

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE CALABRIAN'S HUT.

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

'Push on Moncontour; the grey mist is gathering round you jagged pinnacles of rock, and their shadows are growing longer; while the wind whistles through these pines and larch trees, with a sound that does not bode comfort to a night traveller. Push on, *mon ami*, we have no time to lose.'

'My old Bevis is weary, Courier,' replied the young man thus addressed; 'for I can tell you, the roads of Calabria are neither so smooth nor pleasant as those of *La belle France*; but I feel the influences of that north-easter, too, as well as you, and I see the old hills putting on their night caps; so come along and keep a sharp look out for an auberge, while I urge Bevis to his speed.'

Moncontour and Courier were young Frenchmen, who had just attained their majority, and who, on their advent to manhood, had set out alone to see the world. They had passed thro' the *monde des salons*, and were familiar with all the phases of nature and high art as exhibited in a city; but this could not satisfy the romantic ardour of their curiosity, and so they had gone forth with scrip and staff to explore the wilds of nature, and behold them as creation had left them. They had roamed through the valleys of Switzerland, and had climbed the bold heights of the Tyrolean Alps; they had shared the hospitality of the mountain shepherds, and bivouacked in the hut of the chamois hunter; they had joined in the gambols of the peasants, and played to them as they danced before the quaint old auberges that stood beyond the Swiss villages; and now they were travelling, at nightfall, upon one of the mountain tracts of Calabria—that country of revengeful and implacable brigands and determined bandits.

'I wish that we were still among the mountains of Uri or Uterwalden,' said Moncontour in a half querulous tone, as he walked his weary horse up a narrow broken pathway leading to the broad shoulder of a hill that sloped down upon a valley, where the black specks of trees were already becoming indistinct in the failing light.

'Bah! the mountaineers of Italy are as noble as their Helvetic neighbors,' said the elder and bolder Courier. 'We have hitherto met nothing but kindness and hospitality, and, believe me, we are riding towards comfort and a hearty welcome, even now.'

'Ah, yes, my friend,' replied Moncontour, in a quiet tone, 'I know that you despise danger and laugh at fear. I know also your maxim—'It is well to think the best of human kind,' but you know that there are national loves and prejudices, and that the Calabrians have no *perchant* for the French.'

'And my friend Moncontour does not seem to have an extraordinary good opinion of the Calabrians,' replied the liberal Courier in a cheerful voice. 'But *n'importe*,' he continued, as he caught his friend by the arm, and pointed to a light that began to twinkle thro' the deepening, thick-coming shadows of evening. 'See yonder good taper, how it casts its inviting joyous beam far out into the chambers of the night; it tells us that there is a chamber waiting for Moncontour and me, and a stall and fodder for our jaded horses. So *adieu*, my boy, let us steer for yon mountain haven, and you will be taught to think better of the Calabrians.'

Inaugurated with the hope, and divested of the uncertainty of remaining in the mountains all night, Courier's steed pricked up its ears, and led the way boldly towards the light, and Moncontour, muttering imprecations upon the stones that impeded his path, followed as well as his charger could.

'Peace be with you friends!' said the bold and frank Courier, as he opened the door of a large hut, and stepped into the centre of the apartment, followed by his companion.

'Welcome, strangers!' exclaimed the family as they rose simultaneously from the supper table, at which they were seated, and made room for their unexpected guests.

'You have been belated on these hills, friends,' said the oldest man of the group, in a harsh deep tone, 'and it is lucky that our light house caught your eyes. It is no joke to have nothing but a rock for your pillow, and the mountain mist for a coverlet; but welcome; here is food, eat; and here is plenty of warmth on our hearth, share it freely.'

The old man stood nearly six feet high, and his frame was of most extraordinary breadth, and muscular proportions. A jacket of black velvet plentifully covered with bell-like buttons, and small clothes, with coarse brown shoes and leggings, completed his costume, if we except a red shirt, which hung loosely over the bands of his nether garments, and covered his manly chest. His complexion, naturally dark, seemed to have been smoked in the course of his trade of charcoal burning, until his eyes, beard and skin, formed only three gradations of hue. His eye was bright, intelligent and full of firmness, and his small compressed mouth, and bold open nostrils, showed that he was as prompt as brave. Three young men in nearly the same costume, and bearing a strong family likeness to each other, and to old Jacopo, had risen at the entrance of the strangers, and two beautiful young girls, and a bustling elderly matron, made up the interesting family group.

