

forts of unassisted remembrance could never have accomplished in our waking hours. In speaking of the dead, we have a striking instance of the absence of surprise. We almost never wonder at beholding individuals whom we yet know in our dreams, to have even been buried for years. We see them among us, we hear them talk, and associate with them on the footing of fond companionship. Still the circumstance does not strike us with wonder, nor do we attempt to account for it. Frequently, however, we are not aware that the dead who appear before us are dead in reality. They still seem alive as when they walked on earth, only all their qualities, whether good or bad, are exaggerated by sleep. If we hate them while in life, our animosity is now exaggerated to a double degree. If we loved them, our affection becomes more passionate and intense than ever. Under these circumstances, many scenes of most exquisite pleasure often take place. The slumberer supposes himself enjoying the communion of those who were dearer to him than life, and has far more intense delight than he could have experienced, had these individuals been in reality alive, and at his side.—*Mecnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*

FIRST MEETING AND MARRIAGE OF GEORGE IV. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.—Having arrived at three o'clock, she was introduced to her apartments in the palace. Lord Malmsbury stood prepared to present the Prince; the approach of the bridegroom was announced; he was in the next room; and Lord Malmsbury was on the alert, when the princess anticipating his services, and dispensing with forms, ran to meet her future husband. The gentleman, whether from the vivacity of the lady, or other causes, was agitated, but soon rallied gallantry, and complimented her on the facility with which she expressed herself in English. When the betrothed pair met next day, the prince's behaviour was forced and cold. This has been ascribed to the suggestions of Lady Jersey in the meantime; but it may be accounted for as the result of his own reflections during the preceding night; for night, they say, brings counsel. Retreat, however, was cut off, and he led his ill-starred bride to the altar on the evening of the 8th of April, 1795. The ceremonial was in substance the same as on other royal marriages; but the conduct of the bridegroom was different: he manifested the bewildered absence of mind of one who scarce knew what was passing around him, and rose impatiently from his knees before the ceremony was half performed. The archbishop stopped short; the king restored order, and the ceremony proceeded to its close. It has been stated, in a variety of publications, that 'The good old king,' as George III. has been styled for the imposing regularities of his private life, by casting sycophants and the common herd, shook his son's hand with a force which brought tears into his eyes." If tears came into the eyes of the prince, it is more likely that they flowed from the same cause which produced his agitation at the altar; from the consciousness of committing a moral, though not a legal, offence; of violating an obligation which he had contracted, under the sanction of the law of honour and the forms of religion; and of being under the eyes of some who had also been present at his previous marriage.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

THE STORY OF AZIMANTIUM.

Concluded.

The ambassadors perceived their way, and after some days encamped late at night upon the banks of the dark and rushing Tiberius.

The heavens were obscured by heavy leaden clouds driven by the wind into large masses, through the breaks of which, a dull and sickly moon glared forth with a fitful and watery light upon the misty earth. The dim shapes of shadowy mountains, too, were vaguely sketched upon the sky, covering with quick passing shades, while ever and anon the winds howled forth their melancholy song, a wild and sombre anthem to the grim genius of the scene around.

The tents were pitched, the plain meal was over, the mead had passed round, and sleep had relaxed every weary muscle of the travellers' limbs; when suddenly a hurricane rushed over the whole scene, the river rose, the rain came down in torrents, and the temporary encampment was in a moment overthrown. Drenched and terrified, the legates of the Emperor disengaged themselves with difficulty from their falling pavilions, and called loudly for

help. Noise and confusion spread around, and the roaring stream rising quickly over the meadow in which they had been sleeping, the howling of the overpowering wind, and the heavy pattering of the rain, added to the disturbance and fear of the scene.

A moment after, a blazing light upon the nearest hill rose like a beacon to direct their steps, and thither the Ambassadors were led by the Huns.

Menenius, after he had provided for the safety of his horses and attendants, followed the rest. As he approached the light, he saw, the figure of several Huns supplying a large fire of dry reeds with fresh fuel, that it had been raised on purpose to guide any travellers overtaken by the storm, to a place of shelter and repose. Attention and kindness awaited him, and he was instantly led into a large wooden house, where Priscus and Maximin were already seated by a cheerful hearth, at which a young widow, the wife of Attila's dead brother, Bleda, was busy in the gentle cares of hospitality. Along the extreme side of the apartment was drawn a line of Scythian slaves, armed as became those who waited on the widow of a king, and as Menenius entered, their rank was just closing, after having given exit to a form which made the Thracian chief start forward, as his eye caught the last flutter of his retiring robes. "Who passed?" he exclaimed abruptly, forgetting in the anxious haste of the moment, all idle ceremony. "Who passed but now?"—"Ella, the daughter of the King, and her maidens," was the reply. The heart of Menenius sunk, and his eyes lost its eager fire. In a few brief words he excused his abruptness; but the widow of Bleda was one of those whose kind hearts find excuses better than we can urge them. "The maiden is fair," she said, "and well merits a stranger's glance. In truth that there was another guest of such a mien about to be added to our number, or she would have staid to pour the camus and the mead. Much would she have seen she not hear to show that part of hospitality." And Bleda's widow sent a maiden to tell her niece that Menenius, the Azimantian chief, sat by the fire untended.

