

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft lisping wins me,
Till tears start to mine eyes:
Deep from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody;
And evermore it singeth
This song of songs to me—
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!

If faith and loving kindness
Passed coin 'twixt heart and heart,
Old bigotry's dark blindness
And malice would depart.
If men were more forgiving,
Were kind words often spoken,
Instead of scorn so grieving,
There would be few hearts broken.
When plenty's round us smiling,
Why wakes this cry for bread?
Why are crush'd millions toiling,
Gaunt—clothed in rags—unfed?

The sunny hills and valleys
Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
But the lordling of the palace
Still robs his fellow men.
O God! what hosts are trampled
Amidst this press for gold,
What noble hearts are sapp'd of life,
What spirits lose their hold!
And yet upon this God-bless'd earth
There's room for every one;
Ungarn'd food still ripens,
To waste, rot in the sun;
For the world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!

Let the law of bloodshed perish,
War's gore and glory, splendour—
And men will learn to cherish
Feelings more kind and tender.
Were we true unto each other,
We'd banish hate and crime,
And clasp the hand of a brother,
In any land or clime!
If gold were not an idol,
Were mind and merit worth,
Oh there would be a bridal
Betwixt high heaven and earth!

Were truth an utter'd language,
Angels might talk with men,
And God-illumined earth should see
The golden age again;
For the leaf-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their raptures
Into the ear of God—
And the sweet wind that bringeth
The music of the sea,
Have each a voice that singeth
This song of songs to me—
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!

From Hogg's Instructor.

BOU-AKAS; OR, JUSTICE IN ALGIERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the Ferdj 'Ouah dwells a sheik named Bou Akas-ben-Achor (the man of the club), likewise styled Bou-Djenoui (the man of the knife)—a complete type of the Eastern Arab. His ancestors conquered the Ferdj 'Ouah (his country)—a conquest which he inherited and consolidated. He is at present forty-nine years of age, and wears a woollen *gon-doura*, confined by a leathern belt. A pair of pistols are stuck in his shoulder-belt; at his left side hangs a dagger, and round his neck a small black handled knife or cutlass. Before him marches a negro, carrying his gun, and beside him bounds a huge greyhound. When a neighboring tribe offends him, he does not take the trouble to testify his displeasure personally, but contents himself with sending his negro into the principal village; the negro shows his master's gun, and the fault is forthwith repaired. Two or three hundred *tolbas* are paid by this puissant sheik to read the Koran to the people. Each person passing through his dominions on a pilgrimage to Mecca, receives three francs, and may tarry as long as he pleases in the Ferdj 'Ouah, at its sovereign's expense. But if Bou Akas learns that any deception has been practised upon him, he sends his emissaries after the false pilgrim, who overtake him, wherever he may be, and then and there bestow fifty strokes with the *bastinado* on the soles of his feet. When a traveller is commended to the sheik's hospitality, he intrusts his guest with his gun, his dog or his knife, according to the stranger's rank, or the urgency of the recommendation. With one or another of these talismans, each of which signifies the degree of honor that is to be paid to its temporary possessor, the latter traverses the twelve tribes of the Ferdj 'Ouah without encountering the least danger, sure of being lodged and fed gratis, for he is the guest of Bou Akas. Upon quitting the country, he has simply to deliver over the knife, dog, or gun to the first Arab he meets, who immediately leaves his occupation, whatever it may be, and remits the loan to Bou Akas. It is

from this well known black-handled knife or cutlass that the sheik has derived his surname of Bou-Djenoui—the man of the knife. With it he occasionally decapitates those whom, with a view to the prompter execution of justice, he sees fit to despatch with his own hand.

When Bou-Akas first assumed the reins of government, the country was overrun with thieves. He soon, however, found a means of extirpating them. Habiting himself as a simple merchant, he would let fall a purse, taking care not to lose sight of it. A dropped purse is never allowed to lie long. If he who picked it up put it quietly in his pocket, Bou-Akas made a sign to his *chaousses*, disguised like himself, who immediately pursued the man and beheaded him. It soon became a byword among the Arabs, that a child twelve years of age might traverse the twelve tribes under the sheik's dominion, with a crown upon his head, without a single hand being lifted to deprive him of it.

