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Select Poetry.

LEXINGTON.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning of cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye,
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first born of glory have met:
Hark! the death volley around them is ringing.
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hill sides the wide knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gaily the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have past by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that ride on the gale.
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Wake all the mighty land,
Girded for battle from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and toothless they sunk to their rest—
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying,
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven kept hur ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea,
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

The Infidel Mother.

Can it be!—can you look back into the depths of those clear, blue eyes, that seek yours in such confiding, innocent trust? Can you deck those dimples so "fearfully and wonderfully made!" Can you watch with him the first faint streak of light that ushers in another day? Can you point out to him the gold and purple sunset glory? Can you look upward with him to the shining host? or place in his eager hand the field flowers that bend their dewy eyes with grateful thanks, and never name "Our Father?"

When at dead of night you watch beside his sick couch, when you hush your very breath to listen to his painful moans; when every gust of wind makes your cheek grow pale; when you turn with trembling hand the healing drops; when every click of the clock seems beating against your heart, when the pallid face looks beseechingly into yours, for the "help" you cannot give; oh! where can turn the suppliant eye, if you see not the "Great Physician?"

When health slowly returns, when the eye brightens, and the red, colors lip and cheek; when the vacant chair is filled; when the feet are again busy; when loving arms in playful glee twine around your neck; comes there from that woman's heart of thine no burst of grateful thanks to Him who notes even the sparrow's fall?"

Suppose death comes! You fold away the useless robes; you turn with a tearful eye from the toys, and books, and paths those little feet have trod; you feel ever the shadowy clasp of a little hand in yours; you turn heart sick from the happy mothers who number no missing lamb from their flocks; a sunny ringlet, a rosy cheek, or a piping voice, give your heart a death-pang. You walk the busy street and turn your head involuntarily when a little strange voice calls "Mother!" Oh, where can you look for comfort, if you believe not that the "Great Shepherd" folds your lamb to his loving breast?

There is perfidy at your household hearth; there are broken vows, which you may not breathe to mortal ear. There is treachery repaid for trust! Childhood looks on with a sad wonder; you must go backward and cast the mantle of evasion over the moral deformity. Whence shall strength come to your slender shoulders to bear this heavy cross? How silence the ready tempter's voice?—Where shall all those warm affections now be gathered up, if not in heaven?

Oh! you have no anchor! no rudder or compass! Your little bark is adrift, at the mercy of every pitiless gale; the sky is dark and fearful; the billows mountain high; the sky black with darkness, if you turn from the Great Pilot!

FANNY FERN.

A HOPEFUL PRINTER.—*The Editor* of the Pittsburg Post has turned type setter. His first effort appeared under his editorial head and will be found below. He will no doubt be "one of them," some of these days:

a NeW priNteR.

This is our first effort at type-setting. we presume it will show that We can learn fast. we are self-taught, too. We Want no help we will have it *right* with out assistance. the proof will need no correction, we don't intend to try it every day; but we will let the printers know that we are one of them.

talk about the ART of printing! It is just as easy as rolling off a Log"

☞ The man that undertook to wrestle with a gallon of rum met with a most signal defeat. He was grassed in less time than you could throw a somersett.

Historical Sketch.

