

cave was suspended by one foot until he was suffocated.

Cervantes, deceived by fortune, betrayed by his friend, a second time in the fetters of a slave, became only the more ardent to break them. Four times he failed and was on the point of being impaled. His last attempt was to cause a universal revolt among the slaves, and to attack Algiers. This conspiracy was discovered, and Cervantes was not put to death. His courage and intrepidity inspired his enemies with admiration.

It is very probable that Cervantes speaks of himself in the "Tale of the Slave," when he says that "the cruel Azan, king of Algiers, had no mercy except for a Spanish soldier named Saavedra, who exposed himself often to the most frightful punishments, and formed enterprises that shall be long remembered among the infidels."

Meanwhile the king of Algiers wished to be master of a captive so celebrated by his attempts to regain liberty. He purchased Cervantes from Arnaque Mami, and confined him strictly. The prince, a short time after, on his way to Constantinople, demanded in Spain a ransom for his prisoner. The mother of Cervantes, Leonara de Cortinas, a widow and in poverty, sold all her effects and hastened to Madrid, carrying three hundred ducats to the Fathers of the Trinity, who were intrusted with the redemption of the captive. This money, which was the entire fortune of the poor widow, was insufficient: the king Azan wished five hundred ducats of gold. The Trinitarians, touched with compassion, completed the sum, and Cervantes was ransomed on the 9th September, 1580, after having been five years a slave.

Tired of a military life, he resolved to devote himself to the cultivation of letters. He resided with his mother, in the pleasing hope of supporting her by the fruits of his labour. He was now thirty three years of age. He commenced his literary career with "Galatea," of which he published only the first six books. This pastoral met with great success. The Spaniards at this time were the most polished and refined people in Europe; love formed the subject of their poetry and romances, and the power and extent of this passion were exaggerated to an extent almost ludicrous in the literature of the time. "Galatea," though strongly impressed with the characteristic defect referred to, is admirable for the truthful simplicity of its pictures of rural life; and is throughout imbued with a vein of genuine poetical feeling, which, combined with a style pure and elegant, has secured for it the admiration of all true lovers of poetical literature.

In the same year he espoused Donna Catherine de Palacios. She was the daughter of a noble house, but poor, and his marriage did not enrich him. To meet his increased expenditure he wrote several comedies. He quitted the theatre for an unimportant situation which he obtained in Seville, where he went to reside. It was there he composed his "Novels," in which he has so graphically described the vices of that city.

Cervantes was nearly fifty years of age, when, travelling through the south of Spain, the inhabitants of a village named Argamassile, with whom he had a dispute, seized and threw him into prison. It was in this prison he commenced his celebrated novel of Don Quixote. He made this village the birthplace of his hero, in revenge for the cruel treatment he received in it.

Only the first part of Don Quixote was published at this time. It did not succeed. He had, however, acquired a knowledge of mankind by his misfortunes. He published a little work called *The Snake*, a copy of which it is impossible now to find, even in Spain. This was a critique on Don Quixote, and overpowered with ridicule its detractors. This trifle was universally read, and acquired for Don Quixote a reputation which has since become firmly established on its own merits.

Meanwhile all the enemies of good taste let loose their shafts against Cervantes. Critiques, satires, calumnies, were put in full operation. More unfortunate by success than he had ever been by his failures, he published nothing for many years. His silence increased his misery, without lessening the envy of his detractors. Fortunately the Count de Lemos and Cardinal de Toledo came to his assistance. This protection, which Cervantes valued so much, was continued to his death; but it never was proportionate either to the merits of Cervantes or the wealth of his benefactors.

Impatient to display his gratitude to the Count de Lemos, he dedicated to him his "Novels," which appeared eight years after the first part of Don Quixote. The following year he gave his "Journey to Parnassus." These works yielded him but little assistance, and the feeble aid received from his patrons scarcely afforded him the means of existence.

He appeared destined to suffer misfortunes and humiliation of every description. This same year, a native of Arragon, named Avellanador, published a continuation of Don Quixote. This work, contemptible in point of literary merit, without taste, obtained a reputation by its malicious attack on Cervantes. Cervantes replied by publishing the second part of Don Quixote, which was superior even to the first. The merit of the work was now universally admitted. Though obliged to render justice to Cervantes, the world showed but little indignation at the malignant efforts of his detractor. It is perhaps not in Spain only that meritorious works have been treated with injustice and severity, while their infamous detractors, if not supported, are indulged and countenanced. While Cervantes lived, Avellanador was read; when he died, his enemy was forgotten.

