

into all our processes, or of an acid at once cheap and durable?—that sawdust itself is susceptible or conversation into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread; and, though certainly less palatable than that of flour, yet no way disagreeable, and both wholesome and digestive, as well as highly nutritive?—Hershel's Discourse on Natural Philosophy, in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopaedia.

WILLIAM IV.—Prince William was refused leave to quit his ship at Cork, for the purpose of visiting his ship at Dublin, and at Plymouth the absence of invitation from the king, or leave from the admiralty, apprised him that his presence was not desired at Buckingham House. The Prince of Wales and Duke of York joined and passed some days with him at Plymouth, which for the time was enlivened by festivities and illuminations. Prince William could not obtain leave to quit his ship; but it was said, that like a true sailor, he counselled himself by falling in love. The supposed object of his affection was a young lady named Wynne, the daughter of a merchant. He was passing his time very agreeably at Plymouth, when a sudden order sent him to sea again, in command of the Adromeda, with Admiral Gower. The motive of this order was to separate him from the lady, and a trick was at the same time played upon him by the admiralty. His ship when he sailed, not being provided for a foreign station, he supposed himself going only on a short cruise. When the day came for the separation of the Adromeda from the squadron, he was informed that his destination was the West Indies, and that, to prevent the delay of his returning for stores, the Adromeda should be provided from some of the other ships, which had luckily brought out the proper supply. He obeyed the signal for parting, walked the quarter-deck in no very tranquil mood, muttered a prayer or two, with more energy than devotion, for the first lord of the admiralty, and ordered the master to direct his course for Antigua.

ROSSINI, TELL, THE TRICOLOUR, AND THE PRUSSIAN COURT.—A curious coup d'etat, of the minor kind, has caused the failure of Rossini's Guillaume Tell at Berlin. This opera was put into rehearsal, but Government did not much relish a man who made so noble and successful a struggle for freedom: so the music was applied to a translation of our drama, Hofer, the latter having been a loyal Austrian: that is to say opposed the tyranny of Bonaparte, which was infinitely more odious than the court of Vienna. But when it became a question what colours were to be given to the French soldiers, the Prussian Ministers were puzzled. In 1809, the year of Hofer's resistance, they bore the tricolour. At length it was determined to throw a covering over the caps of the grenadiers, by which dignified contrivance the tricoloured cockade was concealed! So ingenious a device exceedingly pleased the courtiers, but disgusted the people, and the failure of the piece was the result.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

THE STORY OF AZIMANTIUM.

THE Earthquake had passed by, and become a thing of memory. Nineteen of the towers of Constantinople had fallen; the walls of Azimantium lay broken and destroyed; and on the day which was to have lighted the marriage torch for Honoria and Menenius, the lover lay, slowly recovering from the evening of the earthquake, and the beautiful girl watched him with glad and anxious eyes. The father of Menenius, too, stood beside him, and marked the riviving glow in his son's cheek with joy, although there was a deep and thoughtful shadow on his brow, which brightened into something of triumph and of hope, as his eye ran over the bold and swelling muscles of his frame, and thought that but a few days more would restore that frame to all its pristine vigor. The triumph and the hope were those of a true son of ancient Greece, for they were kindled and inspired by the proud thought that the energetic strength of mind and body which were no longer united in himself, would in his son, prove the safeguard of his country. He had news to tell him which might well have quelled the feeble spirits of that degenerate age, but Menenius was a child of Azimantium, and knew not fear, even though crushed, and sick, and wounded. He had borne the cautions of the leech, and the restraints of a sick chamber, with somewhat of impatience and disdain; but when his father told him that the false bishop of Margus had opened the gates of that city to the barbarian Attila, the destroyer of arts, the waster of empires, the scourge of God; that unnumbered myriads of Huns were pouring over the frontier barriers of the Eastern Empire; that Sardinia and Sardinia, Ratiaria and Naissus, had fallen, and that but a few days more would see the blood-gerged savages beneath the rocks of Azimantium, Menenius became docile as a lamb to all that might hasten his recovery. Honoria's cheek grew pale, and her lip forgot its smile, but not a word of fear was breathed upon the air, and her dark eye shot out rays of more intense and brilliant light, as she gazed on each piece of her lover's armor, and scanned them jealously for fault or flaw.

