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B. F. SLOAN, Editor

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Select Poetry.

HUMILITY.

There's a quiet and quiet corner,
In my soul has sat all day,
With her white hands softly folded,
And her robe of amber grey...

Choice Miscellany.

CLARA FIELDING; THE PRIMADONA.

Did it ever occur to our readers, as they sat in a concert-room, that the warbling beings in the orchestra were genuine fellow-creatures?

Alfred Fielding, however, was indeed a boy of astonishing musical abilities; at seven years old he had his concert, where crowded hundreds who listened in amazement...

At five years old, Clara made her first appearance before the public; rather to insure her early to their gaze, than from any display of which she was then capable...

Over these years will pass; they were marked by none of the enjoyment peculiar to that season of exten-

ence. Alfred's death had reconsecrated the family to poverty; with the usual carelessness of his caste, had acted but little; so that poor Clara's time was divided between the laborious pursuit of her future profession and the severest household drudgery.

Clara was not quite sixteen when she made her debut. It was a most brilliant one; constant and judicious cultivation from her infancy had given every possible perfection to a splendid voice, of unusual power, of almost unrivalled compass, of unearthly sweetness.

From this moment began that dazzling, that intoxicating career, which has been run so often, and which has sometimes terminated in a night as sudden, as profound, as the early burst of morning was splendid and astounding.

Without a mother, or any other female protector, the youthful Clara was beset by dangers, to which she had no advantages of education or example to oppose. Fielding was not exactly a bad man, but he had no guiding principles, save interest and self-indulgence; nor had he ever attempted to warn his inexperienced child of the perils which she must approach.

This triumphant career had continued for a year, and Fielding, grown wiser, carefully annulled their earnings and lived economically. During this period, incessant labor in her profession, combined with late hours and all the vicissitudes of a public singer's life, had materially impaired Clara's health, whilst cares of a different nature oppressed her mind.

Alvidino, the first tenor of the day, frequently sang with Clara; he was celebrated as herself, and had enjoyed his fame much longer. It was a concession to sing with any but a countrywoman, and Clara felt flattered by the distinction.

The poor girl herself, thus thrown on his protection, and acutely grateful for the readiness and address with which he was always afforded, speedily learned to look up to him, to trust him, to obey him;—to love him. A sort of sentimental, Platonic connection was gradually established between them: a mere amusement to the Italian; to Clara the only real source of happiness she possessed on earth.

himself in a little sitting-room called her own, her father came hastily in, with a bewildered air of consternation, and an open letter in his hand. Its contents were speedily communicated. A professional friend of Fielding had indicated him to visit the large profits of the preceding year in a theatrical speculation in which he had engaged.

"Me! I?" she cried, in surprise and half-awakened joy, while she sprang from the seat. "Can I tell me how?"

"Yes, you can; I have sometimes thought of speaking to you about it before, but I was unwilling; and, besides, you were so young, and—and—so—." But now it must be done.

"Father!" shrieked Clara, who had hitherto stood entranced in horror, "you are not in earnest; you cannot mean what you say! Alvidino! there is nothing I swear to you, father, wrong between us. Oh! how can you think so ill of your child?"

These words, and the voice of agony in which they were uttered, arrested Fielding's attention; and perceiving from her ghastly countenance, that she must try different methods, he softened his tone, soothing or rather endeavored to soothe her, and began a gentle enumeration of the duke's many claims upon her attention.

"Be mercifully civil; but at present you are really quite rude to him. And then there is Dr. Grimesworth always saying you sing too much; and all that." Clara had sunk on a seat; she arose, and in a faint hollow tone said, "Let me go now, father. I cannot talk to-night any more. To-morrow, and I seem unable to utter another word, she quitted the room."

Fielding immediately proceeded to some persons connected with his treacherous friend, and endeavored to enter into an arrangement with them as to his affairs. A representation respecting the concert, procured him a promise of personal immunity for the following day; and Fielding returned home, resolved, in the course of it, to conclude such a treaty with the duke as should relieve him effectually from his present horrid anticipations.

"Long habitude to live by expedients, he revolved many schemes in his mind for his extrication. One was to fly with Clara to the continent the moment the concert was over, and thus avoid forcing her to a step for which she evinced so violent a repugnance.

The pecuniary embarrassment was forgotten—only one image stood before her—her father! One sound rung in her ear—those words, never to be forgotten—these unutterably hideous words! Clara had dearly loved that sole parent; she had ever respected him; and now the overwhelming sense of his loathsome baseness was paramount to every other. Hours passed unheeded, during which she shed no tears, but sat motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy. At length she partially recovered the first stunning shock, and began to think. She had only one friend on earth to consult in her extremity; and to that one she knew the most unobscure part of her grief would occasion no surprise.

toes floated round the room, rising and falling—now singly in melodious stream—now blending in one mingling quoth of harmony—all listened in breathless, entranced delight, nor dreamed of the throbbing anguish beneath the veiled bosom of the sire.

"Advise me—for I am almost out of my mind. How can I avoid this terrible— Oh, Alvidino! you are so much more experienced than I am! Advise me, for pity's sake!"

"To—such a thing; he has so great an aversion to my marrying a foreigner."

