

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the Anglo-American Magazine, for September.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

"Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three,"

But chief of these, fair Charity,
What would this world without you be!

Faith in the heavenly mystery,
Hope in the glory yet to be,
Where all is boundless Charity.

Faith in the blessed Trinity,
Hope through Christ's glorious victory,
Both fruitless without charity.

Faith casting mountains in the sea,
Hope, piercing through eternity,
Both crowned with god-like Charity.

Faith, lofty as the mustard tree,
Hope, smiling through the heart-agonies,
Their source and end, sweet Charity.

Through Faith the heaven of heavens we see;
Hope glides life's path with radiance;
Brightest of all shines Charity.

On earth Faith holds its sovereignty,
From earthly grief hope sets us free,
In earth and heaven reigns Charity.

By Faith from perils dread we flee,
Hope is of rainbow brilliancy,
But heaven's bright star is Charity.

Faith looks on death triumphantly,
Hope's rays then beam most lustreously,
Lit by the flames of Charity.

Faith ends with frail morality,
Hope, also, ceases than to bow;
Eternal in fair Charity!

From Graham's Magazine for September.

"ROSALINE."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Ellen Louise Chandler.

I am going to write an autobiography, and I have headed it 'Rosaline,' because, by that name, my life is bounded. When I first met her, I commenced to live, and when I lost her, I lived no more. During my boyhood, I but traversed the wonderful paths of a world of dreams. The men and things along my way were all spectres; I took no cognizance of them save as ideal phantoms. I dwelt for many years of my boyhood in a stately castle. It was the home of my fathers; the residence of the Ernsteins, for many generations. There was a gallery, hung with portraits of grim knights and stately dames; and at one end was the dark, frowning face of the founder of our family, the stern Rudolph Von Ernstein. For him was I named. There was a tale of his having murdered a priest at the altar, while he was saying a mass for the repose of the dead; and tradition say that the Lord Rudolph was never known after that to rest quietly in his bed—that he died haunted by a vague and nameless terror, and when he called for a priest, in his last agony the ghost of the murdered monk stood over his bed-side, and heard his shrift. The family legends said, a curse rested upon the race for ever; that every seventh male heir should be a maniac.

The Lord of Ernstein, in the seventh generation from the founder, was a raving madman.—Seven more generations had passed, and the soothsayers said the curse rested darkly upon my brow. My mother was a proud, strong-minded woman, and she gave no credence to the prophecy, but I think my father feared it; or he himself superintended my education with the greatest care. My wishes were never thwarted, and the most scrupulous precautions were taken that I should be surrounded by only pleasant and soothing influences. The ground about the castle were laid out with exquisite taste. There were grassy knolls and wooded coverts; glens and water-falls; mimic lakes; and the rarest flowers from foreign lands. Here I wandered for the greatest part of my time. My temperament was highly poetical, and my studies, which my father permitted me to select for myself, were in the highest degree calculated to foster this exuberance of imagination.

I was never, from my early boyhood, without a companion—the Egeria of my fancy. It may be that she grew old with me; that my ideal changed as my intellect ripened, but her face was always the same. She had large, melting, indiscribably glorious eyes, of the tint of lapis-lazuli, her hair was like shadows cast upon the meadow-grass in a summer afternoon, tangled here and there with the threads of sunshine sifting through the leaves. I used to look into those supernatural eyes—to twine those tresses of the sunshine through my human fingers, and to listen to the melody of that spirit-voice, which always sounded to my ear like tones from a far off star, falling downward through an atmosphere of golden haze.

I told her all my hopes and visions, and with her I was never lonely. But one night I had a dream. I was fifteen at the time, but even in

person I was older than my years; how much more in my habit of thought and being.—I had wandered all day in the forest, and I slept soundly. It was the night before the 1st of May, and at midnight I had a vision. Egeria stood before me. Her long hair fell about her shoulders like a veil, and her eyes were dim with tears. I took her hand, and would have raised it to my lips, but she gently drew it back. 'Farewell, farewell,' said her faint voice. 'I have come to you for the last time—to-morrow you will meet your destiny. You will love the mortal woman whose shadow I have been. You will kiss lips that are human and earthly, and pine no longer for a spirit of the air. But she is like me. When you look into her eyes you will whisper 'Egeria,' when her tresses baptize your brow at night-time, you will remember your spirit-bride, and her locks which you have pressed to your bosom. I shall never be forgotten. In death you will join the world of shadows, whereof I am one, and the bride of your boyhood, will be the bride of your eternity!'

