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THE PERPETUITY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY E. L. BULWER.

From the illustrated edition of the Pilgrims of the Rhine.

The angels strung their harps in Heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odors to the pavillions of the Most High. But the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One, (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of Heaven, they see one unsleeping Eye watching forever over creation,) was heard saying,

"Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered,

"Then am I in that place which men call Purgatory, and which is the escape from Hell, but the painful porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins; grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!"

And the voice answered—

"Thy prayer is heard, oh gentlest of the angels! it seems good to Him who chastises but from love. Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sung the praises of God, and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, he flew to that melancholy orb, which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shrieks of souls that by torture become pure.

Then the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings, who, fresh from the fountains of immortality, walk amidst the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no to-morrow, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the chrystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demon ceased to torture, and the victim to wail. As sleep to the mourners of earth, was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star: one only voice amidst the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel: it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry,

"Oh, Adenheim—Adenheim, mourn not for the lost."

The angel struck chord after chord, till his most skilful melodies were exhausted; but still the solitary voice, unheeding—unconscious even of—the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out—

"Oh, Adenheim—Adenheim, mourn not for the lost."

The Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful woman chained to a rock, and the demon laying idly by. And Seralim said to the demons, doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit and said, in a voice which stilled her cry—for in what state do we outlive sympathy?—"Wherefore, oh daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why does the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions, fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh, radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she thus justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all that the [illegible]

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for *him*," replied the spirit simply.

The divine nature of the angel was touched, for love is the nature of the sons of Heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like, impalpable arms, and cried—"Give me—oh, give me to return to earth but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his eyes, for angels may not weep in the sight of others, "I could indeed grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty. For the souls in Purgatory may return to earth; but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth, thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here."

"Is that all?" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah! surely they love not in Heaven, or thou wouldst know, oh celestial visitant, that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand, thousand ages of torture to ourselves! Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim; no matter what becomes of me."

Then the angel looked on high, and she saw in far distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding eye; and heard the VOICE of the Eternal One, bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him; he uttered the word that looses the bars of the gate of Purgatory: and lo, the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the Lord of Adenheim; and he sate at the head of his glittering board: loud and long was the laugh and merry the jest that echoed around; and the laugh and the jest of the Lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all.

And by his right side sate a beautiful lady: and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And oh," said the bright dam of Falkenberg, "thy words what lady can believe; didst thou not utter the same oaths, and promise the same love to Ida, the fair daughter of Loden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my halidom," quoth the young Lord of Adenheim, "thou dost thy beauty marvellous injustice. Ida! why, thou mockest me; I love the daughter of Loden! why, how then should I be worthy of thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment the Lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him; he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

* * * * *

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to Purgatory.

"Bid the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas!" answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on earth, there seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of Purgatory!"

"What! is the story ended?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes."

"Nay, surely the thousand years were not added to poor Ida's doom; and Seralim bore her back with him to Heaven?"

"The legend saith no more. The writer was contented to show the *Perpetuity of Woman's Love.*"

From the New York Mirror.

THE INDIANS.

BY H. H. RILEY.

When the power of Columbus first struck the point of San Salvador and he cast his eyes upon the new world, he was so completely fascinated by the sublimity of the surrounding landscape, that he terms it a second paradise. As regards climate, production of soil and grandeur of scenery, he acknowledges himself utterly unable to give even a sketch, for they surpassed the imagination of the wildest and most enthusiastic admirer of nature. Beautiful birds, of rainbow colours, fluttered and sported in the groves, making their cool and shady retreats sound to a thousand mingling notes; bright insects, with light transparent wings, were roving from flower to flower, giving a drowsy hum to the already bland and languid air, and the mingling colour that they exhibited playing confusedly together, appeared elegant and grand; the atmosphere was pure and elastic, and bore all the wild sweetness of the surrounding verdure and flowers magnificent forests swept away as far as the eye could reach, with their summits wreathed in a fresh and brilliant verdure; the bays lay sleeping within their banks, with a bright and glossy stillness; the music of the far off rivers was heard in the silence of the atmosphere, and the waters of those that were near flowed forth sparkling and fresh as the mountain spring. As regards the luxuries of life, a large proportion sprang forth spontaneous. The plume glistened in the foliage of the wood, the vines of the grape mounted the most lofty trees, and hung their swinging branches from the dizzy tops, and the earth below was choked and tangled by the creeping herbage that reigned in wild luxuriance over it. It might almost have warranted the belief that it was none other than Eden itself, unmarred by the hand of civilization, but lying in all its glory and perfection, as when the unhappy couple fled before the wrath of the Almighty.