Bou-Akas has great respect for the fair sex, and has established a custom in the Ferdj 'Ouah, that, when they come to fill their goat skins at the fountain, the men shall turn aside to allow them to pass first. One day the sheik had a mind to ascertain what the females of his dominions thought of him; and having encountered a beautiful Arab on the borders of the Oved Ferdj 'Ouah, he approached her, and began to joke with her. The woman gazed upon him with astonishment.

'Leave me, cavalier,' she said, 'you know not the danger you run.'

The disguised sheik took no heed of her warning, but continued to persecute her with his foolery.

'Imprudent!' at length she exclaimed, 'come you from such a far country as to be ignorant that you are in the dominions of the man of the knife, where women are respected!'

Bou-Akas having heard that the *cadi* of one of his twelve tribes pronounced judgments worthy of Solomon, determined, like another Haroun Alraschid, to judge for himself of the report. He accordingly laid aside every attribute that ordinarily distinguished him, disguised himself after his usual fashion, and mounting a swift horse, set out without a single attendant. The day on which he arrived at the fortunate town that possessed so just a *cadi*, happened to be a fair day, and consequently a court day. Just as the sheik was about to ride through the gate, his attention was attracted by a cripple, who asked an alms, hanging to his *burnous*. Bou-Akas bestowed his charity like a brave Mussulman, but the cripple remained suspended to the *burnous*.

'What more do you want?' inquired Bou-Akas. 'I have given you what you asked for.'

'Yes,' replied the cripple; 'but the law says, not only 'Thou shalt bestow an alms upon thy brother,' but likewise, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother all that it is in thy power to do.'

'Well, what can I do for you?' asked Bou-Akas.

'You can save me, poor reptile that I am, from being trampled under foot by men, mules and camels, which will not fail to happen if I venture into the town as I am.'

'And how can I prevent this?'
'By taking me upon your horse's croup, and conducting me to the market-place, where I have business.'

'Be it so,' said Bou-Akas; and raising up the cripple, he helped him to mount behind him—an operation which was not accomplished without difficulty. In this fashion the two traversed the town, exciting general curiosity, and at length arrived at the market-place.

'Was it here that you wished me to bring you?' inquired Bou-Akas of the cripple.

'Yes.'

'Then get down.'

'Get down yourself.'

'To help you? Certainly.'

'No; to leave me your horse.'

'What! Leave you my horse?' exclaimed Bou-Akas, struck with amazement at the man's audacity.

'Yes, it is now mine,' answered the cripple, in no wise dismayed.

'We shall see that,' said Bou-Akas determinedly.

'Hearken,' said the cripple, 'we are now in the town of the just *cadi*. You intend to take me before him?'

'Probably.'

'Do you believe that when he sees us two, the one with good legs and the other with broken ones, he will not adjudge the horse to the man most in need of him?'

'If he should determine thus,' said Bou-Akas, 'he will no longer merit the name of the just *cadi*.'

'They call him just,' replied the beggar, laughing, 'but not intallible.'

'This is a capital opportunity of testing the *cadi*,' said Bou-Akas to himself. 'We will go before him immediately.'

And leading his horse by the bridle, with the cripple perched on its croup like a monkey, he pushed through the crowd, and arrived before the tribunal, where the judge, according to oriental custom, dispensed justice publicly. Two causes were to come on before that of Bou-Akas, so he took his place, and listened. The first was a case of abduction; a peasant had run away with the wife of a scribe, whom he maintained to be his own. The woman would not recognise either the one or the other for her possessor, or rather she recognized them both, which rendered the matter very embarrassing. The

judge heard the statements of the two parties, and then reflected an instant.

'Leave me the woman,' said he, 'and return to-morrow.'

The scribe and the peasant made their salutations and retired.