She ceased, my eyes seemed sealed with kisses, my brow was signed with the baptism of her love. The vision passed, and I slept but I woke the next morning with her prophecy floating through my mind, like a strain of music. That day I dressed with care. There was a May-day festival on my father's grounds. I never attended one before, and I was entirely unacquainted with the rustic villagers. I had heard that several noble families were to be present, and I doubted not that among them I should find the object of my search. My father was pleased with my resolution to be present, hailing it as an omen that I had commenced to take more interest in the affairs of those around me.

I was presently introduced to the assembled noblesse, but I soon made the discovery that the object of my search was not among them.—at that moment there was a cry—'the queen, the queen,' and a band of white-robed girls led forward a maiden toward the throne in the centre of the green. She also was robed in white, and I no sooner met the glance of her clear blue eyes than I knew it was her of whom Egeria had spoken. The dream of my life had become an embodied reality—the being before me was God-given, and in my heart I claimed her as my wife. But I could afford to wait. They came up to her, one after another, to do her homage, and now I became sensible of the maddest, the most intense jealousy. Every lip that touched her hand sent a thrill of pain through my whole being, and I only forgave her because she was not yet apprised of our heaven-appointed nuptials.

They had put her name, 'Rosaline,' in golden letters over the throne-like chair in which she was sitting, and while I waited, I spelled them out to myself, and wondered whether there ever was another name which syllabled so much music.

At last, my turn came. I knelt at her feet and whispered 'Rosaline.' She blushed timidly, and I thought her more beautiful than ever.—'I have a message for your war, fair queen; will you deign to walk with me for a few moments? I am Rudolph Von Ernstein, your majesty's humblest vassal.' She blushed again, and this time she smiled. Then rising, she took my offered arm, and we strolled onward.

I said little beyond a chance comment or two upon the beauty of the day, until I had drawn her away to a cool and fragrant nook which was one of my favorite resorts. Then I seated her upon the grass by my side, and told her the history of my past life. I concluded with the vision, and I said, pressing her hand to my heart, 'Lo! I have found you; do you not know that we are united forever? Do you not love me?'

'Not yet,' was the reply, breathed in such low, spirit-tones, I scarcely knew whether her voice gave it utterance, or whether it was a whisper from the stars. For three hours she sat beside me, and I held her hand in mine. We talked to each other with the simplicity of childhood.—she told me of a mystery attending her birth; that she was not the child of the humble people with whom she lived, but that a beautiful lady, richly drest, had brought her many years ago to their door, and she had grown up there. She loved every one that was good, she said; and she loved all the lambskins upon the mountain, the flowers in the meadow, and the birds in the trees; but beyond and above this general love for the beautiful and true, she cared for no one. And then I said—'I also am desolated, oh, beautiful queen; wilt thou not love me?—' And again came that soft answer, 'not yet,' and Rosaline drew nearer to me, and looked into my face with her radiant eyes. 'You have a work to do,' she said gently, 'and when it is perfected you may hope for love. Your father has the first claim upon your obedience. Go to the university; be diligent, be successful!'

'But if I obey my father, and go hence for a season, shall I not lose you?'

'We had better lose all,' she said, 'than lose the right, but fear nothing; I am young yet, and I will wait. Be worthy of love and it will come!'

Then I learned to reverence as a saint the being I adored as a woman! She was just my own age, timid, and a girl; and yet I gathered from her in that hour, a higher wisdom than all my years of study had ever taught me, and

raising her hand to my lips, I whispered—'I will do your bidding, my beloved. I will yet win love, for I will be worthy.' I placed upon her slender finger a ring of richly-chased gold, set with a single ruby, and I said, 'be this the sign. Love to him who is worthy! You will wear that for my sake, and I will toil faithfully for yours.' I dared not clasp her to my heart, or press my lips to her virgin brow; but I left many a kiss on the white palm of her hand, and that was our parting.