When the vessels of Columbus were first seen hovering on the shores of the Indians, their superstition became awakened, and they were deeply impressed with an awful reverence. They supposed they came from out the eastern horison, where the sky bent down to the waters. Instead of resorting to reason to solve the phenomenon, their ignorance called in their superstition, and Columbus with his fleet was supposed to be supernatural, under the care of Him who made the thunder, and kept the host of heaven in their courses. And through this very same ignorance, the Indians have held their superstition even unto the present day.

On the first landing bf Columbus, he met with another trait of the Isdian character, hospitality and kindness. Nor could this be ascribed to fear alone; for subsequently, when their superstition had become in a manner allayed, and by beholding the dead bodies of the Spaniards, they assured themselves that these were indeed mortal, we find the same love and kindness actuating their conduct towards the whites. It is related by Irving, I think, in his history of Columbus, of a cacique, named Suacaeagari, that he befriended and fought for the Spaniards unto the last, even when every tribe besides was arrayed in hostility against them, because he had pledged himself to do it; and many instances are on record, where a chief has submitted to the fate of having his village pillaged and burnt, rather than restore a friend whom he had taken under his protection. And at the present time, no kindness goes farther than the Indian's, and no gratitude is quicker reciproted.

As regards the courage of the Indians, it is established beyond a doubt; nothing dimming it; not even death. It lives amid the flames of the faggot, it never stoops, but is in all cases the same. The war song is sounded to them by their mothers while yet in their "free rocked cradles;" deeds of chivalry are recounted and played before them in their juvenile years, and courage becomes the most noble prize which an Indian can bestow upon his aspiring offspring. If an Indian want fame, let him excel in the arts of war; all others are of secondary consideration. Stratagems, skill, impassiveness under all circumstances, render a warrior among his tribe noble, and his deeds shall be sung long after he shall have laid himself down in the shade of the forest.

I must bring up a character who bore a conspicuous part in the island of Hayti, when the Indians tried to fell the Spanish yoke, and made a struggle for their independence. He was a cacique, named Caonabo. In a deep laid plot, he was taken by a young cavalier, and brought in prisoner before Columbus. Previous to his capture, he had fought long and well for freedom, and kept up the torch of war even when the neighboring tribes were silent and peaceful. Columbus deemed him the most formidable foe around him, and therefore adopted measures for ensnaring him. But when Caonabo came before the admiral, his high and lofty soul remained unbent; the haughty spirit which he exhibited in the wilderness had not stooped, but even amid the camp of his enemies, he bore about him an air of superiority. He plainly told Columbus he had intended to burn his fortress and murder his people; that he had shed the blood of some of them, and that it had been his intention to slay more. He even went so far as to lay before him a plan whereby he was to surprise the fortress; and then, in the undaunted and firm demeanor which characterized him at the head of his tribe, turned upon the admiral with a scornful eye, bidding defiance to his most exquisite tortures. After this he was conducted on board of one of the caravels, and bound down with chains.

When Columbus visited him, he remained seated wrapt in a sullen, melancholy mood, taking no notice of him whatever, and when the young cavalier who had entrapped him, came where he was, Caonabo shewed every form of respect, by rising and saluting him. When asked the reason for not paying due deference to the admiral, and lavishing his respect upon a subject, he said he loved the young man for his art in ensnaring him, and his courage in bearing him away from his country and friends. Poor Caonabo died on his voyage to Spain. He pined and drooped gradually, even as the lion of the forest dies in his iron bound den.

But this race is fast fading away. As the light from the sun chases the dark shadows over the hills, and swiftly pursues them until both are lost to the eye, so the rays of improvement, bursting from the proud orb of civilization, are hurrying the red men forever from their fair hunting grounds, and burying them in the vast waters of the Pacific.

CHARACTER OF MOHAMMED.

From Crichton's History of Arabia.

