

Literature, &c.

The British Magazines
FOR MARCH.From Blackwood's Magazine.
EXCITING SCENE.

[The following is taken from an article in the above-named periodical, entitled "German-American Romances." The scene is laid in Mexico, during the struggle of the natives to throw off the Spanish yoke. It represents a sudden attack of Spanish Cavalry on a body of Indians, Melises, and Lambos, in the mountains.]

The patriot captain's animated narrative had not failed to make a lively impression on his hearers, at the same time that it worked a remarkable change in his own appearance. Strongly excited by the recollections it called up, the disagreeable and rather mean expression of his tawny physiognomy vanished, his forehead seemed to expand, and a sarcastic and scornful smile that at times played over his features gave him an air of superiority to his hearers, as, with that extraordinary flexibility of organ that is to be remarked in southern nations, he narrated the various stirring events of the first patriot campaign; the struggles and sufferings of his countrymen, the unbounded cruelty and excesses of their ruthless oppressors. There was a pause when he finished speaking, which was shortly broken by the report of a musket in the adjacent wood. Jago started, and listened. A second and a third report followed.

"*Misericordia! Los Gachupinos!*" shouted the captain, springing upon a fragment of rock, and rolling his eyes wildly around. "They are upon us! Run, Mateo, Hippolito! See what they are, and whence they come. Run I say, have you lead at your heels?"

The two Zambos set themselves in motion, but presently paused, and seemed unwilling to proceed. Jago drew a small silver whistle from his girdle, and blew it with all the power of his lungs.

"The saints be with us," he exclaimed, "and thou in particular, blessed St. Martin! If they come from the direction of Temelecucos, then are we peppered and salted. Holy Virgin of Guadalupe! A silver candlestick and ten wax tapers an inch thick, so soon as I can obtain them, if thou wilt deliver us from this strait!"

He was interrupted in his ejaculations by the sound of a volley of small arms from the wood, and the next instant a herd of half-naked Indians, Metises and Zambos, with scarcely any clothing but sheepskins round their bodies, and straw hats upon their heads, rushed out from under the trees, closely pursued by the dragoons of the regiment of Espana, who began to gallop along the edge of the plateau, and surround the open space on all sides. The arrieros, at the very first beginning of the firing, had placed their mules and themselves in safety behind the rock, concealed in the thicket of dwarf-oak and pines. Jago had spoken once or twice to them and to the servants in a low and urgent tone, but his whisperings produced no visible effect.

"*Por todos santos,*" cried he to his Indians, "to the right, children, *Nombre de Dios*, or you are all lost. Jesus Maria, they do not hear!"

The unfortunate patriots, who had been surprised during their siesta, now came running out of the wood in great numbers, with the remainder of the squadron of dragoons at their heels. Upon finding themselves cut off from the path down the barranca, they set up a frightful howl, and dispersed to the right and left, vainly endeavoring to escape the troopers, who formed line, and, with furious sabre cuts, and loud shouts of "*Viva el Rey!*" drove the fugitives before them like a flock of sheep.

Don Manuel, who remained beside his mules and attendants, had at first witnessed this inhuman hunt with more curiosity than sympathy; but when the dragoons began to cut and slash among the defenceless Indians, the scene evidently became painful to him; his eyes flashed, his cheeks glowed, his features expressed the utmost indignation and anger.

The Indians were caught as in a trap; precipices on the one side, an implacable and blood-thirsty enemy on the other. Each moment dragoons made their appearance out of the wood by ones and twos, driving more fugitives before them. At last, when the latter found themselves pressed together in one dense body, they made a desperate effort to break through their enemies, and gain the entrance of the barranca. But the dragoons saw their object, and hastened to frustrate it. Strengthening their ranks on that side, they completely surrounded the Indians, and commenced an indiscriminate and barbarous slaughter. The more the victims sought to escape their persecutors, the more dense became their mass, and the more fatal the blows of the Spaniards. There were between five and six hundred of the patriots. On a sudden, and as if by a general impulse, the unfortunate wretches threw themselves upon their knees, raised their clasped hands, and, in heart-rending tones sued for mercy.

"*Quartel, por el amor de Dios, quartel!*" "Buena vista a los infernos!" was the savage reply of the dragoons, and heads and hands fell in all directions.

"Infernal villains!" exclaimed Don Manuel, overcome by his indignation at the barbarity of the soldiery. And hardly were the words spoken, when, by an uncontrollable impulse, he raised the pistols he still held in his hands, and fired them at the dragoons; then hurrying to one of the mules, he snatched another brace from the holsters attached to the saddle.

"*Por el amor de Dios, Por la santissima madre.* Think of your mother, think of the count of Elvira!" implored Alonzo, throwing his arms round his young master.