Courier was at home at once amongst this family of charcoal burners, and before ten minutes had elapsed, he had opened his portmanteau to present some trinkets to the mother and maidens, and to let Jacopo, Carlo, Marco, and Fippi compare the workmanship of a French silver-mounted set of travelling utensils with the coarser and clumsier articles of the hills. The more sturdiest Moncontour sat gloomy and cold, and did not seem to sympathize at all with the unreserved and frank deportment of his friend. He saw that old Jacopo and his son stole sidelong glances at him, and that the maidens smiled with meaning smiles, as they looked at him, and then whispered to each other. The house was of rude construction, and was scantily supplied with coarse and ponderous articles of furniture. The great beams of rough pine, which formed the supports to the walls, were unlathed and unplastered, and the huge rafters, from which hung long lines of spider's webs, loomed in the fire light like great black serpents. Moncontour saw large brown hams hanging suspended from the roof and walls, but what struck him with more apprehension, was the profusion of muskets, pistols and sabres, which lay and hung about. The place seemed to resemble an arsenal more than the home of a peaceful peasant; and Moncontour became convinced that he had fallen upon the rendezvous of brigands, instead of a hospitable dwelling. He drew his portmanteau towards him with an uneasy nervous motion, and, refusing to eat upon the plea of going to look after his horse, rose from his seat, after throwing a hasty and expressive glance towards his friend Courier.

'Your horse is foddered and well tended, my friend,' said Jacopo, rising and looking out upon the night. 'Ah, well,' he continued, 'the winds are out, and we shall have a night of it. You had better lay down your valise and eat,' continued the old man turning and bolting the door of the hut.

Moncontour turned in silence and resumed his seat; he was uneasy, and at last his uneasiness attracted the observation of his friend.

Moncontour and Courier were both strong and active young men, and both were possessed of courage; the nature of the latter, however, was more trusting than that of his companion, and he had far less dread of danger, and a more adaptive disposition. Moncontour was full of fancy, Courier was of a lively imagination; so that, while the latter was conceiving all kinds of romantic adventures in future, the latter was enjoying himself with present circumstances, and making the most of it that a lively temperament would allow.

Courier chatted and laughed with the charcoal burners, and found pleasure in listening to their observations on things. Moncontour looked upon them with sullen suspicion; and when the old dame pointed the way to bed, he climbed up with cautious and weary steps to the dark dismal loft.

'Well, *mon ami*, what do you think of our Calabrians?' said Courier, as he rolled himself in his cloak and lay down upon the mattress which had been provided for his repose.

'We are entrapped,' whispered Moncontour in a hollow tone, we must escape from here.'

'Yes, when the day breaks, and our horses are rested,' replied Courier, yawning; 'good night'; and in a few minutes the fatigues of the day had bound him in the slumbers of night.

Moncontour retired to his couch, which was close to that of his friend, but not to sleep. He listened to the moaning whistle of the wind, to the fierce barking of the large wolf-dogs without, to the low muttered conversation of the family below, and to their slow and cautious movements as they moved about; and he felt his head swim, and the blood run cold within his veins at the thought of his fate and that of his friend. There was no avenue of escape from this horrid den, for dogs and men seemed to be ever on the alert to prevent one secret motion. Moncontour bitterly blamed the careless confidence of Courier, and then, as all that loved him at home, and all that he loved, flashed upon his mental vision, he blamed the wayward curiosity and romantic precipitancy that had impelled him to undertake his present travels. Tossed upon a sea of mental troubles, the young Frenchman lay upon his sleepless couch, until he heard the first scream of the chancieeler, and the responsive bay of the wolf hound.

Now, thought he, the attack will be made, and yet Courier seems satisfied to slumber on.

'Courier,' he whispered, but the sounds almost died upon his lips, for a muttered response seemed to come from the apartments below.

The low deep tones of Jacopo Fippi's voice, mingled with the shriller accents of his wife, rose on the listener's quickened senses. Moncontour crawled cautiously to an opening in the loft, and bending his ear, heard Jacopo distinctly say, 'No, no, Nina, it is unnecessary.'