The next morning I announced to my father my intention of proceeding, as he had long desired, to the university. He was beside himself with joy at my resolution, until I told him its origin; and then a heavy frown darkened his brow for a moment, but it passed away, and he said smilingly—'Well, my son, any thing is better than the dream-land you have traversed so far in life. You shall go to the university, but you shall go free and unfettered. During the two years you reside there, you will remain so. In the mean time, we will bring this Rosaline home to the castle, and she shall be educated as becomes your wife. If you love one another when you return, it will be well. I will give you my blessing. If not, you shall not be free.'

And so I went to the University of Göttingen. From the moment I left Rosaline, I date, as I have said, the commencement of my life. From that moment I had a task to perform equal to my highest ambition, to become worthy of my bride, and to make her happy.

At the university I succeeded even beyond my expectations. I stood at the head of my division, and was a favorite with my professors. I had thrown off the misanthropic reserve which had isolated me from mankind since my infancy. I was popular with my fellow-students, and I had one friend. I loved Wilhelm Heine, because he was a poet. I have said nothing, so far, of my own person. I had a face which seemed to claim no kindred with my German ancestry. In mind I was a German. I had all the German profundity, transcendentalism, and love of mystery; but in heart, I was an Italian, and I had an Italian face. My hair was raven black, crisp, and curling; my brows were arched, and my eyes were the large, passionate, languishing eyes of Italy. Wilhelm differed from me widely. He had the clear blue eyes, fair forehead, and blond hair of the Germans, and he was strikingly handsome. To this day I have never seen a mortal who possessed half his genius. He had, whenever he chose to exercise it, an irresistible power of fascination. I was completely charmed with him during the first week of our acquaintance, and as time passed on, the tie between us strengthened. I confided to him every secret of my life. I told him all the vague mysterious dreamings of my earlier years, of my father's castle, and Egeria. But I dwelt longest upon Rosaline; or, as I used lovingly to call her, my German Rose. He listened with the most tender interest, and bestowed his confidence upon me in return. He, too, it seemed, loved a being fair as the beautiful sisters of the Hartz Mountains, and when he gave me this account, I was satisfied, and persuaded him to return home with me in the vacation, that he might look upon my pure Rose, my darling.

My father welcomed us cordially, and my first enquiry was for Rose. I learned that they had been unable to prevail on her to take up her residence at the castle, but my mother had often visited her, and had learned to love her like a daughter. They had procured for her the most skillful teachers, and she was rapidly being perfected in all graceful and lady-like accomplishments. My stately mother seemed instantly attracted toward my friend. I left them together, and took my way alone to the cottage of Rosaline. I saw the fair girl, as I approached, sitting on a low bench by the open door. I had thought her perfection before, but she seemed lovelier than ever. She looked up as I drew near, and instantly her face and neck were suffused with burning blushes. It thrilled my heart with rapture. I stole softly to her side, and whispered as I held her hand—'How long must I wait for love? I have striven to be worthy.'

It was night. The moon and the stars, however, made the heavens almost as luminous as day; and I could see every blush, every motion that flitted up to her sweet face. She dropped her long lashes over her downcast eyes, so that they swept her cheek, as she murmured, 'I love you already. I have loved you long!'

Then, for the first time I drew her to my bosom, and pressed upon her pure lips the chaste kiss of our betrothal. She was mine. My ideal was tabernacled in a human form, and I worshipped her as if once more the divinity had been incarnate.

During that visit Wilhelm Heine shared little of my company. He met Rose once or twice, and though he admired her, as who would not, he did not bestow on her the enthusiastic praise I had looked for, in one of his poetic temperaments. For the most part I abandoned him to my mother, and devoted all my time to her, who was now, with the fullest sanction of my parents, my betrothed. Oh, these were happy days, and they lie warm and bright yet in my memory, though the sun has set many times since then, and the moon risen, sometimes to go down in a night of sorrow. I was loved. The wildest dreams of my boyhood were satis-

fied. Every soul was an angel. Some go through life pining for their presence, and die, at last with the vision unfulfilled, the shadow yet resting on their souls, but I found mine.—My whole life became as an anthem of praise!

