

were to be placed in a small temple in the garden, near the river; the key of which was to be sent to a Dominican monk, who lived in an obscure part of the city. By him were the coffins to be closed, which it was strictly enjoined should be done by him alone and unaccompanied, the night before the burial.

All was done, as the wish of the deceased enjoined; and the key sent by a trusty servant of my own, to the friar, who appeared to be in expectation of it, and knew its import.

I sat in the lonely and desolate room, which had formerly been mine in the villa of the count, that long and dreary night; the wind poured its mournful wailing through the pine trees in dirgeful memory of him who was no more.—From the window of the temple a bright light gleamed till near morning, when it gradually faded away. Thither I repaired at day-break, with the household. All was still—the door lay open—the coffins were closed and screwed down. The friar was gone; we afterwards found that he had returned to his lodgings in the city, nor was he ever after seen in Dresden. The bodies were committed to the earth, and I returned to my home alone in the world.

It was several years after this—the awful death of my earliest, best friend—that I arrived in Paris to exhibit, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, a historical picture, upon which I had laboured for years. I must be brief. My picture was exhibited; my most sanguine expectations surpassed by its success; and in a few short days the whole scene of my early triumph was re-enacted. Praise and flattery poured in upon me; and as in Dresden before, so now in Paris, I became the fashion and the rage. But how changed was I! No longer exulting in my success, and buoyant with hopes, I received all the adulation I met with cold indifference and apathy.

Among the many attentions which my popularity had conferred upon me, was an invitation to the hotel de Rohan. The duke, a most distinguished connoisseur in painting, having seen and applauded my picture, waited on me. Thus bound in duty, I went; and fatigued by the round of soulless gaiety, in which I could no longer feel happy, or even forgetful, I was retiring early, when the duke met me said—

'Ah, monsieur, I have been looking for you. The countess de Julhart has desired me to present you to her; and when I tell you she is the most beautiful woman in Paris, I need not say how much you must prize the honour among all the distinctions your talents have earned; come this way.'

I followed mechanically—my heart took no interest in the scene—and I only longed to be once more alone and unobserved. As I walked after the duke, he gave me a short account of the beautiful countess, whom he mentioned as the last descendant of an old and honoured family, supposed to have been long since extinct, when she, a few months before, appeared in Paris and laid claims to the title. As she possessed unbounded wealth, and had no great favours to ask anywhere, the court was charmed with her beauty, and readily admitted her claims, which some were ill-natured enough to say, were perhaps merely assumed without foundation.

I took little interest in the story. My thoughts were far away, as they ever were for many years, from everything of the present; and 'twas only as I heard the duke announce my name among a group who stood near a sofa, that I remembered why I was there.

The countess sat with her back to us, but rose immediately on hearing my name. I bowed deeply as she stood up; and recovering myself from my obeisance, looked up. Oh! merciful heavens, with what horror I looked, it was no other than La Mercia. With one loud cry of 'tis she, 'tis she,' I fell fainting to the floor.

Weeks of wild raving and delirium followed. I left Paris—I returned to Dresden. There all reminded me of the past. I fled from my home, and now, after three years of wanderings in solitary and distant lands, I feel deep in my heart the heavy curse that has followed upon my broken oath, and which has made me an outcast and a broken hearted wanderer in the world forever.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

ONE sees many disgusting exhibitions in the East, but not one that is more so than the ceremony performed by the Howling Dervishes. To be sure, it is your own Turning Dervishes at Pera and elsewhere, who most willingly admit foreigners to their chapel—hate the presence of the "unclean" like sin; and it is only through the interest of some great individual and determined perseverance in making your applications, that you are admitted within the hallowed precincts of their convent.

Many and unsuccessful were our own attempts for a sight at the mystery, until we at last succeeded in procuring the gracious notice of the arch-priest at Broussa to our excellent recommendations by letter and personally from two gentlemen of influence, whose acquaintance we had made. To these insignia, we ventured to add our own earnest assurance that we would behave with all due reverence, and preserve a face of becoming length whilst present.

At the door, three youths who had been stationed there by the imam to wait upon us, and prevent the crowd from impeding our view stooped to take off our slippers. This done, we were ushered up stairs to a small room beside the chapel, through whose latticed windows we were to gaze upon the mystery. The wall of the chapel present a ferocious sort of decoration, reminding one of the chambers of the Inquisition. Like the mosques, and other holy places, they are ornamented with written sentences from the Koran. But there is with these dervishes a difference which chills you—the suspended battle-axes, chains, skewers, pinners, spikes, which are used to torture themselves when the religious frenzy becomes too intolerable for the expression of the voice of motion.

The youths who formed our escort placed us in the best possible position to view the scene, and, then arranging themselves on each side, kept back the throng. Many and bitter were the muffled imprecations upon the ghouls which arose from those beaten off as they tried hard to force within our charmed circle. Our small apartment filled fast, until the heat becoming oppressive, our dragoman observed that, if air were not admitted, he was sure we could not stay. Upon this the youths immediately stopped all further entrance of spectators, and opened a small lattice, through which passed a gentle breeze, imparting a delicious coolness to that part of the room where we were stationed.