"Stand off!" shouted the youth, fiercely; "or by the living God I shoot you on the spot, sooner than let this inhuman butchery continue."

Pushing the servant violently from him, he sprang forward and discharged his two other pistols. Two dragoons fell from their saddles. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the old serving man, "he will be the ruin of himself, of his family, of all of us. But it is too late to back out. Take good aim, Pedro, Cosmo." And the three men fired their carbines, while Jago and the muleteers, hastily following their example with their trabucos, half a dozen of the Spaniards bit the dust.

A short pause ensued. The shots from the thicket had come like a thunderbolt upon the inhuman dragoons and their victims. The latter stared for a few seconds wildly around them, as if uncertain whence came the unexpected succor. Their indecision was put an end to by Jago.

"*Abajo con ellos,*" shouted he in a voice of thunder. "Down with the dogs!"

And at the word, the Indians, rousing from their apathy, threw themselves upon the dead and wounded Spaniards, wrested their weapons from them in spite of the murderous blows of the other dragoons, and in their turn assumed the offensive. Don Manuel's blood was now thoroughly heated with the fight. Every shot that was fired at this elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea, rolled and rattled its echoes round the hills in long-continued thunder, and added to the din and excitement of the scene.

"Are you loaded?" cried the young nobleman, as he shot down the first man of a detachment which was advancing to attack the new foe in his ambush. Servants and muleteers followed his example, five more saddles were emptied, and immediately the Indians threw themselves upon the fallen, regardless of wounds, and seized their sabres and carbines. The fight grew more furious in proportion as the sides became more equal.

"Thanks be to God and to your Senoria, our time is come!" murmured Jago. And with the cry of "*Death to the Gachupins!*" he sprang from his cover, and fell with a tiger's leap upon the dragoons. The latter began to lose ground; for while twenty patriots, now well armed, found them occupation in front, hundreds of others attacked them on the flanks and in rear, climbing upon the cruppers of the horses, clasp the riders round the body, and dragging them from the saddle. Even the wounded twined their bleeding and mutilated limbs round the horses' legs, and made their sharp teeth meet in the very muscle of the brutes, till the groans of pain of the latter were heard mingling with the cries of the combatants. It was a frightful group; the Indians were become incarnate fiends. The dragoons had no room to use their weapons; they could scarcely move; men and horses were intertwined with Indians, who clung to them like so many anacardas. Hardly ten minutes had elapsed, and there were not thirty men left on their horses.

Don Manuel had beheld with horror this outbreak of Indian fury. Springing forward he shouted to the patriots, in a loud voice, to desist. "Death to the traitor!" exclaimed the Spanish commandant, who was still fighting desperately at the head of the remnant of his squadron. "*Muera,*" repeated he, as he fired off his last pistol at Manuel. He missed him, and had just raised his sabre to repair the badness of his aim, when a blow from a club brought horse and rider to the ground.

"Hold your hands!" cried the young nobleman. "Hold, and give quarter." "El tiempo de la maldadumbre se ha pasado," muttered Jago and his Indians. "The day of mercy is long gone by." "By the eternal God I will split the skull of the first who strikes another blow," shouted Manuel.

But his endeavors to suspend the slaughter were fruitless. His voice was drowned amid the furious yells of the Indians. At that very moment the vesper bells from Cholula came sounding up the mountain, and those of the various villages of the plain chimed in with an indescribably peaceful and soothing harmony. "Ave Maria!" exclaimed a hundred Indian voices. "Ave Maria!" repeated Metises and Zambos; and all, friends and foes, let their blood-dripping hands sink, and bending their wild, excited gaze upon the earth, clasped and kissed the medals of the Virgin of Guadalupe which were hung round their necks, and in tones of musical monotony began to pray—"*Ave Maria, andi nos peccadores!*" All heads were bowed, all heads folded; and, kneeling upon the corpses of the slain, these raging foes implored, in humble formula, forgiveness for themselves and their erring fellow creatures.

The shades of evening had spread themselves over valley and plain; in the barranca it was already darkest night; but the mountains of the Sierra Madre still glowed in the red rays of the setting sun, their snow-capped summits flaming aloft like gigantic beacons. At the same time multitudes of eagles and vultures rose upon their wing, mingling their screams with the groans of the dying, and the agonized cries of the wounded. Every circumstance seemed to unite to render the scene in the highest degree sublime and horrible.

The bells ceased ringing, and scarcely had the echoes of their last chimings died away, when the Indians arose from their devotional posture, gazed at each other for a moment with lowering and significant glances, and then, without uttering a word, sprang upon the few remaining dragoons with an eager rage and greed of blood that scarcely seemed human. In a few seconds not one of the Spaniards was left alive. To a man they had been stabbed and strangled by their inveterate and unrepentable foes.

From the Dublin University Magazine.
THE POET BURNS.

[The following is the introductory remarks of a long article under the above title.]

THE appearance of a true poet among the people of a remote rural district, is for them a notable, and by no means an unimportant event. Genius invests every thing rude and homely—such as all things in such a district usually are—with a new interest and significance. The young men becoming conscious of the possession of something not dreamt of before, as well as of the power of communicating these new feelings, begin to open their hearts to one another in generous sentiments of friendship, of malice, of sympathising detestation of untruth, cowardice, oppression, meanness, and treachery. The beauty of the young girls is appreciated with a purer admiration; graces of mind and person never thought of in the coarse routine of ordinary country life, spring, as it were, into existence in emerging, for the first time, into perception and appreciation; for the true poet inspires a new sense of physical as well as of moral beauty, wherever his influence comes into operation in such a state of society. The very face of nature, trampled over by the heavy feet of clowns insensible to her commonest charms, may be said, in the same way, to acquire a new expression and a brighter bloom. The river which has run for ages past the dwellings of those who have been used to regard it merely as a means of driving the mill, of breeding fish, or of filling their washing tubs, sparkles and rolls along with a new life, and meaning, not only under the eye of the poet himself, but of every one in whom he has excited the new knowledge of what is beautiful, and to whom he has given the means of making the perception of that beauty communicable. The mountains lift their heads with an additional loftiness, and clothe their slopes with a fresher verdure in such a man's eyes. In the fields and groves, the sunshine and dew weave wreaths of radiance for him, as fresh as if creation had but that morning begun; for he has never perceived them before, and he now only perceives them through the newly-developed faculty, opened within him by the poet. The stars at night look down on such a man with a startling accession of meaning. It is a revelation, a revival, like that produced in the youthful heart by the first emotions of love. Grave men, and men engaged in the practical, and sometimes sordid pursuits of country life, despite the influence at first; but by degrees they are forced to feel, and grow not ashamed to acknowledge it. The burly farmer, the heavy-footed ploughman, the sinewy smith, the pale weaver, and even the "windy tailor," listen and imbibe, and treasure up the marvellous rhymes, which have so simply and suddenly revealed thoughts in their breasts that they never dreamt of finding there, much less of being able to express to the minds, and to call up in the breasts of others.

All things which are good for the uses of life, whether in food, clothing, shelter, locomotion, instruction, or legitimate pleasure, are wealth. Objects in which the mind can take a blameless delight, beautiful forms, flowers, trees, the sky, the stars of heaven, the waves of the ocean, the blue-sided hills at eve, the song of birds, the tones of music—these are all wealth to him whose blameless pleasures of eye and ear they promote. Let the earth become a level plain—let the sky be perpetually serene, and the ocean without a ripple, though eatable and wearable wealth should spring spontaneously from the glebe, and all the necessities of life be at hand without labour and without decay, yet the amount of true wealth would be diminished past computation; for the minds of men would have lost the infinite enjoyment of the face of nature. But still more, remove from life its finer charities, its tenderer sentiments, its nobler aspirations, such as the poet alone can excite, alone can foster, and make communicable, and the moral economist will be forced to admit that between the lost items of his account and the poor worldly residue of what is needful to sustain and perpetuate mere life, his science knowing no term that will be a common measure, has no means of estimating or of expressing the incalculable loss.

Thus it is that the poet is to use the phrase of the economic school, a true and meritorious producer, a right operative, and one of the real working class. The man who makes two blades of wheat to grow where one blade grew before, says the economist, is a benefactor to his kind. So say we, the man who makes two true, tender, pious, or lovely thoughts to grow up in a mind, or blossom in a heart where there was but one before, is a benefactor to his kind; a producer also, and a maker of wealth more essential to the happiness of mankind, than any other production of land or sea, after the needful daily bread, clothing, and shelter, without which life itself could not exist, to be the *modus* for virtue.

From White's Three Years in Constantinople.
ACHMET FEVZY.

