

## Literature. &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! woman's heart is love's own soil,  
And well the beautiful plant will thrive;  
No exotic reared with toil,  
And kept by constant care alive,  
It is no bright ephemeral flower,  
That lives but in the sunny ray;  
The transient beauty of an hour,  
That passeth with the beam away.

'Tis balsam all its balmy breath,  
No subtle poison lurketh there;  
It has no canker in its leaf,  
But blooms forever sweet and fair.  
It closer clings when fortune fings  
Her deadly sorrow on the gale;  
And brightest glows 'mid scenes of woe,  
When sickness, want, and care assail.

Oh! then 'twill shine with light divine,  
Throwing its balsam all around—  
Its tender smile will grief beguile,  
And heal or soften every wound,  
Sorrow and pain assault in vain,  
Chill penury and cold disdain—  
For still 'twill bloom through thickest gloom  
Within the dungeon, or the tomb.

When passion's blast hath o'er it passed,  
And scattered all its gloom away,  
Or some rude stroke its stems hath broke,  
And trodden in the dust it lay—  
You deem it dead, its spirit fled,  
And mourn perhaps the perish'd flower;  
But 'tis not death;—affection's breath  
Can wake again each dormant power.  
'Twill softly rise 'neath loving eyes,  
And put its tender beauties forth;  
Again 'twill cling round that base thing  
That crushed in an hour of wrath.

All-suffering, all-enduring spirit,  
Thy gentleness and fortitude  
Might well a brighter clime inherit  
Than this cold world so bleak and rude.  
But flower of love, in woman's heart,  
Immortal as the soul thou art,  
And with that soul shalt thou arise,  
Triumphant to thy native skies.

## CARL STELLING,

## THE PAINTER OF DRESDEN.

By Harry Lorrequer.

[Any tourist who may have visited the Dresden Gallery cannot fail to remember a very striking picture, signed 'Carl Stelling, 1836.' It represents a procession of Benedictine monks to a holy shrine: they are moving along with downcast heads, through the deep grass. The air of the morning is thick and heavy, so as to obscure some of the figures, and leave the outlines all hazy and indistinct. The sun, just risen, is faint and lusterless. The loaded atmosphere—the solemn grey tint that prevades the picture—the feeling of stillness, too—all combine to produce a strange and not easily forgotten impression upon the beholder.

The artist, one of the most gifted men of his age and country, is now a lunatic in the public hospital of Dresden—his age, not thirty. Some months before symptoms of decided insanity became evident, he related his story to a friend, from whose relation, preserving as nearly as may be the words of the speaker, the following brief story has been written. That strange form of erring intellect, denominated by physicians *monomania*, where the deeply rooted force of one idea, or one train of thought, has subverted all reasoning faculty, may account for the features of this unhappy history; but true it is, the events which are detailed happened in the order he relates, and many witnesses can still corroborate the testimony he bears to the circumstances, on which his whole story turns.]

There are moments in the life of almost every man which seem like years. The mind suddenly calling up the memory of by-gone days, lives over the early hours of childhood—the bright visions of youth, when all was promise and anticipation—and traverses with a bound the ripe years of manhood, with all their struggles, and cares, and disappointments; and even throws a glance into the dark vista of the future, computing the 'to come' from the past; and at such times as these, one feels that he is already old, and that years have gone over him.

Such were to me the few brief moments in which I stood upon the Meissner hill that overhangs my native city. Dresden, the home of my childhood, of my earliest and my dearest friends, lay bathed in the soft moonlight of a summer's eve. There rose the ample dome of the cathedral in all the majesty of its splendid arch, the golden tracery glittering with the night dew—here, wound the placid Elb, its thousand edies through purple and blushing vineyards—its fair surface flashing into momentary brilliancy, as the ripples broke upon the buttresses of that graceful bridge—long accounted the most beautiful in Europe—while from the boat that lay sleeping upon its shadow, came the rich tones of some manly voice, bearing to my ear the evening hymn of my fatherland. Oh! how strong within the heart of the wanderer in distant lands, is the love of coun-

