

LITERATURE, &c.

THE ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

It has long been the custom in the South of Germany, on the 1st and 2d of November, to adorn the graves in the Catholic cemeteries with lamps and wreaths of flowers; a touching festival, which the mourners prepare in remembrance of their departed friends and relations. The whole population of the town wander towards the burying-ground, gaze in mournful recollection with joyful confidence on a better world, on the ornamented tombs, or kneel in prayer upon them, while the priests draw the holy water from the fountains, to moisten and consecrate the graves. Death, thus crowned with flowers, becomes a friendly monitor, the lamps and tapers the emblems of eternal light, and the transition from the pleasures of summer and autumn, to the peaceful season of Advent, is very appropriately prepared by this festival. It is nowhere celebrated with greater solemnity than in Munchen. The morning of All Saints' Day greets the inhabitants busy at the graves of their friends, arranging, adorning, praying and weeping, in sorrowful remembrance of bygone days. These hours alone belong to the inward feelings. Mid-day opens the gates of the churchyard for the many, who, although not participating in the grief, but no less penetrated with awe and reverence, wander through the wide, well sowed garden. The garb of sorrow is seldom seen, light and life reign around the most beautiful flowers, and plants adorn the graves. Cypress and weeping willows wave and hum in the breeze; and, if any thing recalls to our recollection the rigid, loathsome death, the death we fear, it is alone the seemingly lifeless figures of the hired guardians, who stand by the tombs to attend to the lights and flowers, mechanically finger their beards, and, gazing with indifference upon the imposing scene, await with impatience the tardy hour when they are to receive the promised reward. At mid-day, on All Souls these disgusting figures desert the gardens, but they also carry with them the flowers and lights, and the festival is concluded. The coloured glass balls are hung in the rooms, until a future occasion; the flower trees return from the graves of the dead to the hot-house of the gardener, the counter of a milliner, or the boudoir of some pretty maiden. Such is life!

A tale now occurs to me. I was once present at this festival and had taken leave of a grave, which the tears of a numerous family were bedewing, and wandered to a remote part of the burying-ground, where only a few watchers were sitting, a few only knelt in prayer. I suddenly found myself before a friend I had not seen for many years. With a pale countenance and eyes overflowing with tears, he was leaning upon an urn, and he seemed as much dismayed at my address as if he were the greatest criminal. Our greeting was short but sincere, and my first question was: 'What afflicts you? Does your bride rest here?' He shook his head and replied: 'A maiden rests here, who sank to the grave, mowed down by the unsparing hand of death in the bloom of life, a maiden whom I never knew, but who, nevertheless, my bitterest enemy has deprived me of all my peace. A few years ago, business called me here; it was the same time of year as now, and I joined in the festival which has been celebrated to-day. This grave was then still fresh, and as lavishly adorned with the most beautiful flowers as it to-day lies desolate. A mother's love, a mother's grief had ornamented it with roses and boughs; but love and grief soon placed the faithful mother by the side of her only daughter. To-day no one casts a thought upon the dead as was then the case: the whole town spoke of her, and I, the stranger, felt curious to see her grave, and plucked, to recall to my remembrance the departed beauty, one of the roses that bloomed upon her resting place. I stole the flower, and, concealing it in my bosom, hastened towards the gates. The inscription there caught my eye, touching but simple, 'Honour the property of the dead!' I trembled, conscious of the theft, and the pious belief of my youth came so forcibly to my mind, that I was about to return to the spot from whence I had taken it. Would I had done so! But the false shame which seized me was more powerful, and a kind of freethinking overcame the pure childish impulse. I returned home, admired for some minutes the magnificent flower, which seemed rather to have flourished on the banks of the Arno than in a greenhouse, placed it carefully in a glass of water, and left the room to visit some friends. I passed a lively evening, and did not return until late in the night to my hotel, where I soon fell asleep, recalling to my mind the cheerful sallies and lively toasts I had just heard. These dreams soon vanished, however, and silently and mournfully passed before me, as from a magic lantern, the scene I had that day witnessed, the grave at which I had stood, the flowers as if covered by a dark veil: I again stole the flower, and, pursued by owls, fled from the burying ground, back to my room. The door then opened, admitting a beautiful figure in grave-clothes, which glided towards my bed, and whom I was compelled to recognise as her whose property I had stolen. I trembled with fright. 'Where is my rose?' said she in an undecipherable tone, and her features, in spite of her beauty, seemed to threaten me. 'What have I done to you, that you should thus rob me? Where is my rose?' Incapable of replying, I stretched out my arm and pointed to the window where the rose stood in cold water. The figure signed for me to rise, drew me with irresistible force to the flower, which I grasped, and carried through the window, through the cold night air, far over the town, to the grave, in the churchyard. All around was desolate, no noise audible, but upon all the graves nodded gaudy flowers, lights and torches shone brightly, and out of every tomb rose the dead, whose habitation it was, and bathed his head in the light of the consecrated flames, in the odour of the flowers, and in the dew which fell at midnight upon the graves. The maiden's grave alone was dark, deser-