'It is not unnecessary, Jacopo,' replied his wife; 'for although one looks pale and sickly a little, the other is strong and hearty and will match you at knife and treacher any day. You must kill them both, I tell you; so be quick about it.'

'It is not that I grudge to do it,' said Jacopo, cautiously pulling on his garments; 'but I think that if I kill the white one, it is enough.'

'Kill them both, Jacopo, I tell you!' repeated the callous, relentless wife. 'It will not cost you much more trouble.'

The perspiration streamed over the brow, and bathed the breast of the listening Frenchman. His heart struck audibly against his sides, and his parched tongue clave to his palate, as he heard Jacopo rub the edge of his large wood knife upon a sandstone, and then cautiously begin to ascend the ladder leading

to his dormitory, followed by his wife. Moncontour had just time to conceal himself, when the rays of a lamp streamed through a chink of the door; and then it cautiously opened, revealing Jacopo and his spouse: the former armed with a huge knife and the latter bearing the lamp. 'Hush said the wife in a low whisper, 'move gently,' and the brigands slowly approached the bed where Courier slept.

Trembling and unable to utter a cry, Moncontour at last heard a gasp, as if the knife had severed some tough ligature, and then he heard the lamp fall, some muttered sentences of disappointment, the retreating footsteps of the charcoal burners, and then all was still once more.

Ah! who can paint the horrors of the succeeding hour to that poor youth. As the day broke, and the bustle of life became more audible, the silence and loneliness of his position grew so unsupportable, that in his agony he uttered a shout of pain.

'Hillo! I'm glad you are awake,' cried old Jacopo, suddenly, from the kitchen. 'I was afraid I had disturbed you when I came up for the ham.'

'Well, what cheer, Moncontour?' cried Courier, as he rose and shook himself. 'I have had pleasant dreams at any rate, my boy. I wish we may have as pleasant a breakfast.'

Moncontour was bewildered and chagrined, but he did not speak.

'Come away,' cried Nina Fippi, with a matronly smile, as her guests appeared amongst the family. 'I caused Jacopo to kill these two capons for your breakfast; so that you shall not go out to the hills without a good foundation on your stomachs.'

'I was afraid that I had spilt the oil from our lamp upon you with my awkwardness,' said Jacopo to Courier, laughing; but you have escaped without stain, I see; and all right.'

The Calabrians feasted their guests with the best their means afforded, and modestly but firmly refused any reward. They led them to the borders of their mountains, and pointed out their future route; and then they shook hands with them with regretful smiles.

'Generous peasants,' said Courier, as he waved his hand to them.

'And ungenerous guest was I,' muttered Moncontour, as he kissed his hand to them, and bowed farewell.

The two friends pursued their course, and finished the tour they had prescribed for themselves; but Moncontour never afterwards forgot to declare that the noblest lesson he had learned was to know that national prejudices are often national errors; that kindness is not confined to localities, nor generosity to nations; and that it is easier to sleep, believing the best of human kind, than when the brain is full of suspicious, and the breast precreant with fears.

From the British Gleaner.

## COLOUR.

'THE different colours which so greatly beautify the universe,' says Blair, 'depend upon the eye and the sensation. Different reflections give different intensities or force to the atoms which produce in the eye various effects, and these various effects we agree, by experience, to call by different names as colours. Colours to the eye are like tones to the ear, and depend on the force of the impression. The greatest force is scarlet, the least is violet or indigo; the medium is agreeable green. Light is variable force, sound is variable force, and colours and tones depend on our sensations.' It is useful to young ladies who paint landscapes or flowers, to know accurately the theory of colours; an acquisition too much neglected in general by those who indulge as amateurs in this most fascinating occupation. How many would think it impossible to colour an autumnal landscape, without amber, sienna, and ochre, and would scarcely believe, that if they possess but the primary colours, any combination may be formed, and any colour produced. Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of colour, enumerated seven primary colours, and for many years after his time the error still continued. Many school-books still propagate the same belief. Indigo, orange, green, and violet, are still enumerated; not one of which is a primary colour. It is now allowed that the primary colours are three only, and that the others are produced by merely mixing two of the primary colours in the requisite proportions. Any one possessing the first colours, red, blue, yellow, may easily assure himself that the blending of red and yellow will produce orange; yellow and blue will make green, indigo is only a deep blue; and violet a mixture of red and blue. No mixture of colours will produce red, or blue, or yellow, proving that they alone have a claim to be considered primary, from the mixtures of which all others may be produced. Black is the absence of colour; and white, the three colours in equal proportions. This last proposition is undoubtedly true, when colours can be found sufficiently pure for the experiment. With common water colours it is difficult to procure white by this means, probably on account of the difficulty of mixing in exact proportion, but the three colors will always be found to produce a light neutral tint, much fainter than the quantity of colour employed would produce, but for the power which the primary colours possess of neutralizing each other. The three colours when painted distinctly on a card, will, if the card be rapidly turned round, lose every distinct hue, and become to the eye one white whole. Sir Isaac Newton loses nothing of the honor of this his favorite discovery, in consequence of its having since been ascertained that the number of colours he enumerated may be differently classed; this is a small accession of knowledge,