There was a cry through the whole of Greece, "They come! They come!" Over the fields, through the valleys, on the mountains; from voice to voice, and castle to castle, and city to city, the cry went forth, "Death to the nations! They come! They come! Vultures, prepare to feast! They come! They come!" All fell down before them or fled, and those who timidly spoke

but the name of war, died by their own hearths. Fortress after fortress, town after town, was attacked and taken, and plundered and destroyed; not one stone was left upon another, and captivity and the sword shared the children of the land between them; and still went on the cry, "They come! They come! Vultures, prepare! They come! They come!"

The weak luxurious Romans of that degenerate day, knew not the very arms with which to oppose their barbarous enemies. What did the song avail them! What the dance? What the wine-cup and the feast? Could the soft-tongued sophist cheat the dark Hun from his destined prey? Or the skillful lawyer show Attila the code which forbade the strong to plunder and subject the weak? No, no! After three disgraceful scenes of defeat, all fled, or yielded, or died, or were made slaves, and the whole land was red with flaming cities, and with blood-stained fields.

At length, the watchers on the steep of Azimantium beheld a dim cloud sweeping over the distant prospect, so vast, so mighty, that the whole land seemed teeming with a fearful birth. "They come! They come!" was all the cry; "They come! They come! The Myriads of the north! Warriors, prepare your swords! They come! They come!"

On they swept, like the wind of the desert. The ruined walls of Azimantium, rifted by the earthquake, offered nothing to oppose their progress. Three sides, indeed, were defended by Nature herself, but the fourth was free, and up the soft slope they rushed, tribe upon tribe, nation upon nation, flushed with conquest, hardened to massacre, eager for spoil, contemptuous of danger and death.

Across the narrowest part of the approach—where the steep natural rock on one side, and the chasm left by the overthrown tower on the other, impeded all passage but the smooth ascent—in long bright line, with casque, and buckler, and blade, stood the youth of Azimantium, between their dear familiar homes and the dark enemy. On rushed the Huns, with glad eyes gleaming in the fierce thirst for blood. The horsemen came first, their harness leaded with the golden ornaments of plundered cities, and hanging at each knee the bleeding head of a fresh-slain Greek, while myriads of foot swarmed up behind them, so that, to the eyes above, the whole steep appeared alive with a dark mass of rushing enemies. An ocean of grim faces was raised to the devoted city, and glared upon the young band of Azimantines, as the first-prepared sacrifice to the god of victory.

Nearer and more near they came. Forth flew the Scythian javelins, and, repelled from a thousand shields, turned innocent away, and then, the gazers from the house-tops of Azimantium might see the closer fight engaged. The unbroken line of gallant champions still maintained the strife against the swelling multitude that rushed like a tremendous sea upon them. Barbarian after barbarian fell stricken from his horse, and still they saw the battle rage, and swarms of fresh enemies pour up to the assault. Still waved the swords, still advanced the spears, and still the bands of Azimantium held their narrow pass, while behind them stood the old men of the town, to encourage them by the presence of their fathers—to carry them fresh arms—to bear away the dead.

But oh what a sight it was, when first the gazers beheld four of the parents separate from the rest of the wavering crowd, and, bearing a heavy burden, come back towards the city. Oh, with what terrified speed did mothers, and sisters, and wives, and the beloved, rush forth to meet the ghastly spectacle, and learn the dreadful truth. And oh, how they crowded round, when the old men laid down their load, and the cloak cast back, showed the fair boy stricken in his spring of beauty, the red blood clefted in his golden hair, the energy of being passed from his young eyes, and the "pale flag of death advanced" where the joy of life had reigned.

His sister wrung her hands and tore her hair, and wept, but his mother gazed calmly, proudly, painfully, upon the clay. Then bending down to take one kiss of his cold cheek, "Weep not," she cried, "weep not, Eudocia, for your brother. He, the first, died for his country. My child is in heaven!"