"I might deceive you, but I will not, Clara. Unalteredly, perhaps it is the first and the last you will ever give me, for, Clara, I am married. Clara, I have heard the fact—al though I am married. Clara, I have heard the fact—al though I am married."

At this moment, several eager voices called on her for her attendance in the orchestra.

"Clara forgive me!" whispered Alvidino, as he raised her from her seat. Still silent, a convulsive shudder was her only reply. Her father appeared, calling her hastily and sternly. She stepped quickly forward, and followed him.

"I rather think she did."

THE PATAGONIANS.—At San Nicholas's Bay we saw a fair specimen of the Patagonians. This is that singular race of men which have so inexplicably lost half their stature in the last two hundred years! Magalhaen affirmed them to be nearly twelve feet high, Cordova and Sarmiento at least nine, Anson about eight, and our own school geography, full seven.

OF A friend tells us that a little girl from the metropolis, who had visited a town not a thousand miles from New York, was filled with surprise at the sight of a girl milking a cow. "I didn't know you did it in that way," she said, with round eyes wonder. "I thought they took hold of the cow's tail, and pumped the milk out of her. What's she go so long a tail for?"

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

ITS HISTORY TO THE TIME OF PETER.

Russia is the most extraordinary country on the globe, in the four most important particulars of empire—its history, its extent, its population, and its power.

It has for Europe another interest—the interest of alarm the evidence of an ambition which has existed for a hundred and fifty years, and has never paused; an increase of territory which has never suffered the slightest casualty of fortune; the most complete security against the retaliation of European war; and a government at once despotic and popular; exhibiting the most condense authority in the sovereign, and the most absolute submission in the people; a mixture of habitual abedance, and divine homage; the reverence to a monarch, with almost the prostration to a divinity.

Its history has another superb anomaly: Russia gives the most memorable instances in human annals, of the power which lie within the mind of individual man. Peter the Great was not the restorer, or the reformer of Russia; he was its moral creator. He found it, not as Augustus found Rome, according to the old adage, "brick and left it marble;" he found it a living swamp, and left it covered with the fertility of its energy, and knowledge he found it Asiatic and left it European; he removed it as far from Scythia as he had placed the diameter of the globe between; he found it not brick, but mire, and he transformed a region of huts into the magnificence of an empire.

Russia first appeared in European history in the middle of the ninth century. Its climate and its soil and till then retained in its primitive barbarism. The sullenness of its winter had prevented invasion by civilized nations, and the nature of its soil, one immense plain, had given full scope to the roving habits of its half-famished tribes.

The great invasions which broke down the Roman empire, had drained away the population from the north, and left nothing but remnants of clans behind. Russia had no sea, by which she might send her bold savages to plunder or to trade with Southern and Western Europe.

These invasions, however, were tempting to the idleness and poverty, or to the avarice and ambition of the Russians; and Constantinople continued to be the great object of cupidity and assault, for three hundred years. But the city of Constantine was destined to fall to a mightier conqueror.

Still, the northern barbarian had now learned the road to Greece, and the intercourse was mutually beneficial. Greece found daring allies in her old plunderers, and in the eleventh century she gave the Grand Duke Vladimir a wife, in the person of Anna, sister of the emperor Basil II., a gift made more important by its being accompanied by his conversion to Christianity.

A settled succession is the great secret of royal peace; but among those bold riders of the desert, nothing was ever settled save by the sword; and the first act of all the sons, on the decease of their father, was, to slaughter each other; until the contest was settled in their grave, and the last survivor ascended the throne.

His son Tolui, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, burst over the frontier at the head of half a million of horsemen. The Russian princes, hastily making up their quarrels, advanced to meet the invader; but their army was instantly trampled down, and before the middle of the century, and the provinces and all the cities of Russia, were the prey of the men of the wilderness, Novgorod alone escaped.

In the fifteenth century Russia began to assume a form. Ivan III. broke off the vassalage of Russia to the "Golden Horde." He had married Sophia, the niece of the Greek Emperor, to which we may attribute his civilization; and he received the embassies of Germany, Venice, and Rome at Moscow. His son, Ivan IV., took Novgorod, which he ruined, and continued to fight the Poles and Tartars until he died. His son, Ivan, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was crowned by the title of Czar, formed the first standing army of Russia named the Strelitzes, and established a code of laws. In 1598, by the death of the Czar Feodor without children, the male line of Rurik, which had held the throne for seven hundred and thirty-six years, and under fifty-five sovereigns became extinct.

Another dynasty of remarkable distinction ascended the throne in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Michael Romanoff, descended from the line of Rurik, by the female side, was declared Czar. His son Alexis was the father of Peter the Great, who, with his brother Ivan was placed on the throne at the decease of their father, but both under the guardianship of the Princesses was sent to a convent, Ivan, who was imbecile in mind and body, surrendered the throne, and Peter became sole sovereign of Russia.

THE SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE. It was during the panic of 1736 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary chamber, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps, in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson and Co., but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability, was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be to late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other. "I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query, if, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Why do you ask the question?" "Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

"You seem surprised you don't know my person or my name. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?" "Ferdinand."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father's chest with you. Our Christiana morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done."