(To be continued.)

From an Article in the London Quarterly for July.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WHILE both father and daughter were alike the objects of popular attachment during their lifetime, the daughter alone has retained the affection of posterity. In fact we find it no easy matter to believe that our eight Harry could ever have been a popular monarch.—The England, however, of those days was used to see royal and noble blood poured out upon the scaffold: and there seems reason to believe that the strange compounds of religions which he devised harmonized well with the felling of his day. Men rejoiced to get rid of the never-failing grievance of the Pope's supremacy, and of some of the grosser practical delusions and superstitions; but the mass of mankind and all ages are alike attached to the religious ceremonies to which they are accustomed, and heedless about theological dogmas which they do not comprehend. Such a state of mind was exactly met by the church of Henry VIII.: national and regal vanity were alike flattered by the creation of an insular Pope in the royal person, men's senses were no longer insulted by the Rood of Boxly or the holy phial of Hales, but the divine might still maintain the orthodox faith of pontiffs and councils, and the layman was still surrounded at his baptism, his marriage, and his burial, by the same rights which were endeared to him and his fathers by the practice of countless generations. Henry appeared in his own time as a gallant and magnificent monarch, under whom the country enjoyed a peace to which it had been unaccustomed for nearly a century; he gave his subjects as much religious reformation as they desired, and no more than they desired; his worst proceedings too were always done under a legal guise, for he found parliaments, judges, and convocations ready to sanction every caprice of his despotism. Such an one was easily forgiven those deeds of wanton bloodshed which have rendered his name a byword amongst posterity. The like too was the case with his daughter: the act which the warmest panegyrist of Elizabeth are driven to palliate is a dark stain upon her memory; the act from which she herself shrunk, and of which she meanly tried to throw the responsibility upon others, was not even an error in the eyes of her loving subjects. Mary Stuart, the deposed and captive queen, excited no feeling of romance or chivalry in the breast of the ordinary Englishman of her own time; he saw in her only the foe of his religion and the rival of his sovereign; crowds of petitions prayed that justice might be done upon the offender, and her execution was hailed with the same signs of public rejoicing as a coronation or a royal marriage.

Elizabeth then, and all that pertains to her, is recommended to our attention not only by the acknowledged greatness of her character and the important events which marked her reign, but as a sovereign more thoroughly popular than any of her predecessors or successors during several centuries. She was not merely the sovereign, she was the head, the kinswoman, the representative of her people. Every feature of her character is thus invested with a special interest, one that is redoubled when we consider the foibles the vices, and the crimes of which she stands convicted or charged. Elizabeth as drawn by her admirers, and Elizabeth as drawn by her enemies, appear like the portraits of two wholly distinct women.—And yet neither portrait is to be set aside as an entirely fictitious one. We need not dispute whether the shield is gold or silver, whether the chameleon is green or blue. The glorious qualities which are held up to admiration by the one side, the degrading weaknesses which the other points out to our contempt are both of them plainly to be recognized in the records of her life. Our only business is to consider how the two could be so strangely intermingled in the same character, and how the most ludicrous and contemptible foibles never interfered with her veneration at the hands of that public opinion which is generally more disposed to forgive the crimes than the follies of its princes.

The knight approaching the shield from one side alone might well pronounce it to be a golden. The first aspects of Elizabeth's character is that of the wisest and mightiest of a line of rulers, surpassed in might and wisdom by none that history has recorded. It has seldom been the lot of England to fall under the sway of *rois faibles*, such as have made their dignity contemptible in the eyes of many foreign nations; a succession of them she has never seen. Most of our kings have been men of more than average ability; several of them have been men of pre-eminent genius. But, since the mighty Norman first set foot upon our shores, one prince, alone has worn his crown who can dispute the first rank which the daughter of Henry VIII. and of Anne Boleyn, the first Edward, great alike in war and peace, the founder of our commerce, the reformer of our law, may indeed claim a place by the side of one who in so many respects trod in the same line of policy. He was the first, and, till Elizabeth