



LITERATURE.

"They that Seek Me Early shall Find Me."

COME, while the blossoms of my youth are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze—
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast.
While yet thy hand optional wreath is holding,
Come and receive interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown—
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover,
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone!
Those who now love thee will have passed forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee—
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy years is glowing—
Ere the dim phantom thou art chasing, die—
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky,
Life is but shadows, save a promise given
That lights the future with a fadeless ray—
Come—touch the sceptre—win a hope in Heaven;
Come, turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence,
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul—
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal—
Home of the weary—where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o'er the dust the curtained grave is closing—
Who would not, EARLY, choose a lot like this?

SCENE IN A RUSSIAN GARRISON.

On the 22nd of May 1811, one of the battalions, composing part of the military colony recently established by the Russian government at Novgorod, and which in the singularity of its organization, resembles the Prussian land where was drawn up in line on the parade-ground attached to the immense barracks constructed a few years since on the most solitary and ancient part of the town, not far from the church of St. Sophia. In front of the line, formed with that mechanical regularity and precision which have made the Russian footsoldiers such admirable automata, stood General L-eff. He was a man fifty years of age, remarkable for his rigid deportment, his leanness, his tawny complexion, and large gray restless eyes. He was distinguished in the army for his bravery—daring proofs of which he had given during the campaigns in Persia and Turkey. But whether, as was generally thought, domestic unhappiness had been the means of sowing a temper naturally energetic or that his heart had been hardened by the frequent application of the inexorable necessity of a discipline degrading in its principle, and too often monstrous in its effects, General L-eff was looked on as an object of terror by the soldiers; for not a day passed unsignalled by one or more of those acts of severity which might justly undergo the imputation of ferocity. It was known, however, that this man had an attachment for the daughter of one of his ancient comrades killed in the late war with Poland. Having adopted her, no parent ever showed more solicitude for his offspring than he evinced for the young orphan, and they were seldom separate. Although grateful for the kindness of the general, the young girl—to whom the soldiers had given the name of Solowoiwa, from the sweetness with which she sang the old and melancholy slave romances—could never overcome in his presence the unconquerable constraint which his brief address, imperious countenance, and cold and distant manners imposed on those who approached him.

On the day when the following events took place, Solowoiwa, who, to please the general, regularly attended all the exercises and parades, was seated before one of the barrack windows on a level with the parade ground, looking quietly at the movements of the soldiers. A blush suffused her countenance as her eyes encountered those of a young military surgeon named Ivan Polovoi, dressed on this occasion with marked elegance in the simple uniform of his rank.

Already General L-eff had passed several times before the front of the battalion without speaking; but his bushy eye-brows contracted, and passion began to be visible in his countenance, when he found that a number of men were absent. His attention at this moment was arrested by a party of soldiers advancing towards him from the other end of the parade-ground, each carrying a long rod, used in the application of an atrocious punishment which has not yet ceased in the Russian army. Turning

towards one of his aides-de-camp, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, from whom the order emanated, and who was to be punished.

A sergeant, remarkable for his livid and scarred appearance, rushed towards the general, snatched his sword from his hand, and struck him in the face with it, exclaiming, "Yourself!"

The action had an effect like an electric shock on the ranks of the battalion, and the usually immovable countenances of the soldiers seemed to brighten with an impulse of hatred. A spontaneous movement was made by the officers along the line, to the assistance of their chief; but they were instantly seized, thrown to the ground, and a bayonet pointed against the breast of each. Ivan the surgeon had alone been left untouched; for, by his humanity and kindness, he had conciliated the goodwill of the troops. A grenadier, however, was stationed before him to act as guard, who whispered in his ear, in a mysterious voice, "Whether the nightingale sings or not, remain quiet; not a gesture or a cry, or you are a dead man!"

Recovering from his surprise, the general seized with both hands the bayonets presented to his breast; and having by a violent effort struck them aside, shouted, as his eye flashed along the battalion—"Down on your knees, vile brutes! Down on your knees and ask pardon—your heads in the dust, or you have not flesh enough on your backs to expiate your rebellion!"