MARSHAL MURAT.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

We said the three great distinguishing traits of Murat were high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and wonderful coolness in the hour of danger. Napoleon once said, that in battle he was probably the bravest man in the world. There was something more than mere success to him in a battle.—He invested it with a sort of glory in itself—threw an air of romance about it all, and fought frequently, we believe, almost in an imaginary world. The device on his sword, so like the knights of old—his very costume, copied from those warriors who lived in more chivalric days, and his heroic manner and bearing as he led his troops into battle, prove him to be wholly unlike all other generals of that time. In his person at least, he restored the days of knighthood. He himself unconsciously lets out this peculiarity, in speaking of the battle on Mount Tabor, with the Turks. On the top of this hill, Kleber, with five thousand men, found himself hemmed in by thirty thousand Turks. Fifteen thousand cavalry first came thundering down on this band of five thousand, arranged in form of a square. For six hours they maintained that unequal combat, when Napoleon arrived with succor on a neighboring hill. As he looked down on Mount Tabor, he could see nothing but a countless multitude covering the summit of the hill, and swaying and tossing amid the smoke that curtained them in. It was only by the steady volleys and simultaneous flashes of musketry, that he could distinguish where his own brave soldiers maintained their ground. The shot of a solitary twelve pounder, which he fired toward the mountain, first announced to his exhausted countrymen that relief was at hand. The ranks then, for the first time, ceased acting on the defensive, and, extending themselves, charged bayonet. It was against such terrible odds Murat loved to fight, and in this engagement he outdid himself. He regarded it the greatest battle he ever fought. Once he was nearly alone in the centre of a large body of Turkish cavalry. All around, nothing was visible but a mass of turbaned heads and flashing cimeters, except in the centre, where was seen a single white plume tossing like a rent banner over the throng. For a while the battle thickened where it stooped and rose, as Murat's strong war-horse reared and plunged amid the sabre strokes that fell like lightning on every side—and then the multitude surged back, as a single rider burst through covered with his own blood and that of his foes, and his arm red to the elbow, that grasped his dripping sword. His steed staggered under him and seemed ready to fall, while the blood poured in streams from his sides. But Murat's eye seemed to burn with lustre, and with a shout those who surrounded him never forgot to their latest day, he wheeled his exhausted steed on the foe, and at the head of a body of his own cavalry trampled everything down that opposed his progress. Speaking of this terrible fight, Murat said, that in the hottest of it, he thought of Christ, and his transfiguration on that same spot nearly two thousand years before, and it gave him tenfold courage and strength. Covered with wounds, he was promoted in rank on the spot. This single fact throws a flood of light on Murat's character, and shows what visions of glory often rose before him in battle giving to his whole movement and aspect a greatness and dignity that could not be assumed.

None could appreciate this chivalrous bearing of Murat more than the wild Cossacks.—In the memorable Russian campaign, he was called from his throne at Naples to take command of the cavalry, and performed prodigies of valor in that disastrous war. When the steeples and towers of Moscow at length rose on the sight, Murat, looking at his soiled and battle-worn garments, declared them unbecoming so great an occasion as the triumphal entrance into the Russian capital, and retired and dressed himself in his most magnificent costume, and thus apparelled rode at the head of his squadron into the deserted city. The Cossacks had never seen a man that would compare with Murat in the splendor of his garb, the beauty of his horsemanship, and, more than all, in his incredible daring in battle. Those wild children of the desert would often stop, amazed, and gaze in silent admiration, as they saw him dash, single-handed, into the thickest of their ranks, and scatter a score of renowned warriors from his path, as if he were a bolt from heaven. His effect upon these children of nature, and the prodigies he wrought among them, seem to belong to the age of romance rather than to our practical times. They never saw him on his magnificent steed, sweeping to the charge, his tall white plume streaming behind him, without sending up a shout of admiration before they closed in conflict.

In approaching Moscow, Murat, with a few troops, had left Gantz somewhat in advance of the grand army, and finding himself constantly annoyed by the hordes of Cossacks that hovered around him, now wheeling away in the distance, and now dashing up to his columns, compelling them to deploy, lost all patience, and obeying one of those chivalric impulses that so often hurled him into the most desperate traits, put spurs to his horse, and galloping all alone, up to the astonished squadrons, halted right in front of them, and cried out in a tone of command, "Clear the way reptiles!" Awed by his manner and voice, they immediately dispersed. During the armistice, while the Russians were evacuating Moscow, these sons of the wilderness flocked by thousands around him. As they saw him reining his high-spirited steed towards them, they sent up a shout of applause, and rushed forward to gaze on one they had seen carrying such terror through their ranks. They called him their "hetman,"—the highest honor they could confer on him—and kept up an incessant jargon as they examined him and his richly comparisoned horse. They would now point to his steed—now to his eyes alone, and then to his white plume, while they fairly recoiled before his piercing glance. Murat was so much pleased by the homage of these simple-hearted warriors, that he distributed among them all the money he had, and all he could borrow from the officers about him, and finally his watch, and then the watches of his friends. He had made them many presents before; for often, in battle, he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunge directly into the midst of the enemy, and engage him single-handed, and take him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a golden chain about his neck or some other rich ornament attached to his person.

