POETRY.

Moral Principle.

In all the walks of life
And in all we say or do
If we are only guided right
Its moral principle that moves

But man when left alone
Is weak and helpless still
Because to sin he's daily prone
Guided by a wicked will

Every day we see him stray
Of principle there's no regard
Truth cannot guide his way
To morality, his heart is barred

Though wisdoms charming voice
Is heard as sweet as ever
The opposite his loving choice
And from which death only severs

Thus virtue saw and was ashamed
That man shou d be so vile
When there is immortal fame
Promised him beyond these wiles

E. W. S.

THE VIRTUE OF A GLANCE.

"The might—the majesty of loveliness."

Bride of Abydos.

When he reached the court he was rather calmer and less insane, but his pulse still beat with a masterless energy, and his mind was still glowing with new and splendid emotions. He entered the place, and ordering the herd of attendants that clustered around him, to get about their business he walked to a large and unoccupied apartment, the most simply furnished in the pile, and opening the casement, which commanded a glorious view of the western hills, threw himself on a sofa, and gave himself up to his tumultuous thoughts.

"Holy prophet! what a glorious creature! splendid, gorgeous, superlative, ineffable! Gods! what a darling woman! exquisite, superb, magnificent, perfect! was there ever anything like her! there never was anything like her! 'Thank you'—those were her very words—'thank you, I shall have great pleasure in seeing them,'—I shall have great pleasure Sir—great pleasure—I shall have great pleasure in seeing them.' Why did not I continue the conversation? Oh, oh," burying his face in the corner of the sofa, "What a miserable fool I made of it. What a wretch, what a beast I am."

He rose and walked to the window. "Ha? what a splendid view! is it possible that I have lived in this world before? Amid such beauty, I have never know it till now. What a horrible existence has my past life been? How could I live, how could I get through the day without knowing her? it must have been a dark and miserable monotony. Ha! this is life, for this is love! what a glorious energy is infused into my being!

O, that some mustrel's harp were nigh
To utter notes of gladness

Away with the miserable fooleries of a court! give me this ecstacy, whose sting, if it has one, is but delight. What miserable beasts are kings! it is their cursed destiny never to love, and never to be loved. I thank heaven that I have broken through that fate."

Declining to occupy the usual Royal Chamber, which was rich with the purple splendours of the East, Ismali passed the night in his new apartment, for its novelty jumped with his acquired humour, and its sobriety suited the neat cleanness of his thoughts.

When the King awoke on the following morning, he turned to his attendant who entered his room, "Saith not the holy Prophet (upon whom be blessings and honor) that women have no souls."

"Even so, saith my lord the Prophet, (upon whom be blessings and honor,") said the attendant.

"Blessed be the name of my lord the prophet," quoth Ismali. "But women have souls."

"There hath never been an edict issued, we think, during our reign," said the King, after a pause. "Let the first edict of our reign, then, command the departure of all the king's women, and their perpetual banishment from the palace. (That I am sure she will approve of, added he to himself.) And let the edict be dated in the sixth year of our reign, and the second day of our life. These miserable bestialities being suppressed, we intend farther wholesome reforms. We do shrewdly suspect," continued the King, drumming on his upper lip, and nodding gravely, "that we have heretofore been a pretty considerable kind of a foo-ool."

"God forbid," said the courtly attendant, as he handed him his Mocha, "that I should contradict your majesty in anything."

The rest of the day was spent by his serene Highness in scheming bombastic enterprises, discussing flowers with his gardener, beating the wall with his knuckles, and strutting round the room on the tip of his toes.

When the afternoon had arrived, Ismali sat out with a large bunch of roses, of which his hundred-times-repeated questions had ascertained that one half were immensely difficult to produce, and the other half quite impossible. He found the object of his search alone in her garden.

"My darling," said he running forward, "Madam, I mean, I have brought you the flowers which you were gracious enough to say that you would accept."

The lady did accept them with a most sweet smile, and a most timid courtesy, of which the natural grace was quite enchanting. "It is really a very elegant present," said she; "I doubt whether the garden of the king himself could produce a richer variety."

"Have you ever visited the King's grounds," enquired the other; "I am sure that his majesty would be most happy to show you all the flowers he has."

"I was there once," said Emily, "with my father; but we did not see the King. I suppose he was asleep: I am told that he generally sleeps half the day, and for all the good he does he might as well sleep the other half."

"Indeed," said Ismali, quite baulked, "indeed! I was not aware that he had so bad a character."

"If he does not arouse himself pretty soon, the Arabs will awake him rather rudely."

"Arabs! what Arabs are you talking of?"

"Why, those who have declared war against Persia."

"What! I have heard of no war."

"One would think," said Emily, smiling, "that you were the King himself; from your ignorance of the state of the country. The Arabs have invaded Persia, commanded by a young man: and a noble creature he must be. His are the qualities which are admirable in a man—qualities of daring resolution, and skill. Such tastes as belong to yonder unworthy king, were disgraceful to a woman. Action, not reverie, is the true sphere of man; and the more he does and the wider he spreads his name, the more noble in his character. He has but a short time to live, and unless he employs every moment of his existence without which he has lived in vain. What is life without glory? We are here that we may be immortal."