For the personal appearance and private life of Mohammed, we must rely on the Arabian writers, who dwell with fond and proud satisfaction on the graces and intellectual gifts with which nature had endowed him. He was of a middle stature, of a clear fair skin, and ruddy complexion. His head and features, though large, were well proportioned; he had a prominent forehead, large dark-brown eyes, an aqueline nose, and a thick bushy beard. His mouth, though rather wide, was handsomely formed, and adorned with teeth white as pearls, the upper row not closely set, but in regular order; which appeared even when he smiled, and gave an agreeable expression to his countenance. He had a quick ear, and a fine sonorous voice. His dark eye-brows approached each other without meeting. His hair fell partly in ringlets about his temples, and partly hung down between his shoulders; to prevent whiteness, the supposed effect of Satanic influence, he stained it, as the Arabs often do still, of a shining reddish color. His frame was muscular and compact, robust rather than corpulent. When he walked he carried a staff, in imitation of the other prophets, and had a singular affectation of being thought to resemble Abraham. The assertion of the Greeks and Christians that he was subject to epilepsy must be ascribed to ignorance or malice.

The flattery or the superstitious veneration of his followers has created several attributes that are either fictitious or impossible; we shall therefore leave out of our portrait the sweetness and nutritive qualities of his spittle—the faculty of vision from behind—his miraculous exemption from vermin, which would neither touch his garments nor taste his blood—the odorous exhalations of the armpits—and the delicious perfumes that exuded from his body like drops of liquid coral. We must also pass in silence his miraculous skill in the sciences; his arsenal and wardrobe, with his two black and white standards, called the Eagle and the Sun; his horses, mules, asses, camels, sheep, goats, and other bestial, of which many remarkable anecdotes are related in oriental authors.

The private and moral character of Mohammed was checkered by a strangely inconsistent mixture of virtue and vice, of dignity and condescension. Though vested with the power and ensigns of royalty, he despised its pomp, and was careless of its luxuries. The familiarity which gained the hearts of the nobles, and endeared him to his companions, was extended to the meanest of the people, whose wishes and complaints he always listened to with patience. He even entertained them occasionally at his table, or shared with them their homely meal while seated on benches around the mosque. When not occupied in matters of graver importance, he threw aside the forms and restraints of official etiquette, and condescended to partake in the amusements or jocular conversation of his friends. At the head of his army he could maintain the stateliness and cold taciturnity of Wellington or Bonaparte; with his soldiers he could relax without losing his authority, mixing in their pastimes and pleasantries with that freedom which reminds us of the sportive freaks of Cromwell, whose character for military genius, fanaticism and hypocrisy, he in many points resembled.

He courted no distinction beyond others in food or dress. Dates and water, or a sparing allowance of barley-bread, the abstemious diet of his country, were his usual fare.—Milk and honey to him were luxuries: when he ate, he sat cross-legged on the ground; and when he travelled, he divided his scanty morsel with his valet, who generally rode behind him on the same animal. On solemn occasions he feasted his companions with rustic and hospitable plenty; but months sometimes elapsed without the comforts of fire or cookery being seen on his hearth. To finish this portrait of his humility, we learn that he was in the habit of performing the most humble and menial offices of the family. The lord of Arabia disdained not to mend his own shoes and his coarse woollen garment; he milked the sheep, kindled the fire, swept the floor, and served his guests at his own table. His liberality in bestowing alms bordered on extravagance, and often left him without money or provisions for the maintenance of his household. The sincerity of his ghostly injunctions to charity and benevolence was attested at his death by the exhausted state of his coffers.

His attention to the cares of the toilette was extraordinary in a person so immersed in devotion and conquest. Whenever he went to the mosque, or on a military expedition, he carried with him a vessel of odoriferous ointment, antimony for eye-paint, a comb and a mirror; and in default of the latter, he would adjust his head-dress by the reflection of water.

His seraglio, instead of the legal number of four, contained fifteen or seventeen (others say twenty-six) wives; and, what is singular, all widows, excepting only the daughter of Abu Beker. Next to Kadijah, his beloved Ayesha engrossed the greatest share of his confidence and attention. She had the reputation of being the most accomplished lady of her time; and long after his death she was revered as the Mother of the Faithful. Her youth and beauty maintained the ascendant in the harem, but her behaviour, if not criminal, was at least indiscreet. In the nocturnal march against the Mostalekites, the loss of a pearl necklace obliged her to dismount; and the train proceeded, unconsciously leaving her behind. Saffwan, an officer of the rear-guard, found her unveiled and overcome with sleep; and conducted her in the morning on his own camel to the camp. The temper of Mohammed was inclined to jealousy, and his enemies gladly seized the opportunity of wounding his domestic honour. But the bitter tears of Ayesha, and her protestations of innocence, softened his anger. From this perplexing dilemma he was relieved by a divine revelation which assured him of her inviolable fidelity. The accusers were chastised, by the same authority, with eight stripes; and a law was published that no woman should be condemned as guilty, unless the ocular evidence was adduced of four male witnesses. His marriage with Zainab, the wife of his slave and adopted son Zaid, was the dictate of an illicit passion and a shameful breach of the matrimonial law of forbidden affinities.

