The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY. FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1840. VOL. XIII--No. 671

SELECTIONS.

The London Review contains the following just tribute to the father of American Independence:—

"Since the reign of Washington in the respect and admiration of mankind, the standard of heroic greatness has been changed—real action has taken the place of theatrical; public life is no longer a stage to strut and mouth on, but a true life, animated with the same true impulses, regulated by the same true moralities, amenable to the same true judgments, as that of the simplest citizen, open to the winds of heaven, to the sun and to the falling rain."

Mr. Emerson says in one of his discourses—"The perpetual admonition of nature to us is, 'The world is new, untried; do not believe the past; I give you the universe a virgin to-day.'"

To which his English reviewer replies—"Honorable is the world that shall come before us, 'as a virgin to day,' but yet more honorable as a mother of many children, with all whose toils and work and struggles and attainments we have brother's sympathy, and in whose recognition we rejoice with a brother's love."

☞Was there ever any thing more beautifully written, than the following by Jeremy Taylor?

In sickness, the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. And first, she unties the strings of vanity, that made her upper garment cleave to the world, and sit uneasy. She puts off the light and fantastic summer-robe of lust and wanton appetite.

Next to this the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down; those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into the solicities of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the forwardness of fancy, and allaying the vapor of conceit and factious opinions. Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little animosities, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconcilement and Christian atonement, in their places."

THE EARLY DEAD.

Early one morning a maiden went into her garden, to gather herself a garland of beautiful roses. She found them all yet in the bud, closed or half closed—fragrant cups for the morning-dew. "I will not break you yet," said the maiden; "The sun shall first open you; then will your beauty be more radiant, and your fragrance more delightful."

She came at mid-day, and lo, the beautiful roses were eaten by the worm, bowed down by the rays of the sun, pale and withered. The maiden wept over her folly, and the next morning her garland was gathered early. * * * * * * * * *

His dearest children God calls early from this life, ere the sun has pierced them, or the worm has marred their beauty. The Paradise of children is a high degree of glory; the most godly and just cannot enter there, for his soul has been stained by sin. N. Y. Christian Messenger.

THE FAIR FUGITIVE.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND—BY JAMES ALDRICH.

"Oh welcome, pure-eyed faith, white handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of chastity!
I see ye visibly and now I believe
That he, the supreme good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistening guardian, if need were
To keep my life and honor unassailed."

In the reign of Czar Peter, there resided in the city of Moscow, a gentleman of birth and education named Prieur, a native of France, who had left his country in disgust with the political and religious excitements which agitated it, and which had been the means of depriving him of a large portion of his fortune. He had but one only child, a daughter, named Eloisa, whose mother died suddenly. In addition to the natural chords of affection which bind the parent to his offspring, she was endeared to Prieur by a thousand adventitious associations, and he lavished upon her all that wealth could procure.

Prieur was received with every mark of respect by the Czar, and his daughter immediately became the idol of the Russian court; with descriptions of her accomplishments, her gentleness, her symmetry of form, and particularly of the pleasing expression of her eyes, the Russian legendary ballads were filled.

"Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful her eyes,
That blent the nature of the Star
With that of summer skies."

To charms such as Eloisa possessed the Czar was not insensible; and neglecting his amiable wife, Lady Catharine, the noblest woman, if history may be believed that ever shared the regal honors of the Russian throne, he sought to win the love of the Gallic maiden by unmanly threatening.

Alarmed beyond measure at his threat and her mediated degradation—aware also of his despotic power, and ability to accomplish, by the aid of his ready slaves, almost whatever he might desire, Eloisa fled in terror secretly from the metropolis without informing even her father of her intended destination.

Three leagues beyond the walls of Moscow lay a marsh of many miles in extent, covered with wild briers and brambles: in the milddle of that swamp was a ruined hut, once, it was said, inhabited by an anchorite, concerning whom many fearful legends were told by nurses to frighten and subdue wayward children; but whether the legends were true or false it matters not to our tale; there was the swamp—

"And midway in the unsafe morass
A single Island rose
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs."

A knowledge of that island, and of the tales connected with it, Eloisa had gathered from a vassal who lived upon the borders of the morass, and who for several years had supplied her father with game. Disguished she sought this solitary hut, and besought him with ready rewards of gold, and promises of whatever he might ask, to lead her through the swamp to that secluded and desolate retreat. The honest fowler, on hearing of her distress, refused her gold, and cheerfully conducted her to the little island, promissing to supply her daily with such food as he could procure. Eloisa took possession of her new habitation with a sense of thankfulness, and there she lived for two years—a saintly anchoress, alike contented amid the snows or winter and the flowers and fruits of summer.

During this time no one in Moscow knew anything of her fate; all supposed her lost, and many believed through the Czar. Her father mourned her dead, and the Lady Catharine, (who was not ignorant of her husband's passion,) shared with him his inconsolable grief.