We said, also, he was a good general, tho' we know this is often disputed. Nothing is more common than the belief that an impulsive, headlong man cannot be clear headed, while history proves that few others ever accomplish anything. From Alexander down to Bonaparte, your impetuous beings have always had the grandest plans, and executed them. Yet, men will retain their prejudices, and you cannot convince them that the silent grave owl is not wiser than the talkative parrot, though the reverse is indisputably true. There could hardly be a more impetuous man than Bonaparte, and he had a clearer head and a sounder judgment than all his generals put together. Murat's impulses were often stronger than his reason, and in that way detracted from his generalship. Besides, he was *too* brave, and never accounted his enemy. He seemed to think he was not made to be killed in battle, or to be defeated. Bonaparte had great confidence in his judgment when he was cool, and consulted him perhaps more than any other of his generals upon the plan of an anticipated battle. On these occasions, Murat never flattered, but expressed his opinions in the plainest, most direct language, and often differed materially from his brother-in-law. Perhaps no one ever had greater skill than Napoleon in judging of the position of the enemy; and in the midst of battle, and in the confusion of conflicting columns, his perceptions were like lightning. Yet, in these great judges, Murat was nearly his equal.—His *plans* were never reckless, but the manner he carried them out was desperation itself. Said Bonaparte of him, "He was my right arm—he was a paladin in the field—the best cavalry officer in the world." Murat loved Bonaparte with supreme devotion, and bore with his impatience and irascibility, and even dissipated them by his good humor. Once, however, Bonaparte, irritated him beyond endurance. Murat foresaw the result of a march to Moscow, and expostulated with his brother-in-law on the perilous undertaking. The dispute ran high, and Murat pointed to the lateness of the season and the inevitable ruin in which the winter, so close at hand, would involve the army. Bonaparte, more passionate than usual, because he felt that Murat had the right of it, as he had a few days before, when he thought he ought to attack Smolensko because the Russians would evacuate it of their own accord, made some reply which was only heard by the latter, but which stung him so to the quick that he simply replied, "A march to Moscow will be the destruction of the army," and spurred his horse straight into the face of a Russian battery. Bonaparte had touched him in some sore spot, and he determined to wipe out the disgrace by his death. He ordered all his guard to leave him and sat there on his magnificent steed with his piercing eye turned full on the battery, calmly waiting the ball that should shatter him. A more striking subject for a picture was scarce ever furnished than he exhibited in that attitude. There stood his high mettled and richly caparisoned charger, with arching neck and dilated eye, giving ever and anon a slight shiver at each explosion of the artillery that ploughed up the turf at his feet, while Murat, in his splendid attire, sat calmly on his back, with his ample breast turned full on the fire, and his proud lip curled in defiance, and his tall white plume waving to and fro in the air, as the balls whistled by it—the impersonation of calm courage and heroic daring. At length, casting his eye round, he saw General Belliard still by his side. He asked him why he did not withdraw. "Every man," he replied, "is master of his own life, and as your majesty seems determined to dispose of your own, I must be allowed to fall beside you." This fidelity and love struck the generous heart of Murat, and he turned his horse and galloped out of the fire. The affection of a single man could conquer him, at any time, whom the enemy seemed unable to overcome. His own life was nothing, but the life of a friend was surpassingly dear to him.

