

Literature, &c.

From Graham's Magazine for Oct.
THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

My friend, thou sorrowest for the golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world
with light:
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And prompt thy tongue the generous word
to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson at thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep:
A path, thick set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place in common sleep.
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and waiting near,
Thou see'st the sad companion of thy age—
Dull of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season o'er could die,
Thy pleasant youth's a little while with-
drawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, but folds her wings
and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slum-
bering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bird and flower.

There shall be welcome thee, when thou
shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles
more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender
feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader
still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again;
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than
then.

Hps thou not glimpses, in the twilight there,
Of mountains where immortal morn pre-
vails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine
ear
A gentle murmur of the morning gales,
That sweep the ambrosial groves of that bright
shore,
And thence the fragrance of its blossoms
bear,
And voices of the loved one's gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

WM. C. BRYANT.

From the Dublin University Magazine
for September.

THE TWO PASSPORTS.

BEING A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF KARL
EISENKRAFT, ARTISAN, OF ESSLINGEN,
IN SWABIA.

'I am a Wirtemberger by birth, though the greater part of my life has been spent out of my native land, and especially at Hamburg, where I served my apprenticeship under my father's brother, who was likewise my godfather, and gave me his own name, Carolus Eisenkraft, at the font: a kindly Swabian he was, and one, though I say it, that in his own craft, had his match to seek in Hamburg or out of it. I continued to work with him about a year after my time was out; and then, being twenty-one years of age, and wishing to see other countries, and being, indeed, by the rules of our trade obliged to travel for a certain time, and learn the modes of work practised in different cities and lands, before I could be received as a brother of the craft, and set up in business for myself, I set out from Hamburg, and travelled across East Friesland to the lower Rhine lands, and so took the course of the river upwards into Switzerland.

I did not stay long there. Switzerland was then, as now, a country in which little good was to be learned, and much evil. However, I left it with the same true German heart which I had brought into it, hating the French with an honest Swabian hatred, from Bonaparte down to the drum boy. Now this was in the year 1806, which as you know, was no year of peace for Europe, least of all for our dear German fatherland; and in the journey which I had before me, perils of many kinds, and from many very different quarters, might be anticipated: never, heless, my mind was made

up not to lose any more time in Switzerland, for the year was advanced; and I was resolved that the beginning of the winter should see me again in Hamburg. After all, for the workman that combines industry with skill, there is but one Hamburg, just as I am told there is but one Paris for folks that have money, and seek a way to spend it, which, I thank my good destiny, is not my case.

In my journey southwards I had avoided Wirtemberg, keeping strictly to the course of the Rhine, though I confess that, though I passed the mouth of the Neckar, my heart strayed up its waters to my Swabian home, and I looked with loving eyes on the soil it had carried down from the green valley of my childhood. Now, however, on my way to the north again, I said, 'I will see familiar fields and familiar faces once more; I will take a last leave of the hills and valleys in which my earliest years passed so happily, and of the dear ones that still dwell there.' A last leave—for you will observe that in Wirtemberg at this time I was liable to be shot as a deserter—not that I had ever taken military service, but just this was my crime: I was, as I have told you, one-and-twenty; and at that period, in Wirtemberg, all healthy males, at this age, were drawn for soldiers. Such was the conscription law, which it was death to evade. To enter Wirtemberg, as a Wirtemberger, was to subject myself to it; and my first step—did I wish to avoid a disgraceful death—must have been to present myself to take my chance of being drawn; whereunto, I now take shame to myself in saying, my inclinations in no ways leaned. What then was to be done? If I visited my native place, it must be in the character of a stranger; and this was the course on which I resolved. In short, I conceived the blamable determination of providing myself with a false passport in Switzerland, that so I might with safety take my fatherland in my route to the northern states.

By means of an acquaintance I had made in Switzerland, I easily accomplished the first part of my project, and thus had in my possession two passports, in both of which indeed my true name was given; but while my original and genuine passport, which I had brought from Hamburg, described me as a Wirtemberger by birth, the new one assigned Hamburg itself as the place of my nativity. I thought, for a travelling birth place, there was none more eligible than that in which I had served my time, and in which my uncle, whom I meant to use as a father for the time, was well known to have his domicile. I now therefore travelled safely as a Hamburger through my native country, and from its northern frontier, with a sorrowing heart, looked a last adieu over its beloved and beautiful fields.

