

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

SOUNDS IN THE AIR.

A sound comes on the wind
Faint as an infant's sigh!
And BIRTH said; 'Never mind,
There is no danger nigh.
My halls are cent'ries old,
Older my blood and name,
I've lands, and good red gold,
And serfs that know not shame.'

A sound comes on the wind
As though a strong man's heart
Sought some relief to find
In mutterings apart.
BIRTH hears; but hears in vain.
'I've but to frown,' cries he,
'And he'll be dumb again
As his sires used to be.'

A sound comes on the wind
That tempests cannot drown,
MIND crying unto MIND.
'All shams must topple down:
Let BIRTH keep lands and hall,
His scutechons, gold, and lace;
But man's no more his thrall,
For MIND will have its place.'

From Dicken's Household Words.

THE LAST OF THE HOWLEYS.

THE execution of Howley, with five others, found guilty in taking a part in the riot, was fixed for the afternoon of the second day after the trial. The magistrates, apprehensive of disturbances, had despatched a messenger to Waterford for a small reinforcement of soldiers, but some hours had passed since noon, and the men had not yet arrived. It was not until sunset that it was determined to proceed to execution without them. A large crowd had assembled; but the yeomanry were in great force and well armed, and the populace confined their marks of disapprobation to yells and groans, until the prisoners appeared upon the scaffold. At that moment, some symptoms of a disposition to renew the riot were remarked, and the executioner was ordered to hasten with his task. Young Howley was executed, repeating his declaration of innocence. The six men suffered their sentence, the mob dispersed, and no traces of what had passed were left, all within one hour.

Since the day of her brother's second apprehension, Ellen Howley had never rested from her endeavors to save him. But all hearts were steeled against her. Events succeeded each other with terrible rapidity; and it soon became evident that no power could save him. On one only, of all those to whom she applied, did the sight of her beauty and misery make an impression. This man was the sheriff of the county; but he had no power to help her, and he did not even dare to delay the execution.—There was but one favor he could procure for her—a favor conveying to her mind so strongly the hopelessness of her case, that he scarcely dared to name it. It was that, contrary to custom, the body of her brother should be given up to his family, to be decently interred in their own burial-place. Accordingly, about dusk on the evening of the execution, the corpse was privately removed, in an undertaker's car, to the house at Killowen. To avoid a fresh occasion for disturbance, it was stipulated by the sheriff that this fact should be kept as secret as possible, and that the burial should take place at dark on the following night.

It was not until the day after the funeral that Roche arrived in Wexford. Trusting to the skill of his brother counsel, he had proceeded to London to endeavour to interest some powerful persons in favor of the accused. Only on his return to Dublin did he learn that the execution must have already taken place. He hastened, therefore, to Killowen, in the hope—though too late for aught else—of consoling his unhappy friend.

It was evening when he arrived there—though in full summer, the place struck him as far more desolate and lonely than it had seemed in the dull autumnal day when he had first visited it. The heavy clank of the bell which hung somewhere between him and the house, startled him as he pulled the handle. No one answered his summons; and seeing no light at any of the windows, he began to fear that its inmates had left the house. Gently pushing open the gate, he made his way through the shrubberies around the house. The place was quite still; but listening awhile, he fancied that he heard a noise within, like a faint moaning and sobbing, yet he doubted whether it came from a human being, he listened and heard it once more—this time so distinctly that if it had been the whining of a dog or any other animal he could not have failed to recognize it. Tormented by vague surmises, he made his way back to the front of the house, and mounting a flight of stone steps, knocked loudly at the door. Some minutes elapsed before a voice answered him, and inquired his business. It was the old woman-servant. She admitted him, and refastened the door with a chain.

'Where is your mistress?' inquired Roche.

The woman, with a strange, bewildered look motioned to him to follow her. She led him into a little room lined with books, and faintly lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling; there seated in a chair by the table, pale and motionless as death, he recognized the form of his betrothed. Roche would have sprung forward to clasp her in his arms; but the thought of her recent sorrow, and the coolness and silence of her manner, awed him.

