was about to refer him to his lady, when something in the youth's

countenance and manner made him hesitate until the business was announced. When apparently about to speak, however, the lad hesitated and cast his eyes on the ground. "What is it you wish with me, my lad?" said Krahe, in a kind tone. "I have a book, sir," replied the youth, drawing one at the same time from his breast, "which I wish you to look at, and to—to buy, if it should please you."

The professor took the proffered book, into his hands, and found it to be an illuminated prayer book, or one ornamented according to the ancient fashion, with a number of coloured figures and engravings. The skill of the examiner told him at once that the book was one copy of an edition which the Elector Clement Augustus of Bologne had ordered to be thrown off, and which had become very scarce and valuable. But there was more in the work before him than the professor imagined. "Where did you procure this, my lad?" said he to the young baker. "It is a copy from one which was borrowed," said the youth, looking down. "Not an original!" said the professor, turning over the leaves again; "and by whom was the copy executed?" The youth blushed modestly as he replied, "By myself." Krahe gazed on the lad with surprise, and then turning to a book-case, took down an original volume, of the Elector's edition, with which he compared the copy brought by the baker's boy. The difference was scarcely distinguishable.

"Young man," exclaimed the professor, "why do you pursue the trade which your dress betokens, when you are so well fitted to succeed in a much higher one?" The youth replied, that it was his perpetual, his dearest wish; but that his father having a numerous family, could not afford the expense of suitable instruction. "I knew your love of art, and this emboldened me to make application to you, in the hope that you might purchase the copy, and honour me with your counsel and assistance." The modesty and cultivation apparent in the young baker's manner charmed the superintendent of paintings, and confirmed the impression made by the beautiful prayer book. "Call on me here to-morrow, without fail," said the professor emphatically grasping the youth's hand and shaking it warmly, as he led him to the door.

Early next morning, M. Krahe was on his way to the house of a friend who resided some miles from Dusseldorf. This gentleman was blessed with abundant wealth, much of which he generously expended in an enlightened patronage of the fine arts and their cultivators. Krahe knew this well, and told him the story of the baker's lad, showing at the same time the illuminated prayer-book. The gentleman was astonished and delighted with the style of the engraving. "What can I do to assist this wonderful boy?" This was the question the professor wished and anticipated. Lend him two hundred crowns to continue his studies, and I have no doubt but he will become one of the most distinguished engravers of the day. And I myself will be his security for the repayment." "He shall have three hundred crowns," said the gentleman, "and I will have no security." Pleased with his success, the professor returned to Dusseldorf.

Young Schmitz, as the baker's lad was named, could have fallen at the feet of M. Krahe, when the latter produced the means of liberating him from the oven, and of pursuing his favorite studies. Under the professor's auspices, Schmitz was soon prosecuting the science of geometry and drawing, besides storing his mind with other elements of a liberal education. For two years he continued his studies assiduously in Dusseldorf, and made such rapid progress that Professor Krahe saw the place could afford his protegee no further instruction, and advised him to proceed to Paris. Schmitz of course followed his benefactor's advice. With a letter to M. Willes, a celebrated engraver in the French metropolis, and the remains of his well economised store of money, he took his leave for a time of Dusseldorf, leaving his heart behind him, without knowing whether or not it would be taken care of till his return. More of this however, hereafter.

Schmitz, now a fine-looking young man of twenty, accomplished his journey to Paris in safety; but so anxious was he to live frugally by the way, that he had done his constitution injury, and he fell ill immediately on his arrival. He got himself conveyed to a monastery, where every attention was paid to him. Incidental expenses nevertheless, during his long continued illness, swallowed up the whole of the money upon which he depended for the commencement of his studies. When he did at last issue from the monastery restored to health, he was penniless, and his pride of bashfulness or perhaps a mixture of both, forbade his making an application to M. Willes in the character of an indigent beggar. Poor Schmitz now wandered about the streets musing upon the unfortunate condition to which he was reduced, and ignorant in what direction to turn for his daily bread. Accident determined his course. One day he was met by two soldiers of the Swiss guard; one of them gazed attentively at him and exclaimed, "Friend, are you not a German?" "I am." "What quarter do you come from?" "From the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf," was Schmitz's reply. "You are my countryman," said the soldier joyfully, and the inquired into his condition. Schmitz told what had befallen him, and that, as he could not think of being troublesome to or dependent upon any one, he was in want of a livelihood. The soldier advised him strongly to enlist in the guards, assuring him that he would have abundance

of leisure time to prosecute any studies he liked. After a little consideration, Schmitz, seeing no better course open to him, followed the soldier's advice, and enlisted for four years in the Swiss guards.

