

Literature, &c.

NEW WORKS.

A HOPE FOR THE BRAVE.

BY H. S. BRADBURY (QUALLON.)

A hope for the brave on the battle plain,
While our tears gush forth for the early slain;
The men who have fought for our dear old land
With a large full heart, and a dauntless hand!
Who have wielded the sword in a kingly fight,
Like the Romans of old with imperial might;
With a passionate ardour that twinkled and
played,
Like the glittering glow of a flashing blade!

And oh! but our land shall be glorious yet—
The blaze that brightens her fame never set;
Unvanquished and fearless she measures the
sea.

Queen of the noble and Queen of the free.
To battle she goes with a regal sway,
Strong-handed and rife for the murderous fray:
The sword her defence, and valour her shield,
On the bloody tug of the battle field.

For our sons who fell in the reeking strife,
And paid for our glory the treasure of life—
Thousands are mourning as earnest as fire;
The mother and maid and sorrowful sire,
Unpalsied in limb and matchless in might,
Unclouded she rides in eternal light:
And who shall eclipse her splendid name,
Or clutch at the star of her high-crowned fame?

And fiercely she strikes as in days of old,
Though bloody the wrestle, her heart is bold:
No Kingdom she fears—no tyrant she heeds—
But grapples the sword that to victory leads.
Her soul starts upward as bravely she goes,
Triumphant and bare to her savage foes;
Grand as a giant she reddens the sod,
With a brow as stern as a marble God.

The History of my Youth: an Autobiography
of Francis Arago.

One anecdote, taken from among a thousand,
will show that an adventurous life was led by the
delegates of the Bureau of Longitude.

During my stay on the mountain near Cul-
lera, to the north of the mouth of the river Xu-
car, and to the south of Albofera, I once
conceived the project of establishing a station
on the high mountains which are in front of it.
I went to see them. The alcaid of one of the
neighbouring villages warned me of the danger
to which I was about to expose myself. "These
mountains," said he to me, "form the resort of a
crowd of robbers." I asked for the national
guard, as I had the power to do so. My escort
was supposed by the robbers to be an expedition
directed against them, and they spread them-
selves at once over the rich plain which is wa-
tered by the Xucar. On my return I found
them engaged in combat with the authorities of
Cullera. Wounds had been given on both sides,
and, if I recollect right, one alguazil was left
dead on the plain.

The next morning I regained my station.—
The following night was a horrible one; the
rain fell in a deluge. Towards night there was
knocking at my cabin door. To the question,
"Who is there?" the answer was, "A custom
house guard, who asks of you a refuge for some
hours." My servant having opened the door
to him, I saw a magnificent man enter, armed
to the teeth. He laid himself down on the
earth, and went to sleep. In the morning as I
was chatting with him at the door of my cabin,
his eyes became animated on seeing two per-
sons on the slope of the mountain, the alcaid of
Cullera and his principal alguazil, who were
coming to pay me a visit. "Sir," cried he, "no-
thing less than the gratitude which I owe to you
on account of the service which you have rendered
to me this night, could prevent my seizing
this occasion for disencumbering myself, by one
shot of this corabine, of my most cruel enemy.
Adieu, sir!" And he departed, springing from
rock to rock as light as a gazelle.

When arrived at the cabin, the alcaid and his
alguazil recognised in the fugitive the chief of
all the brigands in the country.

Some days afterwards, the weather having
again become very bad, I received a second visit
from the pretended custom house guard, who
went soundly to sleep in my cabin. I saw that
my servant an old military man, who had heard
a recital of the deeds and behaviour of this man,
preparing to kill him. I jumped from my camp
bed, and, seizing him by the throat,—"Are
you mad?" said I to him; "are we to discharge
the duties of a police in this country? Do you
not see, moreover, that this would expose us to
the resentment of all those who obey the orders
of this redoubtable chief? And we should thus
render it impossible for us to terminate our
operations."

Next morning, when the sun rose, I had a
conversation with my guest which I will try to
reproduce faithfully.

Your situation is perfectly known to me; I
know that you are not a custom-house guard; I
have learned from certain information that you
are the chief of the robbers of the country.—
Tell me whether I have anything to fear from
your confederates?"