A low monotonous chant rose to the lattice; we looked, and saw a train of dervishes slowly entering the chapel, headed by their high-priest. The dervishes prostrated themselves upon the earth, their foreheads in the dust; the priest stretching forth his open palms to heaven, repeated a long low prayer. A tiger-skin was then spread before the Mihrab, and upon this the priest stationed himself. A rich green scarf was offered, with which he begirt himself with much ceremony. Then commenced a low horrid wail, echoed by the whole fraternity, who sat rocking their bodies to and fro till their foreheads almost touched the floor.

By degrees, the frenzy increased; the eyes of the performers began to shine with a terribly unnatural lustre; foam gathered upon the lips, as in epilepsy; the countenance writhed in the most frightful distortions; a perspiration, so profuse that it rolled down the cheeks in huge drops, rose upon the pale and sickly brow; the 'Al'lah-hou' each moment was cried with a redoubled fury, until, with the violence of the shouts, the voice gave way, and the words became mere frantic roaring, as from a cavern of wild beasts.

Suddenly, a sound more distinct and more terrible than the rest arose from the heaving and surging mass. 'Lah il'lah el il'Al'lah!' cried a voice whose tones were like nothing earthly; and the others present caught up and echoed that fearful cry. The next moment, there was a demoniac shriek, and the man who had at first shouted, rolled over upon the floor in a deathlike convulsion. Those next him, with another frightful 'Al'lah-hou,' turned to his relief. They stretched him up—they chafed his hands—they rubbed and tried to bend his limbs; but he lay inanimate and rigid as a corpse.

With lightning and rapidity, the infection of this paroxysm spread; the 'Lah il'lah el'Al'lahs' became more terrible still; the devotees tossed their arms in the air, with the fury of maniacs. An instant more, and another dervish leaped from the floor, as if shot through the heart, and fell in convulsions.

This brought the frenzy to a climax. The imam encouraged the delirium by voice, by gesture. A young man detached himself from the group. The high-priest took an instrument that looks much like a pair of tongs, with which he pinched his cheeks with all his might; but the dervish made no sign of pain. A little child, a sweet little girl, of about seven years of age, entered the chapel, and calmly laid herself down upon the crimson rug. Assisted by two attendants, who from the first had stationed themselves one on each side of the Mihrab, the priest stepped upon her tender little frame, and stood there some moments; she must have suffered much, but when he dismounted, she rose and walked away with an air of extreme satisfaction.

Now commenced another and equally painful portion of the service. The imam regulated the time of the chant, by ever and anon clapping his hands to increase its speed, or commanding by gestures that it must be slower.—Wail succeeded to wail, howl to howl, Al'lah-hou to Al'lah-hou, till at last the strongest men unable to bear the violence of the exertion, fell to the ground in convulsions, or sobbed with anguish like infants. On the whole, a more revolting scene than the howling dervishes could not be readily conceived; and dreadful is the distortion of that spirit which can deem such torments acceptable in the eyes of God.

A few days afterwards, it was my fortune to make a more intimate acquaintance with one of these dervishes; it was in this wise.—The Osmanlis have two diseases which are peculiar to themselves; the one they have named *gellinjik* the other *yellinjik*. Under the head of *gellinjik*, they describe almost any possible illness of the body. The *yellinjik* is the more simple

and more easily cured disease of the two; it signifies only toothache and its concomitant pains in the face. So difficult is the *gellinjik* to cure, that the happy ability has long been vested in a single family, through whom the power passes with each generation; but the *yellinjik* can be cured by those emirs or dervishes who are descended from Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed.

The charm consists in this. It is the fair sex who are usually afflicted with the face-ache in Turkey; and, at any rate, these quacks have a particular love for those who are called the 'weaker vessels' of humanity. The lady is affected with nervous pains in the cheek. Faith is imperative, and there is one particular emir upon whom her choice falls. He is sent for; his feet are folded beneath him upon the divan, and his green turban readjusted. The veiled beauty is led by a slave into his august presence and seated upon a low cushion before him. The emir utters a short prayer, lays his thumb upon the nose, breathes softly upon the forehead, gently rubs the cheek, and the treatment is complete.

A young slave belonging to the house where for a while we were invited to sojourn, was afflicted with *yellinjik*. Immediately, on her desire being made known, a messenger was despatched for an emir whom she named, and who was rather eminent in the cures he effected. The family, except one aged relative upon whom this slave attended, were staying at their country residence. Finet Hanaum was led into the presence of the emir. He might once have been a handsome man, but now his countenance had taken that sickly and distorted expression which often follows their dreadful ceremonies; and with his thick, bristling moustache and his long matted beard, it gave him by no means a prepossessing appearance.

I was that morning amusing myself with an electrical apparatus; and after he had operated upon Finet, he passed me as I stood in the piazza making experiments, which piazza was his nearest way to the garden from her room. He surveyed the jars for a few moments with intense curiosity, and then departing to a short distance, slowly drew forth a small brass ladle, and murmured; 'Buckshish! Buckshish!' 'Buckshish! Buckshish for what?' I asked.

He made a gesture, intimating that to give alms to his order was the usual thing.