As proof that he was an able general as a brave man, we need only refer to the campaign of 1805. He commenced this campaign by the victory of Wertingen—took three thousand prisoners at Languenau, advanced upon Neresheim, charged the enemy and made three thousand prisoners, marched to Nozlingen and compelled the whole division of Weernesk to surrender, beat Prince Ferdinand, and hurrying after the enemy overtook the rear-guard of the Austrians, charged them and took five hundred prisoners—took Ems, and again beat the enemy on the heights of Amstetten, and made eighteen hundred prisoners—pushed on to Saint Polten, entered Vienna, and without stopping, pressed on after the Russians, and, overtaking the rear-guard, made two thousand prisoners, and crowned his rapid, brilliant career with prodigies of valor that filled all Europe with admiration, on the field of Austerlitz. In that battle Murat, as usual, was stationed behind the lines with the cavalry. It was to him that Bonaparte always looked to complete his victories. It is hard to describe the conflicts of cavalry, for it is a succession of shocks, each lasting but a short time, while the infantry will struggle for hours, enabling one to view and describe every step and stage of the contest. Hence it is that in descriptions of battles, the separate deeds of cavalry officers are slightly passed over—the shock and the overthrow prevent their proper appreciation of individual acts. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scene on which the "sun of Austerlitz" arose. A hundred and fifty thousand men met in mortal combat. From sunrise till nightfall, the battle raged and victory wavered, while the rapidly falling columns, and the ensanguined, cumbered field, told how awful was the carnage. But amid the roar of a thousand cannon and the incessant discharge of musketry, the muffled sound of Murat's terrible shock of cavalry was heard, making the battle-field tremble beneath their feet. Nothing, it is said, could be more awful than this dull heavy sound of his charging squadrons, rising at regular intervals over the roar of combat.

Bonaparte usually put fifteen or twenty thousand cavalry under Murat, and placed them in reserve behind the lines, and when he ordered the charge he was almost certain of victory. After a long and wasting fight, in which the infantry struggled with almost equal success, and separate bodies of cavalry had effected but little, Bonaparte would order him down with his enormous weight of cavalry. It is said that his eye always brightened as he saw that magnificent body begin to move, and he watched the progress of that single white plume, which was always visible above the ranks, with the intensest interest. *Where* it went he knew were broken ranks and trampled men, and *while* it went he knew that defeat was impossible. Like Ney, he carried immense moral force with him. Not only were his followers inspired by his personal appearance and incredible daring but he had acquired the reputation of being invincible, and when he ordered the charge, every man, both friend and foe, knew it was to be the most desperate one human power could make. And then the appearance of twenty thousand horsemen coming down on a dead gallop, led by such a man, was enough to send terror through any infantry.

The battle of Valentina exhibited an instance of this moral force of Murat. He had ordered Junot to cross a marshy flat and charge the flank of the Russians while he poured his strong cuirassiers on the centre. Charging like a storm with his own men, he was surprised to find that Junot had not obeyed his command. Without waiting for his guard he wheeled his horse, and galloping alone through the wasting fire, rode up to him and demanded why he had not obeyed his order. Junot replied that he could not induce the Westphalian cavalry to stir, so dreadful was the fire where they were ordered to advance. Murat made no reply, but reining his steed up in front of the squadron waved his sword over his head and dashed straight into the sharp shooters, followed by that hitherto wavering cavalry as if they had forgotten there was such a thing as danger. The Russians were scattered like pebbles from his path; then turning to Junot, he said;—"There, thy marshal's staff is half earned for thee; do the rest thyself."

At Jena, after the Prussians began their retreat in an orderly manner, and no efforts of the infantry could break their array, Bonaparte ordered Murat to charge. With 12,000 horsemen following hard after him, cheering as they came, he fell on the exhausted columns, and trampled them like grass beneath his feet, and although Ruchel with his reserve, just then came up in battle array, nothing could resist the fury of Murat's successive onsets, and the defeat was changed into a general rout. We find him also at Friedland, bursting with his impetuous charges through the allied ranks. But it is at Eylau that he always appears to us in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in midwinter, in 1807, was the most important and dreadful one that had yet occurred.—France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a *complete* victory, on either side, would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all—no victory was ever so like a defeat, and Murat alone saved him. The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy five thousand men on one side, and eighty thousand on the other, arose from the field of snow on which they had slept the night of the 7th of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left, was utterly routed early in the morning. Advancing through a snow storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon, fired half at random, mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the driving snow. Hemmed about and overthrown, the whole division, composed of sixteen thousand men, with the exception of fifteen hundred, were captured or slain. Just then, the snow-storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the remnant of Augereau's division, scattered or flying over the field, while four thousand Russians were close to the hill on which he stood with only a hundred men around him. Saving himself from being made prisoner by his cool self-possession, he saw at a glance, the peril to which he was brought by the destruction of Augereau and the defeat of Soult, an immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was farther from Bonaparte's wishes or expectations than the bringing of his reserve cavalry into the engagement at this early stage of the battle—but there was no other resource left him. Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself for the hundredth time worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle field at this moment. Bonaparte and the empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. Seventy squadrons, making in all fourteen thousand well mounted men, began to move over the slope. Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, and then break into a full gallop, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance. The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost work before it. Then commenced one of those protracted fights of hand-to-hand; and sword-to sword, so seldom witnessed in cavalry. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of a thousand anvils, and horses and riders were blended in one wild confusion together.

The Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce cavalry, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again and again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping through a broken host that, gathering into knots, still disputed with unparalleled bravery the ensanguined field. It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of these desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with tenfold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, and falling of sabre-strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glancing through the smoke of battle, the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted and striking for an empire.—He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe; and his eye, always terrible in battled, burned with an increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the tumult of the strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that had kept up a devouring fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their leveled muskets. A few of his guard that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized the bridle in his teeth, and with a pistol in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other, he burst in a headlong gallop upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by.

Though the cavalry were at length compelled to retire, the Russians had received a check that alone saved the day. Previously, without bringing up their reserve, they were steadily advancing over the field, but now they were glad to cease the combat and wait for further reinforcements under Lesbocg, before they renewed the battle. We need not speak of the progress of the contest during the day. Prodigies of valor were performed on all sides, and men slain by tens of thousands, till at length night closed the awful scene, and the Russians began to retire from the field.

Such was the battle of Eylau, fought in the midst of a piercing snow storm. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will ever furnish themes for the poet and the painter. But let the enthusiast go over the scene on the morning after the battle, if he would find a cure for his love of glory. *Fifty two thousand men* lay piled across each other in the short space of six miles, while the snow giving back the stain of blood, made the field look like one great slaughter house. The frosts of a wintery morning were all unheeded in the burning fever of ghastly wounds, and the air was loaded with cries for help, and groans, and blasphemies, and cursings. Six thousand horses lay amid the slain, some stiff and cold in death, others rendering the scene still more awful by their shrill cries of pain. The cold heavens looked down on this fallen multitude, while the pale faces of the thousands that were already stiff in death looked still more appalling in their vast winding sheet of snow. Foeman had fallen across each other as they fought, and lay like brothers clasped in the last embrace, while dismembered limbs disemboweled corpses were scattered thick as autumn leaves over the field. Every form of wound, and every modification of woe, were here visible. No modern war had hitherto exhibited such carnage, and where Murat's cavalry had charged, there the slain lay the thickest.

Miscellaneous.

The Gipsy Slaves of Wallachia.

All travelers who have journeyed from Zemlitza, on the Danube, to Bucharest, agree in painting the country they are obliged to traverse in the most sombre colors. Once out of sight of the lines of trees that border the Danube, you enter upon an interminably dismal plain with a level horizon that surrounds you like a circle, of which you are ever the centre. There are no objects behind, to mark your progress by their gradual disappearance; there is nothing ahead, to encourage you on; no mountains of blue, rising higher and higher, becoming substantial as you advance, breaking up their long line into peaks and valleys bristling with crags or clothed in forests. If you would know that you are in motion, you must look upon the ground beneath your feet and see the pebbles and plants pass slowly backwards as your wagon moves sleepily on, or whirl dimly by as the karoutchor pursues its mad career. In winter time, an additional dreariness is given to this desert by the absence of the sun, which is hidden from view by one vast cloud stretching from horizon to horizon, low down, so as almost to resemble a mist just risen from the earth. Here and there, a few slight elevations, a foot or two high, indicate the presence of an underground village. At various distances, tall poles rise into the air, marking the positions of wells, around which the sky is speckled by flights of crows and vultures. Now and then you meet parties of peasants clothed in sheepskin and wearing prodigious moustaches, wandering across the level. At night the only sound is the wind whistling through the low bushes, occasionally bringing to the ear the reports of a volley musketry of fired by some party of travellers who amuse themselves in this martial way.

