

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the Odd Volume.

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

Old Ludovic Hartz always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration, and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a Turkish saddle, old, and deeply stained with blood; yet, to the brave Ludovic, it recalled a tale of other days, when, young, ardent and enthusiastic, he first drew his sword in defence of his country against its enemies.

He had been opposed in battle against the hostile invaders of his native Hungary and many an unbelieving dog had his good sword smitten to the earth. Various had been the fortune of the war, and too often was the holy cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant crescent. Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was in one of these fierce combats that, suddenly cut off from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks. 'But the recollection of you and your angel mother,' would Ludovic say to his daughter, 'nerved my arm. I was assailed by all my opponents. How three fell, I knew not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes; whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow and my child fatherless, and these fearful thoughts infused new vigor in my arm; I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifled him as he lay. At this moment several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death. I threw myself on the Turkish courser and forced him on at his utmost speed until I regained my squadron.—The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it.—When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure, which, during the campaign I had acquired, to my home, purchased the fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries of war.'

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bear to narrate the circumstances of her illness and death. After that sad event, his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. The little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there, after a lapse of some years, our good hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close the eyes of his brother, who, on his death-bed, entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son, when they should have attained a proper age.—Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seemed to be bent on this union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should have attained the age of eighteen, she should become the wife of Karl; provided Karl himself desired the connexion at that time; and satisfied with this promise, the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him, he loved her not, but he loved her wealth which would one day be hers, and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompany a generous and tender passion, were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task to him to attend his gentle mistress, nor did he ever feel disposed to play the part of a lover, except when some other seemed inclined to supply his place. It was at a rural *fete* given by Ludovic to his neighbors, at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa. What, then, was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment, he saw Theresa, her slender waist encircled by the arm of a young hussar, moving in the graceful waltz? The evident superiority of his rival, whose well knit limbs, firm step, and free and martial air, formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and, in violent wrath, he advanced to Theresa insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagements; he persisted; she refused his request, and

laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choked with passion, laid his grievances before him. Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence, and appealed to him whether she was not at liberty to select any partner for the dance she thought proper. You have no such liberties? thundered forth Karl. 'You are my betrothed wife, and as such, you belong to me alone.'

Theresa cast on him a smile full of scorn and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she inquired, 'Father does this man speak truth? 'He does my child,' was the reply; and she dropped insensible at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down beside her, passionately kissed her fair forehead, and raising her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining apartment, followed by the father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first she saw no one, and, breathing a deep sigh, murmured, 'It was all a horrid dream!' An anguished groan started her into perception and agony. She looked up and saw her father standing before her, with folded arms and a countenance clouded with grief. Karl stood near with an exulting smile; and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She found it was no dream. She looked to her father, 'Father, is there no hope?' 'None, my honor is pledged.' She then turned to the hussar, and placed for a moment her cold hand in his; then rising suddenly, threw herself at the feet of Karl. 'Oh, Karl, have mercy! I love another—you do not love me—have pity on us!' By all the powers of heaven and hell, you shall be mine Theresa! I appeal to your father. Will your father violate his promise to the dead? 'I will not,' said Ludovic, with solemnity. 'Then Theresa, exclaimed Karl, with fiendlike exultation, 'no power on earth shall save you from being mine!' and thus saying he left the house.

Theresa rose from her knees, and threw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. Her tears fell fast on his manly countenance, but his agony was too great for that relief. Ludovic was deeply moved. He approached them, endeavored to calm their affliction, and related the circumstances under which this promise had been given; but his concluding words, 'that he must hold it sacred,' threw them into a new paroxysm of grief. 'We must part, then, Arnold,' said the weeping Theresa; we must part—ah! can we survive this cruel blow?' 'No,' said Arnold, 'no.' I cannot live without you; let us once more entreat your father to have pity on us; and the youthful lovers threw themselves at his feet. 'Arnold! said Ludovic, sternly, 'thou a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honor!' Arnold felt this appeal, he started up, raised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his sabre one long bright tress, embraced and kissed her, placed her in the arms of her father, and fled.

Every passing day carried with it some portion of the fortitude of Theresa as if she saw the near approach of the period which was to consign her to a fate so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavored to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Had even her affections been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her; but with affections placed on another, the idea of a union with him appeared insupportable.

'My dear child!' would Ludovic say, interrupting a passionate burst of grief. 'by what magic has Arnold gained possession of your heart?' 'He is an hussar,' replied Theresa. There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic; he recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of his daughter with sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him, that he often exalted the profession of arms above the peaceful and unobtrusive occupations of the husbandman. Was it wonderful, then, that Theresa should have yielded her heart to one who possessed courage to defend her, and tenderness to soothe her under the afflictions of life? Arnold dwelt near them; he had been the early playmate of Theresa and, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, they had often listened together to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to tell them; & to these conversations might be attributed the passionate desire of Arnold to adopt the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children and liking the society of a generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away, of their affection assuming a totally different character.—It was so, and Ludovic now saw with deep grief that his daughter was unalterably attached to the youthful soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father

