## Literature, &c.

THE CAPUCHIN.

TALE. " If aught be there. That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up atnong The things most precious; and the day it came, Is noted as a white day in our lives." ROGER'S ITALY.

MANY a long year has passed since I beheld for the last time the sunny shores of lovely Italy; but time, which is said to wear away and efface both the impressions of pleasure and of sorrow, has been merciful to me, and has spared to many a picture of the past—as it has to the ancient frescoes of Herculaneum—the hints of many a scene as vivid and as distinct as on the day of their creation. It might indeed be a melancholy employment to revisit in reality many of the scenes of our youth, when years have added cares and trials to the existence, while they have deducted many of the friends, the companions, and the pleasures of other days. But even from this very melancholy there would erise a pleasure, soft and soothing as the strains of an instrument touched in the sunset of a southern clime by the hand of one whom we love.

Fate, that niggard guardian of our enjoyments, has decreed some other lands for a dwelling place, and other, and far less welcome employment than the wandering "fancy free," a pilgrim to the shrine of Nature's fairest tem ple; but memory still remains, and over her fate shall not exercise her sway unless indeed it be to turn your attention, gentle reader, to our

brief tale of the past.

Some fifteen years ago, I was wandering through various parts of Italy in quest of health, pleasure, and information, and had determined by way of change, to walk from Genoa to Ar rezzo, and thence strike across the country to Florence. It was toward the end of September that I set out from Genoa upon the executien of this plan, from which I promised myself abundant pleasure—a promise we are all apt to indulge is at the outset of some new and untried undertaking, till we generally find from experience how miserably delusive it is.

It was a bright, clear, cool morning, that on which I quitted the "city of Palaces;" scarcely a single individual walked in the streets, which a few hours later were thronged by the busy footsteps of thousands. The pearly tiats of the gray—the first hues of early dawn, pervaded the silent streets in every variety of shade which they could assume, casting what Sir Joshua Reynold's calls a "cleistered toae" over surrounding objects, with the effect of a "dim religious light through storied pane." Below me slept the dark blue Mediterranean, as calm as if its waters were but a mirror to reflect the hanging sails, the listless flags, the dark hulls of the vessels on its surface; while beyond, as if guarding them with uplifted hand, soared on its craggy seat the Pharos of Genoa. Gradually ascending from the city the road wound among olive groves and vineyards, among orange trees and fragrant plants heaped upon every inch of soil by the lavish hand of Nature; a single individual walked in the streets, which orange trees and tragrant plants heaped upon every inch of soil by the lavish hand of Nature; now it would wind with many a turn to the point of some jutting crag, beyond which there seemed no passage to the traveller, till suddenly he would come upon some cavern hollowed through the rock, whose dark vault served as a sombre frame to the smiling picture of sea and land beyond; sometimes the road would skirt the edge of a bold and deep descending precipice, upon whose base the waters surged with one perpetual swell. It seemed as if the traveller, while he wound along those heights with nothing, not even a rail, between himself and destruction below—with nothing but frow-ning crage above, were wending his way along the utmost verge of our world from which even the slightest breath would suffice to hurl

But it is not my purpose to usurp the province of a guid book, or to spread out my story like a map before you. Thousands of travellers have pursued the same track, as safely and as pleasurably, perhaps as myself; and even many a native of these Western climes can add his testimony to the beauty of those distant scenes cent road, wearied, if I may so express myself with the constant succession of loveliness, and almost wishing for a sandy desert or rocky wilderness to vary the monotony

I had halted on the evening of the third day at a door of a solitary cottage, built of rough blocks of unhewn stone, piled upon each other as regularly as their shapeless form would allow, and roofed over with slabs of a kind of common to the neighbourhood. humble shanty was built against a perpendicular crag, which served the purpose of a wail for one side, and projecting almost over whole roof stood it much in the stead of an umbrella over a bad hat. The whole was situated in a grove of chesnut trees, and connestwith the road by a little path which wound among them for perhaps two or three hundred yards, till it terminated at the door of the cot-Induced by a feeling of curiosity, and anxious also for information as to the distance of my next sleeping place, I struck into this path and knocked at the door. It was opened by a darklooking man in the common dress of short green velveteen jacket, knee britches and gaiters, who eyed me with a suspicious le much as a brigand would have gazed at an of-

Cosa vaole, Signore ?" at length he said : to which I replied by telling him I wanted to rest, and to know how far it was to the As our conversation was in Italian, I shall take the liberty of translating it for the

learn that softest and most musical of lan-

"Ah, Signore," said he, " you have come to a desolate part of the world here; pray, what may it be that induces you to travel

Seeing that he was not yet at his ease, and not thinking it prudent to turn his fear into anger, I replied—"I am travelling for my pleasure, and prefer walking to any other conveyance when there is anything beautiful to be seen; but it is getting late I will ask you for a glass of water, and trouble you to tell me the distance to the next village.