ted, with no flower blooming upon it. At a sign from her, I scratched up with my fingers the dry earth, planted the rose, and immediately the hillock glowed like a tulip bed with the liveliest colours and flowers. 'It is right,' said the spirit, in a hollow voice. 'But now you are mine!' The earth opened and the grave gaped for me, and the corpse, sinking down like a flake of snow, drew me irresistibly after it. The whole weight of earth fell upon me. Pressed by the cloths and throttled by the embrace of the spirit, I perished; and, awakening again, found myself in my bed, the rays of the sun falling upon me, and breathing deeply, considered it all a dream. But as the events returned more lively to my recollection, when I rose to convince myself it was only a dream, when I hastened to the window to see the flower, it was gone. The glass stood empty, the window was fast closed, the door bolted, and every enquiry after the rose vain. Since that time my rest is destroyed, and I wait from hour to hour the inexorable enemy who will one day summon me away to punish me for the injury I did her grave.'

I naturally used all my endeavours to soothe the hypochondriac and drive away his fears. Deep rooted prejudices are not, however, easy to be eradicated. I invited him to visit with me a lively circle. In vain: he had not been in company for years, he said. I wished to take him to the concert, that displeased him. It at last occurred to me, that in the house of a shop-keeper, with whom I was acquainted, a festival was that evening to be celebrated, and to which I was invited. The man had formerly been under some obligation to me, was much attached to me, and was not backward with an invitation, when he, it was a few days previous, had married a maiden, who, although of humble birth, seemed formed to make him happy. To the frugal meal of these good people I led my friend, and at their patriarchal table, at which Werner's mother presided, like a household deity, the mourner for some time forgot his grief, until the evil spirit again recovered its influence, and he, scarcely bidding adieu hurried away to his hotel, a prey to the deepest melancholy. Werner and his family questioned me kindly respecting the cause of this unfortunate disease, and I replied: 'As the tale is mournful I would willingly keep silent, in order not to destroy the pleasure of our social meeting.' To satisfy the curiosity of the women, Werner requested his young wife to shew the beautiful wreath she had on at her marriage. She brought the box with a blush, and showed with pleasure the bridal ornaments, formed of fresh myrtle and orange blossoms. My eye soon perceived, firmly fastened to the wire, the unusual ornament in a bridal crown—a faded rose. Werner laughed, as I pointed to him, and said, 'That is a fancy of mine. This faded flower, carefully preserved for years, is the foundation of our domestic happiness, the first pledge of our love, and, for this reason I brought it from its hiding place, and placed it in the cradle of the bridal wreath. It is five years, to-day, since Anna, a servant in the hotel opposite, entered my master's shop. I had often seen her, but never ventured to confess how dear she was to me. But on this evening she wore in her bosom this rose, rivaling the glow of her cheeks, upon this flower I commenced my discourse, spoke with warmth and energy, confessed my passion, learnt Anna's return of affection, and received from her this rose as a security. God be praised! It was a talisman which bound us firmly together, until the altar united us for ever.'

'Curious,' said I, 'how a rose has been the cause of your happiness, and at the same time a rose has been the misfortune of my friend.' I now stated the occurrence, and remarked how Anna's colour changed, until she at last interrupted me, and said, 'Good God! I now recollect your friend, and must confess that my imprudence is most probably the cause of his unhappiness. He lived in our hotel. I found, as I was putting his room in order, on the evening of All Saints' Day, a beautiful rose, and was so far tempted as to purloin it, persuaded that young gentlemen care little in the morning for the rose plucked the day previous. Here it was indeed otherwise. The hostess questioned us strictly the following morning about the flower, but could I discover its fate without, at the same time, betraying my theft and my love for Werner?'

I sprang up happy as a god, embraced Anna and Werner, and went in search of my friend, who thus found his dread drop like scales from his eyes, and a new man cheerfully shared with us the punch, which we drank in remembrance of the spirit from whose grave so many evil hours had issued for my friend; but also, at the same, the domestic happiness of a family.

FROM CARNE'S LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT ROME.

FESTIVAL OF EASTER.

But ruins, as well as all the reflections they inspire, were to be forgotten during the sacred processions at the festival of Easter. A new Pope, too, was to make his appearance in them, and great was the *ecclat*. Rome was full of foreigners, many of whom had come solely to present at these saintly shows; some had actually travelled post from Germany, and arrived just in time.

On the Thursday the ceremony took place of carrying the host to the chapel Paulina, which was illuminated in the evening, when there was a kind of representation at the Holy Sepulchre, as it is exhibited at this day in the church of Jerusalem. The imitation was rather a sorry one, but served greatly to delight the faithful, who were never troubled with the shadows of doubt about anything they saw.