'I am glad you have come to-night,' she said as soon as they were alone. 'This very hour I have formed a resolution, which would give me no rest until I had told you of it.'

'No, no,' said Roche, anticipating her meaning. 'This terrible affliction must not separate, but link us closer to each other.'

'Roche,' she replied, in the same chilled, and unimpassioned voice, 'I declare to you solemnly and before Heaven, that the promise I gave to you can never be fulfilled.'

'I came to-night in the hope of consoling you in your sorrow,' replied Roche, 'Do not think that I would press you now on anything relative to my own happiness. Let me do something to cheer your solitary life. Show me some way in which I may lighten the burden of your trouble and I will ask at present for nothing else.'

'A reason that I cannot name to you,' she replied, 'compels me to appear ungrateful. I entreat you to leave me. This interview is more than I can bear. Believe me, the pain our parting gives me is equal to yours. I ask of you the greatest proof you can give me now of your affection. It is that you believe my resolve to be forced upon me inevitably, but that it is firmly and for ever taken; and that you take my hand, and promise never to seek me, any more.'

Roche took her cold hand, and turned away. 'I cannot promise this,' he exclaimed passionately. 'I will leave you to-night, since my presence gives you pain. But I declare to you, I cannot cease to hope that you may one day repent of this cruel determination.'

The young barrister pondered on his way back to Wexford, upon the melancholy reception he had met with. Half suspecting that her troubles had affected her reason, and that her cold and calm manner was the result of some fixed delusion, he repented of not having interrogated her old servant. Sometimes he fancied that, ignorant of his endeavours in her brother's behalf, and of the cause of his delay in coming to her, she believed him to be guilty of neglect. Sometimes it seemed to him more probably, that she had no motive for her conduct, beyond the desire to save him from the disgrace of an alliance with one whose brother had suffered death at the hands of the hangman.—But, whatever might be the reason of her behaviour, and in spite of the pain his visit seemed to cause her, the thought of leaving her in that solitary spot was insupportable. He determined at all events, to see her before he returned to Dublin.

What passed between them at this interview need not be told. In compliance with her entreaties, he promised to leave the neighbourhood; but only on condition that she would meet him that day six months, and assure him, from her own lips, that her resolution was still the same.

Roche returned to the capital, where, in the increasing labours of his profession, he endeavoured to bury his thought, until the six months should have passed. The appointed day—the very hour he had named—found him again at Killowen. Ellen Howley received him as before. The little room in which he found her, the place in which she sat, the tone of her voice was in nowise changed.

She repeated to him her determination, and Roche, according to his promise, departed from her again. Thus, for several years, at long intervals, the barrister returned to Killowen, and always with the same result. In the course of time, her obstinacy irritated him, and the repeated disappointments he experienced gradually wore away much of his love for her. He pitied her lonely and cheerless life, and would gladly have restored her to the world; but by degrees he came to know that his affection for her was not the ardent passion that it had been. One day upon the occasion of one of these visits, Ellen Howley spoke to him of the injustice he did himself, in continuing to wait for a change which could never in this world come. Not without a sorrowful heart, when he knew that the moment for separation had at last arrived, Roche entreated her to remember him whenever she had need of aid or counsel, and finally bade her farewell.

Many years passed, and Ellen Howley continued to live, shut up in the great house at Killowen. No visitor ever entered there, and she rarely went abroad. When she was seen it was noted that her looks were more and more careworn. Though still a young woman, her hair became partially gray, and her form wasted to a shadow. Few who saw her now forbore to pity her, remembering how beautiful she had been, and seeing how she had suffered for the errors of others. The house in which she lived looked every year more dreary and neglected. The roof, the door, and shutters, of the lodge, mouldered away; the grounds about the house were filled with rank weeds, overrunning the paths; strange stories circulated, of curious