The idea of robbing you did occur to us; but
we concluded that all your funds would be in the
neighbouring towns; that you would carry no
money to the summit of mountains, where you
would not know what to do with it, and that our
expedition against you could have no fruitful
result. Moreover we cannot pretend to be as
strong as the King of Spain. The King's troops
leave us quietly enough to exercise our indus-
try; but on the day that we molested an en-
voy from the Emperor of the French, they
would have directed against us several regi-
ments, and we should soon have succumbed.—
Allow me to add that the gratitude which I owe
to you is your surest guarantee.

Very well I will trust in your words; I shall
regulate my conduct by your answer. Tell me
if I can travel at night? It is fatiguing to me
to move from one station to another in the day
under the burning influence of the sun.

You can do it, sir; I have already given my
orders to this purpose; they will not be infringed.

Some days afterwards I left for Dedia; it was
midnight, when some horsemen rode up to
me, and addressed the following words to
me:—

Stop there, senior; times are hard; those who
have something must aid those who have nothing.
Give us the keys of your trunks; we will only
take your superfluities.

I had already obeyed their orders, when it
came into my head to call out—

I had been told, however, that I could travel
without risk.

What is your name, sir?
Don Francisco Arago.
Hombre! vaya usted con dios (God be with
you).

And our cavaliers, spurring away from us,
rapidly lost themselves in a field of algarrubos.

The Crimea and Odessa: Journal of a Tour,
with an Account of the Climate and Vegeta-
tion. By Dr. Charles Koch, author of Travels
in the Caucasus. Translated by Joanna
B. Horner. Murray.

Simpheropol at that time had about 8000 in-
habitants, among whom were many Jews, of
whom the Prussian traveller speaks in terms of
hearty detestation:

Whoever has resided any length of time in
Poland, Lithuania, and the other Russian pro-
vinces inhabited by Jews, and has watched their
habits, will, I am sure, agree with me. The
Russian Government is in duty bound to protect
the other inhabitants from the manifold impor-
tunities and oppressions on the part of the
Jews. It is the rarest instance where Jewish
families there support themselves by the work
of their hands and by industrious habits; for,
with few praiseworthy exceptions, they shun la-
bour as they would fire, and fix themselves like
bloodsuckers upon the remaining better portion
of the inhabitants, in order, by the industry of
these last, to maintain themselves in an easier
manner. They generally carry on a profitable
trade with all kinds of small ware, and serve as
intermediate agents to the common people, who
in Poland and Russia, as almost everywhere
else, are still in a most miserable condition.—
The traffic, however, with the poor and igno-
rant peasantry is not maintained on an hono-
rable footing, for every means is employed by the
Jews to derive as much advantage as possible,
and cheating is not uncommon. As the Jew
alone has ready money, it is to him that the
peasantry apply whenever they require it, and
they must then either pay an increasing rate of
interest, which at length becomes exorbitant, or
sacrifice the revenue they derive from their corn
or cattle for several years to come. In addition
to this the Jews generally keep the brandy-
shops, thereby directly contributing to the de-
moralisation of the people.

The Karaites Jews, of whom a large colony
has been settled from time immemorial in the
Crimea, bear a very different character from their
Talmudist brethren. They are more industri-
ous and honest, and enjoy better reputation, so
that on signboards of shops in Sebastopol it is
sometimes announced that the tradesmen is of
the sect of the Karaites. Chuphut Kaleh has
been their head quarters for many centuries,
tradition reporting that they were flourishing
here at the beginning of the Tartar rule in the
country. Dr Koch visited the synagogue, and
found the Rabbi a friendly and intelligent man.
With him he went to the cemetery, in a part of
a ravine, which is called the Valley of Jehoshaphet:—

The Jewish burial-grounds have elsewhere al-
ways made a melancholy impression on me, espe-
cially in Constantinople and in Asia; but here
it was totally different. I indeed saw the same
dazzling white limestone slabs, but the grave-
stones stood beside one another in perfect order
frequently closely covered with gilt inscriptions,
and the hallowed spots were shaded by oaks and
elms. The glaring white was wonderfully soft-
ened by the lovely green of the foliage of the
trees, but one gravestone exactly resembled the
others.

This excursion to Chuphut Kaleh was made
from Baktahi Sarai, the ancient capital of the
Krim Tartars. The topography and appear-
ance of this town, the name of which has be-
come familiar of late, are thus described:

There is no appearance of Baktahi Sarai be-
fore reaching the entrance of the narrow valley
in which it was situated.