His words were received with a shout of savage laughter and the sergeant with that peculiar tranquility which distinguishes unshaken resolution retorted—"We each and all of us know that our lives will be the penalty of what we now do. When the sentence passed on you shall be executed, we shall seek General Suroff governor of Novgorod, we shall give up to him your sword, your decorations, and whatever may remain of your body; and say to him, 'General L-eff was a tiger, and we have killed him; here are our arms, we look for our punishment.'" The sergeant, while speaking, tore the epaulettes from the general's shoulders, and trampled them under his feet. "These insignia don't become you, the knout is fitter for an executioner. Remember the soldier Betsakoff whom you flogged with rods for having been too slow in carrying arms; remember the old *sous-officer* whom you reduced to the ranks for having a stain on his uniform, and whom you struck with your cane until the blood streamed from his forehead, and his lips, and because the unhappy old man, pale with shame, repulsed the hand which inflicted the indignity, he was condemned, flogged, and sent mutilated and dying to Siberia." The sergeant, continued with a terrifying coolness this degrading scene, dragging off the general's belt and coat, and lastly his shirt.

In spite of his remarkable firmness L-eff shuddered while he listened to the accusing voice, so eloquent in its simplicity, so calm and so measured in its passion. As for Solowoiwa, she sat for some time without being able to comprehend the strange scene passing before her eyes; but when the truth at length flashed on her that her adopted father was about to undergo the odious chastisement which he had so often inflicted on others, she was seized with horror, and gave utterance to the most heart rending cries. Ivan the surgeon, who till then had stood neuter could not remain insensible to the despair of the young girl, and forgetting the warning he had received, and the ferocious exasperation of the soldiers, he advanced toward her. He had not gone many paces when a shot was fired, and the unfortunate young surgeon fell to the ground a corpse.

There is in most Russian regiments a kind of buffoon, who fills a situation somewhat resembling that held in the ancient German armies, to whom the soldiers applied the appellation of *Lusky*. One of these men, attached to the battalion, seeing the surgeon fall, approached the corpse, dancing and gesticulating, and, raising it in his robust arms, carried it towards where Solowoiwa still sat, and depositing it immediately before her, exclaimed—"Here my little singing bird, this is yours." Pale with terror, the girl recognised the body as it rolled at her feet, and uttering a faint cry, sunk by its side.

While this scene was being enacted, General L-eff had been laid on a car, drawn along the ranks, and had received the *baguettes*—a terrible torture; which, however, was only the commencement of his sufferings. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line, when a voice exclaimed, "Take him to the ovens!"

The general whose spirit was already crushed, heard the words, and, too well comprehending their meaning, threw around him a look of supplication and terror.

"To the ovens!" shouted a hundred voices. The countenance of the general became livid, and his body shook with terror; his pride had fled, and, groaning in agony, he asked for pardon. But the shouts of the battalion drowned his voice; and the sergeant, approaching his victim said in a stern tone—"I also sought pity when my brother fell expiring under the *baguette*."

We shall not go into the details of the horrible scene which followed, unfortunately too true. Suffice it to say, that the general and superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the ovens, under which a slow fire was carefully renewed by the soldiers, were literally roasted alive.

Certainly the execution of the sentence had a terrible originality; yet the punishment was fully proportionate to the vengeance. A mounted jager carried to the emperor the account of the fearful drama which had been enacted at Novgorod, and eight days afterwards several batteries of artillery entered the decayed capital of ancient Russia, preceded by a major general, who, during the late war in Poland, had been known to the army under the title of the "Butcher of Warsaw."

One of his aides-de-camp was sent to the quarters of the musicians, with an order to assemble the next day, without arms, on a small parade ground at the eastern extremity of the town, and called the Tartar Camp. The soldiers replied to this mysterious injunction by the customary shout (*karacho*). The following day they dressed

themselves, arranged their mustaches, as if preparing for a simple parade; then pale, silent, their lips white with emotion, but still keeping their ranks, they traversed the town through a triple row of Cossacks, followed by the mournful looks of the populace. Arrived upon the ground, they silently formed into square. At the same moment the drums beat, the bellies of the numerous Greek churches in Novgorod pealed, and the several batteries established at the entrance of the five long avenues leading into the field suddenly unmasked, and the grape-shot began the work of extermination.

Horrid shouts followed each discharge, and a heavy groaning mingled with the interrupted songs of some of the dying soldiers. For three hours the discharge continued; and when the executioners of this bloody duty entered the place of punishment, they found it literally a lake of blood, and covered with mangled limbs. Five soldiers alone, who had been miraculously preserved, were found alive, and they expired under the knout. Among this latter number was the sergeant, who to the last moment manifested an extraordinary degree of fortitude in the midst of his sufferings.

