

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

I WOULD THAT THERE WERE MANY SUCH.

BY FRANCIS BROWNE.

Through forest and through city,
The planter tracked his slave,
But lost the trail as he drew near
St. Lawrence seaward wave;
The negro's land of freedom
Lay fair beyond that flood,
And to five hundred dollars
He raised the price of blood.

There was "a moving preacher,"
Who worked for that reward;
There was a learned lawyer,
Whose search was long and hard;
There was a prudent burgher,
Who side long joined the chase,
But only a poor boatman knew
The negro's hiding place.

They say he was an exile,
Who left some luckless land;
They say he had a ragged coat,
A hard and heavy hand;
And proudly spake the planter—
"The silver shall be thine,
Say where he lurks, it is the law,
That flying slave is mine."

"I have wanted bread for many a day,
And shelter many a night,
And so much sterling coin before
Was never in my sight;
Yet not for all the dollars
That man may coin or see,
Would I betray that flying slave,
Thou evil man, to thee."

"The law is for the many
That fear no other sin;
The money for the market,
And all who sell therein;
But I have loved sweet liberty,
And hold it as a crime,
To bar that goodly heritage
For colour or for clime."

His tried and trusty dollars
For once had found a check;
The planter, to his cotton,
With many a curse, went back;
For a skiff was on the river,
Before the break of day;
The slave went on to freedom,
And the boatman went his way.

I never knew his country,
I never knew his creed,
But blessed be the poverty
That wrought that noble deed;
That loved the good cause more than gain,
And proved its love so true;
I would that there were many such
In England, Old or New.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SULTAN AKBAR'S LOVE,

OR, THE SIEGE OF CHITTORE.

A Tale from Oriental History.

LET us see what this scroll says of the rose
and its diamond chain:

"Be mine, O fairest! be but mine,
And along thy path will strew
Wealth's gems, with purest ray that shine,
And love's own flower of brightest hue.
The richest gem, the fairest flower,
Seem they not well united?
So I the monarch, chief in power,
And thou the loveliest—"

"Cease, Ranah, cease! It besseems not a
faithful wife to hear the flatteries of a
stranger."

The Ranah smiled with pleasure.

"What, my princess! art thou afraid of being
bewitched by the spells of the Mogul? Yet
I see among the flowers in yonder vase some
sprigs of the imperial tree, a sure preservative
against magic."

"Here," replied Pamani, returning his smile,
here is a flower that is a more certain preservative
from Akbar's spells, and she gave him
a mougree. "This is my favorite flower, for it
was the first interpreter of thy love Zalim.—
Can any of Akbar's flowers speak to my heart as
the mougree spoke when first given to me by
thee?"

The Ranah was pressing the hand that held
the mougree, when a voice without craved admittance.

"Enter!" cried the Prince, impatiently, and
an old muktar, or chamberlain, approached
with profound respect, and laid at his so-
vereign's feet a splendid bag of brocade, say-
ing:

"From the Mogul," and retired.

The Ranah hastily cut the string of gold
twist, and took out a letter, written on a gold-
besprinkled paper, having the impression of
the Sultan's signet at the side (a conciliatory
token of equality), and addressed "To the Ma-
ha-Rajah of Mewar, from Akbar, the servant
of Allah, and Emperor of Delhi."

Padmani, almost breathless with anxiety,
leaned on her husband's shoulder as he read it

aloud for her. It was couched in the inflated
style of the Orientals, but its purport in plain
terms was, that the Mogul, perceiving that the
offers of his magnificence, and the menaces of
his hostility, were alike disregarded by
the Ranah and Rannee, admired their constan-
cy too much to molest them further. He with-
drew his unsuccessful suit, and would retire
from before Chittore on the following morning.
But he desired previously to clasp in friend-
ship the hand of a prince whom he had learned
to esteem; and he requested permission to
visit the Ranah in his fortress, pledging the
faith of a true believer, and the word of an Em-
peror, that he would be attended only by a
train of forty persons; and that no Moslem
should quit the camp during the Mogul's vi-
sit to the Hindoo prince, with whom hence-
forth he would be allied in amity.

"Praised be our Father Surya for the bar-
barian's departure!" exclaimed Padmani, raising
her eyes with a look of joy. "But O, my Ra-
nah, let not the Mogul come hither, to pro-
fane with his footsteps the dwelling of the
rajputs."

"Nay, Padmani, I may not refuse a demand
upon my hospitality. he would think I feared
his presence. Let him come and behold the
strength of our position, and look upon the de-
fying eyes of our defenders."

"Be it as thou wilt, Zalim. Still I feel an
instinct of some impending evil—may Surya
avert it!—but surely, I think, some trial is be-
fore us. We may be placed in circumstances
that will force us to dissemble with the world.
Let us, then, establish a sign of private intel-
ligence between us; let the mougree-flower
be our secret token. When we are apart from
each other, let no embassy, no request from
one to the other be of weight, or be conceded,
or obeyed, unless it comes accompanied by a
mougree; this flower alone shall give it validi-
ty—this shall be the token of earnestness and
truth. Take some mougrees, Zalim, ere thou
leavest me."

He placed some mougrees in his bosom, with
the smile and the manner of one who humors a
favorite child.

"Fear nothing, Padmani. I will go to Zalim's
altar and promise her thirsty image the blood
of sheep and goats. Be happy, and have a smile,
and a cheerful song for Zalim, when he has
given the dismissal to his self-invited guest."

On the mainland, at the north side of the
lake, stood the Ranah's palace, where the ban-
queting-hall was prepared to receive the Mo-
gul. The hall was open at all sides to admit
air. The roof was supported by colonnades of
massy pillars, round whose bases ran a stone
balustrade. The ceiling was covered with an
awning of blue silk, spangled with silver stars,
to hide the fresco painting of the Hindoo
deities; for the laws of the Rajputs forbade
their eating with persons of another creed in
the presence of their own gods. At one end
of the hall was a recess, enclosed in a lattice-work
of bamboos, within which were curtains of sil-
ver-gauze, drawn closely together. Blazing
torches were fixed on each side of this veiled
recess, and lamps were gleaming all round the
building. The marble floor was spread with
cushions adopted to the different ranks of the
guests. There were two magnificent musnuds
for the Ranah and the Sultan, with a small
Persian carpet before each. The Hindoo prince
and his guests were seated at a banquet, served
of rich and highly-spiced dishes, sweet-meats,
and fruits. Nor was wine wanting, for the Ra-
nah knew that the Akbar was no scrupulous
Mahomedan. There were sherbets for the
more strict Moslems, and Madava for the Hin-
doos. Akbar was arrayed with more than us-
ual splendour, and the string of priceless pearls
which had occupied Sheik Soliman's attention,
was hanging round his neck. The Sheik was
placed a little behind the Sultan, who sat be-
side the Ranah. The evening music had been
performed, the bards had sung, and the *Pyle-
vans* (wrestlers) had shown their feats, and the
Nautch girls had concluded their slow, pan-
tomimic dance, and the Ranah and his visitors
were left to converse at pleasure.

The Indian Prince, raising his cup, said to
Akbar:

"This, my brother, we Rajputs call 'The
Cup of Requests.' In this it is our custom to
drown all enmities. I drink to thy friendship,
O Sultan Akbar!"

The Mogul pledged the Ranah with a suit-
able compliment, and skilfully induced his enter-
tainer to drink freely, observing him, with a
secret pleasure, becoming flushed and excited,
while the Sultan himself, a more experienced
votary of the wine-cup, remained as cool as
ever. At first the conversation was of the
league to exist between the sovereigns of Del-
hi and Chittore; but by degrees, as the wine
and the madra affected the Ranah, Akbar ven-
tured to speak of Padmani.

"It grows late, and I must soon break the
chain of pleasure in which my brother holds
my soul. To-morrow I leave his territories;
but before I depart, will not the Rannee per-
mit me to ask her forgiveness for the presump-
tion that led me to Chittore?"

"I will promise thee, O Sultan, the Ran-
nee's pardon. But she will the more easily for-
get the siege of Chittore if she never beholds
the besieger."

"I trusted in thy courtesy, O Ranah! that

thou wouldst not refuse a guest the privilege
he might hope from the liberal laws of thy na-
tion, which do not, like ours, require the seclu-
sion of your females."

"We may learn prudence from the stranger,"
replied the Hindoo. "His custom may prove
worthy of imitation."

"My brother is a wise man," observed Ak-
bar, with a slight sneer. "He will not let us
behold the Flower of his Garden, which his
bards call the Rose of the Universe, lest we say
'Wallah Billah!' Those *Bhats* spoke large
words: what know they of roses? Flowers as
fair bloom in our own garden, praise be to the
prophet."

The Ranah was piqued by this insinuation
against the supremacy of his Rannee's beauty.
His delicacy and prudence were overpowered by
the festal cup, and he replied:

"The Sultan shall see that our *Bhats* are
men of truth. Fair buds may bloom round
the throne of Delhi; but the Queen of Flowers
reigns on the mountain of Chittore."

Padmani was in her island palace, impatient-
ly awaiting the intelligence of the Mogul's de-
parture, when the ancient chamberlain respect-
fully delivered to her the Ranah's request, that
she would visit the hall of banquet, even were
it but for a moment. The Rannee was startled
and displeased at the Ranah's strange deviation
from discretion; but, on a moments reflection,
she forgave him, believing he had been, by
some means, compelled to send the message as
a mere formal compliment, to which he did
not intend she should accede; and, accord-
ingly, she charged the envoy with a decided, but
polite, refusal.

The Ranah was disconcerted by the sarcastic
smile which Akbar purposely affected when the
Rannee's refusal was delivered, and he became
doubly anxious for her appearance. He recol-
lected the token-flower; and taking the mo-
ugree from his bosom, said to the aged envoy:
"Repeat as before to the Rannee, and add,
that I send her this flower."

The quick mind of Akbar conceived at once
that the mougree was a private and important
token of mutual intelligence, and he treasured
up his observation in his memory.

Great was the dismay of Padmani on the re-
petition of the Ranah's request, enforced by the
token of the mougree. She could no longer
decline the summons; and dismissing the old
Hindoo without reply, she summoned her wo-
men to prepare her for the hateful interview
with the Sultan. She determined to lay aside
all decorations of dress. "Yon proud alien
(thought she) must not believe I sought to daz-
zle him." And with an uncommon, and even
heroic, desire to detract from her own charms,
she rejected her royal apparel, and arrayed her-
self in plain muslin of a spotless white. Not a
single ornament would she retain; but round
her raven hair she twined a wreath of snowy
mougrees, to show the Ranah that it was the
influence exercised on her heart by that mes-
senger-flower (the remembrance of their
early love) that brought her into the presence
of his undesired guest. The innocent young
Hindoo was no coquette. Accustomed to as-
sociate the ideas of splendor and beauty, she
little guessed that the novelty of her style of
attire, its contrast with the gorgeousness to
which Akbar was habituated, might but en-
hance her loveliness in his eyes; for beauty is
often more indebted to novelty than to mag-
nificence.

Amid the circling of the cups, Akbar sat
anxiously expecting the result of the Ranah's
last embassy, and his eyes were riveted uncon-
sciously on the latticed and curtained recess be-
fore him. Suddenly curtains of silver gauze
were drawn back, and there stood Padmani, in
her pure white robe and chaplet, her eyes cast
on the ground, her arms folded over her bosom,
and the flush of offended modesty mantling on
her cheek. It was an exquisite vision. Never
had Padmani looked so transcendently beauti-
ful. The thin, silvery curtains hanging on
each side of her like a shining mist, and the
blaze of the torches around her, gave her a su-
pernatural appearance. She might have been
deemed a lovely *Apsara* descending from the
Hindoo heaven.

But the Ranah was startled. He remembered
her dream, and was struck with a feeling of
dread, a preception of an evil omen. To him
she looked like an Indian widow stripped of
her ornaments, and arrayed for the fatal pile.
The mist like curtain-folds seemed as the en-
veloping smoke-wreaths, and the blaze of the
torches like the fire of the terrible suttee.

And Akbar?—notwithstanding the absence
of royal ornament, he knew Padmani at once.
She was like the pictures his imagination had
drawn, but infinitely more lovely. He thought
that earth could produce nothing worthy to
compare with her. His soul was gazing in his
eyes, and he enjoyed with a species of rapture
the sight of that charming object that had sur-
passed expectation. He wished to speak, but
found no words, but sunk into a kind of intox-
ication of delight, which he would fain have pro-
longed for hours.

Once Padmani raised her eyes, and cast on
the Ranah a look of tender reproach. The
eloquent glance of that expressive eye electrified
the Mogul. He started up, and was approach-
ing the recess, when, in an instant, the

silvery curtains were closed, and the beautiful
vision vanished, as if that hasty movement had
broken the spell by which it was held.

The Sultan returned to his seat; and the re-
moval of the object of his overpowering admi-
ration allowed him to collect his thoughts, and
compose his behaviour. He turned to the Ra-
nah and said, with a peculiar emphasis on his
words:

"I regret, my brother, that the Rannee has
withdrawn before I could assure her that Ak-
bar is effectually cured of his presumption."

The Ranah felt this insinuation, that the Sul-
tan was disappointed in his anticipation of the
Rannee's charms.

"My Princess did herself injustice," he obser-
ved (though he secretly thought she had never
appeared so lovely); her dress was unawaited to
her rank."

"But too well suited to enchant my senses,"
thought the enraptured Mogul.

And now the Rannee deemed it time to
give his guests the rukut (dismissal). The
presents (of more than ordinary magni-
ficence) were offered and accepted at each
side, the attar of rose was scattered and the
pawn distributed. The Mogul, professing a re-
luctance to separate from the Ranah till the
last moment, requested his host to accompany
him to the gate of the fortress; and the Hin-
doo prince, willing to conciliate, readily con-
sented, and they set forward on foot for the
convenience of conversation. The Rannee was
attended by his silver mace-bearers; the bearer
of his standard, the tail of a mountain cow;
his umbrella bearer; and a small number of
armed men. A train of forty Moslems follow-
ed Akbar. Their horses were led by grooms;
and among them was a noble and well-trained
animal, understood to be intended for the
Sultan's last gift to his entertainer, at the gate
of the fortress.

The lights of the torchbearers showed the il-
lustrious personages to advantage to the crowds
in the streets, and on the flat roofs of the hou-
ses. There were martial rajputs, with their
silver badges and red turbans; fanatics, with
matted hair, and half-naked bodies streaked
with ashes; wild looking bheels from the moun-
tains; low-caste indians, with no clothing save
the waist-cloth; women in their long, loose
cotton scarfs—their limbs encircled with silver
ornaments, and the knot of their black hair
wreathed with flowers. There were all grad-
ations of color, from the black hue of the low
castes to the comparative fairness of the raj-
puts; and all the foreheads bore the various
streaks of caste—chalk, vermilion, sandal-wood
or ashes.

And now the procession reached the gate of
the fortress, and stopped at the threshold to
take leave. Akbar repeated his thanks for the
Ranah's hospitality, and requested him to ac-
cept of the noble horse, which, in proof of his
temper and training, knelt down at the word of
command. The Sultan took from his neck the
string of pearls.

"Now, my brother, let this be the chain to
bind our souls in friendship; let my memory
be precious to thee as pearls."

He doubled the long necklace, and threw it
over the Ranah's head, drawing one part tight
round his throat, while the other part hung
down below: of this loose part Akbar still
kept hold, and the Sheik came close behind the
Hindoo prince. Akbar suddenly pulled the
string so forcibly that he drew his host outside
the gate, aided by the Sheik, who pushed the
prince forward. The latter, taking alarm, cal-
led to his train, and tried to break from the
treacherous pearls; but they had been pur-
posely strung, by Soliman's care, on a firm
cord, strengthened with fine wire. The Hin-
doo guard sprang to arms at their sovereign's
call, but were held in check, at the weapon's
point, by the Mussulmans; and while a sharp
conflict was waged between the two parties, Ak-
bar and Soliman, still dragging their prisoner,
and assisted by some omrah, forced him upon
the kneeling horse, which then immediately
rose, and all the Mogul train mounting in haste
they spurred down the steep at full speed, Ak-
bar holding the Ranah by the fatal string of
pearls, while well-armed men galloped before,
behind, and beside him. The Indian guard cal-
led out after the treacherous guests; but be-
ing on foot, and fearing to discharge shot or
shaft, lest they should slay their prince, they
returned, helpless and dispirited, from the un-
availing pursuit.

On dashed the Moslems along the descent
to their camp, where all was in readiness for
furthering the Mogul's design, without losing a
moment. Akbar escorted by a select detach-
ment from his army, set out with the unfor-
tunate Ranah from Chittore, in the direction
of Agra, entrusting the army that he left be-
hind to the command of an experienced gen-
eral; and consigning to the management of Sheik
Soliman the furtherance of his views respecting
Padmani, whose firmness he now hoped to sub-
due in the absence of her husband.

The princess was watching at a window of
her island-palace for the Ranah's return, when
she saw groups running together, and the wa-
vering light of torches tossed to and fro, and
heard loud and various cries of terror, grief and
rage. Then a number of afflicted women re-
gardless of ceremony, burst into her apartment,
screaming and tearing their hair. When Pad-