was scarcely less so; he blamed his own imprudence; and on contrasting the characters of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feelings and his duty arose in his breast; but the stern honor of the soldier triumphed, and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice. Unable, however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful female friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles distant. There he left Theresa after receiving her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she would complete her eighteenth year. 'Father,' said she, with streaming eyes, 'I have never deceived you. If I live, I will return; but do not grieve too deeply, should my heart break in this fearful struggle.' The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his scarred and sun burnt cheek, embraced his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all seemed dead; but her mind was awakened to new suffering.—A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic lay, apparently on the bed of death, and with breathless impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival, her father's sick room was not solitary; the detested Karl was there, and there too was the youthful hussar—'My child,' said Ludovic, 'my days are numbered; my fate soon will be decided, and, alas! yours also! To my dying brother I solemnly promised, that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement, I could not die in peace; even the grave would afford no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?' 'I can—I will,' cried the unfortunate Theresa, sinking on her knees, 'so help me Heaven!' 'Heaven will bless a dutiful child!' said Ludovic, with fervour—'Karl, draw near.' Karl obeyed—Theresa shuddered. 'Karl,' said Ludovic, 'you say you love my child; cherish her, I conjure you, as you hope for future happiness. In her you possess a treasure; but I must warn you, she will bring you but one portion of my possessions.' Karl started and retreated a few steps.—'That, however,' continued Ludovic, 'which I look upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You, Karl, believe me to have some virtues. Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine, the murder—but enough of this! I have confessed to my spiritual father, and have obtained absolution for the dark catalogue—but on condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget that I was a father; I pleaded the destitute state of my child—I implored—I intreated—at length I wrung from the pious father his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for my Theresa. I chose my saddle.—Keep it, dear child, in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you, Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly goods for the welfare of my soul? Are you content to take my daughter with this portion?' 'Fool!' exclaimed Karl, 'doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption from punishment at my expense? Your wealth is mine; your wealth must be the portion of my bride. I will reclaim it from those rapacious monks, and tear them from the altar!' 'You cannot, you dare not,' replied Ludovic, raising his voice in anger, 'my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only;—my wealth formed no part of it.'

'Driveller! dotard!' vociferated Karl, 'think you that I will accept a portionless bride?—You must seek some other fool for your purpose: I renounce her.' 'Give her to me, father!' cried Arnold, 'I swear to cherish and protect her while I live. Give her to me, and when she shall be the beloved wife of my bosom, I will live for her—aye, and die for her!'

Karl laughed in mockery. 'You value life but little,' said he, 'to talk of sacrificing it for a woman. I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all, Theresa.'

The young hussar laid his hand on his sabre. Theresa threw herself between them. At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch, tore the covering from his head, snatched the saddle from the wall where it hung, seized his sabre, with one stroke laid it open, and a stream of gold bezants, oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels fell on the floor.—'Wretch! worm, vile clod of earth! art thou not justly punished? Hence, reptile! begone before I forget that thou art of my blood!' Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without daring to give utterance to the imprecation which hung on his lips.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewed around, Theresa rushed forward and embraced her father, exclaiming, 'Is not this a dream? Are you indeed restored to me? Can this bliss be real?'

'Forgive me, my child,' exclaimed Ludovic, 'the pain I have been obliged

to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that part of your store has been appropriated to the holy church—not to purchase forgiveness of the sins I mentioned, and of which, thank Heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate. Kneel down, my children—aye, support her,—Arnold—lay her innocent head on your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar.'

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Pompeii.—All the world knows the story of Pompeii; that it was a little Greek town of tolerable commerce in its early days; that the sea, which once washed its walls, subsequently left it in the midst of one of those delicious plains made by nature for the dissolution of all industry in the Italian dweller, and for the common places of poetry, in all the northern abusers of the pen; that it was ravaged by every barbarian, who in turn was called a conqueror on the Italian soil, and was successively the pillage of Carthaginian and of Roman, until at last the Augustan age saw its little circuit quieted in the centre of a colony, and man finding nothing more to rob, attempted to rob no more.

When man had ceased his molestation, nature commenced hers, and this unfortunate little city was, by a curious fate, at once to be extinguished and preserved, to perish from the face of the Roman empire, & to live when Rome was a nest of Monks and Mummies, and her empire torn into fragments for Turk, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and the whole host of barbarian names that were once as the dust of her feet. In the year of the christian era, 69, an earthquake showed the city on what tenure her lease was held. Whole streets were thrown down, and the evidences of a hasty repair are still to be detected.

From this period, occasional warnings were given in slight shocks; until, in the year '79, Vesuvius poured out all his old accumulation of terrors at once, & on the clearing away of the cloud of fire and ashes which covered Campania for four days, Pompeii, with all its multitude, was gone. The Romans seem to have been as fond of Villas as if every soul of them had made fortunes in Cheapside, & the whole southern coast was covered with the summer palaces of those lords of the world. Vesuvius is now a formidable fountain for a house whose inhabitants may not wish to be sucked into a furnace ten thousand fathoms deep, or roasted *sub aere aperto*; but it was then asleep, and had never flung up spark or stone from time immemorial.

