

Literature, &c.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL ALBION.

MISTAKES OF THE PERSON.

I was one evening, a little after sunset, walking with a lady down the declivity of the rising ground between the new Custom-House and that edge of the Bay of Matanzas, in the beautiful island of Cuba, from which the discharging wharf strikes out in a straight line from the shore into deep water, when my fair companion, observing two men narrowly watching us as they passed us in our leisurely stroll, inquired if I was armed. On answering that I was not, and asking her the cause of her inquiry, she directed my attention, which had been some time before awakened, to the suspicious fellows, one of whom was a mulatto, and the other a negro. Having reached the bottom of the declivity, we turned into the street to the left that runs along the margin of the bay to the bridge of Yamuri. The two men had passed on before us, and I distinctly heard the negro asseverate that we were the persons, and the mulatto express a doubt as to the female. As the house to which we were returning was beside the bridge, and but a few steps further, and there were many people in the street, I affected to apprehend no danger, and endeavoured to dispel the fears of my companion, who, however, was convinced that something dreadful was about to happen. The two men, having frequently turned their heads to observe us, and having come to the determination, as I supposed, that we were the persons they were in search of, turned round, and advancing, stopped before us. Eyeing me from head to foot, one of them said, "HAGAME ET FAVOUR DE DECIRME QUE HORA ES, SENOR?" While pulling out my watch to answer the question, the mulatto, who had doubts as to the identity of the female, looked round to see if any one was observing them, before striking the blow that I evidently saw was preparing for me, and from which I was preparing to defend myself. Perceiving a gentleman, with a female hanging on his arm, turn the corner near to the bridge, he seized the arm of the negro, exclaiming, "HOMERE! ALI ESTA LA MUJER!" "Man! there's the woman!" drew him from us, and hastened towards the couple whose appearance had thus saved me from assassination. We immediately recognised in these an acquaintance of ours, a young French coffee-planter, who was about my size, and a woman of great beauty, but of dubious character. The latter was dressed precisely like the lady with whom I was walking, being in a white muslin gown, with short sleeves, and without cap or bonnet, and had, like her, a parasol, which is the mode that all ladies walk the streets in that country in the afternoon, and in the evening, with the exception of the parasol. The men having come up to them, asked the same question they had before put to me, and while the unfortunate young Frenchman was pulling out his watch, they ran their long knives up to the hilts in his abdomen, and ripped him entirely up to the breast bone! He gave a loud cry, and, staggering up to the fence, fell dead to the earth. The villains, in the meantime, made their escape down a by-street. The woman fled in horror to her home, which was close by. I ordered some negroes, who were passing, to convey the body to the hotel where I knew the poor Frenchman always put up when in town, and hastened on with my terrified companion, who, like myself, was shocked beyond expression at the deed of horror we had just witnessed.

The following morning, a French gentleman, who had a coffee estate next to that of the unfortunate man who had been thus barbarously murdered, seeing me in the balcony, on his way on horseback into the town, stopped to inquire the news, and, on my telling him the fate of his neighbour and friend, he was so dreadfully affected and agitated that I had to convey him into the house, and laid him upon a sofa. When he was sufficiently recovered to speak, he beckoned the servants out of the room, and informed me he had no doubt that he himself was to have been the victim, as he had appointed to come to town the preceding evening to meet that very girl, and was to have walked into the town with her, but a fire breaking out in one of his coffee barns, he had requested his unfortunate friend, who was coming to town, to apprise her of the accident that occasioned his detention. The poor Frenchman's servant coming in at the time, to receive instructions relative to his master's funeral, we learned from him, that his master having met a female about a mile from the bridge, had dismounted and joined her, and ordered him to town with the horses. In the course of our inquiries during the day, we collected information sufficient to satisfy us, that the two villains had been employed, in a fit of jealousy, by a Spaniard, a lover of the girl's, to kill the gentleman, who, he had some how learned, was to meet the girl, as before stated; and that these rascals, not knowing his person, and that of the girl very imperfectly, had, in the first instance, mistaken me, and the lady with whom I was walking, for the parties, and were duly prevented from assassinating me, by the appearance of the female and the young Frenchman, who, poor fellow! was himself murdered in consequence of having been mistaken for another.