It is not uncommon in crossing these sad plains to come upon groups of wild-looking individuals, black as Ethiopians, scantily covered by old rags, stepping jauntly out, waving their arms, nodding their heads, rattling fragments of songs, and chattering together as they go the blacksmith's tools which they bear upon their backs. Further on, perhaps, when night has fallen, an hour or two after these odd-looking people have gone ahead of your wagon (they take two strides for one of your oxen) the ground ahead will probably become spangled as with glow worms; and presently a sort of whirlwind of strange sounds, half song, half shout, will be borne by the night breeze, to mingle with the buzz of your own caravan, and the creaking of the wheels. You have come upon a village, an encampment, a burrow of gipsy troglodytes (dwellers in caves,) who are either sitting around the remains of the fires they have lighted to cook their evening meal, or with open doors or traps, by the light of a candle stuck in the ground, are engaged in smoking red clay or cherry-wood pipes, and drinking the harsh wine of the country.

These people are of the most humble and most unfortunate section of the Wallachain people, the Zigans, who of old formed a flourishing little State, paying tribute to the Greek empire, but who are now reduced to a condition of abject slavery. Their history is most obscure and it is not with certainty known whence they came or by what steps they descend to their present level. It seems certain however, that they belong to the same family of wanderers who are known in Egypt as Gaydras, in Hungary as Zingari, in Germany as Zigeuner, in Spain as Gitanos, in France as Bohemians, and in England as Gipsies.—Their own traditions derive them from Syria, whance they were transported in the eighth century, by one of the Greek Emperors, to Thrace. On account of some peculiarities in their manners, perhaps of some strange forms of doctrine, they seem to have become detested and despised by neighboring nations, and especially by the Mahomedans. When the Turks penetrated into their territory, instead of merely requiring tribute from them, they attacked them with fury, dispersed them, hunted them down like wild beasts, and condemned those to perpetual servitude whose lives they spared. In this persecution they were encouraged by the Christians; who shared, indeed, the greater part of the newly made serfs among themselves. It is estimated that at present there are more than twenty-three thousand Zigan families in Moldo-Walachia, comprising about a hundred and fifty thousand souls. A certain number of these belong to the State, which employs them in mines and public works; while the others are divided among the monasteries and the Boyards. Some of these latter possess as many as five or six thousand, engaged in part in the most laborious works connected with their estates, in part let out upon hire. They sell or exchange them at certain fixed periods of the year, bringing them like cattle to market; until lately, they treated them with such severity that they not unfrequently drove them to suicide. Many Boyards of humane character now grant a semi-liberty to their Zigans, allowing them for so much a year to go about as they please, seeking for work, and retaining the produce of it. Once every spring, the half-enfranchised slave must make his appearance and pay his tribute. Sometimes, also, he brings an instalment of his own price, and thus manages by degrees to free himself. An industrious man may earn his liberty in ten years; but this unfortunate race has been so brutalized by long suffering, and addicted to every kind of debauchery, that very few succeed in rescuing themselves from bondage. Among the Boyards of the present day there are a great many whose copper complexion, white teeth, and general cast of countenance, evidently prove them to be descended from Zigans.

The physical constitution of this unhappy people is strongly marked. The men are generally of lofty stature, robust and sinewy.—Their skin is black or copper colored; their lips are of negro heviness, and their teeth as white as pearls; the nose is considerably flattened, and the whole countenance is illuminated as it were, by lively, rolling eyes.—All, without exception, wear beards. Their dress consists commonly of a piece of tattered cloth thrown carelessly around them; perhaps an old bed-curtain, given by some master, or a blanket that has gone through every degree of fortune until it has been rejected by the scullion.

As is the case in many savage tribes, the women are either extremely ugly or extremely handsome. Most of the Zigans are beautiful up to the age of twenty; but, after that time, they suddenly shrink and shrivel, change color, bend, and lose the lightness of their step, as if an enchanter's wand had changed them from youth admired and wooed, to dishonored old age. The dress of the women is peculiar consisting generally of nothing but a light tunic or bodice made of sheep skin, and scarcely reaching to the knees. It leaves their legs, their arms, and their necks bare. Over their heads the most coquettish throw a white veil, and some few indulge in leather sandals, as ornaments they wear ear-rings of brass filligree, necklaces paras strung upon a slender thong, a variety of metal bracelets. The children go naked up to the age of ten or twelve and whole swarms of boys and girls may be seen rolling about together in the dust or mud in summer, in the water or snow in winter, like so many black worms. As you pass by a dozen heads of matted hair and a dozen pair of sharp eyes are raised towards you, and you are greeted with a mocking shout which alone tells you that the hideous things are your fellow-creatures.