I arrived the same night at Neustadt on the Aisch, in the Bavarian territory, and repaired to an inn suited to my circumstances. The landlord, when I entered his house, demanded my passport, and received it forthwith, promising that I should have it back betimes in the morning. You will remember it was the false passport, which I had used since leaving Switzerland, my old and true passport lying with other papers in my pocket book. The morning came; I rose, breakfasted, and forgetting that my passport was still in the landlord's hands, I set off without it. I am not habitually a forgetful man, and to forget one's passport on a journey is I suspect, a piece of forgetfulness of which the most thoughtless have seldom been guilty: but so it was, without my passport I actually set off; nor did the circumstance recur to my thoughts until I stood, the evening of that same day, before the gates of Erlangen, where, of course, your passport were the first words addressed to me by soldiers on guard. 'Porztausent,' said I to myself, 'thou hast left thy passport at Neustadt on the Aisch.'

I had now nothing for it but either to say I had forgot my passport, (which nobody would believe) and so be sent back in the custody of soldiers as a suspicious character, or else to produce my first and genuine passport. 'They will never believe thy story,' said I again to myself: 'for, to speak it without flattery, thou dost not look altogether like the simpleton that would forget his passport; besides, who ever heard that a landlord asked for a traveller's passport? Thy story hangeth not well together, and they will hang thee to make it good.' In short, having no other course that bore an aspect in any way promising, I presented, not without heavy misgivings, the original Hamburg passport. This document, as I need not tell you, was in its present state but an unsatisfactory

voucher for the worthings of its bearer to pass unobstructed, it having received no visa, nor bearing any trace of having been submitted to any official inspection from Switzerland to the place where I then was; a mysterious circumstance, for which of course I was called on to account. However, not to make my story too tedious, suffice it to say, that, after finding myself for some time in an unpleasant position, I got the matter arranged, and was again free to pursue my way.

While I was at Erlangen, there began to fall in troops forming part of the vanguard of the French army, and at Beyreuth, which was the next point of my route, I found a still more considerable body. The troops, having proceeded thus far by forced marches, here made a halt, while I, on the other hand, now made redoubled efforts to get on, it being easy to see that these parts would ere long become the theatre of active hostilities.

It was about midday or towards one o'clock, when, by the slackening of their pace and the increased briskness of mine, I lost sight of these undesired companions of the way;—and that same afternoon, I fell in with the first outpost of the Prussians. I was stopped and asked from whence I came; and on my answering 'from Beyreuth,' they said one to another—'Why, the kerl is come direct from the French outposts.' 'I'll lay my life he's a spy,' said one. 'We shall see that,' observed the officer commanding, and forthwith gave orders to carry me to Hof, where the Prussians had an encampment, first, however, taking from me my tablets, and everything in a written form, and sending these in the custody of one of my guards to head quarters. Arrived at Hof, I was compelled to strip to my shirt, my clothes underwent a vigorous search; and the very soles of my boots were ripped to see if anything of a suspicious nature lay hid therein. It was the first time I had been in the arbitrary clutches of soldiers, and the novelty was anything but pleasing; however I did not lose courage, relying upon my conscious innocence, and not doubting that the matter would, on investigation, soon appear in its true light.

After a short examination, which took place in the guard room, I was consigned to a prison within the precincts of the main guard. Here I found that I was not the only person in trouble; the prison already contained two unhappy wretches—the one a Jew of the neighborhood; the other a tailor of Bamberg; who had been retaken the day before. These were really spies, and had already made confession to that effect.

All this gave me little anxiety, I still confided in my innocence, and did my best to make the same appear, even to my wretched companions. They expressed great compassion for me, chiefly on the score of my youth, and that I should be, as they expressed it, cut off in the very outset of a promising career. I did not like the tone of their condolence, it was evident they took me for one of their honorable guild.

'I assure you, *meine Herren*,' exclaimed I—unwilling to appear a miscreant, even in the eyes of such miscreants—'I assure you upon my honor that I am no spy.'

'Ah!' said the tailor; 'that's just what I said to the officers yesterday. I assure you, my officers, were my very words; honorable captains, I assure you upon my honor that I am no spy. Judge of me noble gentlemen, by yourselves; put it to your own honorable breasts whether a man of honor be capable—' and so on. That's the way I talked to them, but it helped nothing, for even when I offered to give them important intelligence of the position and strength of the French army.

'I offered to give my oath,' broke in the Jew, 'that I was no spy; and they did but laugh, and cast in my teeth a ribald rhyme which they are taught from their cradles—'

Come the fox to his lair?

