

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## LOOK UP! LOOK UP!

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

WHAT, if black Envy brand thy name,  
It cannot quench Truth's soaring flame;  
What thou canst do does not depend  
On what is said by foe or friend,  
There's but a mood 'tween smile and frown,  
A step between the cross and crown.  
Look up! Look up!

The winter's snow makes summer gay;  
The gods come down in clouds alway;  
The soft wing of ambrosial gales  
Unfold the spirit's drooping sails.  
Mount through the clouds—thy sunward  
aim  
Shall change them to a crown of flame.  
Look up! Look up!

Regardless who may list its tone,  
The skylark carols high and lone;  
The lowly daisy need not pine  
To wear the rose's crimson shine;  
To leave the world a name is nought  
To deeds of love and glorious thought.  
Look up! Look up!

Fame's garland roses cluster free  
Upon the thorns of agony;  
From many a rocky source of wrong  
Bubbles the nectar stream of song;  
And when Detractions heel hath trod,  
Genius blossoms up to God.  
Look up! Look up!

Oh! there are bay-wreaths to be won,  
Plucked from the forehead of the sun.  
Climb to ambition's starry cope,  
In God's light crown thy topmost hope;  
Follow thy spirit voices still—  
No power can thwart the kingly will.  
Look up! Look up!

Spite of the world's baptismal fire,  
To Merit's summit aye aspire;  
No flattering lip, no downcast eyes,  
When Truth demands the sacrifice.  
Despair can only crush the base;  
The valiant ever win the race.  
Look up! Look up!

From Colburn's Magazine for July.

## A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

In the Magdalene Church at Girgenti (a town of Sicily, in the Valdi Mazzara, on the site of the ancient Agrigenuum, the magnificent ruins of which are still to be seen) preparations had been made for a grand festival. It was adorned, as usual on such occasions, with red tapestry and flowers. The hour of noon had struck, the workmen had left the church, and there reigned around that deep, solemn stillness which, in Catholic places of worship, is so appropriate and so impressing.

Two gentlemen, who conversed in a low tone of voice, were pacing up and down the long aisle that runs along the northern side of the building, and seemed to be enjoying the shade and coolness of the church, as if it had been a public promenade. The elder was a man of about thirty years of age, stout, broad-shouldered, and strongly built, with a grave countenance, in which no trace of passion was visible; this was Don Antonio Carracciolic, Marquis d'Arena. The other, who seemed a mere youth, had a slender, graceful figure, an animated, handsome face, and dark eyes, soft almost as those of a woman—which wandered from side to side with approving glances, as if he had some peculiar interest in the interior of the sacred edifice. And such he certainly had, for he was the architect who had planned the church and superintended its erection. He was called Giulio Balzetti, and had only lately returned from Rome. Suddenly they stopped.

'I shall entrust you with a secret, which I think will amuse you, Signor Marquis,' said the younger man, in the easy, intimate tones in which one speaks to a friend at whose house one is a daily visitor—a secret with which, I believe, no one is acquainted but myself. You see the effects of acoustics sometimes play us builders strange tricks where we least expect or wish them. Chance, a mere accident, has revealed to me that when one stands here—here upon this white marble slab—one can distinctly overhear every syllable even of the lowest whisper uttered far from this yonder, where you may observe the second last confessional: while, in a straight line between this point and that, you would not be sensible of any sound were you even much nearer the place. If you will remain standing here I will go yonder to the confessional in question, and you will be astonished at this miracle of nature.'

He went accordingly, but scarcely had he moved the distance of a couple of steps when the marquis distinctly heard a whisper, the subject of which seemed to make a strong impression upon him. He stood as rigid and marble-white as if suddenly turned to stone by some magician's wand; while the painfully anxious attention with which he listened, and which was expressed in his otherwise stony features, gave evidence that he was hearing something of excessive importance. He did not

move a muscle—he scarcely breathed—he was like one who is standing on the extreme verge of an abyss, into which he is afraid of falling, and his rolling eyes and beating heart only gave signs of his violent agitation.