following and attending on his stupendous discoveries, not contradicting his theory, but attesting and confirming its truth. Well did he merit the applause of the poet, contained in the following passage—

'E'en light itself, which everything displays, Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind Untwisted all the shining robe of day, And from the whitened undistinguish'd blaze, Collecting every ray into its kind, To the charm'd eye, educed the gorgeons train Of parent colours.'

Dark or full colors best retain heat; they are therefore best adapted for winter use; the lighter the colour the less heat it will absorb. This may be ascertained by laying pieces of cloth of different colours on the snow on a sunny morning, when it will be found that the darkest pieces will sink the deepest in the snow, on account of the heat which they absorb from the sun's rays; and the lighter the colour, the nearer the surface it will remain. The modern practice of painting black the walls to which fruit trees are attached, had its origin in this ascertained fact.

There is a paper in the 'Spectator,' which proposes to point out the harmony of colours, with regard to dress and complexion. The hints are taken from Ovid, and an attempt is made to ascertain what colour best suits individuals, with reference to complexion and the colour of the hair and eyes. To the fair, black or blue is recommended; and, indeed every one knows how becoming blue is to a fair lady, to the brunette, white or red is prescribed; and to the unfortunate of sallow hue, white and red commingled is advised. Ovid's system evidently delights in contrasts—'Pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.'—Therefore, according to his theory, that citizen was in error who had his carriage lined with yellow, to render less apparent the tawny complexion of his daughters; while the daughter of a church-warden showed great skill and science, who insisted that the new curtain to the church window, just above her pew, should be red, because her white satin bonnet was a little yellow.

It is very certain that a judicious selection of colours for dress is a sure proof of correct and cultivated taste. The authoress of the 'Young Ladies' Friend' has devoted a portion of her valuable little work to endeavour to furnish to young ladies with correct ideas in regard to their attire; and informs us that Dr Spurzheim observed of the American ladies, 'that they were deficient in the organ of colour, and that on landing at New York he was shocked to see ladies wearing indiscriminately all the colors of the rainbow, without regard to their complexion or the season of the year; and often with pink, blue and yellow on, all at the same time.' Now, in nothing is the taste of the Parisian ladies more conspicuous than in their skillful selection of colours. But there must be a sad want of taste for the fine arts, when ladies are to be seen with pink ribbons on their bonnets, blue shawls on their shoulders, while their hands display yellow gloves and green bags—when we witness sallow complexions, contrasted with sky blue, and flushed cheeks surrounded by the hues of the rose, and pale ones made to appear more colourless by green linings. All these things will in time be better understood, when young persons have learned to regard dress less as a matter to be taken upon trust from foreign dealers in finery, than as an individual accomplishment; and to consider that their appearance depends more on their own good taste, than than the length of their father's purses.

'The eye,' remarks Dr Ure, 'has its principle of correspondence with what is just, beautiful and elegant, and, when cultivated acquires a habitual delicacy, and answers to the finest impressions. Being versed in the best works of nature and art, it soon learns to distinguish true impressions from false—grace from affectation.'

From Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.

## HURRY AND HASTE.

Never do anything in a hurry, is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr Warren. No one in a hurry can possibly have his wits about him; and remember, that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember also that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil; that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry, but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him: he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life: he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was so, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquility and temper, conferring on him immense advan-