The second part of Don Quixote was the last work printed during his life. This work,

so universally admired, has immortalized his name. The good sense, the wit and fine irony scattered throughout its pages; the illustrations of character, combined with a style pure and simple; and, above all, the interesting episodes and comical adventures, have rendered the work, and the names of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, familiar as household words throughout Europe. He was labouring at the "Romance of Persiles and Sigismunda," when he was attacked by the illness of which he died. He felt that his end approached, and, anxious to finish the work on which he was engaged, he augmented his illness by forced labour. The time of his dissolution was now at hand. Serene and tranquil on the bed of death, as he had been patient under his misfortunes, his constancy and firmness never forsook him. Four days before his death he traced on his "Romance of Persiles and Sigismunda," with a feeble hand, the following dedicatory epistle to the Count de Lemos, who arrived at this time from Italy. This letter is characteristic of the writer, and merits to be quoted and preserved:

To Don Pedro Fernandes de Castro, Count de Lemos, &c.

We have an old romance which is but too applicable to my present situation. It commences with these words:

"Death presses me to depart,
And I wait but to bid you adieu."

This is precisely my situation at this moment. I have this day received the extreme unction. I am dying, and grieve that I have not the honour to say how much pleasure your return to Spain has given me. The joy which I experience ought to have cured me; but God's will be done! Your excellency shall know at least that my gratitude has ended only with my life. I regret much that I am unable to finish certain works which I had destined for you, such as "The Great Bernardo," "Week of the Garden," and the second part of "Galatea," &c. This can now be accomplished only by a miraculous interposition of the Most High, and I only pray of Him, that He may have care of your excellency. CERVANTES.

Madrid, 19th April, 1616.
Cervantes died on the 23d of the same month, aged sixty eight years and six months.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT.

By Charles Mackay.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame;
If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,
And make the future bless thy name;
Begin thy perilous career;
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear;
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
That ever whispers, "Work and win,"
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin:

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed:

If thou canst struggle day and night,
And, in the envious world's despite,
Still keep thy cynosure in sight:

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn;
Nor curse the day that thou wert born
To feed on husks, and he on corn:

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that fortune is unjust:

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest:

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening gray,
At thankless work, for scanty pay:

If in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down:

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race:

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind:—

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul!
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal.

If not—what matters I tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
That thou must gild thy living name,
And snatch the honors of the game,

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
To seize thy time, and force thy way,
By some new combat every day:

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less;

Thy fame might rivalry forestall,
And thou let tears or curses fall,
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall;—

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—
Thou'lt find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break, and brain will sear.

Content thee with a meaner lot;
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

By A. De Lamartine.

THE SIMOOM.

THE fifth day, after passing the night under the tents of El Henadi, we rose with the sun, and went out to saddle our dromedaries; but found them, to our great amazement, with their heads plunged deeply into the sand, from whence it was impossible to disengage them. Calling to our aid the Bedouins of the tribe, they informed us that the circumstance presaged the simoom, which would not long delay its devastating course, and that we could not proceed without facing certain death. Providence has endowed the camel with an instinctive presentiment for its preservation. It is sensible two or three hours beforehand of the approach of this terrific scourge of the desert, and turning its face away from the wind, buries itself in the sand; and neither force nor want can move it from its position, either to eat or drink, while the tempest lasts, though it should be for several days.

Learning the danger which threatened us we shared the general terror, and hastened to adopt all the precautions enjoined on us. Horses must not only be placed under shelter, but have their heads covered and their ears stopped, they would otherwise be suffocated by the whirlwinds of fine and subtle sand which the wind sweeps furiously before it. Men assemble under their tents, stepping up every crevice with extreme caution; and having provided themselves with water placed within reach, throw themselves on the ground, covering their heads with a mantle, and stir no more till the desolating hurricane had passed.

That morning all was tumult in the camp; every one endeavouring to provide for the safety of his beasts, and then precipitately retiring under the protection of his tent. We had scarcely time to secure our beautiful Nedgo mares before the storm began. Furious gusts of wind were succeeded by clouds of red and burning sands, whirling round with fierce impetuosity and overthrowing or burying under their drifted mountains whatever they encountered. If any part of the body is by accident exposed to its touch the flesh is as if a hot iron had been passed over it. The water intended to refresh us with its coolness was quite hot, and the temperature of the tent exceeded that of a Turkish bath. The tempest lasted ten hours in its greatest fury, and then gradually sunk for the following six; another hour, and we must all have been suffocated. When at length we ventured to issue from our tents, a dreadful spectacle awaited us; five children, two women, and a man, were extended dead on the still burning sand; and several Bedouins had their faces blackened and entirely calcined, as if by the action of an ardent furnace. When any one is struck on the head by the simoom, the blood flows in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, his face swells and turns black, and he soon dies of suffocation. We thanked the Lord that we had not ourselves been surprised by this terrible scourge in the midst of the desert, but had been preserved from so frightful a death.