The second suit was between a butcher and an oil-merchant. The oil-merchant was covered with oil, the butcher was stained with blood. The latter gave the following testimony:—'I went to this man to buy some oil. He filled my bottle, and I put my hand in my purse and withdrew it full of money, out of which I intended to pay for the oil. The sight tempted him, and he seized my fist. I cried 'Thieves!' but he would not release me, and we are come together before you. I still holding my money in my hand, and he retaining a firm grasp upon my fist. I swear by Mahomet that this man is a liar, when he affirms that I am a thief, for the money that I hold is mine.'

Then the oil merchant spoke as follows:—'This man came to me to buy oil. When I had filled his bottle, he said to me, 'have you change for a piece of gold?' I felt in my pocket, and drew forth my hand full of money, and placed this money on the threshold of my shop. He seized upon it, and was about to make off when I grasped his fist, and shouted 'Thieves!' Notwithstanding this, he would not relinquish his prize, and I have brought him here for you to judge between us. I swear by Mahomet that this man is a liar, when he affirms that I am a thief, for the money that he holds is mine.'

The *cadi* caused each deponent to repeat his statement over again; they did not vary in the least particular. The judge reflected an instant.

'Leave me the money,' said he at length, 'and return to-morrow.'

The butcher deposited the money in the skirt of the judge's robe, and then saluting him, withdrew, accompanied by his opponent.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

'Signor *cadi*,' said Bou-Akas, 'I came from a distant town with the intention of making purchases at this market. At the gate I encountered the cripple beside me, who first asked an alms, and then begged me to let him mount behind me; telling me how he feared to venture into the streets, lest he should be trampled upon by the concourse of men and beasts. I granted both requests; but when we reached the market place and I expected him to dismount, he refused, affirming that the horse was his. It was useless to menace him with justice, for he replied that the *cadi* was too sensible a man not to know that the horse ought to belong to the individual who needed it most. This is the simple truth, signor *cadi*; I swear it by Mahomet.'

'Signor *cadi*,' interposed the cripple, 'I came upon business to the market held in this place upon my own horse. As I was travelling along, I saw this man seated on the roadside, and apparently ready to expire. I approached him, and inquired what accident he had met with. No accident has happened to me,' he replied, 'but I am nearly dead with fatigue; and if you have any mercy, you will conduct me to the town, where I have business. Then, arrived at the market place, I will descend, praying Mahomet to grant all the desires of him who brought me succour in my need. I did as the man desired, but what was my astonishment, when, arrived in the market-place, he requested me to descend, affirming that the horse was his. I immediately brought him here for you to judge between us. I tell the simple truth, I swear it by Mahomet.'

The *cadi* made each repeat his deposition.

'Leave me the horse,' said he, after having reflected an instant, 'and return hither to-morrow.'

The horse was placed at the disposal of the judge, and Bou-Akas and the cripple, in their turn, saluted, and retired.

The next day, not only the individuals interested, but a number of curious persons, attended the tribunal. The *cadi* followed the order of the preceding day. The scribe and the peasant were first called.

'Here,' said the *cadi* to the scribe, 'take back your wife.' Then, turning to his *chaousses*, 'Give this man fifty strokes of the *bastinado*,' he said, pointing to the peasant.

These orders were executed; and then the butcher and the oil-merchant were summoned.

'Take your money,' said the *cadi* to the butcher. 'It came out of your pocket, and never belonged to your adversary.'

The butcher departed well satisfied; and the oil merchant received fifty strokes of the *bastinado*.

The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple approached the tribunal.

'Ah! you are there,' said the *cadi*.

'Yes, signor judge,' replied both complainants at the same instant.

'Would you be able to recognise your horse among twenty others?' asked the *cadi* of Bou-Akas.

'Certainly,' replied the latter.

'And you?' inquired the judge, turning to the cripple.

'Without doubt,' replied he.

'Then follow me,' said the judge to Bou-Akas.

They went together to the stables, where Bou Akas recognised his horse immediately.

'It is well,' said the *cadi*. 'Now return to the tribunal and send hither your adversary.'