In fine weather the Zigan is a very independant being. He sleeps in the open air, in the forests, in the fields, in the streets of the towns—anywhere in fact, where he can find a place to lay his head. However, it is their custom, for the summer season, to erect little sheds of canvas, of straw, of branches or of mud, whilst in winter they scratch deep holes in the earth, which they roof with reeds and turf. Their furniture is surprisingly simple, consisting of an old kettle, a few two-pronged forks and perhaps a pair of scissors, a poignard, and a gourd to hold brandy, or arakee—to the use of which this race is partieniarly addicted. When they have stowed these articles in their holes, or under a shed, they call the place their home, and go back to it every night. They squat upon heaps or filth and commence smoking their pipes, while the women set before them the supper which has been cooked in the before mentioned old kettle, swung upon three sticks over a fire of wood brot in by the children, mixed with a kind of peat. Sometimes a piece of turned meat, which all Christian cooks have rejected in the butchers' shops, or a portion of some animal that has come by untimely death, and has been distributed by a generous Boyard, is added to the porridge of beans or maize on which the Zigans generally support their strength. They use no plates or spoons, but dip their hardened fingers into the steaming kettle and bringing up a ball of porrige or a fragment of meat, which they cool by throwing from one palm of the hand to the other, until they can venture to cast it down their throats. The women and children eat after the men, who, as soon as they have wiped their hands in their hair, take again to their pipes, and—if they can afford it to drinking. They make themselves merry for an hour or two, until fatigue comes over them, and then go pell-mell to their huts, or stretch out by the embers of their fires. Nothing can be more abominably filthy than the habits of this tribe. They are often obliged to abandon their villages on account of the dreadful state to which they have been brought by their carelessness. This abandonment costs them nothing in feeling or in money; they are essentially wanders. When the air is too pestiferous to breathe, they shoulder their working utensils and their furniture, and remove a mile or two away. If it be summer, they set up their sheds again in a few hours; if it be winter, and the frost has not yet come on, they form subterranean dwellings in the course of half a night.

As we have said, a good many of the Zigans are employed in the rough labors of agriculture. The greater number, however, are artisans, and are celebrated for their ingenuity. Their favorite trade is that of the blacksmith, but they can turn their hands to anything; and the bazaars of bucharest are filled with a vast variety of toys and fancy work, which would do credit to our cleverest workmen. But the vagabond tendencies of the Zigan—perhaps, also, the contempt with which he is regarded—prevents him, except in the reminiscences we have mentioned, from rising by means of his industry to a large scale. It is difficult to learn anything of his religious or other opinions. From his talk you would sometimes fancy him to be half Christian, half Mahommedan; at other times to be a fire-worshipper, an infidel, a believer in fetishes, or what you will. He is a man of many colors, like his language, which contains traces of an original character, but which is encrusted, as it were, with words borrowed (it might, perhaps be more appropriate to say, stolen—for the Zigan, like his brethren we know of, has great pilfering propensities) from a dozen different dialects.—The sound is not at all unmusical; and some of the songs which have been taken down are curiously characteristic. The following is the beginning of one of them:

"Through the pathway of the sky
Quail with sharpened beak doth fly,
Christos praising with sharp beak.
What, oh dun quail, dost thou seek?
To the grog-shop come with me
And treat me to some arakee."

It will be seen, from these lines, that the ideas of the Zigans on various points are somewhat confused, or at any rate, it seems rather cold to interrupt a pious quail in its doxologies by an invitation to tipple. Perhaps, as the case in many eastern songs, the words are arbitrarily thrown together for the sake of harmony—an observation that might apply sometimes to the verse-making in our civilized regions.