By Mrs Sandford.

GOOD TEMPER.

Good temper is like a sunny day: it sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude. Every day brings its burthen. The husband goes forth in the morning to his professional studies; he cannot foresee what trial he may encounter, what failure of hopes, of friendships, or of prospects may meet him, before he returns to his home; but if he can anticipate there the beaming and hopeful smile, and the soothing attention, he feels that his cross, whatever it might be, will be lightened, and that his domestic happiness is still secure. It is the interest therefore, as well as the duty of a woman, to cultivate good temper, and to have ever ready some word or look of cheerfulness, of encouragement, or at least of sympathy. A really feeling heart will dictate the conduct which will be most acceptable—will teach the delicacy which times a kindness, as well as renders it, and forbears all officious attentions, whilst it ever evinces a readiness to oblige. It need scarcely be said that this temper is of more value than many more brilliant endowments; that it is among the first recommendations to a woman in every domestic relation; and that especially in that tie, which, though the nearest on earth, is not one of kindred, it is assuredly the most effectual cement of affection. It is not, indeed, so much a means of attracting or exciting love, as it is of securing it. In fact, it is scarcely known, until familiarity draws aside the veil of social restraint, and the character, with its real faults and virtues, is unfolded in the privacy of home.

By Washington Irving.

WOMAN IN AFFLICTION.

I have very often had occasion to remark the

fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such elevation and intrepidity to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness, and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband in misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitter blasts of a diversity. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it in the sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is lifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up the shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the more dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity—binding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence, but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self respect kept alive by finding that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch; whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect—to fancy himself alone and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for the want of an inhabitant.

By the Rev. Dr Harris.

THE GOD OF THIS WORLD.

GOLD is the only power which receives universal homage. It is worshipped in all lands without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite; and often has it been able to boast of having armies for its priesthood, and hecatombs of human victims for its sacrifices. Where war has slain its thousands, gain has slaughtered its millions; for while the former operates only with the local and fitful terrors of an earthquake, the destructive influence of the latter is universal and increasing. Indeed, war itself—what has it often been but the art of gain practised on the largest scale?—the covetousness of a nation resolved on gain, impatient of delay, and leading on its subjects to deeds of rapine and blood? Its history is the history of slavery and oppression in all ages. For centuries Africa, one quarter of the globe, has been set apart to supply the monster with victims—thousands at a meal. And at this moment, what a populous and gigantic empire can it boast?—the mine, with its unnatural drudgery the manufactory, with its swarms of squalid misery, the plantation, with its imbruted gangs; and the market and the exchange, with their furrowed and care-worn countenances—these are only specimens of its more menial offices and subjects. Titles and honours are among its rewards, and thrones at its disposal. Among its counsellors are kings, and many of the great and mighty of the earth enrolled among its subjects. Where are the waters not ploughed by its natives? What imperial element is not yoked to its car? Philosophy itself has become a mercenary in its pay; and Science, a votary at its shrine, brings all its noblest discoveries, as offerings, to its feet. What part of the globe's surface is not rapidly yielding up its lost stores of hidden treasure to the spirit of gain? Scorning the childish dream of the philosopher's stone, it aspires to turn the globe itself into gold.

From the Midsummer Day's Dream.

OUR PROGRESS IN LIFE.

What a blessed order of nature it is, that the footsteps of time are inaudible and noiseless, and that the seasons of life, like those of the year, are so indistinguishably brought on in gentle progression, and so blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows except from a faint and not unpleasant sensation, that he is growing old. The boy looks on the youth, the youth on the man in his prime on his grey-headed sire, each on the other as in separate existence—in a separate world; it seems sometimes as if they had no sympathies, no thoughts in common; that each smiled and wept on account of things for which the other cared not, and that such smiles and tears were all foolish, idle, and most vain. But as the hours, days, weeks, months, years, go by, how changes the one into the other, till, without any violence, lo! as if close together, at last, the cradle and the grave. In this, how nature and man agree, pacing on and on, to the completion of a year, of a life.

HOME.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclimation cannot exhilarate. Those slight intervals of unblended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all affect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known