Bou-Akas did as he was requested, and then awaited the return of the judge; while the cripple hastened to the stables as fast as his lameness would permit. Whatever his

egs might be, his eyes and his memory were both perfect; he went straight up to Bou-Akas's horse, and designated it with his finger.

'It is well,' said the judge again. 'Rejoice me at the tribunal.'

The *cadi* took his place, and every one awaited with impatience the reappearance of the cripple. At the end of five minutes he arrived quite out of breath.

'The horse is yours,' now pronounced the *cadi*, turning to Bou-Akas. 'Take him from the stables.'

Bou-Akas went to claim his horse; and the *chaousses* bestowed fifty strokes with a rod on the back of the cripple. This change was made by the just *cadi*, in consideration of the man's infirmity.

Re-entering his house upon the termination of the trials, the judge found Bou-Akas awaiting him.

'Are you discontented?' asked the *cadi*.

'No, very much the contrary,' answered the sheik; 'but I wished to see you again, to ask by what inspiration you decide the causes that are brought before you; for I doubt not that the other decisions are equally equitable with mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Sheik of the Ferdj 'Ouah, who, having heard much of you, wished to know you personally.'

The *cadi* would have kissed the hand of his visitor, but the latter prevented him.

'I am in haste,' he said, 'to know how you ascertained that the woman was the wife of the scribe, that the money belonged to the butcher, and the horse was mine.'

'It is very simple, signor,' said the judge. 'You saw that I detained for the space of one night, the woman, the money and the horse.'

'Yes.'

'Well, at midnight I caused the woman to be awakened and brought me, and then I ordered her to renew my inkstand. She took it, emptied it of the cotton, washed it thoroughly, replaced it in its case, and re-filled it with ink. Then I said to myself, if you had been a peasant's wife, you would not have known how to cleanse an inkstand. You are the wife of the scribe.'

'Good,' said Bou-Akas, inclining his head in token of assent. 'So much for the woman. Now for the money?'

'Did you remark said the judge, 'that the merchant was covered with oil, and above all, that his hands were greasy?'

'Yes.'

'I took the money and put it in a vessel full of pure water. This morning I examined the water. Not a particle of oil had floated to the surface. I said to myself, in consequence, this money belongs to the butcher, and not to the oil merchant. Had it belonged to the merchant it would have been greasy and the oil would have risen to the surface of the water.'

Bou-Akas nodded again. 'Good,' said he, 'now about my horse.'

'That was different again; until this morning I was much embarrassed.'

'The cripple did not recognise him, then?'

'Yes, he recognised him immediately; and as boldly, as positively as you.'

'Well?'

'I did not take you separately to the stables to ascertain if you would recognise the horse; but if the horse would recognise you. When you approached he neighed, but when the cripple came, he flung out his heels. I thus learned that the horse belonged to the man with good legs, and not to the cripple; and I returned him to you.'

'You ought to be in my place, and I in yours,' said Bou-Akas, after a moment's reflection. 'Yet, though I am sure that you are worthy of being a sheik, I am by no means certain that I should be capable of being a *cadi*.'

A prisoner being brought up to the police-court, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate:

'How do you live?'

'Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and a pudding at dinner.'

'I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?'

'I beg your Worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop.'

'You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you how do you do?'

'Tolerably well, I thank your Worship; I hope your Worship is well.'

You not so Berry Fat Arter All.—A field-slave in the South, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him and began to speculate on his qualities.

'Oh, how fat!—berry fat!—the fattest I eber did see! Let me see how I'll cook him: I broil him! No, he so fat he lose all de grease: I fry him! Ah, yes! he so berry fat he fry himself. Golly! how fat he be! No, I wont fry him—I stew him!'

The thought of the savory stew made the negro forget himself, and in spreading out the feast in his imagination, his arms relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, he eyed his late owner with cool composure.

The negro knew there was an end of the stew, and summoning up all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit, at the same time shaking his fist at him:

'You long-eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed son of a gun, you not so berry fat arter all!'

Knowledge of our duty is the most useful part of philosophy.

An honest employment is a most excellent patrimony.