In a very few minutes the young architect came back smiling, and called out from a little distance, 'I could not manage to make the experiment, for some one was in the confessional, from the glimpse I got, a lady closely veiled—but, heavens! what is the matter with you?'

The only answer which the marquis gave the Italian was to place his finger on his mouth, and he continued to stand motionless. After a moment or two he drew a deep sigh. The statue passed out of its speechless magic trance and returned again to life.

'It is nothing, dear Giulio!' said he in a friendly tone. 'Do not think that I am superstitious, but I assure you this mysterious and wonderful natural phenomenon has taken me so much by surprise that it has had a strange effect on me. Come, let us go! I shall recover myself in the fresh air,' he added, as he took Balzetti's arm, and led him to the promenade on the outside of the town. The two gentlemen walked up and down there for about an hour, when the marquis bade the young man adieu, saying at the same time—

'To-morrow, after the festival is over, will you come out as usual to our villa?'

At a very early hour the next morning the marquis entered his wife's private suit of apartments. The waiting-maid, who just at that moment was coming into the ante-room by another door, started, and looked quite astounded.

'Did your Lady ring?' asked the marquis. 'No, your excellency,' replied the woman, courtseying low and colouring violently.

'Then wait till you are called,' said the marquis, as he opened the door of the dressing-room which separated the sleeping-room from the ante-chamber.

As he crossed the threshold he was met by his lovely young wife, attired in a morning gown, so light and flowing that it looked as if it must have been the one in which she had risen from her couch. The marquis stopped and stood still, as if struck with his wife's extreme beauty. He did not appear to observe the uneasiness, the inward tempest of feelings that, chasing all the blood from her cheeks, had sent it to her heart, and caused its beating to be too plainly visible under the robe of slight fabric which was thrown around her.

'You are up early this morning Antonio!' said the young marchioness, in a scarcely audible tone of voice, with a deepening blush and a forced smile. 'What do you want here?'

'Could you be surprised, my Lauretta! light of my eyes!' said the marquis, in the blandest and most insinuating of accents. 'Could you be surprised if I came both early and late? And yet, dearest, this morning my visit is not to you alone. You know to-day is the feast of the Holy Magdalene, and a great festival in the church. I have taken it into my head to usher in this day by paying my tribute of admiration to the glorious Magdalene of Titian, which you had placed in your own sleeping apartment. Will you permit me?' he asked, very politely, as with slow steps, but in a determined manner, he walked towards the door.

'Everything is really in such sad disorder there,' said his young wife, with a rapid glance through the half-open door; 'but . . . go in since you will. I shall begin making my toilet here in the meantime.'

And he went in. 'How charming!' he cried, in a peculiar tone of voice—how charming is not all this disorder! This graceful robe thrown carelessly down—these fairy slippers! There is something that awakens the fancy—something delicious in the very air of this room! All this is absolutely poetry.'

His searching look fastened itself upon the snow-white couch, the silken coverlet of which was drawn up and spread out, but could not entirely conceal the outline of a human figure, lying as flat as possible, evidently in the endeavour to escape observation.

'I will sit down awhile,' said the marquis, in the cheerful tone of a person who has no unpleasant thought in his mind, and contemplate this master-work.'

As he said this he took up a pillow, its white covering trimmed with white lace, and laid it on the spot where he thought the face of the concealed person must be, and placed himself upon it with all the weight of his somewhat bulky figure, whilst he placed his right hand upon the chest of the reclining form, and pressed on it with all his force.

Without heeding the involuntary, frightful, and convulsive heavings—the death-throes of his wretched victim, the marquis exclaimed, in a calm, firm voice:—