noises heard at night; and the country people who knew the history of the family, would not pass there after night. Some said that the greater part of the rooms had been kept locked since the day of the brother's death; and that the ghost of the father had appeared to Ellen Howley, and begged her not to quit the place. One day, a woman-servant who had been occasionally employed there since the old nurse's death, declared she had seen the ghost of Robt. Howley. She said that she was going up the stairs at the back of the house, at night, and that as she came to the upper landing, she distinctly saw, by the light of the candle in her hand, the young man, whom she remembered well. His face she said was ghastly pale; he did not speak, but stood rolling his eyes, and making strange grimaces at her, until she dropped the candle and swooned. Whether this was a delusion or not, the woman was evidently sincere, and the illness which she suffered, and which she declares to have been caught by the shock, convinced the neighbours that Killowen was haunted by the ghosts of the Howleys, and that the young lady had been compelled to remain there by some dread reason, was wasting away through the terror and solitude of her life.

Thus Ellen Howley lived, for seventeen years. Meanwhile Roche had become a thriving man in his profession. Years after the impression his first passion had left began to wear away, he had won the hand of the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Dublin, and had settled down in life, a quiet unromantic lawyer. The name of Ellen Howley had long been absent from his thoughts when he received a letter from her, begging him to come to her. She told him that she was very ill, and that she desired to make a settlement of her property before she died. He left Dublin immediately, and travelled in all haste to Wexford. There he heard the superstitious stories which were in circulation about the house at Killowen, and remembered the strange noises which he had heard three years before. No one appeared to know of Ellen's illness, nor did it appear that any doctor had visited her.

It was getting dark when Roche arrived at the well known house of Killowen. Leaving his horse tied to the gate, he made his way through the shrubbery, he saw no light at any of the windows, and the place seemed to be quite deserted by its inmates. He rapped at the door; the noise gave a hollow echo, as if the house were empty. He repeated his summons several times, without receiving any answer; he went round, as he had done long ago, to the back of the house. He had brought with him a dark lantern; by this he guided himself, until he discovered steps ascending from a lawn; mounting them, he found that he could open the door by means of a latch. To his astonishment, at that moment, he caught again the very same noise that had startled him before. It was a long, plaintive tone, interrupted now and then by a noise like the sobbing of a child; at length the whole died away, and the place was silent.

The barrister was a man of nerve, but he hesitated a moment. He knew that he was far from any other habitation, and that, whatever might befall him, he could hope for no succor. Drawing out his travelling pistol, however, he entered. With the light from the lantern in his left hand cast before him, he walked up the hall and down a passage, calling aloud 'Miss Howley!' until, finding the doors on each side of the hall locked, he began to mount the wide staircase. More and more surprised by the silence of the place, he was relieved by seeing a faint light through a door which stood ajar upon the landing above. The door opened wide, and a man stood on the threshold. Roche felt a chill pass through his body, for he recognized, in his wild look and distorted features, the face of Robert Howley.

'Howley!' cried Roche, grasping his pistol firmly. 'Speak, in the name of God, if this be you!'

The figure repeated its strange gestures, opening and shutting its eyes, and moving its lips quickly; but it made no sound.

'Speak,' repeated Roche, excited by the terror of his situation, 'or I will fire!'

The figure moved towards him, and said, in a whisper, 'You may come in. Come in if you will. Keep the crowd away. They must not see her.'

Too much astonished for reflection, Roche followed him in a large chamber. His guide stopped at the table, and taking up a lamp held it above his head, and pointed to the floor.—'There, beside an ancient bedstead, stretched upon the ground, was the figure of a woman dressed. Roche knelt beside her, and raising her, felt that she was cold. Her hair was gray, and her features sharp and wasted, like her body. Ellen Howley.

'She is dead!' exclaimed Roche; 'she is dead!'

His companion regarded him with an idiotic stare, and then burst into the same loud whine sobbing noise which he had heard twice before.

A suspicion passed into his mind that she had suffered violence at the hands of the idiot; but he found no marks of injury on her, and he had known that she was ill. It was evident to him that she had perished without medical aid,

or any one near her, save her crazed companion.