The captain, who enlisted him was struck with his appearance, and enquired into his story. This was the unexpected means of good to the new soldier; for the captain shortly after took him to M. Willes, and introduced him to that eminent artist. The consequence was, that every moment of leisure time which the service would permit, was spent by Schmitz in pursuing the art of engraving under M. Willes, who appreciated his talents, and was extremely kind to him. Thus did the four years of soldiership pass agreeably away, and when they were ended, the young man continued for two years longer to study his art. He then returned to Dusseldorf, loaded with the most honourable attestations of his skill, industry and probity.

Professor Krahe received his protegee with open arms, being equally delighted with his mental and scientific progress, as with the improvement which a military life had made in his personal appearance. M. Krahe himself was the first to secure the professional service of Schmitz, engaging him to work in the cabinet. Every successive day his conduct endeared him more to the professor, who acquired for him a father's affection. Two years passed away in this manner after Schmitz's return to Dusseldorf, when one day he was invited by the professor to a great entertainment to meet a party of friends. Schmitz presented himself at the appointed hour at M. Krahe's, and found many persons assembled whom he knew, and whose friendship he had gained. Seating himself by one of these, Schmitz began to converse with him. After a little discourse, the gentleman cast his eyes to the top of the room, and whispered to the young engraver, "How pale the professor's daughter looks! One would have thought Henrietta would have mustered a better color for such an occasion as this." Had the speaker at this moment turned his eye upon the party he addressed, he would have seen a face grow in an instant much more pale than that which caused his remark. His words indeed had excited an extraordinary emotion in the heart of Schmitz. As soon as it subsided a little, the latter asked his friend what he alluded to as distinguishing this occasion from others.—"What!" said the other "do you not know that the stranger who is now at Henrietta's right hand, has been for some years affianced to her, and has come from his home—at a distance—to arrange the marriage? But, Schmitz! Good heavens! are you ill?" "Yes," muttered the artist, in a choked voice, then constraining himself into something like outward composure, he whispered, "Assist me, for mercy's sake, to retire without observation! I am very ill!" His friend took him by the arm, and they succeeded in leaving the room without notice. When they reached Schmitz's residence the latter begged his companion to return to the company, and to mention nothing further, if his—S's—absence should be observed, than that he felt a little unwell.—The gentleman, though suspicious that something lay under the matter, promised to do as the artist implored him to do.

Schmitz was left alone with his wretchedness, for very wretched he was. He had long loved the daughter of his benefactor, with a passion of which he scarcely knew till now the force. Though he had never dared to hope for success, and had always regarded her as far above him in every respect, yet the knowledge that she was to be united to another came upon him like a dreadful awaking from a dream. His eyes, on this night, closed not in sleep; and when he appeared in the professor's cabinet in the morning, dejection was too deeply written on his countenance to escape that gentleman's notice. "By the bye," said M. Krahe, kindly, "you were unwell last night, we were told, Schmitz. I fear you are really very ill."—The poor artist burst into tears. Startled and vexed at his condition, the professor inquired narrowly into the cause, and at last the young man confessed the truth. "Have you ever intimated to my daughter the state of your affections?" said the professor, after a pause, in which anxiety and sympathy were depicted on his features. "Never," answered Schmitz, with energy; "not in the most distant manner. Could I have dared, humble as I am to have spoken of love to the daughter of my patron and benefactor? I was contented to see her; but that satisfaction," continued he, with a sigh. "I will not long have now!"

The benevolent professor tried to soothe and comfort the youth; assured him of his affection—that he loved him as his own child—but counselled him to subdue his passion, as it would soon be wrong, criminal, to indulge it. Schmitz promised and strove to obey him. But the struggle was too much for his constitution. He fell ill, and the illness was destined to be a long one. When it first attacked him, as was impossible to conceal from Henrietta, the bodily state of one who had long been her friend and companion, Professor Krahe thought it best to tell her the whole truth at once, determining, if he found her now averse to fulfil the engagement, which had been entered into when she was very young, and before Schmitz's return to Dusseldorf, that he would take some means to break off the proposed match. But Henrietta heard the intelligence of the young artist's passion merely with a sigh, and rose and left her father's presence. Her father did not know exactly what to think of the symptom. When he saw her again, however, he thought he could see that she had been