Upon the rude walls of her cabin, the fair fugitive had hung a picture, in accordance with Russian usage, of the MATER DOLOROSA, with which she communed every morning and evening. Even there in deepest solitude, she dreamed away her time in pleasant fancies and gentle occupations; she cultivated the wild flowers, and made companions of them and the birds, that lived around her forest home; and when the early winter came, and she saw the white swans passing southward, she followed them in fancy on their flight to the vine-clad hills of her native France, and memory dwelt for hours, in delight on the recollections of childhood, the Kremlin and the Czar were forgotten, the past became the present, and the future was disregarded.

As Eloisa was indulging in a reverie, such as is here but poorly shadowed forth to the reader, a wounded deer came bounding through the forest, and sunk down exhausted at her feet; he was followed by a Russian nobleman named Inrack, who led on by the excitement of the chase, had pursued his noble game through the morass, encountering dangers of which to think made him tremble. Led by his dogs, he came boldly up to the stag, and blew a "death proclaiming blast."

Eloisa, relying upon the strength which ever accompanies a virtuous mind, now came from a thicket, where, on Inrack's approach, she had taken shelter.

Inrack, starting back with astonishment, could only, with difficulty, find words to ask her whether she were the divinity of the place, or mortal maid, suffering cruel confinement there under the power of some demon master, or wizard's camp.

"Noble stranger, as your dress and appearance bespeak you," said Eloisa, calmly, "you behold in me, as in this poor object of your poursuit, a stricken deer. I might have lain in my cover unobserved, but from your deportment, sir, I judged that a suffering woman would find in you a friend. I am not terrified—I shed no tears—but I beseech you when you return to Moscow, not to explain the mystery which has accidentally been revealed to you to day. I ask no more; for the honor of manhood do not deny a a maiden in distress that reasonable boon."

"Is it possible," said Inrack, in amazement, "that you are the maiden whose sudden disappearance from Moscow was the theme of every tongue—whose mysterious fate has drawn unnumbered tears from the eyes of all those who were too happy in the enjoyment of your acquaintance?"

"My name is Eloisa Prieur," replied the fair fugitive—"do you know if my father lives?" "I have never informed him of my concealment, for fear, O wicked heart of mine! that he would resign me to the Czar."

"He lives," answered Inrack, "in inconsolable grief for your loss."

In a moment was kindled in the breast of Inrack, a passion strong as if it had been of years duration. He already looked upon the gentle Eloisa as his own, and besought her to trust to him her deliverance. "The Czar," said he, "has repented in deepest grief his violent suit, as I have learned from his own lips, and from the lips of Lady Catharine; he has also sought in a thousand ways, to make reparation to your father. Therefore, gentle maiden, if you will sanction my enterprise, I will make haste to Moscow, and return to you with the strongest pledges a sovereign can give, that you may return to your father and live happy and virtuous."

Eloisa smiled a faint consent, and hope grew bold in the breast of Inrack, who taking respectful leave, proceeded in all haste to Moscow, and returned on the third day after his departure to the lonely island in the morass, and bore away his prize to her father's arms.

The old man clasped Eloisa to his heart and the tears of joy which fell from his eyes "died make the greeting seem like a dear farewell."

Love succeeded gratitude in the breast of Eloisa; the bridal day was appointed—the bridal day arrived—and the deliverer and delivered were united.

"Mark Catharine had her own reward—
The Czar he stowed a dower;
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour."

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1571 there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife, Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bed-side for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed to me, as if, in after-times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night.—Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief alter is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Colgne, from Namur, upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible throug an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Baltesar—the third black, for Melchior.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendor. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and, with their mummy forms, offered a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; and, when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With a heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting place. The turet-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a year, and shews the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Peter Bolt, the Sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress, he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a rifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favorable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed; the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, that "he could lend no no monies on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market place, and when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly, a thought struck him like lightening; he saw his little Maria Crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience as well as he could with this opiat, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs; a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night-wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot.—Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be noticed by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion? and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breth of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

"If I had only time," he said to himself—"if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies: they have lost that resemblance to life which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handing them than so many dry bones. It's all nousense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it."

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements cost both time and labor. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him: now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh no!—it is for my wife and children."

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its finger; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp!—his hand was clutched: aye firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light which he left burning by the coffin—This however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his hurry, forgotten the stone called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole, above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the Burgomaster's house where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide.—Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last he opened the window and inquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour?

"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.

"And who are you!" again asked Adolph.

"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you.

Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church, where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed. "Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton; "not here; we may be overheard.

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion, as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastic, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial. "I would rather," he exclaimed—"I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other hand, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was laboring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for the fear of the consequences and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of "Do you fear the dead?" Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed!" said the Burgomaster. "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?" "In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans, "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph "Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?" "No Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to night: it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeplewindow." "I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me." "If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to show the way, delayed him with his reflections, so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshhold he stopped, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is a custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men." Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lanternalight, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humors of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master;—"I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

Heaven shield us!" cried the old man; "there sits our deceased lady, on the altar in a long white veil, and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protacted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.—"Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph: I am no shadow—but I shall soon be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the Blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was indeed Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide!—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—*The Sexton of Cologne.*

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?"

"Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch."

EPIGRAM.

If words were food, Tom might be shewn
To live dirt cheap;—he eats his own.