The Zigans are not only poets and singers, but they are musicians also, and their favorite instrument is the fiddle. They often ask permission of their masters, the Boyards, to form what are called Wizoulin, or storms, of music, consisting of ten or twelve members, who go about the country to the towns and castles of the rich, and let themselves out at so much an hour. No ball is considered complete without one of the musical storms, who ask very little for their services, pretending that they are paid by their pleasure; but who, unless they be grievously wronged generally contrive to leave a deficit behind them somewhere, either in the larder or the henroost. They often lead a few bears about with them; and when there are no balls toward, dance a strange dance among themselves for the amusement of the public.—Forming into a circle, men and women, they begin, by uttering frightful cries, and then, as the fiddle strikes up, whirl, jump, stoop, roll, crawl, crowd together, separate, throw their arms and legs into the air, wag their heads, shake their bracelets, and work themselves into a kind of fury. The dance, in fact, is a kind of compendium of the bolero, the saltarella, and the fandango. Sometimes a single performer goes through a ferocious jig, which may be called the jig of murder and suicide, for these two pleasant things are the basis of his representations. The acting is often so clever, that the unaccustomed spectators shriek, and rush away to save themselves. The ragged and breathless artist, fancying they want to escape payment, pursue them with his greasy cap held out, shouting for a piastre.

Little is really known of the relations of the Zigans among themselves. Marriage can only take place within the limits of the tribe, and generally within the limits of the property of one master, whose permission, also, is required before the ceremony can take place. There is no ceremony of betrothal, no intervention of match-makers or friends; the youth goes to the father of the girl he has chosen, and, after some attempts of politeness, as offering a pipe, or praising the size of the old gentleman's beard—comes straight to the point, and proposes himself as a son-in-law. Few questions are asked, few conditions made. Unless there be some important objection, the young lover receives permission to call his comrades together, and build a hut during the night to receive his bride. The very next day he requests his mother to prepare a full pot of porridge, and then repairs to the dwelling—a hole six feet square, or perhaps a tent of branches—where the maiden of his choice, dressed in her sheep-skin tunic, with a veil borrowed from a neighbor, is modestly crouching in a corner. He takes her by the hand and leads her to where his family is collected. The oldest man of the tribe is there by appointment, encouraged by a fee of a few handsful of porridge, and hastily mutters a few words by way of blessing. This is the whole ceremony, if, indeed, the great deed that follows be not more worthy of that name; and thus the Zigans continue from generation to generation. We are sorry to be obliged to add that both men and women are, as a rule, exceedingly debauched.

Hon. Edward Everett's Library.

The library of the Hon. Edward Everett in Summer street, is probably the most extensive and best arranged of any private libiary in the country. It is a complete model.—The visitor on entering, feels that he is in a rare place; and he feels so because the eloquent evidences are so magnificently spread around him. Shelves upon shelves variegated books greet the eye, unmistakebly bespeaking the taste, the mind and the liberality of their distinguished owner. A work of sculpture of unrivalled delicacy and beauty is seen in one place; a grand painting, of the ancient schools, gorgeous in color, and exquisite in conception in another; here the mechanism of science, obedient illustrators of astronomy, of navigation, of electricity, of the mathematics; and there are globes, and maps, diagrams *ad libitum*. Upon one side, reaching from floor to ceiling, are huge mirrors, bordered in gold, throwing back the rich stores of intellect and taste before them. Furniture of unique and antique patterns; chairs of the Elizabethan age; lounges and sofas in the voluptuous reign of Louis XIV; tables and desks of curious shapes and rare and costly materials and workmanship; book cases in Gold of Gothic beauty; books of all ages, nations and tongues—each and all forcibly impress the beholder, and flood him with emotions which it impossible to picture forth in the cold vestments of this poor world—Upon all this scene of intellect, taste, and beauty, there bends gently down the soft, twilightish ray, making still more picturesque and attractive, by the mingling shades of a parti-colord skylight. The effect is beautiful—it is more than beautiful. The room, large and long, seems an almost [illegible] presence. It is of all places the [illegible] imbued with genius! Inspired [illegible] of wisdom seeking the depths [illegible] of a