She came, a dark haired girl, with a splendid brow, and eye as pure and bright as if a thousand diamonds had been melted to furnish forth their deep and flashing light. A rose as glorious as that upon the brow of morning warmed her cheek, and a quick untaught grace moved in her full and easy limbs, like those of a wild deer. But she was not Honoria; and the eye Menenius rested on her, as on a fair statue, which, in its cold difference of being; however lovely, however it may call upon admiration, wakens no sympathy within our bosoms. She, however, gazed on him, as on something new and strange, and bright, and there was in her glance both the untutored fire of artless nature, and the fearless pride of kingly race, and early acquaintance with power. For a moment she stood and contemplated the Thracian chief, with her sandaled foot advanced, and her head thrown back, and her lustrous eye full of wild pleasure; but then suddenly a red flush rose in her cheek, and spread over her brow, and, with a trembling hand, she filled a cup of mead, touched it with her lips, gave it to Menenius, and again retired.

Menenius lay down to rest, but his dreams were not of her. Gay visions of the former time rose up and visited his brain. From out the dreary tomb of the past, long-perished moments of joy and hope were called, as by an angel's voice, to bless his slumber—Honoria—Azimantium—happiness.

Pass over the onward journey. After a long and tedious march, the ambassadors arrived at the royal village of the Huns, which was then surrounded by uncultured woods, though at present the rich vineyards of Tokay spread round the land in which it stood. Houses of wood were the only structures which were boasted by the chief city of the monarch of one half the earth; and to the eye of the Greeks, every thing seemed poor and barbarous in the simplicity of the Huns. Yet, even lowly as were their cottage palaces, they had contrived to bestow much art on their construction. Fantastic trellis-work, and rich carved screens, and wreathed columns, cut of polished and variegated woods, were scattered in every direction; and while the first faint efforts of an approach to taste were to be found in the taller buildings and more correct proportions of the royal dwellings, the idea of war—the national sport and habitual passion of the people—was to be seen in the imitative towers and castles with which they had decorated their dwellings of peace.

Attila himself had not returned from his last excursion; but a day did not elapse before his coming was announced by warrior after warrior who arrived, their horses covered with gold; and their followers loaded with spoil. All his subjects went forth to gratulate their conquering monarch; and the Greeks standing on a little eminence, beheld his approach. First came innumerable soldiers, in dark irregular masses, and then appeared, chieftain after chieftain, all the various nations that he ruled. Then was seen a long train of maidens, in white robes, walking in two lines; each bearing aloft in her hand one end of a fine white veil, which stretching across to the other side, canopied a row of younger girls, who scattered flowers upon the path. Behind these, mounted on a strong black horse, clothed in one uniform dark robe, without jewel, or gold, or ornament whatever, came the monarch whose sway stretched over all the northern world. As he advanced he paused, while his attendants raised a small silver table, on which the wife of one of his favourite chiefs offered him refreshment on his return. He was still at some distance, but the Greeks could behold him bend courteously to the giver, and raise the cup to his lips. The table was then removed, and onward came the king—nearer—more near—till Menenius might distinguish the features of the dark Hun he had met in the forest.

Menenius sat in the lonely hut which had been appointed for his dwelling, and while the shadows of night fell like the darkening hues of time, as they come deeper upon the brightness of our youth, hope waxed faint in his heart, and dim despondency spread like twilight over his mind. Alone in the midst of a wild and barbarous land, the depths of whose obscure forests were probably unknown even to the fierce monarch whose sway they owned, how could he, unfriended, unaided, dream that he would ever discover that lost jewel, which had been torn from the coronet of his happiness! Never! never! never! to behold her again! To journey through a weary life, and fall into the chill, solitary tomb, without the blessed light of those dear eyes which had been the starlike lamps of his existence—to dwell forever in ignorance of her fate, while his fancy, like the damned in Hades, could find nothing but the bitter feed of horror and despair—Such was his destiny.

'Attila the king!' exclaimed a loud voice as he pondered, and Menenius stood face to face with the Monarch of the North, while the light of the pinewood torch glared red upon the dark features

of the Scythian, and gave to these grim and powerful lines a sterner character and fiercer shade. His voice was gentle, however; and, seating himself on the couch, he spoke with words which had in them the tone of unshared, undisputed, unlimited authority, but elevated by the consciousness of mental greatness, and tempered by admiration and esteem.

'Chief of Azimantium,' said the Hun; 'while the slaves of a vain and treacherous king wait long ere they are permitted to breathe the same air with Attila, the king of nations disdains not to visit the leader of the brave. Mark me, thou chief of the last sons of Greece! The sword of thy country is taken—the sceptre of thine emperors passed away. The seed is gathered which shall sow grass in the palaces of kings—the clouds are collected which shall water the harvest of desolation. Greek, I boast not of my victories—it sufficeth Attila to conquer. But calmly, reasonably measure thy people against mine, and think whether the small band of Azimantians, were they all inspired by the God of battles with courage like thine own, could save the whole of degenerate Greece from the innumerable and warrior people of the north. What—what can Azimantium do, all unsupported, against a world?'