Besides his wives he had several concubines, the most noted of whom was the Egyptain Mary. Her charms were irresistible; and, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Koran, the apostle was too deeply enamoured to exercise the virtue of abstinence. To avoid the scandal, he had recourse to secret intrigue; but Hapsha surprised him in her own chamber with his favorite captive. He swore he would forever renounce the possession of his mistress, and she promised silence and forgiveness. Both parties forgot their engagements—the harem was in a flame of jealousy and revenge; but Gabriel again interposed with a sura to absolve him from his oath; and exhorted him to enjoy the bounty of an indulgent and merciful Providence, without listening to the clamours of his wives. To chastise their loquacious indiscretion, Hapsha suffered a temporary divorce, and the rest were condemned to the penance of a solitary month; during which time the Prophet met with no obstruction in fulfilling the commands of the angel. At the end of thirty days he summoned them to his presence, reproached them for their disobedience, threatened them with eternal separation, both in this world and the next, and hinted at the possibility of supplying their places by others more faithful and devoted. This threat was the more appalling, as no woman whom he had once espoused was permitted to cherish the hope of a second marriage. The main argument by which his apologists excuse his sensualities was the hope of multiplying his decendants. Yet all the inmates of his harem were childless; and not a son survived to support the decline of his life, or uphold, after his demise the dignities of priest and king. Of his eight children by Kadijah, Fatami alone lived to enjoy his paternal tenderness. She married Ali in the first year of the Hejira, and became the mother of an illustrious progeny.

From the Edinburg Review.

THE MAHOMETAN FAITH.

The iron rod of Mohammed is rapidly losing its power. The faith which prevailed from the wall of China to the pillars of Hercules, and stretched southwards to the unknown sources of the Nile, is now divided and decaying. The martial and the fanatic devotion, and the assurance of success which hurried on its warriors from one achievement to another, are no more. The wide and exuberant regions over which they held sway, have long lain dark and desolate, but twilight has at length dawned, and we who assisted at the opening of the mighty sources of civilization in the New World are now called upon to witness and aid in its regeneration in those extensive regions of the Old.

Much ingenuity and some charity have been of late employed to assert the good qualities of the Mohammedan faith:—to assign it as a spurious christianity to the children of the son of the bond woman. That it is, and more specially was, both in its creed and its practice vastly superior to the degrading rites and superstitions of the east, may be readily conceded: but it bore not the less within its bosom many poisonous doctrines which the hot-bed of conquest rapidly matured: In the very early days of Mohammed's career, its pretensions were indeed humble: but when victory shone upon the banner, then though Islam—or resignation—continued to be the domination, war and conquest became the practice of the religion he established. It was a faith as admirably fitted for these last purposes, as it was repugnant to the maintainance or progress of civilization. Fatality and despotism are very closely allied: and every code which restricts the social intercouse of woman, is essentially opposed to the arts and the civilization of peace. The glories of Bagdad, of Delhi, and of Grenada were lights glimmering only in a dark night, and whose splendors have been much exaggerated by oriental fiction and western credulity. They ceased and left not a trace behind.

Of all the tribes of Mohammedans, the hardy and illiterate Turks have most strictly adhered to the stoical and unsocial principles of their faith. They also have longest maintained their political ascendancy: the miracle [illegible] has long since passed away and been forgotten save upon our sign-posts. The great Mogul is a pageant, and the sons of Tamerlane in the far China, have abjured the faith of their fathers. But the Turk held fast his own, and that, too, in the face, and in defiance of Christendom. He too, is now fallen. He has drunk the waters of bitterness at Belgrade, Tchesme, and Navarino: and he has seen the flag of Russia burst through the Dardanelles, and wave before his capital. Every war has been disastrous, and each peace purchased by a loss of territory. Greece is now free and independent. Algiers is gone, and the remaining Barbary states yield a scant obedience. Egypt, too, is lost and with it Syria, and all the illusion of supremacy. The armies of the Sultan have been scattered before the