try: how deeply rooted amid all the feelings which the cares and trials of after life scatter to the winds! It lives on, bringing to our old age the only touch and trace of the bright and verdant feelings of our youth. And oh! how doubly strong this love, when it comes teeming with a flood of long forgotten scenes—the memory of our first, best friends—the haunts of our boyhood—the feats of youthful daring—and, far more than all, the recollection of that happy home, around whose hearth we met with but looks of kindness and affection, where our sorrows were soothed, our joys shared in. For me, 'tis true, there remained nought of this. The parents who loved me had gone to their dark homes—the friends of my childhood had doubtless forgotten me. Years of absence had left me but the scenes of past happiness—the actors were gone: and this it was, as I looked down upon the city of my native land; the hour which in solitude and lowness of heart I had longed and prayed for, had at length arrived—that hour which I believed in my heart would repay me for all the struggles, the cares, miseries of fourteen years of exile; and now I stood upon that self-same spot, where I had turned to take a farewell look of my native city, which I was leaving poor, unfriended, and unknown, to seek in Italy those opportunities my forlorn condition had denied me at home. Years of toil and anxiety had followed: the evils of poverty had fallen on me: one by one, the cheerful thoughts and bright fancies of youth deserted me; yet still I struggled on, unshaken in courage. The thought of one day returning to my loved Saxon land, rich in reputation, crowned with success, had sustained and upheld me. And now! that hour was come—my earliest hopes more than realized—my fondest aspirations accomplished. Triumphant over all the difficulties of my hard lot, I returned, bearing with me the well-won spoils of labor and exertion. But, alas! where were they who should rejoice with me, and share my happiness. The very home of my infancy was tenanted by strangers; they knew me not in my poverty—they could not sympathise in my elevation. My heart sickened within me as I thought of my lone and desolate condition; and as the tears coursed fast and faster down my cheeks, how gladly would I have given all the proud triumph of success for one short and sunny hour of boyhood's bright anticipations, shared in by those who loved me.

Oh! how well were it for us if the bright visions of happiness our imaginations pictured forth, should ever recede as we advance, and, mirage-like, evade us as we follow! and that we might go down to the grave still thinking that the 'morrow' would accomplish the hopes of to-day—as the Indian follows the phantom-barge, ever pursuing, never reaching. The misery of hope deferred never equalled the anguish of expectation gratified, only to ascertain how vain was our prospect of happiness from the long cherished desire, and how far short reality ever falls of the bright colouring hope lends to our imaginings. In such a frame of deep despondency, I re-entered my native city—no friends to greet me, no voice to welcome me.

Happily, however, I was not long left to the indulgence of such regrets; for no sooner was my arrival made known in the city, than my brother artists waited on me with congratulations; and I learned, for the first time, that the reputation of my successes had reached Saxony, and that my very best picture was at that moment being exhibited in the Dresden Gallery. I was now invited to the houses of the great, and even distinguished by marks of my sovereign's favor. If I walked the streets, I heard my name whispered as I passed. If I appeared in public, some bursts of approbation greeted me. In a word, and that ere many days elapsed, I became the reigning favorite of a city, in which the love of 'art' is an inheritance; for, possessed of a gallery second to none in Europe; the Dresdeners have long enjoyed and profited by the opportunity of contemplating all that is excellent in painting; and in their enthusiastic admiration of the fine arts, thought no praise too exalted to bestow on one who had asserted the claim of a Saxon painter among the schools of Italy.

To the full and unmeasured intoxication of the flattery that beset me on every side, I now abandoned myself. At first, indeed, did so as a relief from the sorrowful and depressing feelings my unfriended solitude suggested, and at last, as the passion crept in upon and grasped my very heart-strings, the love of praise took entire possession of my being, and in a short time the desire for admiration had so completely supplanted every other emotion, that I only lived with enjoyment when surrounded by flattery; and those praises which before I heard with diffidence and distrust, I now looked for as my desert, and claimed as my right. The 'spoiled child of fortune,' my life was one round of gaiety and excitement. For me, and for my amusement, fetes were given, parties contrived, and entertainments planned; and the charmed circle of royalty was even deserted to frequent the places at which I was expected.