To those who look upon it now in its terrors; grim, blasted, and lifting up its sooty forehead among the piles of perpetual smoke that are to be enlightened only by its bursts of fire, the very throne of Pluto and Vulcan together, no force of fancy may picture what it was when the Roman built his palaces and pavilions on its side. A pyramid of three thousand feet high, painted over with gardens, forest, vineyard and orchard, ripening under the southern sun, zoned with colonades, and turrets, and golden roofs, and marble porticos, with the eternal azure of the Campanian sky for its canopy, and the Mediterranean at its feet, glittering in the colours of sunshine noon and evening, like an infinite Turkey carpet led down from the steps of a throne—all this was turned into cinders, lava and hot water, on (if we can trust to chronology) the first day of November, Anno Domini 79, in the first year of the Emperor Titus. The whole story is told in the younger Pliny's letters; or, if the illustration of one who thought himself born for a describer, *Dio Cassius*, be sought, it will be found that this eruption was worthy the work it had to do, and was a handsome recompense for the long slumber of the volcano. The continent, throughout its whole southern range, probably felt this vigorous awakening. Rome was covered with the ashes, of which Northern Africa, Egypt and Asia Minor had their share. The sun was turned into blood and darkness, and the people thought that the destruction of the world was come.

At the close of the eruption, Vesuvius stood forth the naked giant that he is at this hour—the palaces and the gardens were all dust and air—the sky was stain-

ed with that cloud which still sits like a crown of wrath upon his brow—the plain at his foot, where Herculaneum and Pompeii spread their circuses and temples, like children's toys, was covered with sand, charcoal and smoke—and the whole was left for a mighty moral against the danger of trusting to the sleep of a volcano.

The following dispassionate and very just reflections are from the pen of the sensible editor of the Baltimore American. We recommend them to the consideration of that class of "right or wrong" politicians, who deem a difference of opinion to be good ground for the bitterest hate and who gladly treat all who dissent (however honestly) from their political orthodoxy with the tender mercies that the Spanish Inquisition were wont to bestow upon heretics of another description. *National Intelligence.*

Party spirit is thought by many honest politicians to be far from unfriendly to free Governments. It is believed to beget vigilance on one side, and caution on the other. Since difference of opinion is unavoidable, is unavoidable, it is well that some good grows out of it; and, so far as it proceeds, on the honest and calm conviction of either party, it were as ridiculous as it is useless to decry it. But party spirit implies either rash and violent judgments, proceeding out of the heat of controversy, or a deliberate and systematic hostility to an obnoxious party, whether its measures be right or wrong. At first view an honest man shrinks from the idea of having his judgment betrayed, or his conscience sacrificed, by either of these errors.

But it is often alleged, and oftener practised than avowed, that when a party in power is wrong, either in its principles or in the general tenor of its measures, even its just acts may be honestly assailed by this systematic opposition, for the purpose of weakening its influence, & re-placing it by better men. Besides that there is something in this course which shocks our natural integrity, even its policy in the end is very questionable. Indiscriminate abuse is rather serviceable to the abused. Men of a plain, calm way of thinking, suspect, in such cases, either the judgment or the honesty of the railer, and many in politics, no less than in religion, come at last to engage a sympathy in their behalf, from that universal indignation which men feel at injustice.

Those who have observed the course of the Opposition, in the last session of Congress, may probably deem them to have fallen into this error. The principal source of the obloquy of the present Administration with them, is its mode of coming into power. Were we to allow the points to be satisfactorily proved, that Mr. Adams holds his post in contradiction to the wishes of the majority of the People, it is only an argument, at last, against his re-election, and the conclusion would be far from following that every act of his, chosen as he is, the Executive of the country, is to be opposed whether right or wrong. We will not assert that this has been done, and still less that every member of the Opposition has done so with his eyes open to the truth. That, on some points a difference of opinion has truly existed, it would be very rash in us to deny; but that this will account for every act of the Opposition, the People will find it difficult to believe, when they remember the procedure of the last session. It seems but too probable that, where a systematic hostility was not intended, at least the warmth of party has obscured the perception of the truth, and, on either of these errors, a true lover of his country, and a wise citizen of a republic cannot look without disapprobation.

For ourselves we can honestly say, that, whatever objections we might entertain against men in power, as we could not justify it to our consciences to decry measures which we believed salutary to our common country, so we deprecate any passion of party which might lead us to misconceive them. How far the present Administration possesses the confidence of the People, time will show; but we feel persuaded for ourselves that its measures, so far from deserving the clamours of the opposition, have been faithfully directed to the interests of the country whose destinies are committed to it.

During the reign of Francis I. there were only two coaches in Paris—one belonging to the Queen, and the other to Diana of Poitiers. Men and women rode on horseback; the greatest lords carried their wives behind them; and this custom lasted until the middle of the 17th century.

Gigantic Tree—A tree of prodigious size has lately been felled in Bucks county, Pa. It was 117 feet in height, and 64 from the butt to the first branch, and its greatest circumference was 20 feet 6 inches.—It was perfectly sound, and from the concentric circles at the end of the trunk, was estimated to be 300 years old.