As any interference on the part of witnesses is invariably followed by assassination by the friends of the accused, the villains, although well known, escaped that punishment which, under any other than a Spanish, a Portuguese, or an Italian government, would most certainly have awaited their crime.

W. B. H.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

EXTRACT.—Poor misguided woman, the child of innocence, the nursling of loveliness! man little thinks when he courts thee in thy hour of pride, that thou hast a heart that can feel, and a mind that can inspire attachment. He woos thee as the wonton zephyr that frolics with the summer rose, and then leaves it to wither on its stem; and when he has inspired thee with the sentiments of love, consigns them to perish where they bloomed. He little thinks that the cheek which is unblenched at his approach, the heart that is indifferent to his attentions, the hand that relaxes in his grasp, may be united with a love that is entwined with the heartstrings, though the pride of

virgin modesty prevents its avowal. Lovely, but misguided woman! the tear that has never yet been shed for man, can glisten in the eye, while it recalls the memory of thy worth, thy beauty, and thy sorrows. Hard indeed must be the heart that can inflict on thee, who art so lovely and so gentle, one pang of remorse—one sentiment of anxiety; but harder still the disposition of that seducer, who can deface by his unholy passion the most beautiful work of God.

FROM THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

PALMYRA.

PALMYRA! thy ruins how mighty, how grand!
In the midst of the desert that desolate stand:
Like a queen of the earth in her splendid array,
Enchained by a touch of the sorcerer's sway;
Around whose fair head the night hurricanes sweep,
While the sun looks down fiercely by day on her sleep:
Whose gay attire faded, whose courtiers afar,
In the place of her rest—like a pale-gleaming star,
That when heaven is shrouded in tempest and rain,
Still radiant in beauty looks out on the main.
So thou, yet all glorious, burst'st forth on the sight,
From the wreck of thy splendour, a vision of light.
Men hail thee with wonder, thou lone one so fair,
Whence cam'st thou?—why art thou so desolate there?
Thy beauty so lovely, who gaze and admire,
Yet lost in its grandeur, in wonder retire:
Thy magnificent columns, entwined by the hand
Of an artist whose skill could the graces command;
Thy portals that tower as the glorious sun
Had thence the bright course of his journey begun;
Thy temples, where heaven's Almighty alone
Could receive the glad incense of praise to His throne;
For no idle of marble or gold could be there,
In the midst of perfection, an image of prayer.
The Roman ne'er planted thee, Queen of the waste,
Thou far hast surpassed all his proud empire's grace:
Say rather, he caught from his splendour the ray
Which gleams through the wreck which her ruins display.
And must thou, bright vision, too, pass like a dream?
From the earth that the future a fiction shall deem?
And the sight of thy glory uncertain be told,
As the traveller o'er it no trace can behold,
Save a fragment of sculpture that may have been thine,
Of a pillar which earth has enclosed on its shrine?
The hand of the spoiler is on thee, decay
With his slow-tracing fingers, swift wasting away.
Time leaves the destroyer behind in his flight,
To erect him a trophy 'mid silence and night.
How many a monument over the land
We behold to the conqueror desolate stand!
And man, as relentless, oft lends, too, his aid,
To complete what the ravager's touch had delayed;
Even thou, fair Palmyra, escap'st not his hand,
Lo, where thy proud columns lie strown o'er the sand,
See, where for his tent the wild Arab in haste
Has rent, and the beautiful marble defaced!
The hyena, less cruel, has made thee his lair,
The panther, the leopard, and the lion are there.
Around thee, the wild ass at liberty pounds,
And the cry of the jackal thy palace resounds.
Ah! when busy fancy awakes the gay train,
Proud habitants onee of thy desolate plain,
How many a vision of beauty appears,
That melts like the pale morning mist into tears!
The hero, of battle the strength and the boast,
The arm of whose might in itself was a host.
The virgin, whose softness his valour inspired,
Whose cheek and whose lip like the rose were attired,
Whose motions were grace, and whose soul-beaming smile,
With intelligence lighted her dark eye the while:
The sage, on whose brow wisdom's coronal shone,
Richly gemmed from the casket of years that were gone:
The matron, whose placed deportment revealed,
That her hopes on the trust of the blessed were sealed:
The light fairy tread of the innocent child,
Whose gambols were sportive as roe of the wild.
But the hero, the virgin, alike they are gone,
The sage, and the matron, the fleet-bounding one!
And have left not a vestige behind them to tell,
How they lived, were beloved, fought and conquered, or fell!
And thou, lone Palmyra, their dwelling and pride,
That so long hast the might of the spoiler defied,
Even thou too shalt perish from earth, but thy name
Shall long survive, stamped on the records of Fame!
MRS. DICKINSON.