Solowoiwa, the adopted daughter of General L-eff, was taken under the protection of the Empress, and placed in the society of noble Russian ladies at Smolno.

It may be necessary to add that the preceding details are not to be exaggerated in any respect. We present them as described by a respectable correspondent of a French newspaper, who mentions that he was an eye witness of the scenes to which he alludes. From what is being daily disclosed of the savage character of the Russian Institutions, there seems no reason to doubt their accuracy.

From the Flag of our Union.

MIKE BRADY THE BRAVE.

"Good evening, Mr. Malone."

"The same to yourself, Mr. O'Brien."

"We have had a swate shower to-day."

"Indeed, it would be a blissed thing if the rain would just come down when a poor man has nothing to do at all at all."

"You must not be after complainin', Mr. Malone, for it will rain when it is conveyin' for the water to come, and so it will, besides it will make corn and potatoes cheap."

"Sure and we can't get chape potatoes without money, and we have had so much onpleasant wheather this season, a man with a wife and five childer to support, can hardly make the two ends of the year meet."

"Well, well, put a good face on what happens, and just step into our shanty and take a cup of tay."

"I thank ye a thousand times, Mr. Moloon, but ye must excuse me, for ye have company, I see."

"There are strangers here. Ye know Pat Flynn?"

"Ye well may say that same; and a broth of a boy he is, too, and there is not a man on the road that can stand before him."

"Ye know Bridget O'Connor?"

"And a swate girl she is, too."

"Ye know Jemmy McChany and his wife?"

"It is thine as pracheing."

"That's all the company we have, and we intend to have a bit of fun ather dark."

"By St. Patrick, then, I will be one of your guests, for I'm fond of a joke, and so I am."

The shanty to which Mr. Maloon had invited his friend, Mr. O'Brien, was situated in Slabtown (a cognomen given to a collection of temporary buildings erected for the accommodation of the labourers on the railroad). The little hut was built of unplanned boards, and roofed with slabs. A hole in the roof answered the double purpose of chimney and ventilator. Something made of sticks and clay rose above the hearth, and in the dusk of the evening looked like a canal digger who had fallen into the ditch, and commenced the study of astronomy before he had changed his clothes. It was a young chimney, and would put its head and shoulder through the orifice in the slabs when finished and of full growth. The interior of this mansion consisted of one room, which was parlor, pantry, kitchen, dining-hall, and bed room all in one. The furniture of the apartment was a chest, on which were seated two of the company, a bed (almost as lean as a poor man's purse), on the edge of which Mr. O'Brien took a seat, two chairs that had served in a farmer's homestead until they became superannuated, but which now had the honor to hold in their laps Mrs. McChany and the beautiful Bridget. Mr. Maloon found a comfortable seat on an inverted wash tub. The simple meal was soon spread before the happy party, for he it knew that true happiness is not confined to the rich. Two tea-spoonfuls of the best young hyson had got into hot water in a black tea-pot, and seemed to be swelling with the mirthfulness with which it would inspire its consumers. Soon the cups were filled—the potatoes peeled—the bread sliced, and the guests began to employ their gastronomic powers. Whilst they were eating, and drinking, and joking, some one of the company mentioned the name of Mike Brady.

"He is a bold man," said Mr. Flynn.

"Indeed, and ye may well say that same," responded Mr. O'Brien.

"He niver was scared in his life, remarked Mr. Maloon. 'The de'il is afraid of the like of him,' said Mr. Chany."

"We have laid a plan," said Mr. Maloon, "to try his courage." "What will ye do, honey?" inquired his wife.

"We'll dare him to go to the church yonder, and unlock the door, then take the key of the vault under the pulpit where there are so many bones. I say, we'll dare him to go and get a human skull and bring it here, and so we will," said Maloon.

"Och, by the powers of the saints, he won't do that," observed Bridget. "Sure, and he will, and go back and slape there until daylight afterwards," said Flynn.

Mr. Brady was a brave and daring young Irishman; fear was not one of the ingredients in the composition of his character. He lived in the immediate neighborhood, and was soon sent for. Mr. Maloon offered to bet one