From these circumstances, it may readily be believed how completely I was beset by the temptations of flattery, and how recklessly I hurried along that career of good fortune, which in mad infatuation, I deemed would last for

ever. I saw my name enrolled among the great ones of my art—myself the friend of the exalted in rank and great in wealth—my very praise, patronage. Little knew I that such sudden popularity is often as fleeting as it is captivating—that the mass of those who admire and are often loudest in their praises, are alike indifferent to, and ignorant of, art. Led along by fashion alone, they seemed delighted, because it was the rage to appear so. They visited because my society was courted by others; and if their knowledge was less, their plaudits were louder, than those of the discriminating few, whose caution and reserve seemed to me the offspring of jealousy and envy.

It is well known to almost all, how, in the society of large cities, some new source of interest or excitement is eagerly sought after to enliven the dull routine of nightly dissipation, and awaken the palled and jaded appetite of pleasure to some new thrill of amusement. How one succeeds another—and how short lived are all! The idol of to-day is forgotten to-morrow; and whether the object of momentary attraction be a benefactor of mankind, or some monster of moral deformity, it matters but little; so that for the hour he furnish an article for the fashionable journalist, and a subject of conversation to the 'coterie,' the end and aim of his being seems to be perfectly accomplished, and all interest for him is readily transferred to his successor, who or whatever he may be, as though his existence had been as unreal as the spectre of a magic-lantern.

Little did I suppose, when in the full blaze of my popularity, that to such an ordinance of fashion alone I was indebted for the proud eminence I occupied. I was not long destined to enjoy the deception. It chanced that about three months after my arrival in Dresden, circumstances required my absence from the city for a few days. The occasion which called me detained me beyond the time I had calculated on, and it was not till after a fortnight I reached home. I had travelled that day from sunrise till late in the evening, being anxious, if possible, to redeem a promise I had made to my friend and patron, Count Lowenstein, to be present at a fete in honor of his sister's birth day. The weather had been hot and sultry, even for the season; and although I felt much fatigued and jaded, I lost not a moment on my arrival to dress for the fete, over which calculating on my late career, I deemed my absence would throw a gloom: besides that, I longed once more to drink of that Circean cup of flattery, for which my short absence from the city had given me new zest; and it was with a high-beating heart and fevered brain I hung upon my breast the many crosses and decorations I had been gifted with in my hours of brilliant success.

Lights gleamed brightly from the ample windows of the Lowenstein palace. Numerous equipages stood at the portico. I followed the chasseur up the spacious marble steps which led to the ante-chamber. I stopped one moment before a large mirror, and, almost startled at the brilliancy of my dress which, a present from my sovereign, I now wore for the first time; with a high-swelling heart and bounding step—for all fatigue was long since forgotten, I approached the door; and, oh! the throb with which I heard my name, for the first time, announced with the title of 'baron,' which his majesty had conferred upon me the day of my departure. That name, which alone had, talisman-like, opened for me the doors of all who were illustrious and exalted in rank—that name, which heard, silenced the hum of voices to break forth the moment after in accents of praise and welcome. Again it rung through the crowded saloon, and I stood within the door. Formerly, when appearing in society, the moment I made my entree, I found myself the centre of a group of friends and admirers, all eagerly pressing forward to pay their homage to the star of fashion. Now, what was my amazement to mark no thrill of pleasure, as of old, animate that vast assembly—not even surprise: group after group passed by me, as though I were unknown, and had no claim to their attention. 'Tis true, I heard some friendly voices and kind inquiries; but I could neither distinguish the words nor the speaker. My brain was in a whirl; for alas! long since had I learned to care less for the language of affection than the voice of the flatterer. I stood thunderstruck and amazed; and it was some minutes before I could, with any appearance of composure, reply to the salutation I met with. Something must have occurred in my absence to weaken the interest my appearance ever excited; but what could that be? And the assembly, too: had my own baffled hopes lent their gloomy coloring to all around? I certainly thought it far less brilliant than usual—a sad and depressing influence seemed to pervade all the guests, which they appeared vainly to struggle against. Tortured with doubt and disappointment, I hastened through the crowd to where the Count was standing, surrounded by his suite. His quick eye instantly perceived me, and, familiarly kissing his hand, he continued to converse with those about him. Up to this moment I had borne all the chilling indifference of manner I met with, from the secret satisfaction that told me in my heart that he my protector my friend, would soon vindicate my claim to notice and distinction, and that, in