A deep ravine passes across the chalk-limestone
through which flows a rapid stream, the Juruk
Su. The sides of the ravine near the outlet are
much inclined, but further up the valley the
rocks are very precipitous. As it is only be-
tween five hundred and one thousand paces
wide, just enough space is left for a road and
two rows of houses. Of course the latter cannot
occupy much extent of ground, at least in
breadth; so that the houses are necessarily
small. They lean to the back against the hill-
the lower portion of which is less precipitous,
and, planted with all kind of shrubs, but prin-
cipally fruit-trees, serves as a garden to the in-
habitants. A court is frequently situated in
front, enclosed by a high wall. The houses
have no flat roofs, but gables, the sides inclining
to a right angles on either side. Gutter-tiles are
used for the roofing, and the tall chimneys have
a very good effect, as seen from a distance, har-
monizing with the still taller and numerous mi-
narets, which strongly reminded us of Gothic
architecture.

Baktahi Sarai extends for above half a mile
along the valley, which retains almost the same
width throughout. There are booths generally
in front of the houses on either side, in which
the artisans work and sell their goods. The
leather work is celebrated; shoes, scabbards for
kindshals, pletkins or riding-whips, &c.; and
these are not only used in the Crimea, but are
exported to other parts. Many things remind-
ed me of genuine Turkish cities; for instance,
the 'kebabsh,' those cook-shops where the food
is prepared in the open streets. A great cop-
per kettle, resting on a kind of hearth, con-
tains the mutton, which is rendered piquant by
the addition of all kinds of spices, but especial-
ly by onions; when ready, it is placed on flat
disks, and offered for sale.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

MRS. SIGOURNEY, in her book "Past Me-
ridian," just published, gives the following
charming picture of contented and virtuous old
age:—

I once knew an aged couple, who for more
than sixty years had dwelt in one home, and
with one heart. Wealth was not theirs, nor
the appliance of luxury, yet the plain house in
which they have so long lived was their own.
Humble in every apartment, that they might
be free from debt, they were respected by peo-
ple in the highest positions, for it was felt they
set a right example in all things. Every little
gift or token of remembrance from friends,
awakened the fresh warmth of gratitude.—
Though their portion of this world's goods was
small, benevolence, being inherent in their
nature, found frequent expression. Always they
had by them some book of slight expense, but
of intrinsic value, to be given as a guide to the
young, the ignorant, and the tempted. Cordi-
als, also, and simple medicines for debility, or
incipient disease, they distributed to the poor;
for they were skilled in extracting the spirit of
health from herbs, and a part of the garden,
cultivated by their own hands, was a dispensary.
Kind, loving, words had they for all—the full-
ness of their heart's content, brimming over in
bright drops, to refresh those around.

That venerable old man, and vigorous—his
temples slightly silvered, when more than four
score years had visited him, how freely flowed
forth the melody of his leading voice, amid the
sacred strains of public worship! His favourite
tunes of Mead and Old Hundred, wedded to
these simple sublime words—
"While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,"

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
seem even now to fall sweetly, as they did upon
my childish ear. These, and similar ancient har-
monies, mingled with the devout prayers that
morning and evening hallowed his home and his
comforts; she, the loved partner of his days,
being often sole auditor. Thus, in one censer,
rose the praise, which every day seemed to
deepen. God's goodness palled not on their
spirits, because it had been long continued.—
They rejoiced that it was "new every morning
and fresh every evening."

By the clear wood fire in winter, sat the aged
wife, with serene brow, skillfully busy in pre-
parations or repair of garments, as perfect neat-
ness and economy dictated; while, by the even-
ing lamp, her bright nitting-needles moved with
quicken speed, as she remembered the poor
child, or wasted invalid, some cold apartment,
for which they were to furnish a substantial
covering.

In the latter years of life, their childless
abode was cheered by the presence of a young
orphan relative. She grew under their shadow
with great delight, conforming her pliant heart
to their wishes, and to the pattern of their Godly
simplicity. When they were seated together
she read to them such books as they chose, and
treasured their Christian counsel. Her voice
in the morning was to them as the carol of the
lark, and they seemed to live again a new life
in her young life. She was to them "like the
rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Love for the sweet helplessness of unfolding
years, seemed to increase with their own advan-
cing age. Little children, who know by instinct
where love is, would draw near them, and stand

lamb-like at their side. Thus they passed on
till more than ninety years had been numbered
to them. They were not weary of themselves,
or of each other, or of this beautiful world.—
Neither was time weary of bringing them, letter
by letter the full alphabet of a serene happiness,
and when extreme age added the Omega, they
were well-educated to begin the bliss of eter-
nity.