'How beautifully that picture is finished! how noble and chaste does not the lovely penitent look, all sinner as she was, with her rich golden locks waving over that neck and those shoulders whiter than alabaster, while these graceful hands are clasped, and these contrite tearful eyes seem gazing up yonder, whence alone mercy and pardon can be obtained! One would almost become a poet in gazing on so splendid a work of art. But, ah! I never had

the happy talent of an improvisatore. In place therefore, of poetising, I will tell you something that happened yesterday. Our lit-friend Giulio Balzetti took me round the Magdalene Church, and whilst we were wandering about he pointed out a particular spot to me, and bid me stand quite still there, telling me that there might be overheard what might be said at another spot at some distance in the church. And he was right. At that other place stood the confessional No. 6. I had hardly placed myself on the marble flag indicated to me than I heard a charming voice—God knows who it was speaking—but she was confessing the sorrows of heart and her little sins to the holy father. She had a husband, she said, whom she loved—yes, she loved him and he loved her; he was very kind to her and left her much at liberty; in short, she gave the husband credit for all sorts of good qualities, but, unfortunately, she had fallen in love with another man! She did not mention his name. I should liked to have heard it. He must be one of our handsome young cavaliers about town. And this other loved her too—she could not help it, poor thing—and so she found room for him in her heart as well as for the husband. This other one was so handsome, so pleasing, so fascinating! . . . Well . . . if her husband did not know what was going on he could not be vexed, and . . . it would do him no harm. So she had promised to admit the lover this morning. Do you hear? This is what the French dames call 'passer ses caprices.' At last she begged the good priest to give her absolution beforehand, and he did so: he gave the absolution! What do you think of all this, my love?' said the marquis, as he rose from the couch, where all was now as still as death. 'Well,' he continued in a jocular tone, 'our worthy priests are almost too complaisant and indulgent—at least, most of them. Our old Father Gregorio, however, would have taken you to task after a different fashion, if you . . . ' He broke off abruptly, while he quietly laid the pillow in its own place and deliberately turned down the embroidered coverlet. It was the architect Giulio Balzetti whom the marquis beheld: he had ceased to breathe.

'Have you been to confession lately, my Laura?' asked the marquis. There was no answer.

'Is it long since you have been to confession?' he asked, in a louder and sterner voice.

'No,' replied the young woman, in the lowest possible tone.

'Apropos,' said the marquis, as he covered the frightfully distorted and blue face of the corpse with the coverlet, 'shall we not go to the grand festival at the church to-day. The procession begins exactly at 12 o'clock. I shall order the carriage—we really must not miss it.'

He returned to the dressing-room. The marchioness was sitting in a large cushioned lounging-chair, the thick tresses of her dark hair hanging negligently down, her lips and cheeks as pale as death, and her hands resting listlessly on her lap.

'What is the matter, my dear child?' asked the marquis, inwardly triumphing at her distress, but with fair and friendly words upon his lips. 'You have risen too early, my little Laura; and you have also fatigued yourself in trying to dress yourself without assistance. Where is Pipetta? I shall ring for her now.' He pulled the bell-ropes—approached his wife—slightly kissed her brow—and then left her apartments.

At mid-day, when all the bells of the churches were pealing, the marquis's splendid state carriage, with four horses adorned with gilded trappings, stood before the gate of his palace, and a crowd of richly dressed pages, footmen and grooms, were in waiting there. Presently the marquis appeared in the brilliant court costume, with glittering stars on his breast, his hat in one hand, whilst with the other he led his young and beautiful but deadly pale wife. With the utmost attention he handed her down the marble steps, and while her countenance looked as cold and stony as that of a statue, his eyes flashed with a fire that was unusual to them. The servants hurried forwards, the carriage-door was opened, the noble pair entered it, and it drove off towards the town. In the crowded streets the foot-passengers turned round to gaze at it, and exclaimed to each other, 'There go a happy couple!'

The architect had disappeared. No one suspected that on the day of the grand festival he lay dead—a blue and terrible looking corpse—amidst boots and shoes, at the bottom of a noble young dame's wardrobe; or that, the following night, without shroud or coffin, his body was secretly transported by the lady's faithful servants to a neighbouring mountain, and there thrown into a deep cave. But the lady paid a large sum to the convent of the Magdalenes for the sake of his soul's repose.

The monk Gregorio—the accommodating and favourite confessor of the fashionable world—was also soon after missing. But he was not dead—he lingered for some years in a subterranean prison belonging to a monastery of one of the strictest orders; a punishment to which he had been condemned through the influence of the Marquis d'Arena.

That the confessional No. 6 was removed, will be easily believed.

The marquis never alluded to these events before his wife. When they appeared in public together, as also in society at his own home, he treated her with respect, often with attention. But he never again spoke to her in private, nor did he ever again enter those apartments which had once been the scene of so dreadful a tragedy.

## DISCOVERIES IN JERUSALEM.

The following notes on ancient quarries in Jerusalem have been placed at the service of our readers through a friend. They were made by a Scotch gentleman, Mr Douglas.

'During a visit to Jerusalem in the spring of 1855, I became acquainted with a very intelligent Hebrew, who informed me that there were extensive quarries beneath the city, and that there was undoubted evidence that from these quarries the stones employed in the building and rebuilding of the Temple were obtained. He told me that these excavations were accessible through a small opening under the north wall of the city,—that he had descended some time before with two English gentlemen, and had spent with them several hours in exploring the excavations, which were sufficiently extensive to have furnished stones enough, not only for the construction of this Temple, but for the whole of Jerusalem, the walls included. He expressed his readiness to accompany me, but proposed to go after dark, as he feared the Turkish guards might fire upon or maltreat us, if they detected us. As my party comprised two ladies and my two sons, all equally desirous with myself to see these excavations,—as the gates of the city were closed at sunset,—and as there were no houses outside the walls,—I would not listen to the proposal to spend the night in the open air, unless upon trial, I found we could do no better.—We accordingly went to examine the situation and size of the opening. We found it about 150 yards to the eastward of the Damascus Gate. It seemed like the burrow of some wild animal; there was no rubbish above the opening, but some tall grass and weeds. Persons entering might be observed by the guards; but this did not seem very likely, as the soldiers generally remained within the gate, and only very rarely one sauntered outside. We, accordingly, decided to make the attempt by daylight, fully satisfied that, even if observed, we should be only rudely driven away. The next morning, therefore, we left the city as soon as the gates were opened. One of the party got into the hole, but returned saying that it would be necessary to get in feet foremost, as there was a perpendicular descent of six or seven feet at the inner opening. He went back again with the lights; I followed. The ladies were got through with considerable difficulty. When fairly inside, we found ourselves in an immense vault, and standing upon the top of a pile which was very evidently formed by the accumulation of the minute particles from the final dressing of the block of stone. On descending this pile, we entered, through a large arch, into another vault, equally vast and separated from the first by enormous pillars. This vault or quarry, led, by a gradual descent, into another and another each separated from the other by massive stone partitions, which had been left to give additional strength to the vaulted roofs. In which had been quarried out lay partly dressed; in some the blocks were still attached to the rock; in some the workmen had just commenced chiselling; and in some the architect's line was distinct on the smooth face of the quarry. The mode in which the blocks were got out was similar to that used by the ancient Egyptians, as seen in the standstone quarries at Hagar Tilsilis and in the granite quarries at Syene. The architect first drew the outline of the blocks on the face of the quarry; the workmen then chiselled them out in their whole thickness, separating them entirely from each other, and leaving them attached by their backs only to the solid wall. They were then detached by cutting a passage behind them, which whilst, it separated the blocks, left them roughly dressed, and left the wall prepared for further operations. We remarked the similarity between the stones chiselled out in these quarries and the few blocks of stone built in the south-east corner of the wall of Jerusalem, which are so remarkable for their size, their weather-worn appearance, and the peculiar ornamentations of their edges. We spent between two and three hours in these quarries. Our examinations were, however, chiefly on the side towards the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Our guide stated, that more to the westward was a quarry of the peculiar reddish marble so commonly used as pavement in the streets of Jerusalem. From the place where we entered the descent was gradual; between some of the quarries, however, there were broad flights of steps, cut out of the solid rock. I had no means of judging of the distance between the roofs of the vaults and the streets of the city, except that from the descent the thickness must be enormous. The size and extent of the excavations fully bore out the opinion that they had yielded not only the Temple but the whole of Jerusalem.

'The situation of these quarries, the mode by which the stones were fully prepared and dressed