"Now I know, Signore, that you are an Inglese," said he, "because you travel to please yourse!f; and I know that the French, Germans, and other nations, when they travel, have something besides pleasure in view. Cospetto a the Inglesi are all milordi, or, at least, so rich that they are obliged to come to poor Italia to spend their money. My boy Guiseppe, who is now in Genoa, told me that when he was in Londra selling mice, he never could get out of the city, it was so large; and that, other wonders, they had a bridge under mighty broad river, reaching from side to side without coming above water at all Oh, nore, I have never been further in my life than Spezzia, and yet that is a wonderful large

While he was chattering away, now appar ently satisfied, and with all the volability and action of an Italian, I had full leisure to examine the interior of his dwelling. A large fire-place occupied one side af the room; opposite to the door I had entered was another, but it was closed, and therefore all curiosity was shut out of that quarter; a small window, which had never known the non-lost of his which had never known the comfort of being glazed, and whose only defence was a rustic shutter of boards, opened through the wall opposite to the fire place; while a wooden table, some benches, a miserable daub of the Virgin hung up over the fireplace, a long gun in the corner, and a few plaths and drinking cups, formed the entire furniture of the apart-

Well my firiend," said I, after performing this scrutiny, "one must sleep somewhere you know-so just tell me how far I have yet to walk, and I will start."

"Why, the nearest place to my cottage," he replied, " is a convent of Capuchias, a little below the road to the right, about eight miles from hence; ten miles beyond that will bring you to Spezzia; but I think you might as well attempt to get to one as to the other to night; and if a flask of tolerable wine, a piece of broil-ed kid, and some brown bread will suffice you for a supper, and some dried chesnut leaves for a bed, I shall be happy to accommodate you

I had, in fact, little choice, for it was already getting dark, and I had no inclination to tramp another eight miles to be lodged after all in a convent; accepting therefore my hosts invitati-yn, I requested him to prepare our supper that I might experience as soon as possible the merits of his leafy couch. It is not necessary that I should tell you how I watched him, as by the light of a wood fire he prepared our even-ing repast, or how that same repast was after-ward devoured, assisted by the libations of his wine flask, nor is it necessary to mention that it was not conducted in silence; suffice it that the morrow's dawn found me refreshed by slumber, and prepared, after duly remunerat-ing the host, for a continuance of the jour-

Pass we over also the first seven or eight miles of the road, and let the first beams of the sun and the narrative of my tale resume their

course together. Somewhat tired with walking, though deeply Somewhat tred with waising, though deeply interested in the beauty of the view, I sat down upon a stone beach by the road side to rest and reconnecte. Below was the convent described by my friend of the cottage, situated upon a cliff overhanging the sea, and shrouded in wreathe of this blue smoke was beginning to curl up from the old building and to hover in its slow ascent over the surrounding woods. To she left, as I turned to look at the course before me, a bold sweep of hill crage, a dale pre-sented itself to view Beyond it the distant waters of the Gulf of Spezzia, dotted with many in the distance, burst into sight, while a little more to the left, sweep ing along the horizon which they bounded, ap-peared the hills of Carrara glittering here and there with the rosy whiteness of their marble quarries, as the rays of the morning sun broke forth upon their crags. Never shall I forget that scene, for which words are insufficient and description vain! Could I, however, insure a similar swood to that in which I first beheld that scene, I would at this moment brave the pe rils and discomforts of the sea to behold once more a sight so glorious. In such scenes the mind is more than ever succeptible of serious impressions, whether they arise from the more immediate admiration or adoration of the Creator as prompted by the beauty of his works or frem a feeling of superstitions awe inspired by the beauty of the works themselves. situation of a convent in such a spot struck me as peculiarly appropriate; for where could holy men better adore their Creator than in the midst of the loveliest of his creations!

And why should not these monks, I thought be holy men? True, the garb of a monk is no criterion of sancity, nor is the religion they profess acknowledged by all to be the true one; but then have there not been, and may there not still exist many exceptions both to the profession and the doctrine professed? Yes, surely! and his religion is nothing worth whose measure of charity is not extensive enough to suffer him to think so. When we remove from the noise, the hurry and the party spirit of cities, and sit down quietly amid the heauties and the

benefit of my readers who may yet have to solitudes of nature, how insignificant do questions of controversy and schism appear, and how utterly unworthy of a place between the crea-

ture and his Creator!