He had no alternative but to leave her there, while he rode back for assistance. That night he learned the truth. In a letter, addressed to him, and only intended to reach him after his death, she related the terrible history of seventeen years. In the confusion and hurry of the execution, and under the fear of an attack from the mob, her brother had been taken down from the hanging-place within a few minutes; and sometime after the removal of the body to Killowen, he gave signs of life. Aided by the old nurse, she succeeded in slowly restoring him, but wholly deprived of reason. Then it was that she resolved to keep her dreadful secret and devote her life wholly to him. In later years she had wished to dispose of her property and leave her native country with him; but he could not be prevailed upon to go out into the daylight or to meet the face of a stranger.—Since the nurse's death, and the day when the woman-servant accidentally met him, she had lived alone in the house with him. Satisfied in her own mind that she had set her lover free from his engagements, and bidding him farewell she had resolved never to see him again; until her long continued illness, and her anxiety for her brother's fate, compelled her to write to him.

Robert Howley lived only a few months after the death of the sister, who had sacrificed her love and her life for him. He was buried beside her, in the parish church near Killowen, the last of his unfortunate family.

From the Jewish Chronicle.

TRACES OF TEN LOST TRIBES.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago a dervise arrived in Damascus from the eastern part of Asia, and brought with him a great quantity of gold coins, which he thought to exchange for a great amount of money. On one side of these coins were imprinted in square Hebrew characters, "Under the reign of our Lord Isaac the King." In reply to a question as to how he became possessed of this money, he related abruptly and simply, without strictly replying to other questions, that he had on his pilgrimage taken a journey of several months in a south-easterly direction from Adshem (Persia). He came to a great empire, and entered a town, where his ridiculous beggar's dress excited curiosity. He was soon called into a castle, where he found a majestic person on a throne-like seat. This person asked him in Persian from whence he came; and upon his explanation he was asked whether there were Yehudim (Jews) living in his country, and what was their physical and moral condition. The foolish dervise knew not yet that he was talking to a Jewish prince, and commenced delivering so scurrilous an account of them that the prince was greatly affected, and fell into a passion. Observing this, and perhaps anticipating the cause, the dervise, who knew at once how to alter his tone, began to relate good things of them, and said—"Though depressed, these people observe an excellent character and an inward love of virtue, though the opinion of the lower class of people might be the reverse." At this the prince was delighted, and ordered at the conclusion of the audience three hundred golden pieces to be given to him. This the dervise related, and more could not be learned from him. The weight of this coin was something like that of a double ducat of the best gold. Let the matter and narration, however, have been somewhat different, yet it nevertheless remains a fact, which these coins sufficiently prove, and even to this day there exists a Jewish empire, having a Jewish monarch.—About three years ago I saw a superior Indian dervise in the street. I entered into conversation with him, and observed that his words expressed something to which credit might be given. I took him home with me, and conversed with him about his distant journey to Asir. Some things I tried to elicit from him, and knew well how to bring the truth to light.—Thus, he related to me that there is, at a four months' journey from Chasmir, in the north-eastern part of Persia, in a north-easterly direction, a great Jewish empire, and that the seat of their regent is in the city of Ajulum. Almost the whole empire is surrounded on three sides by enormous high mountains, which form a natural fortress; on the other side is a large gate of rocks, near which the Jewish military is stationed. These Jews have commercial intercourse with the surrounding country, though entrance into their dominions is seldom permitted to strangers. Nay, he assured me that a companion of his had been for some time in Ajulum, and that he (the companion) could never gain an opportunity to excite the admiration of the listener with the magnificence of this place, and of their synagogues, which are said to be fairy-like. All the inhabitants are Jews, except the slaves.

A PERTINENT SUGGESTION.—A good deal has lately been said about the Allies treating with Russia on the basis of the four points. It is now suggested that the basis of Russian operation should be treated with a fifth point—viz, the point of the bayonet.

A New Orleans editor, recounting the career of a mad-dog, says:—"We are grieved to say the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Puscus and several other dogs."