"They come. They come," was shouted from below: "Fly to the altars. Lo, they come. They come!" and breaking through the line of brave defenders, on rushed a body of the Huns. On, up the steep they urged their horses, reeking with blood and battle—on, on, towards the city. The women fled to the churches and to the shrines, but there was none to defend the town; the streets were vacant; the youths and the old men had alike gone forth to the battle; the Huns were at the gate, and all seemed lost.

It was then that Menenius, red from the brow to the heel with the blood of his enemies, shouted to his brave companions to follow him, and hurling a gigantic Scythian down the steep, with one bound he passed the chasm, and lighted on a point of rock where the foot of man had never stood before—another brought him to a higher crag, whence a small green ridge ran round the steepest of the precipice under the city walls. One after another his bravest comrades followed. Some missed their footing and were dashed to atoms on the rocks below; but still another and another succeeded, for Azimantium knew not fear. The Huns were on their threshold, and who dared hesitate? A hundred of the most agile passed the depth, pursued the green path, cleared another and another spring, reached the city wall, climbed over its ruined stones, and in the narrow entrance street met the victorious Huns, who had paused to plunder the first shrine they found.

No words were spoken; nor javelins nor arrows were now used; brow to brow, and sword to sword, the struggle was renewed. But who can conquer men who combat for their hearths? The Huns fell, died, or were driven back, for that narrow way had no outlet but by the gate through which they had entered, and the close street where fought the youth of Azimantium. Not a Grecian javelin fell in vain, and at every step Menenius trod upon a slain barbarian. Like a reaper, each sweep of his unceasing arm made a hollow vacancy in the rank before him, and death grew so fearfully busy amongst the Huns; that vague imaginings of some supernatural power being armed to their encounter, took possession of their bosoms. The form of the young hero swelled to the eyes of their fancy. "It is a god," they cried, "it is a god." They shrank from his blows—they turned—they fled. Those who were behind knew not the cause of terror, but caught it as it came. Each saw his fellow flying, and, touched by the same dim terrifying influence, sought but to fly. "A god! a god!" they cried, and rushed forth tumultuously on those who followed towards the city.

The broken line of Azimantium through which they had forced

their way, now divided into two by the barbarian multitude, still waged terrific warfare on either side, while Menenius, pressing on with his companions, drove the ferocious Huns from the gate. The contagious terror of the fugitives spread to those without, and all were hurrying down the descent, when one chief rushed through the struggling crowd. "A god!" cried he. "This hand shall try his immortality!" and on he urged his steed against Menenius. For an instant the Greeks paused in their pursuit, and the barbarians rallied from their flight, and all eyes turned upon the Hun and his opponent. The fate of Azimantium—the last relic of Grecian and Roman glory—hung upon that brief moment. An instant decided all, for before fear could become hope in the hearts of the Huns, the charger of the barbarian chief was wild upon the plain, and he himself, cleft to the jaws, lay motionless before Menenius. A thousand souls seemed in the hero's bosom, and, plunging in the midst of the enemies, he drove them down the steep. All Azimantium followed, and their footsteps were upon the necks of the dying. The route was complete, and terror and dismay hung upon the flank of the defeated Huns; but still Menenius urged the furious pursuit. On, on he cleft his way. He marked not, he saw not who was near, he heeded not, he felt not what opposed him. His eye was fixed upon a white and fluttering object which was borne along amidst the brown masses of the flying barbarians, and towards it he rent his way, while his unwearied arm smote down all things that impeded his progress, as if but to make a path to that.

As long as the rout and the pursuit were confined by the narrow sides of the ascent to Azimantium, he kept that one spot in view; but afterwards, when the path of the flyers opened out upon the plains, the horse which bore it, carried it away from his straining eyes, while the grey falling of the evening gave every distant thing a vague shadowy uncertain form, like the objects of the past seen through the twilight memory of many years—he followed it to the last—night fell, and it was lost.