The imposing ceremony of the Pope blessing the people, who were assembled in an immense multitude, and the illumination of the inside of St. Peter's by a cross, took place, with many other minor ceremonies, all which rather disappoint than exceed the expectation. The Sunday that succeeded Easter

Sunday, there was a splendid procession; the Pope, we were informed, was to set out on foot, at an early hour, to visit the principal churches. On driving to that of St. John Lateran, we found the area in front filled with carriages and a great multitude. His holiness, who had already visited two or three churches, and finished his service in that of the Lateran, was then engaged in taking some refreshment to recruit his exhausted powers.

It was in vain to endeavour to obtain a view of the person of the Pontiff in such a situation; and as he was soon to pass beneath the walls of the Coliseum, we went thither, and took a station in one of the elevated galleries of the ruin. In about an hour the whole affair was seen advancing down the road; first walked the nobles of Rome, to the number of several hundred. Neither their costume nor aspect denoted their high descent; the former was black. Each of them held a lighted wax candle, and they chanted as they went along. Next followed the priests, all in black likewise, and bearing a number of saints and images. The cardinals were habited in their scarlet robes, and in the midst of them walked the Pope, his head uncovered. He was dressed in a robe of white brocade embroidered with gold, the train of which was supported by two priests. The chanting, which was universal in the motley assemblage, was not in the least impressive, and a dense mass of the populace and servants of the nobles brought up the rear. The day was sultry; the promenade of the Pontiff was not yet half finished; his countenance was pallid with heat and fatigue, and the features it belonged to, were fixed as rigidly as marble, the hands were clasped immovably, and his looks bent upon the earth, from which they were never raised, even for an instant.

The view of the procession was imposing from the ruined windows of the Coliseum, whence every part of it was distinctly seen. The galleries around us were greatly crowded, the thick foliage of the walls waving about the heads of numbers of the Roman ladies, who had sought this lofty position to enjoy the spectacle. But there was little devotion visible among the spectators; a few of the populace knelt upon the ground as the holy father passed, in order to obtain his blessing; but they were very few. Among the cardinals were several whose corpulency would have done credit to an assembly of aldermen, and they seemed to get through the hot and weary march but indifferently. A number of banners, of different colours, were carried by the priests; and one part of the procession, not the most magnificent, but presenting a grotesque appearance, consisted of the liveried servants of the Roman nobles, who closed the rear in a mass. They were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and a more shabby-looking set of serving-men it was impossible to gaze on. A cloud of dust attended this assembly in their painful pilgrimage, as it certainly appeared to us, while looking down on it from the cool and airy galleries of the ruined amphitheatre.

As the cathedral of St. Peter's was to be the termination of the procession, after it had visited and worshipped in three or four more churches, we hastened thither before its arrival. This offered the only true grand scene of the whole, as the nobles, priests, and cardinals, with their dignified vicegerent, swept slowly, followed the vast multitude, up the vast aisle of St. Peter's.

The dull and heavy chant ceased on their entrance, and the Pope proceeded to a beautiful chapel on the right, in order to take the sacrament. While he knelt on the pavement before the altar, universal silence prevailed. The most interesting object in the group was a venerable looking cardinal, with a noble face, and hair as white as snow. He was quite blind, and was led into the church, in order to join in the devotion of the Pontiff. His countenance, as he knelt with clasped hands, his sightless eyes turned to the earth, was almost the only one amongst the reverend cardinals wherein true devotion was pictured. As soon as the ceremony of taking the sacrament was finished, the procession left the church, and the Pope must have been not a little delighted at its conclusion, for he appeared worn out with fatigue. Indeed, the length of the way, and the recurrence of so many services, with the dusty walk beneath a mid-day Roman sun, were sufficient to affect a more youthful and robust frame.

Judging from his look and demeanour, there are few men whose circumstances are less to be envied, filling, as he does, a situation, the restrictions whereof do not certainly sit quite easy. By far the greater part of the simple and devoted beings who came their weary journey to receive the blessing, were no doubt much happier than the successor of St. Peter.

PROCESSION OF NOBLE ROMAN LADIES.

ONE morning, at an early hour, there was a procession of two hundred noble Roman ladies to the church of St. Peter. They entered on foot, preceded by several priests bearing crucifixes; a few of the fair penitents carried wax candles; they were all habited in close black bonnets, and common black shawls, in token of mortification and putting aside the vanities of adornment. There was little need, however, for the behold to guard against overpowering attraction, for a plainer set of women of so elevated a rank of life hardly ever met the human eye; even the antique dignity of countenance, the Roman nose, so fine in a statue, and so little loveable in life, in fine, the whole order of commanding beauty—were absent here.

The ladies did not waste much time in the church, although they knelt before every altar and repeated many a prayer: their servants in livery brought up the rear. The ceremony being entirely finished, they quitted the cathedral in procession, two and two, as they had entered, and hastened away to visit fourteen other churches, and to repeat the same form of prayers and genuflexions ere they returned to their homes; it was altogether a very unimpressive scene. The lonely devotion of one pilgrim, who had left her parents and lover, perhaps far distant, to