Hath the Jew leaves to swear?

Both have planted you there.'

'All the curses—' But you have both confessed yourselves spies,' said I, cutting the old sorcerer short in his Jewish curses, which I had no mind to hear.

'I believe you,' said the tailor; 'and so will you confess yourself before this time to-morrow.' 'Never,' cried I; 'I am an honest man, and the son of an honest man, and will never stain my own name and my father's, with a villainy which the world's wealth should not tempt me to defile my hands with.'

'Goodness bless you,' replied the tailor;—'what's the use of talking that

way to us. I too have been to school, and know how to put words together, yea, and can make many fine speeches out of Herr von Kotzebue's plays. For example, I remember a beautiful sentiment beginning thus: 'The man who—' bah, I forget the rest; but it is infinitely touching, I promise you, and makes the heart swell with the finest emotions.—But what's that to the purpose? Harken to me; you are young, and a raw hand, and have run, like a raw hand, into a trap; now if you can talk yourself out of the trap, I'll say talk is a very fine thing,—but I'll tell you what it is, if you can talk a hole in that wall, and a clear passage for yourself out of the Prussian lines, you are safe,—but, not to discourage you, I confess I have my doubts,—I'm afraid you won't find the method quite so sure as might be wished. However, you can try—and I promised you, if talk don't do that for you, it will do nothing else.'

'Well,' said I, 'they can shoot me if they will,—I can but assert my innocence to the last. If the officers are determined to put an innocent man to death, to take away life on a groundless suspicion, no doubt they have it in their power to do so. Let them do it then, I am not afraid to die.'

'They are very punctilious, my dear,' remarked the Jew; 'very. They won't shoot you without a confession,—they never do.—They wouldn't put a man to death on suspicion, they are extremely particular on these points, you'll have to confess, they make a point of it.'

'Confess!' cried I, 'confess myself a spy! falsely accuse myself of a wickedness I detest! Never!'

'The provost marshal,' observed the Jew, 'has great powers of persuasion.'

I confess I winced a little at this,—hanging had not entered into my calculations.—After a pause, however, I replied—

'Well, they may hang me, of the two I would rather be shot, but I would not purchase the choice at the expense of my honest fame, neither shall even the fear of the gallows induce me to belie myself. Do what they will with me they shall not have the satisfaction of hearing me call myself a spy.—I will not die with a lie in my mouth.'

'The gracious pity the boy!' said the tailor,—'hear him talk of the gallows!—Death is dear—and I see little to choose between the rope and the bullet; but what do you say to being flogged to death? Assert your innocence by all means, and die under the lash, or 'believe yourself,' and be shot. That's the choice you'll have, this evening or early to-morrow. Bear the flogging, of course as long as you can; life is worth bearing something for; but I prophesy you will not bear it long,—besides they won't give over until they get a confession out of you. 'Life's sweet,' said I to myself, when they tie me up this morning. I will save my life, though I be unable to put a coat to my back for a twelvemonth; but I couldn't hold out—I couldn't hold out: nor where it to any purpose, for I should be a dead man ere now if I had not cried guilty!'

'You will not die,' added the Jew, with the sneer of a demon; 'you will not die with a lie in your mouth. Will you die with piteous moanings and cries for mercy in your mouth, which you might as well address to the scourge that plays on your back, or to the human tool that plies it, as to the calm tyrants that sit and see it piled? Will you die with the thirst of the burning Tophet in your mouth? with the drought of the sandy wilderness in your jaws? Will you die when, from the regaled and silent man, you have become the shrieking woman, the sick child that plies feebly, and can only murmur 'a little water, a little water,' which they will not give, because they know that a blessed drop of it were death, and therefore were much good flogging thrown away? Men die not so speedily under the lash,' proceeded he, addressing the tailor; 'and thou wouldn't be alive till now, though thou hadst not cried guilty! Ah! ah! had I a thousand souls I would give them all—all—that my tormentors should suffer for ever and ever—for ever and ever—for ever and ever—what I suffered this day at their will, before I bent my will thereto, and gratified them with my confession.'

'From five o'clock that evening till the following morning, I was conducted, at least half a dozen times, before a court composed of officers. My conductor was the provost marshal, at each elbow walked a dragoon, their drawn swords held edgewise across my breast and back.

'An examination more rigorous, or one more difficult,—more impossible for a man to withstand, who had anything to conceal,