With triumph and with song the children of Azimantium wound up towards the city. Joy: joy: joy: was in their hearts, and victory upon their brows. They had overcome the myriads, they had conquered the invincible; they had rolled back the barbarian torrent from the gates of their glad city, and every step that they took among the unburied dead of the enemy told they had won for themselves both victory and peace. With a quick step, but with a cast-down eye and a knitted brow, Menenius, the hero of the triumph, followed the path up the hill. Every voice was glad, every heart seemed joyful, but his; but there was a fear, a dread, a conviction in his bosom, that his was the home that had been plundered of its treasure, his was the hearth to be forever desolate. He strode on to the town, and joy and glory hailed him; and gratitude and admiration proclaimed his name to the skies. They called him the deliverer of his country, the saviour of his native place—they saluted him as victor—they acknowledged him as chief.

"Honoria?" he asked, "Honoria?" but no one answered. Honoria was gone. Since the entrance of the Huns into the city Honoria had not been seen; and casting himself down upon a couch, he hid his eyes in his cloak, while gladness and rejoicing filled the midnight air, and all Azimantium was one high festival.

'Twas strange, 'twas wonderfully strange, that one small city of the greatest empire in the world—while an inundation of barbarians poured over the land—while fortress and town were cast down and levelled with the earth—while legions fled dismayed, and nations bowed the head—and while the very suburbs of Constantinople, the imperial city, beheld the fearful faces of the Huns,—'twas strange, 'twas wonderfully strange, that one small city should stand in its solitary freedom, bold, fearless, and unconquered. 'Twas strange, 'twas wonderfully strange. Yet the deeds of the children of Azimantium are recorded in an immortal page, wherein we read, that "they attacked, in frequent and successful sallies, the troops of the Huns, who gradually declined their dangerous neighbourhood; they rescued from their hands the spoil and the captives, and recruited their domestic force by the voluntary association of fugitives and deserters."

In every sally, in every irruption made by the Azimantines into the vast tract of country now covered with the Huns, Menenius was the leader; and in the fierce incessant warfare thus carried on, he seemed to find his only consolation, his only enjoyment. At other times, he would sit sad and gloomy, his vacant eye fixed unobserving upon space, and his heart meditating sad dreams. In the visions of the night, too, when weariness dimmed the fire in his heart, and suffered his eyes to close, the white and fluttering object he had pursued in the fight of Azimantium would again be carried off, while imagination would fill up all that sight had not been able to ascertain, and the form of Honoria, torn away from him by the barbarian, would hold forth its phantom arms, and implore aid and succor in vain. Then his vigorous and manly limbs would writhe with the agony of his dreaming soul, till horror and despair would burst the bands of sleep, and he would start again upon his feet to wreak his great revenge upon the enemy. And yet there was a quality in his soul, which—although while an adverse sword was drawn, or a threatening bow was bent, his step was through blood and carnage, his path was terror and death,—yet there was a quality in his soul which suspended the uplifted blow when the suppliant and the conquered clasped his knee; and many was the train of captives which he sent home to the city; the pledges of future security and respect to Azimantium.

At length when seventy cities had fallen before the Scythian hordes, and nought but ruins were left to say where they had been, and to point to after ages the sad moral of an empire's decay, the weak Theodosius, unable to protect his subjects, or defend himself, agreed to treat with the mighty Barbarian, and to buy precarious peace with gold and concession, when he dared not purchase true security by the sword. Attila dictated the conditions, and Theodosius yielded to all his demands, but one, with which the emperor had no power to comply; and that was, that the city of Azimantium should restore the captives taken from the Huns. Attila felt how little power a feeble and degenerate monarch could have over a fearless, noble, unconquerable race; and he felt, too, that all his own power, great and battle-borne, as it was, could scarcely suffice to crush the hearts of Azimantium. The monarch of all the Eastern empire confessed his inability to compel the restoration of the captives, and Attila, the terror of the world, the scourge of God, the conqueror of nations, treated on equal terms with the small city of Thence. A new signal appeared

* Glibben.