'Each son of Azimantium,' replied Menenius, 'can offer up a hecatomb of Scythian strangers, and give his soul to heaven upon the wings of victory. This will Azimantium—and then—perish Greece!'

A shadow passed across the Monarch's brow.

'Be not too proud,' he said, 'be not too proud! A better fate may yet befall thy city and thy land. So well does Attila love Azimantium, that he claims her as his own from the Greek emperor; and to win her citizens to willingness, he offers his daughter—his loved—his lovely daughter to her chief. Pause! he added, seeing the quivering of Menenius' lip; 'pause and think! Reply not! but remember that thus may Greece be saved—that the safety or destruction of thy land is upon thy tongue. Pause, and let the sun rise twice upon the meditation of thine answer.'

Thus spoke the monarch, and in a moment after, the Azimantian chief was once more left to solitude. Deep and bitter was the smile of contempt that curled the lip of Menenius; for in the proud glory of his own heart, he forgot how low Greece had fallen amongst the people of the earth, and in the imperishable memory of his love, the mention of another bride was but as the raving of insanity. "I!—I!—Menenius of Azimantium—I wed the daughter of the barbarian! I become a subject of the Hun!—I forget Honoria!"

Another day went down, and Menenius, with the Grecian ambassador, was seated in the halls of Attila, at the banquet which the proud monarch gave at once to the envoys of the Eastern and Western empire. On a raised platform in the midst of the hall was the couch and table of Attila, covered with fine linen and precious stuffs, while fifty small tables on either side were spread out for the guests, invited to the royal feast. An open space was before the board of the monarch, and behind him the hall was filled with a dark fantastic crowd of guards, and attendants, and barbarian slaves. On the same couch with Attila sat his daughter Ierne, that beautiful daughter whom Menenius had beheld at the dwelling of Bleda's widow; and as the Azimantian chief passed by, and poured the required libation to 'Attila the brave,' the maiden's eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and the blood rose fast into her cheek, like the red morning sun rising up in the pale twilight sky. Menenius passed on unchanged and cold, and took his place with Maximin, the ambassador of Theodosius.

The fate of Attila was plain and rude, but the tables of his guests were spread with all that the fearful luxury of Rome itself could have culled from earth and sea. Ere long the cupbearer filled the golden goblet, and the monarch, rising from his couch, drank to Berek, the bravest of the Huns. Again, after a pause, he rose, but the cup was given him by his daughter, and Attila drank to Menenius, the bravest of the Greeks! Quick and sparkling flowed the mead, and then an old grey man poured to the wild chords of a barbaric lyre, a song of triumph and of battles, while at every close he proclaimed Attila's bridal day. At length a bright troop of young and happy maidens led in, surrounded by their linked arms, three brighter than themselves, from whom the Monarch of the North was about to choose a new partner for his mighty throne. Their faces were veiled; but through the long white robes that clothed them shone out that radiant light of grace and beauty which nothing can conceal. Slowly, and as if reluctant, they were brought into the Monarch's presence.

Why quivered the lip of Menenius? Why strained his eye upon that first veiled figure? The veil is gone!—To him! To him she stretches forth her hands!—The table and banquet is dashed to atoms at his feet, and Honoria is in Menenius' arms.

A thousand swords sprang from their sheaths—a thousand javelins quivered round the hall. Traitor! Madman! Sacrilegious slave! was shouted in a thousand fierce voices, and a thousand barbarous tongues. But unquailing in the midst stood the Azimantian chief—his left hand round the beating heart of his young bride—his right, armed with that sword which had bowed many a hero to the dust, raised appealing to the Scythian king. 'Monarch of the Huns,' he cried, 'this is the captive I have come to seek. As you are a man—as you are a warrior—as you are a king! By your oath—by your honour—by your justice! yield her to me, her promised husband, and put us safely off your land. Then if of all these brave and mighty men,' he added with a frown, 'who draw the sword against a single Greek, there be but ten who will bleed me brow to brow in the battle plain, I will write it in their blood that I am neither slave nor traitor, but a bold man, who dares to claim and defend his own!'

Fierce wrath, stern revenge, majestic admiration, had swept over the countenance of Attila, like the broken masses of a rent thunder cloud hurled over the sky by the succeeding blast. 'Hold!' he cried, 'Warriors! put up your swords. Chief of Azimantium! you rob me of a bride; but if this be the captive you have come to seek, Attila's word is given, and safely, surely, she shall be returned to her home, were she as lovely as the moon. But with you, Greek, with your companions, Maximin, Priscus, and Vigilius, the king has still to deal, and, after what has befallen this day, expect nothing more than justice.' As he spoke he rolled his dark eyes fearfully around, then suddenly raising his hand exclaiming, 'Now, warriors! now!' before he could strike a blow, Menenius, unprepared, was seized on all sides, and bound tight in every limb, together with the envoys from Theodosius.

All, for an instant, was wild confusion. Honoria, with the other women, were hurried from the hall, and Menenius found himself ranged with Priscus and Maximin before the throne of