Ismali hastily took his leave. "She says well," he exclaimed, as he stalked along with a burning cheek, and the tread of an Alexander. "By heaven, she says well! I am a King, King of Persia. I must leave these paltry weaknesses of love; I must grasp in earnest the sceptre of my kingdom. An invasion of the Arabs. I will summon an army and place myself at the head of it, and exterminate the foe. The energies of the man are roused within me, and cold feelings shall no more be fellows of my heart. Ambition shall be the tenant of my soul, and Fame the mistress of my life. The affection which was budding within me shall be strangled; for though *she* was its object, it is still a weakness. I will plunge into untried and absorbing spheres; sensibility shall grasp other objects—hope, warming in pursuit of nobler quarries, shall feel no defeat—my heart, filled with sternness, shall know no void. My country shall be made just, the most glorious on the earth, and men shall tremble at the name which they now deride."

Let us leave for a moment the regenerated monarch, to trace a different history, which has a bearing on our tale.

In the extreme south of Italy, within sight of the waters of the Mediterranean, resided the Count Alstarmi, a noble of ancient descent, but of decayed fortune. Both himself and the Countess were persons of great purity and virtue, and of considerable kindnes of heart; but nature had denied to them all trace of sensibility. Their son, Pierre, on the other hand, was born with the most morbid and acute susceptibilities—the greatest misfortune that can befal a mortal—a gift as Du Quesnay has justly described it, at once precious and fatal, which is the source of beautiful conceptions, deep impressions, great talents, great success, and too often of great faults, and much misery. Kindness to such a heart is a thankless offering; its craving is for sympathy, and sympathy alone. Thus the benefits which his parents duly extended to Pierre, seemed to him like insults and wounds, for their coldness mocked the fever of his passions; and they more often generated hate and rudeness than gratitude and love. Had all favours been withheld, and had he been suffered instead to throw himself into his father's arms and weep upon his breast in silence, he would have been virtuous and happy. But the calm and moderated air with which his parents spoke to him of their love, though in an ordinary breast it would have been like rain upon the desert plant, only served to outrage the boundless exactions of such a heart as Pierre's. O, that parents knew that one heart is as little the measure of another, as the horizon is the boundary of the world, and that to tender souls one ray of kindred emotion is dearer than the wealth of Midas.

This unnatural impressibility, and these exaggerated feelings, soon wrought in Pierre, as they do in all men, their polar opposites; for the heart which nature has commanded to beat wildly, if it cannot grow with love must swell with hate. Between the extremes of these two emotions the young man for a long time vibrated—sometimes panting with intense affection for his parents, and sometimes maddening with demoniac aversion to them—one while kindling with enthusiastic piety, and at another raging with defiant blasphemy—now long for the softness of a poet's life, and anon cold with the sternness of a hero's schemes. But "in the moral straits there is always a current from right to wrong, but more from wrong to right," and the darker tendencies of young Alstarmi's nature waxed stronger and more decided. He secluded himself from all society, and when in company with any one, was usually gloomy and bitter; he spent most of his time in wandering over the hills, and along the shore, planning gigantic undertakings, and contriving schemes of boundless empire. In fact, Pierre was rapidly becoming a very bad man.

One day when he was about twenty years of age and had all the violence of a despot of forty, and all the impracticability of a boy of twelve, he was sitting at the dinner-table, when his father remarked that it was time for him to think of some profession, as he was too poor to live without one, and proposed to him to go up to Parma to read the Civil Law. Had the worthy Count set before his son a tureen of lava soup, with red-hot cannon-balls for dumplings, Pierre would have essayed the feast with all imaginable good will; but to read civil law at Parma! to grope through Heineccius and Bynkershock! what a ridiculous idea. He did not know whether to knock his father down for his insolence, or slaign in his face for his absurdity.

When the dinner was over, Pierre stalked out, and having consigned the novels to the keeping of St. Peter, and sworn to throttle Justinian in the vestibule of Hell, marched on to the border of the sea. When the free roar of the mighty ocean burst upon his hearing, and the wild lashings of its unmastered waves, rose full upon his sight; his soul swelled with the glorious vastness of the scene. The contracted ties of home, and the narrow obligations of duty shrunk from his remembrance, and he breathed the splendid wildness of solitude as if it had been air. He leaped upon the beach, and his resolution was taken in a moment. He would pass over at once to Africa, and in the limitless vastness of its deserts would call his soul his own.

The next morning beheld Pierre on board of a vessel, bound to the opposite coast, and he whose fancy would have rebuked a seraph for want of feeling, was leaving his home and his country without a sigh, or a doubt of conscience. When he reached the "arida nutrix leonum," (the dry-nurse of lions,) he possessed himself of a powerful Arabian, and rode off alone without the faintest consideration of the object of his journey.