LIFE OF A NUN.—People may say of convents what they please; and as compulsory retreats, I have no doubt the worst that can be said has been justifiable and justified; but Notre Dame was to me a heaven upon earth, and whenever, in the lowliness of spirits, which sometimes oppresses every one, I have been inclined to brood over my loneliness and kinlessness, the visions of desolation have driven my thoughts there, as to a lovely garden, where all the flowers of tenderness and love flourished and bloomed around me. No doubt our nuns were shut out from many of the active duties of life, but they were by no means cumberers of the ground, or unprofitable members of the human community. They were all women of high birth, and had they been living in the world, would probably have been of no use on earth, but to spend money, and fill a drawing-room, as too many fashionable ladies show us every day. There were ten of these nuns, and the educated thirty girls, teaching scripture-history exceedingly well from pictures; the lives of the patriarchs, the Jewish rulers and prophets, the apostles, and, of course Mrs. Martin added, with a smile, the legends of the fathers, and all the Romish saints. Most of the nuns were fine musicians, and sang well, besides instructing us to play and write; we were all allowed to read a universal, and a Greek, and a Roman history, written for the convent by Pere Depesne, Milhaud's History of France, all Bossuet's writings, and some few others. We were also taught drawing; geography from a set of D'Anville's maps, presented to the late abess by Madame St. Pol, grammar, and embroidery, and fine works of every description—those finished, being sold for the benefit of the poor. Our nuns were considered a very learned body; they all understood, but did not teach, Latin; and three of them were obliged to study medicine for the benefit of their own members, and the poor, to whom their charities were large. They had beautiful gardens, which they managed themselves and their work was expected to pay the salaries of the ecclesiastics. Their rule was not severe, but very strictly kept.—*A Journal of the heart.*

BRITISH SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS.—We lately, in the third volume of Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, met with a beautiful passage, in which the unconquerable bravery of the English Soldier at Albuera is described in the following strain of just appreciation and impassioned eloquence.—"Suddenly and sternly they closed on their terrible enemy; and then was seen with what strength and majesty the British Soldier fights. In vain did Soul, by voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes; while the horsemen hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advanced line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were beat on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as, foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserve, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavor to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent."—Such are the characteristic qualities of Englishmen,—such are they in the field of battle against their country's foes—such in the less bloody but scarcely less arduous struggles for civil rights against the force of freedom and justice, the unconquerable mind is the same in both cases: British soldiers and British citizens are made of the same stern unyielding stuff; and the phalanx of the boroughmongers is as surely destined to fall before the determined expression of the moral will of our civic heroes, as the hosts of Soul gave way before the irresistible right arms of our military champions.—*Times.*

A SOLDIER'S FEELINGS AFTER A BATTLE.—The morning after the action, such of the division as were