It is not to be wondered, if, in a social condition such as modern Turkey owns, the ability and talent which raise men to power should be of a very different kind, and of a very inferior amount, to those qualities which confer eminence in more highly civilized states—subtlety to the great—a taste for intrigue and plotting—a mind, fertile, in petty schemes and subtleties—such are the chief gifts which win their way upwards in the Ottoman Empire, and consequently the career is frequently crowded with those of the very lowest walks in life, and least reputable in character and morals. Our author gives a brief account of one of these in

the person of Achmet Fevzy, the Captain Pacha, who betrayed the Sultan Mahmoud in 1839, by delivering the Ottoman fleet into the hands of Mehemet Ali of Egypt:—

"According to received opinion, the father of this archtraitor held some menial office in the seraglio. His mother was a Christian slave, carried off during the wars between the Turks and Russians upon the northern banks of the Danube. They resided at Tchengelly Kouy (anchor-fluke village), upon the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where the boy was born. The first years of Achmet's life were passed in idleness. His parents were too poor or too negligent to attend to his education, and he too idle to take advantage of that given gratuitously at the mektebs (elementary schools). At a more advanced age, he was too much occupied by his avocation as a kayikjee to employ his hands with pens or books. Thus he attained manhood, and continued through life unable to write correctly or to read with facility.

"Being bold, active, and intelligent, though not remarkable for personal strength or beauty he first aided the boatmen of his native village in cleansing and hauling up their kayiks, and in fishing and other occupations. His noviciate being completed, he received a waterman's licence, and plied during some years upon the Bosphorus. Having attracted the notice of an officer of rank in the Sultan's household, for whom he worked as kayikjee, the place kaptanee, or sofrali (valet or table-waiter), was offered him. He had not long occupied this post when his natural good manners, supple disposition, and ready wit brought him into general notice, and he found favor in the eyes of the Sultan Mahmoud. His discretion, submission, and fidelity having been put to the test by the latter, he was transferred from the service of the attendant to that of the imperial master, who conferred upon him the hazardous but confidential office of tebdil khasseki (disguised confidential), or secret seraglio familiar. The duty of these men is to carry confidential messages between the Sultan and different high functionaries—to follow the royal person in disguise—to watch and report all that passes at home and abroad—to keep a lynx's eye upon men's faces and actions, a mole's ear upon their very breath, and never to use their own tongues out of their employers' presence, unless it be to exclaim '*blimen* (I know nothing),' or '*Allah bilir* (God alone knows),' when questioned by strangers. Woe to the man whose plastic countenance disclosed the feelings of his heart in presence of this double-faced and adroit spy! Woe to him whose tongue, even in a whisper, confirmed the expression of his features; that is, if the expression or the words tended to disapprove or thwart the monarch's purpose or the agent's plans. A poisoned report, forerunner of disgrace or death, was the inevitable consequence.

"A more honourable career opened itself, however, to the wily favourite. The Janissaries were extirpated, and the imperial guards enrolled. The former having still many partisans among the ranks of the new organization, Achmet was appointed bin bashy (battalion commander), with orders to look, listen, and be silent as before, but to report minutely. Conspicuous for his severe discipline; indefatigable activity, and the ardour with which he devoted himself to the new system of drill and tactics, as well as for the zeal with which he filled divers confidential missions entrusted to him by his imperial patron, the ex-kayikjee speedily rose from step to step, until he at length attained the rank of ferik (lieutenant-general), and, ere long, that of mushir (field-marshal) of the guards; promotions, for which he was partly indebted to his dauntless bravery and tact, and partially to the protection of Khorsreff Pacha, then seraskier (general-in-chief).

"In the spring of 1833, Achmet Fevzy was appointed ambassador-extraordinary to St. Petersburg, where he is said to have laid the foundation for the celebrated treaty of Unkiar Skelessy. The gold he received upon this occasion from the ruler of the north whetted his appetite for that of the rebel Pacha of Egypt. The first act was passing base, the second surpassing infamous.

From Talfourd's Vacation Rambles.
THE TUILLERIES.

After a ramble through the book-shops of the Palais Royal, crowded with their miserably printed editions of all manner of English books, he strolls into the gardens of the Tuilleries:—

"From this repository of wholesale and retail theft, I turned into the gardens of the Tuilleries for the last time. A few drops of rain fell, but only enough to accord with a soft melancholy—and I took a charming stroll through these 'trim gardens,' over which the fading flowers, refreshed by the moisture, shed a faint, sickly, delicious perfume. I observed some French children—the very small ones fantastically dressed up as playthings, seemed petted, caressed, and spoiled; but the elder ones, from ten to sixteen, looking careworn, conceited, independent, and miserable. Every thing is gay in Paris but childhood. Old age is gay—pleasantly so, even when fantastically so—and death itself is tricked out in garland, and 'turned to favour and to prettiness.' Why, then, are the children so joyless? It cannot be that they are too harshly restrained or ruled by fear; for a cruel discipline is no part of the French character, or the French educational practice; on the contrary, a French boy soon becomes his own master, and studies or lounges as he pleases. It is not that there are no fireside—no homes? It seems a fine independent thing for a Parisian shopkeeper to dispense with the plague of domestic ser-