'No; I cannot think of giving you buckshish. You are young and strong; you can work at your trade.'

'I do work—hard work.'

'For whom?'

'Al'lah.'

'But your work is profitless to both him and yourself. I shall not encourage it. It is spoken!' pursued I with the usual Osmanli expression of decision.

I was in the midst of an interesting experiment, and I turned to my apparatus. The dervish quietly seated himself upon the ground, doubled up his feet beneath him, still presented his brass dish, and there he sat motionless as an image carved in marble. Thus things went on for the next half-hour. But I was determined not to be wearied into giving him buckshish, and his imperturbable staring had become unpleasant.

'Just bid him go about his business,' said I to the dragoman.

He did so; but the dervish intimated that he should not retire without the money.

If you do not go voluntarily, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of compelling you, said I.

The dervish merely gave a complacent chuckle, which said that he defied me to get rid of him.

'Very good,' replied I. 'Now mind if I do what you will not like, it is not my fault.'

I had a large coil-machine on the table before me, which, as those acquainted with such apparatus know, which tortures the nerves beyond the power of the strongest man to endure voluntarily more than a few seconds. I laid hold of his dish with the conductor, and, by way of a sample, gave him a moderate dose from a similiar battery. He laughed derisively, saying: 'Al'lah elil'Al'lah!'

'Then here goes!' pursued I, putting the magnet into the coil, whilst the attendants crowded round to see the effect. It was instantaneous. He rolled over upon the ground with a yell-like 'Al'lah-hou!' The arms quivered in their sockets; the dish, which now he would fain have let go if he could, flashed about in his convulsed hands like a rocket; the countenance was distorted with pain and rage. In a few moments feeling satisfied that he had enough, I released him from the coil. He rose and nearly upsetting the dragoman in his flight, leaped down the steps into the garden. There being at what he considered a safe distance, he turned, and a more liberal allowance of curses never fell to the lot of any man than those which he bestowed on me. He prayed, his face livid with passion, to Al'lah that I and my stock might be withered up, root and branch; that I might be, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, smitten and covered with boils and ulcers!—Now he turned his attention to the woman in my family. These he cursed from my great-grandmother to my great-granddaughter; and, finally, he wound up with a fervent prayer that my wife might prove anything but faithful of

fruitful; or that, if the latter petition failed, my issue might be to me the bitterest curse that ever fell to the lot of a father. Since then I have often had a hearty smile of the discomfiture of the *yellanjik* doctor.

DONT DEPEND ON FATHER.

STAND up here, young man, and let us talk to you; you have trusted alone to the contents of your father's purse, or his fair fame, for your influence or success in business. Think you that 'father' has attained to eminence in his profession, but by unwearied industry? or that he has amassed a fortune honestly, without energy and activity? You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame and fortune, is essential to, nay, inseparable from the retaining of either of these. Suppose 'father' has the 'rocks' in abundance, if you never earned anything for him, you have no more business with these rocks than a goshin has with a tortoise! and if he allows you to meddle with them until you have gained them by your own industry, he perpetrates untold mischief. And if the old gentleman is lavish of his cash towards you, while he allows you to while away your time, you'd better leave him; yes, run away, sooner than be an imbecile, or something worse, through so corrupting an influence. Sooner or later you must learn to rely on your own resources, or you will not be anybody.

If you have become idle, if you have eaten fathers bread and butter, and smoked father's cigars, cut a swell in father's buggy, and tried to put on father's influence and reputation, you might far better have been a poor canal boy, the son of a chimney sweep, or a boot black, and, indeed, we would not swap with you the situation of a poor half-starved, motherless calf. Miserable object you are, that depends entirely on parent, playing gentleman (dandy loafer).—What in the name of common sense are you thinking of! Wake up there! Go to work with your hands, or your brains, or both, and be something. Don't merely have it to boast of that you have vegetated as other greenhorns but let folks know that you count one.

Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plough handles, the scythe, the axe, the pickaxe, the spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly round and tear your shirt rather than be the passive recipient of the old gentleman's bounty. Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potato patch, get yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. If you have no other means of having fun of your own buy with your earnings, an empty barrel, and put your head into it, and holla, or get into it and roll down a hill; don't, for pity's sake make the old gentleman furnish everything, and you live at your ease.

Look about you, you well-dressed, smooth-faced, do-nothing drones. Who are they that have worth and influence in society? Are they those that have depended alone on the old gentleman's purse? or, are they those that have climbed their way by their own industry and energy? True, the old gentleman's funds or personal influence may secure you the forms of respect, but let him loose his property, or die, and what are you? A miserable flogging—a bunch of flesh and bones that needs to be taken care of.

Again we say, wake up—get up in the morning—turn round at least twice before breakfast—help the old man—give him now and then a generous lift in business—learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, make a new destiny, and then you may begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from your little finger, break your cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and by all means, not depend on father.

WOMAN.

THERE is beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support, is graceful and touching.—Timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek, and, alas! I fear me, she however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers, to the last, until like wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest. The dependance of woman in the common affairs of life, is, nevertheless rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs, that where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgasings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart