

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

BY E. M. ARNDT.

God, who gave iron, purposed ne'er
That man should be a slave;
Therefore the sabre, sword and spear
In his right hand He gave.
Therefore He gave him fiery mood,
Fierce speech, and free-born breath,
That he might fearlessly the feud
Maintain through blood and death.

Therefore will we what God did say,
With honest truth, maintain,—
And ne'er a fellow-creature slay,
A tyrant's pay to gain!
But he shall perish by stroke of brand
Who fighteth for sin and shame,
And not inherit the German land
With men of the German name.

O Germany! bright fatherland!
O German love so true!
Thou sacred land—thou beautiful land—
We swear to the anew!
Outlawed, each knave and coward shall
The crow and raven feed;
But we will to the battle all—
Revenge shall be our meed.

Flash forth, flash forth, whatever can,
To bright and flaming life!
Now, all ye Germans, man for man,
Forth to the holy strife!
Your hands lift upward to the sky—
Your hearts shall upward soar—
A man for man let each one cry,
Our slavery is o'er!

Let sound, let sound, whatever can,
Trumpet and fife and drum:
This day our sabres, man for man,
To stain with blood, we come;
With hangman's and with coward's blood,
O glorious day of ire!
That to all Germans soundeth good!
Day of our great desire!

Let wave, let wave, whatever can,
Standard and banner wave!
Here will we purpose, man for man,
To grace a hero's grave.
Advance, ye brave ranks, hardily—
Your banners wave on high;
We'll gain us freedom's victory,
Or freedom's death we'll die!

MATED AND CHECKMATED.
AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THE moollah, left once more to his solitary meditations, remained for a short time in that pleasing trance of anticipation which the bad man feels when he holds a naked knife in his hand, and looks upon the sleeping innocent he is about to stab. Then he gathered up his robes, stuck his feet into his papooses, and went straightway to the royal palace, the time being that at which the shah opened the great hall of morning audience. The moollah mixed among the throng in entering the palace, and sought to place himself in a conspicuous position. 'Praise God!' muttered he to himself, 'these are, indeed, news to the shah! And that hog of a police chief! His face will be blackened as the pit of Tophet. He once affronted me in the matter of my two slaves, whom he met at night returning home, bearing jars which he said contained wine. The needful shall not be wanting to defile his father's grave—the cow's son!' So Reza Hafed took up a point of the circle, with the evident manner of one come, according to law and custom, to ask somewhat of majesty, and composed himself patiently till he should be called upon to speak.

The audience was formed, the Shah Jehan was in full divan with his wezeers and chief officers grouped reverentially around him; resembling a galaxy of stars about the sun of noon. The shah was a devout believer in Islamism, and made it a constant point to pay particular attention, to all matters connected with the church; giving them consideration in preference to things secular. The monarch called then, at once upon the moollah to advance to the foot of the throne; and there, upon the verge of the royal praying carpet, did Reza Hafed distil the leprous juice of his story into the ears of king and court; heightening it with every possible addition to stir up the ire of the sleeping lion. The sensation produced at the close of his smooth and well-delivered speech was electrical.

'By our crown!' said the shah, 'but this is a strange story, O moollah! A romance is it, even like that of Sirbad. Men slain under the walls of the favored city—the abode of peace—the refuge of Persia—the asylum of the universe! Offenders strangled at word of command, like dogs—robbers from the desert—heroes from the clouds! how shall this be made clear to us? Stand forth! Zaul Zemshir, lieutenant of the police, chief of our nasackschays, stand out thou accursed one, and say, can such things be, and thy head remain yet upon thy shoulders? Why is the king's robe of protection thus defiled? O precious servant of royal-

ty! O careful guardian of the peace!—speak as to this matter!

The nasackschay bashi, chief executioner, a stout pompous personage, glittering in the trappings of his important post, answered, amazed and trembling,—

'By the head of the shah!—by the life—by the breath—I cannot speak. What shall I say? My soul has flown—my brain is roasted!

'Away then at once to the dwelling of this Al-Suli!' commanded the shah, in a tone of decision and dignity. 'Take with thee the soldier's guard and a litter for the women. Bring hither before my throne every person found in that accursed den of pollution, and that on the instant. Do this secretly and silently. Go!

'Be chesm!—on my head be it!—I am your sacrifice.' And Zaul Zemshir quitted the royal presence to summon his myrmidons and obey the orders of the king, in a mood which betokened little comfort to the objects of his mission, irritated as the chief executioner was at having been thus rebuked by his sovereign in full divan. After all, to the philosopher, there are some points about absolute despotism very redeemable. Events march so quickly beneath its sway, that life, if you can hold it, becomes of double length. Persia has no lawyers, in our sense of the word—is not that a blessing! The will of the shah is the law and the lawyers. A waive of his royal hand relieves you of headache for ever, by simply taking off your head; a look of his eyes raises the camel-driver to a prince. If the shah is a good fellow, things cannot move better than beneath so simple a code of rule; if, on the contrary, the king goes too fast, why, the bowstring is applied to his neck, and one of his seven hundred sons reigns in his stead. But we digress.

The golden lord of light and life, the brilliant sun, is not more punctual in his diurnal visits to the faithful city of Ispahan, than was our friend Nourjehan to the underun of Al-Suli.— While black mischief was coming upon that peaceful household, like the simoon of Egyptian sands, its inmates were as usual, collected in social divan; Al-Suli and Nourjehan being deeply engaged in treading the intricacies of a chess position, as difficult of solution as any of Calvi's or Bone's, and their attention was proportionately diverted from things trivial and profane. The loud and sudden tramp of horses feet drew forth an exclamation from the rosy mouth of Zelica.

'Soldiers of the shah! and coming here! oh! my father! oh! our friend! look, look! The chess players started up, and in the agitation of the moment it is recorded that the chess-board and men were spilled upon the floor. Appearances were certainly alarming.

The nasackschay bashi, accompanied by a strong band of his trusty nasackschays, and a troop of guards, commanded by our old acquaintance Ali Mohammed, had invested the dwelling in regular form of siege. Zaul Zemshir, was too great a man to dismount upon an occasion so paltry as a mere arrest, sat, or rather reclined, upon his Arabian charger, and gave forth sundry commands in a tone of suitable importance. A party of ferashes, on foot, armed with iron-pointed staves and javelins, had already filled the garden. The wrath of the mighty Zaul had in no wise abated during his dusty ride in the full blaze of the vertical sun.

'Go in to that pit of perdition—that hole of abomination,' said he to Ali Mohammed. 'Go in there, in the name of the shah, on whose shadow be the eternity of space, and drag forth its vile inhabitants to light. Bind their arms with thongs, and if they resist, give them much slipper upon the mouth. Our people may break and ransack the house meanwhile of the plunder it contains. Oh! these evil doers!—Their souls to the flame of Jehennum, for the ashes they have cast this day upon my head.—Well, well, I am somebody, too, in Persia.—See, I curse and spit upon them. How weary is my soul of this dirt! Go in, Ali; I await thee here.'

Ali Mohammed and his men dismounted and rushed into the house. The quiet of the sanctuary was instantly transformed into the confusion of Babel. One party, consisting chiefly of the greedy ferashes, dispersed instantly throughout the house, breaking and destroying all that came within their reach, and packing up for transportation all that looked pleasant and portable. The noise was truly infernal. Ali Mohammed and his troop suddenly presented themselves to the inmates of the dwelling.—Zelica, trembling as the dove, had dropped her veil, and leaned upon her venerable sire. Nourjehan quietly abode the event with his face enveloped in his military cloak. The soldiers rushed upon the peaceful group, with the humane intention of making their arrest, after the most approved Persian fashion, by first striking the prisoners down to earth. Nourjehan touched Ali Mohammed's arm, and that officer, recollected him, halted his bloodhounds in great confusion.

'What meaneth this? Tell me on your life' exclaimed Nourjehan.

Ali Mohammed hastily recapitulated the incidents of the morning, dwelling on the shah's order and his own immediate chief's command. He then drew himself up with downcast eyes and with his right hand pressed upon his forehead.

'But when ye bear the shah's most gracious

order to arrest,' said Nourjehan, 'are ye bidden equally to abuse? O ye of little discernment! Speak to me. Are ye Persians, or are ye not rather Turks, that ye act in this rough way?'

'Such is ever our custom,' stammered forth Ali Mohammed.

'The custom, then, shall be mended,' rejoined Nourjehan in a whisper. 'Hearken! O man of violence, and wine and dice! the orders of our shah must be obeyed. Is he not the father of his people? Bear us, then, before him in covered litters. Plunder the dwelling; nay, burn it if ye will. But mark! whose lays hand or finger on the person of Al-Suli or his daughter, be it but to touch the hem of their garments, that man, I swear, dies the death. O that swine of a moollah! my spirit burns to smite him in the face! Now bear us quickly to the palace. Al-Suli! O my father! put thy trust in Allah, the redeeming and the compassionate. Dear Zelica, I answer for the safety.' And Nourjehan unhesitatingly passed his arm around the slender waist of the drooping maiden.

Two horse litters were brought hastily into the garden. Into one of these entered Nourjehan, tenderly supporting the lady of his soul; the other serving to convey the chess-professor and the faithless Miriam. Nourjehan would not have changed his position for the throne of Hind, and it must be owned Zelica bore with astonishing resignation the circumscribed space wherein she and her companion moved. Certain words there spoken on the maidan's lip probably reassured her fluttering heart.

The cavalcade was set in motion through the city, a party of the soldiers and nasackschays remaining behind to complete their labor of love in the way of pillage and destruction. Ali Mohammed rode silently by the side of the chief executioner, whose demeanor was now very like that of a conquering general entering his native city in triumph.

'Are the women handsome?' asked Zaul Zemshir, have ye bound them with the camel-tie, according to the orders of the shah?—What booty have ye? My soul is impatient at your silence, man.'

'Thy servant is very little,' answered Ali Mohammed, almost saucily, 'He knows nothing. The veils of the women were not raised. After all were mussulmans. We left the prisoners unbound to save trouble. What booty should we have, O my chief? Hadst thou wished to steal, why not have dismounted? Lastly, I, thy devoted one, am a soldier, but not a bandit.'

The rage of the great man boiled over. His speech became positively bellowing, broken into short sentences by the curvetting of his horse upon the rough stones.

'And you have come away without gold or jewels! O Ali! What, then, is there for me? What new abomination is this? Camel-headed wretch! Ass of Balaam! But I, too, am somebody. Yes—yes—we shall see. I am your superior officer, child of Zattan. What stuff do you talk. Oh! beast, and brother of beast!'

Ali Mohammed replied only with a shrug of his shoulders, indicative of the most profound indifference; and thus they reached the palace, figuratively termed by the people as the 'Asylum of the king of kings.' Zaul Zemshir quitted stirrup in what we Europeans should call a pretty sort of passion enough, and advanced to the foot of the throne to render an account of his mission.

The Shah Jehan still sat upon the justice-seat, and various rumours having gone abroad with the speed of the wind, as to the apprehension of the great chess-player. Ali Suli, for a long series of murders, robberies, and burnings, the grand saloon of audience was crowded by all whose rank entitled them to the honors of 'the meet.' The prisoners were placed in a row near the royal musnud, Nourjehan closely enfolded in his heavy cloak, and supporting the fair trembler, Zelica, who clung to him in that dread moment, as the vine clings to the cedar in the forests of Demawend. Zaul Zemshir pompously made his report, hinting that doubtless, were time given thoroughly to raise Ali-Suli's humble mansion to the ground, many slaughtered Persians would make their appearance, there resting at present in their untimely graves. The shah waved his hand with an expression of satisfaction, and the lord of the police standing back made way for the moollah.

Reza Hafed repeated his charge against the captives, and dilated, as far as he durst, upon the enormity of their guilt. His bloated countenance, redolent of the hue of the forbidden juice of the grape, lighted up like a huge pomgranate, as he poured forth words more and more forcible and crimimatory. The base slave Miriam told her tale, and whispers ran among the wezeers, which, had they fallen on the ear of Ali-Suli, would hardly have been deemed consolatory. The deep-toned voice of the shah at length stills the murmur of the divan, like oil poured on the waves.

'And so, Ali-Suli, thou man of chess,' said the lord of Persia, 'the peaceful habits serve but to mark thy dark dealings in the blood of Iran's sons. Have we no shame, man? Say, ye have heard the charge. Some trap appears to have been laid by you and your comrade to draw these men to their slaughter-house.—Speak! ye blood-thirsty ones, answer this thing.

The Shah Jehan sits here as God's vicerent, to render justice to the peasant as to the prince.'

The courtiers, of course, applauded this sentiment by a murmur of applause. 'Wonderful!' exclaimed Zaul Zemshir. 'Was there ever king like ours?' Nourjehan remained silent: the aged chess-player strove to speak, but the words faltered on his tongue. An honest man, unjustly accused, is ever less able to defend himself in speech than a scoundrel.

'The spoiler came by night, O shah,' said Ali-Suli, 'and me and mine were bound as robbers bind their prey. God—the great, the powerful, sent this young man, and we were then wonderfully delivered. Blows were struck; but the blood spilt was that of the violent. The king loves justice; he will weigh these things, and the truth will be seen. Of the Ethiop I know nothing. The shah will permit us to go away with whitened face, and will incline his merciful ear to relieve us in our adversity.'

But the brow of the Shah Jehan was troubled, as the brow of Mount Ararat in a storm.

'Ye own your guilt, then,' said the king. O tons of strife and workers of iniquity! Life has been poured about like water, and no excuse given beyond lying words of wind. By the decrees of the Koran blood for blood shall be strictly rendered; and who are ye, O ye little souls, that ye should be expected from the holy ordination? Very strange and ridiculous is thy tale, Ali-Suli; and of the youth there, ye own nothing. Yet thy comrade in blood stands before his king in obstinate silence, and thus avows his guilt. Now hear the word of the shah. Thy daughter may be spared; but wherefore should not the sword of justice smite the necks of the two murderers, seeing that your guilt is so clearly evident?'

A plaintive cry arose from Zelica, like the wailing of Rachel left of her young.

'Mercy—mercy,' cried the maiden. 'Mercy, O king! as you expect mercy for yourself hereafter.'

'The woman insults the shah!' cried the zealous Zaul Zemshir. 'Gag her; give her mouth the slipper!' And, suiting accordingly the action to the word, the chief executioner rushed towards the maiden to strike her on the face with the heavy brass-heeled shoe of office.

But the undignity of this, uncalled for outrage was unexpectedly checked. Unable longer to contain his feelings, Nourjehan dropped his cloak, flung off his Turcoman cap, and suddenly darting upon the chief executioner, as the wolf bounds on the deer, wrenched the heavy shoe from his hand by main force, and dealt him three or four blows on the mouth, so heavy as to batter in the amazed officers' front teeth. Turning then rapidly on the moollah, Nourjehan seized him by the throat, and although the priest of Mohammed was of powerful athletic form, our hero shook him till he was black in the face, and then dashed him down boldly upon the marble floor like a log of wood, himself almost shrieking the while with rage, as he thus vented his passion. The court was struck dumb with amaze. Nourjehan stood over the moollah, like a tiger over the slaughtered buffalo.

'Enough—enough!' cried the Shah Jehan, in convulsions of merriment. 'Hold! dear Nourjehan. Let the poor moollah go, or thy father will die of laughter.'

Loud acclamations rent the air. Shouts of joy shook the roof of the hall. Nourjehan's disguise exists no more. The beloved of Zelica is the prince royal of Persia. The maid became insensible of the truth, and fell into his arms. Nourjehan bore his fair prize close to the verge of the throne.

'I ask, O my father—I beg this dear maiden for my bride, with the consent of her parent, Al-Suli.'

'My son, my daughter, the blessing of a father on you both! And the good shah tenderly embraced the pair. 'How could I refuse the aught, O Nourjehan,—thee, the right hand of Persia—the young Islam—the pride, the glory of my blood and race.' 'Belli—Belli! well spoken, O great king,' ejaculated the courtiers, with all the vivacity of Persians.—The dramatic excitement of the denouncement had broken down ceremony for the moment, and rank and grade appeared forgotten. It was one vast family of love and happiness. It need hardly be said that the matrimonial scheme was delightedly acquiesced in by Ali-Suli, and thus was Nourjehan both **MATED** and **CHECKMATED**.

'Speak, O my dear son!' continued the benighted Shah Jehan. Say, what shall be done with this calumnious moollah?'

'Let him, O my father,' replied Nourjehan—'let the moollah Reza Hafed take ten thousand pieces of gold from the royal treasury of Persia. Let him be clothed with a robe of honor, and made chief of the mosques; for so alone can a prince of thy blood avenge. Moreover the moollah has looked upon the dwelling of Ali-Suli and no man may be abased who hath ever known, however remotely, the future queen of Persia. So be thy face bright, O priest! for we forgive thee.'

'May I be thy sacrifice!' cringed the moollah, Oh! could thy slave but have known! Nourjehan addressed the word to Zaul.