the sunshine of his favor, I should soon receive the attention my heart thirsted for. But now, that hope deserted me; the cold distance of his manner chilled me to my very heart's core. Not one word of kind inquiry—no friendly chiding for protracted absence—no warm welcome for my coming. I looked around on every side for some clue to this strange mystery: I felt as if all eyes were upon me, and thought for a moment I could perceive the sneer of gratified malice at my downfall. But no; I was unnoticed and unobserved; and even this hurt me still more. Alas! alas! the few moments of heart-cutting, humbling misery I then endured, too dearly paid for all the selfish gratification I reaped from being the idol of fashion. While I remained thus, the Count approached me, and with something like his usual tone of familiarity said—

'Ah! Carl—you here? You have of course heard of our sad disappointment?'

'No, my lord,' I replied, with some bitterness of tone, 'I have scarcely had time for I have not yet been an hour in Dresden.'

Without noticing either the manner of my allusion to my absence, the Count continued—

'This evening we were to have had the happiness to have amongst us one who seems to be gifted with some magic power of diffusing delight and ecstasy on every side where she appears. Those whose hearts were cold to beauty in all others, have yielded to the fascination of hers; and the soul that never before was touched by melody, has thrilled with transport at her heavenly voice. Divine la Mercia! the paragon of beauty and the soul of song: there stands her harp, and here you see her music; but she is absent. Alas! we have only the wand of the magician—the spell is not there.'

In an instant the veil was lifted from my eyes; the whole truth burst on me like a lightning flash—the course of my popularity was run—the sun of my favor had set for ever.

The fatigue of my journey—the heat of the *salon*—the confusion of my mind, and the bitter conflict of my feelings, all conspired to unman me, and I sank upon a sofa. As I sat thus unnoticed—for the tone of the Count's manner had divested the few who were previously attentive, of all interest for me.—I overheard the conversation of those around me. But one name was mentioned; but one person seemed to engross every tongue or heart—that was La Mercia. From what I could collect, it appeared that she, a most beautiful and interesting girl, had appeared at the Opera a few evenings since and by the charms of her surpassing beauty, as well as the surprising richness and clearness of her voice, had captivated the whole city, from the palace to the cottage. The enthusiastic repetition of her praises gradually led to regrets for her absence, and surmises as to the cause—while a young nobleman, who had just joined the circle, said:

'Trust me La Mercia would have come if she were consulted; but I fear that ill tempered looking old fellow, whom she calls her 'Tutor,' has had much to say to this refusal.'

'Yes,' said another, 'so late as yesterday evening at the palace, when she was surrounded by several members of the royal family, eagerly pressing her to repeat a song she had just sung; just as she consented, a look from the 'Tutor' shot across the room and met her eyes—she immediately hesitated, begged to be permitted not to sing, and immediately afterwards withdrew.'

'How strange,' said the nobleman who had spoken before, 'how very strange! It was but a few nights since, at the opera, I witnessed the deference and submission with which she addressed him, and the cold indifference with which he met looks and heard tones that would have made another's heart beat beyond his bosom. It must, indeed, be a strange mystery that unites two beings so every way unlike; one all beauty and loveliness, and the other the most sarcastic, treacherous looking wretch ever my eyes beheld.'

The deep interest with which I listened to those particulars of my rival—for such I now felt her to be—gradually yielded to a sense of my own sunken and degraded condition; and envy, the most baleful and pernicious passion that can agitate the bosom, took entire possession of me; envy of one whose very existence one hour before I was ignorant. I felt that she—she had injured me—robbed me of all for which life and existence was dear. But for her, and I should still be the centre of this gay and brilliant assembly, by whom I am already forgotten and neglected: and with a fiendish malignity, I thought how soon this new idol of a fickle and ungrateful people would fall from the pinnacle from which she had displaced me, and suffer in her own heart the cruel pangs I was then enduring.

I arose from where I had been sitting, my brain maddened with my sudden reverse of fortune, and fled from the *salon* to my home. In an agony of grief I threw myself upon the bed, and that night was to me like years of sorrowing and affliction. When morning broke my first resolve was, to leave Dresden for ever; my next to remain, until by applying all my energies to the task, I had accomplished something beyond all my former efforts; and then,