I had fallen into a train of reflections similar to these on the morning I am endeavoring to commemmorate, when my attention was arrested by the figure of a monk, of the order of the Capuchins, slowly ascending from the con-vent to the road where I was seated. There was something so venerable and good in his aphe approached, in the hope that something might induce him to stop and enter into conversation; nor was I disappointed; for as soon as he reached the road, he crossed over to the stone bench, and giving me a Benedicite, sat

down by my side.

He was an old man, probably past his seventieth year, and already feeble by reason of age. The cowlof his habit was thrown back over his shoulder, leaving bare a head of singular beauty; the forehead was high and promi nent-a circle of very thin hair, white as snow surrounded the crown of his head, which was bald. His eyes, though sunk deep with age, where still bright and clear; the nose small and aquiline, with a psculiar turn of the nostrils, capable of imparting, upon occasions, an expression of sarcasm or scorn, to which a small mouth, with thin and compressed lips, added the appearance of firmness. Over the whole countenance, however, prevailed an expression of benevolenee and affection, causing one to think that either religion persecution, or affliction. think that either religion, persecution, or afflic-tion had conquerred the natural man, and brought its evil passions under subjection. In stature he was about the middle height, though the decrepitude of old age had somewhat im paired it; a habit of coarse brown serge, fast-ened round his waist by a cord, which was knotted at the left side and hung down in a long end to his feet, and also a black ro-sary and cross completed his appearance and

artire.
"Whether are you bound to, my son, that you are thus early upon your travels?" asked the old man, when we had mutually surveyed

I have came from Genoa, father," I plied, "and intend journeying as far as Flor-" How, are you going to travel all that dis-

tance on foot ?"
"Yes, I hope to doso"

" And why, my son? have you a vow, or is it a pilgrimage you are performing?"
"Neither, father; unless, indeed, it be a pilgrimage of pleasure," I replied.

"Ah! you young men, what will you not do
what will you not sacrifice for pleasure? not
that I would reproach you, my son—the Virgin

"You seem hard upon us young men, fa-her; I fear you are inclined to be like Cato, a

"censor castigatorque minorum"

"By no means; we who pass our lives in seclusion, and in the mortification of the flesh. have adopted such a course, believe me, with good reason; and while we have suffered ourselves, we know how to make allowances for the imfirmities of others."

Your age, father, if I might presume so far, would of itself be sufficient reason for your re-nowncing the world; but when I look at your conveut below there, and gaze around upon this enchanting scene, I cease to wonder at your apathy to the world, at your preference for the life of a hermit."

"Ay, well may you praise the scene," he con-tinued; "and I could wish that, like you, I was gazing at it for the first time, for then should I have the pleasure of many of my past years in

"What mean you, father?"
"That I should be able again to behold this scene day after day, as I have done for years; but now my eyes are growing dim-my foot-steps totter-and soon I shall come here no

" Do you visit this spot so often, then, that you speak thus?"

Daily, my son, unless the weather or illness prevent me. Hove this spot, and the good people around have called it the Friar's seat. While I look at this lovely view, I forget that that there is such a thing as a city; and almost that strife and bloodshed have brought their payoc in the world, though even you blue gult of Spezzia has once been the scene of Genose and Venetian slaughter."

"Why, father, do you dwell on the sub-ject of strife—you, whose profession is

Ah, forget-you could not know-how should you? but we old men are apt to dote. Nay father, will you not explain? Surely the advice, if not the experience, of the aged must be ever profitable to youlb.

"My experience, son, involves a tale you may be unwilling to hear : my advice such as it is, I will give you"

"Nay, you make me curious to hear your tale ; you will not refuse to recite it to one promises to be an attentive and grateful hear-

"Well, if it do not weary you I will tell it, for there is that about you which excites my interest, and I would I might do you good by any means in my power; I will begin [To be continued.]

VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

THE CITY-WOMAN-THE HAREM. "We have passed over the cities in song re-Silent they lie with the desert round."

EGYPT is the only country in the world, ex-

age; and we find her in her present state of second childhood, while we know nothing of her first: she was probably in her zenith

Safely on her ancestral throne,"

while Abram was yet wandering in the plains of Chaldea. The prophecy that had doomed her to be subject to foreign nations had been fulfilled; the last of her native princes had perished before the birth of our Saviour, and the Christian faith had been banished from her land before it was established in our own would be as vain to attempt to give any estimated story of such a country in these slight pages, as to embroider muslin with Cleopata needle. In the following fragments I simply only attempt to touch on such topics as light gine are most likely to interest those who have never visited the country; the principal cine of Egypt and Echiopia; their women and he men; their magic, magnetism, and freemastry; their resources, military, agricultural, ecommercial; their palaces and tombs, and so other matters as may suggest themselves is sert of imaginary conversation with the restrictions of the previous that proverbially courteous personners. would be as vain to attempt to give any praying that proverbially courteous personal to bear in mind indulgently, that they are his tily transcribed from notes yet more hashing scribbled in the decay. scribbled in the desert, in Arab boats, in the les and on the sea.

I stood upon the modern Pharos at sunis and as my eyes wandered over Alexandris, which the ancient city has bequeathed solids but its roins and its rooms. but its ruins and its name, I could observe to but its ruins and its name, I could observe so traces of what it once had been—the emporation of the East, the seat of Empire, the ceurs of learning and civilization. Though earth and sea remained onchanged, imagination for the miles in circumference; the vast-steet through the vista of white marble porticors; the galleys on Lake Mareotis exchanged significant with those upon the sea; the magnificent tended by the seasy of the steet; the four thousand palaces, and stately homes of six hundred thousand in the stately hundred with its regular forest tall, and white, and stiff; the other half orest tall, with its mud coloured buildings and least miner roofs, varied with fat mosques, and least miner roofs, varied with fat mosques, and least miner roofs. tal, with its mud coloured buildings and terrors, varied with fat mosques, and lean miles rets. The suburbs are incrusted with wretched hovels of the Arab poor; and the mense mounds and tracts of rubbish occupy all wide space between the city and the walls; all beyond is a dreary waste. Yet this is the site beyond returned to the city and the walls; and the walls are the city and the walls; and the walls are the city and the walls; and the walls are the city and the walls; and the walls are the city and the walls; and the walls are the city and the walls are the city and the walls; and the walls are the city and the walls are the city and the walls; and the walls are the city are the city and the walls are the city and the walls are the city and the walls are the city are the city and the wall are the city and the wall are the city are the city and the wall are the city and the wall are the city are mense mounds and tracts of races wide space between the city and the wide beyond is a dreary waste. Yet this is the beyond is a dreary waste. Yet this is and which Napoleon pronounced to be the led in importance. Here luxury and history the Episcurean and the Christian, philosoft and commerce, once dwelt together. He stood the great library of antiquity, "He sembled souls of all that men held wise. The the Hebrew Scriptures expanded Here under the hands of the Septuagist. Opatra, "vainqueur des vainqueur du race opatra, "vainqueur des vainqueur des vainqueur des vainqueur des vainqueur des vainqueur du race opatra des vainqueurs de battery; the left, a long low sweep of alive with windmills, the city in the cent the westward the flat sandy shore the monotonously away to the horizon; bay, ward the coast merges into Aboukir first left ing taken this general view of our first left. ward the coast inerges into Aboukir bay, ing taken this general view of our first bid it in detail. The Bay is crow-among chant vessels of every nation—among the tower some very imposing looking the crews dressed in what look like red high and white petticoats. They rise to their and white petticoats. They rise to their at every stroke of the our, and pull all of the coean patriatch, and Arabs call Noah, with white turbas and processed in what better the coean patriatch, and are the call of the coean patriatch, and are petricoats. ing beard, is steering a hule ark filed we clean-looking animals of every description there a crew of swarthy Egyptians, each the waist upward, are pulling some strangers to a vessel with loosed to death blue-peter flying. blue-peter flying. At length, amid a deafend in of voices and a pestilential dead fish and living Arabs, you fight your ashore; and if you had just awakened from eyes upon a scene more different from the eyes upon a scene more different from the with bales of eastern merchandise, island drik, as a of white turbans, melancholy faces. Yivid eyes glitte fanscell, upon solemu looking and bearded coustehand. High above the variegated crowds peer the light above the variegated crowds a figure of the light above the variegated crowds peer the light above High above the variegated crowds pet the necks of hopeiess looking camels. and struggling amid all this mass were resquely ragged little boys; dragging auon shaven donkeys with carpat saddlee, is the saddle without any volition of your own, and without any volition of your own. without any volition of your own, and are windowless and doorless was a surface and begin to wonder who are to arrive and begin to wonder when you are to arrive the Arab city and hegin to wonder when you are to amy the Arab city. You have already frak through it, and are emerging into the house quarter, a handsome square of tall white house over which the flags of every nation in Europe denote the residence of the various consults and this square is an endless variety of this square is an endless variety of the various consults. this square is an endless variety of races less contumes most picturesquely grouped tog is and lighted brilliantly by a glowing of cloudiess sky. In one piece a drove elastic lare kueeling down, with jet grouped such that turbans, or crimson caps, and of white turbans or crimson caps, and for white turbans or crimson caps, and for white turbans or crimson caps, and for waddles along, wrapped in large elastic bush waddles along, wrapped in large standard to foot, with a long standar cept, perhaps, America, that seems never to have had an infancy. Its earliest people appear to have been the most mature. The only