THE RACES ON THE ICE FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO CRONSTADT.

"At the commencement of the winter," says
Ancelot, a French writer, "they trace on the
ice the road that leads from St. Petersburg to
Cronstadt, and which is indicated by landmarks
raised on either side. From league to league
one finds well-warmed sentry-boxes, where sen-
tinals are placed, who in foggy weather, keep up
fires at certain intervals, and ring bells, the
prolonged sound of which animates and guides
the traveller. About the middle of the route a
restauratur is established. The immense mul-
titude of persons, of all ages and both sex, en-
veloped in their large fur pelissas, and gliding
with indifference over the fragile surface that
separates them from the deep, offers a strange
spectacle to the inhabitants of more Southern
countries, and occasions in their minds a dread
unknown to the people of the north. But it is
when the races with the "boners" (a kind of
sledge made of boats) have commenced, that
more especially the Cronstadt road presents a
most animated spectacle. These baners are
constructed of boats fixed on two iron plates
resembling those of skates; a third piece of iron
is fitted under the rudder; benches for the
travellers are arranged around this craft, which
carries one or two and sometimes three masts.
These vessels, equipped with various rigging and
ornamented with flags of different colours, be-
ing propelled by the wind, which at this season
blows with violence, and under the direction of
skilful guides, fly along with incredible rapidity.
The pale looking sun pours down upon them
his rays, which convey no warmth. The sails
expand, the wind rises, and the vessels dash on;
while the sailors, by various manoeuvres, strive
to outstrip one another; and thus in less than
an hour, a distance of ten leagues is accom-
plished. Peter the Great was very fond of
these races on the ice, and his great foresight
knew how to turn them to good account, pur-
suing without intermission the design which his
genius had formed, viz. of training sea-
men; and fearing that, the men whom he had in-
itiated in the secret of manoeuvring vessels should
lose the advantage of his instructions, he exer-
cised them in this manner; and on a solid
ocean, so to speak, furnished them with that
experience which they afterwards displayed on
the stormy seas.

HAVING A TRADE.

By all means have a trade. Do not go about
the world, and find nothing you can put your
hand to. You may not always be as prosperous
as you are now. Thank heaven we live in no
land of promogeniture, hereditary succession.
Each man is morally bound to labor. Have
something you can turn your energies to when
times pinch—have a trade, we repeat. Educate
your hands; it will be an everlasting resource.
We never knew a man who, with a good trade,
failed of getting a good living, and much more
with right application. What though you are
going to college, or into a profession? The
case is not altered—you need it just as much.—
It will come in play every day in your life.—
Discipline of the hand should always go before
that of the head. We never knew a college boy
that was't better for a substantial trade. He
always graduates with the highest honors. He
is sure to be a scholar. The fact is, he knows
how to work—to conquer. He but transfers
himself from the shop to the study. Young
men decide at once to learn a trade, apply your-
self with all your mind and heart. And be its
master, and if you are not obliged to work at it,
you have laid by so much, and such a kind of
wealth can never be taken from you.

AMERICAN YOUNG LADIES.

As they grow up, if well off, piano and sing-
ing are attempted, but no sort of judicious study
or reading is given them, or any ordinary max-
ims instilled; nor their hours or studies in the
least regulated, or their tastes properly directed;
neither method, order, or industry, all is left to
settle itself any how—very often at their own
caprice or whim; while, if sent to school, they
are crammed with abstruse subjects, perhaps the
mathematics or surgery—in books wholly im-
proper for young females—or mineralogy and
Italian, or even Latin, but all in the most super-
ficial way; taught by schoolmistresses who evi-
dently know nothing themselves, not even the
twenty-four hours in advance of their scholars—
of the hedge-schoolmaster, of pleasant memory.
They are taught to dress fine, and dance, but
the taste in both left totally unguided; in a word
everything is left to their own discretion and
intuitive powers of finding out. The results
are occasionally startling. And certainly the
young ladies do talk—ye gods, how they do
talk! Politics, the stars and globe, flirtations,
scandal, chemistry, daguerriotype, namby-bam-
py poetry (never of any old or good, nor of
Shakespeare), but the opera and the last polkas,
acting and Uncle Tom.