Driven by his wild and impatient mind he galloped through the sandy deserts in a whirlwind of excitement, finding no relief from his thoughts, but in rapid motion. He passed the Isthmus and entered Arabia, and among the savage and lawless tribes of that country he enjoyed the fullest happiness he had ever know—solitude without its monotony, and society without its annoyances. He went and crossed the Euphrates, and the rich plains, and cultivated vallies of Irak extended before him. As he looked over the beautiful prospect, the idea of conquering that country, and possessing the whole of Persia, rushed into his mind. The whole scheme was laid, and its execution resolved on; he left the spot where he stood, and he at once set about its fulfilment. An intense application, and the extraordinary powers with which nature had endowed him, made him in a few weeks master of the Arabic language, and of so much of their history and national character as was necessary to the contrivance of effective appeals.

When this was done he addressed himself to some of the border tribes, and proposed the conquest of Irak; this country, he declared, belonged naturally to Arabia and quoting a saying of Mohamed, which Mohamed had never said, that the time would come when the Arabs should drink of the waters of the Tigris, declared himself sent from Heaven to accomplish the prediction. It was in vain that the more reasonable chiefs protested against such a violance of right, and pointed out the unfitness of an agricultural country for their people; the eloquent lies and ardent blasphemies of Alstarmi were irresistible. He assured them that he had no intention of invading Persia Proper, as he called it, but only Irak, well knowing that an attack upon a part of the kingdom would at once produce a war with the whole; and upon this assurance the Arabs crossed the Euphrates.

Having succeeded in this part of his scheme, Alstarmi set about the fulfilment of the rest, and as a preparation for action, determined to enter Persia privately, and inform himself of the resources of the kingdom, and the character of the people. He accordingly visited several of the cities, and at length arrived at Tehraun. It so happened that on the afternoon of the day he reached there, he met a Frenchman of his acquaintance, who proposed to show him some of the beautiful seats in the neighbourhood, and presently brought him into the very park of which our friend Ismali had made so transforming a discovery. Emily and one of her friends were now walking there, and Alstarmi's companion being acquainted with them, presented him to them, and, joining the stranger lady, left Emily and the Italian to follow at their leisure. The moment that the eyes of the latter fell upon those of the love-cinctured girl, he was conquered to the soft influence that floated round her like an atmosphere. Feeling, like a resistless tide, rose over his soul, and his splendid memories, and his more splendid dreams, faded from his mind like a veil of air; the oblivious conqueror was again a boy. Conversing with her in the child-like prattle of love, they walked on till they reached the summer-house. They entered it, and Alstarmi threw himself upon an Ottoman, and gave himself up to the delicious sensations which flowed in upon his heart.

"What a lovely spot is this?" he exclaimed. "What a rapturous peace pervades the very air! Do you not love this place? Surely you love it better than England!"

"Ah," said the lady, with a sigh, "one's native country is ever the dearest one can know. Certainly this garden is unusually beautiful, and leaves little for any one to desire:

A spot for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in
For manhood to enjoy his strength
And age to wear away in.

Here there are books and lovely flowers, and when you go to the door there are hills and the boundless sky. What more could be wished for? But still I cannot look upon it as on the green fields of my own land."

"Certainly we can love no land like our own. Italy is to me sweeter than all others," said Alstarmi, totally forgetting his present relations to that country, and speaking with the feelings of long-past years—and, perhaps, even fancying himself in the land he spoke of. "And do you not wish to return to England?"

"If I had only my own will to consult I should certainly return," said Emily. "But it is rarely that any one can virtuously obey his own exclusive wishes, but in this life, duty must triumph over will. My parents wish me to be contented with this place and I am contented. I am happiest when I know that I am making them happy, and it would be but little gain to sacrifice for pleasure all that makes that pleasure pleasing."

"Yes," said the unconscious Italian, and he spoke with the sincerity of the moment: "yes, it is only when we are good that we are happy, and there is no goodness like true filial affection."

Thus talked they for some time, till Alstarmi rose and retired to his lodgings. He threw up the window of his chamber, and looking down on the beautiful rose-gardens beneath him, leaned upon his arm in a pappy reverie.

"What a lovely girl that is!" he exclaimed. "I have never been so happy in my life. I will marry her and live with her in peace. This is the very life I have so long coveted; peace, virtuous peace. My life has been sadly wasted: ah!" at that moment the recollection of the past first burst upon him—the momentous realities of his situation first occured to him. He started up wildly; "Where am I? What have I done; I, madman that I am? I have plunged a peaceful nation into war; I have broken my kind father's heart: oh!" and he burst into tears, and wept in utter prostration of heart.

"This must not be," said he when he grew more calm. "I have got altogether wrong, and my errors, I fear, are fatal. Apprehending that the affections were a source of deeper suffering than happiness, I had gone on *hardening* myself against the ills which nature had in store for me, wishing to stand alone and aloof. But nature will not be wronged. This encounter, and the feelings it has raised, and the irresistible weakness which just now overwhelmed me, teach that the heart will not exist for itself only—that its affections will not be smothered in selfishness. Duty, the commonest and lowliest, is the only source of happiness; nay, there is a power that compels us to our duty."

To be Continued.

The first to love is to play with a cream. There is a "freedom from starch" in the intercourse of young people of this relationship that ripens as naturally into affection as buds into fruit, or tadpoles into bull-frogs.—*Yankee Blade.*

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