

## MISCELLANY.

From the Museum of Foreign Literature and Science.]

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE POLITICAL TRIMMER.

A CHARACTER

Cold, formal, dull, pragmatical,  
Anxious to pay his court to all,  
Too hollow to please any;  
In friendship seeking his own ends,  
And therefore striving to make friends  
For ever with the many;

A solemn, supple, coxcomb—big  
With emptiness—a perfect prig  
In person, conduct, manner,  
Behold Sir Janus turn and twist,  
A crowned, fearing to enlist,  
Yet flattering every banner.

Oh! but he's independent, be!  
A conscious worthy—free  
From prejudice's fancies:—  
Ay—his sole master is himself,  
And that's a timid, trimming elf,  
The slave of circumstances.

Not very. Wing, nor Radical,  
Nor fixed in his quivocal  
And intermediate station.  
Not true to friend or foe, he lives  
In everlasting negatives.

Himself a mere negation  
Blind prejudice may be a curse,  
But hollow indecision's worse:—  
When contrary attraction  
Suspends the compass at the Pole,  
The mere machine has lost its whole  
Importance with inaction.

Away with such cold-hearted knaves,  
We want not calculating slaves,  
Who balance thus and palter,  
But men who at their country's suit  
Will do their duty *coute qui coute*,  
And neither flinch nor flatter.

OTHO OF GERMANY,

AND THE

PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A heavy rain ushered in a black autumnal night which closed over the field of Busentelle; concealing, in almost impenetrable darkness, the flight of the fugitive, and somewhat abating by its gloomy influence, the fierce ardor of the pursuer.

The uproar and tumult of the day had subsided. The shouts of onset, the neighing of steeds, and the shrill call of trumpets, had given place to the solitary voice of nature. No sound met the ear but that of the wind rushing through the half leafless forests; as two knights, armed cap-a-pie forced their way thro' the tangled mazes of a thick wood, bordering on the shores of the Mediterranean.

"The game is up!" exclaimed the foremost rider suddenly springing from his steed, as the heavily-caparisoned war chargers sank beneath him; "and my life and diadem, are not worth an hour's purchase!"

"Courage, royal Otho!" said his companion, likewise dismounting; and speaking in a hollow and suppressed voice, as though the action gave him great pain, "the hope that has carried you thus far from the hot pursuit of your enemies, must yet bear you on."

"Now by Saint Peter, noble count! your advice is physic to a dying man. My good steed has breathed his last, and these weary limbs will poorly aid me in eluding the scent of bloodhounds who track my steps."

"Danger besets you on every side," returned the wounded knight impatiently; "but delay is certain death. Mount my horse, and speed for life through the forest."

"I value existence too little to prolong mine on such dishonorable terms, brave Hermon. Never shall my enemies say that Otho of Germany fled like a coward, leaving his friend to the mercy of the treacherous fiends who have brought his life and honor into such fearful jeopardy."

"My liege, this is not a time to indulge in chivalric sentiments. The fate of an empire depends upon your life. Mine is already sped. Number me with the brave men you have left to the crowd, and the vulture on yonder ill-starred field. Hark!" he continued, sinking from the tree which had hitherto supported him, to the earth, "the foe is on us! I hear the trampling of steeds and the deep baying of the dogs, which rises on the blast like the knell of death."

The Emperor started, and listened, while the surviving steed snorted, pricked up his ears, and shook impatiently his slackened rein.

"You are right, Hermon; they are near—arise and fly! Darkness will no longer conceal us. See—the moon bursts forth."

He paused in breathless suspense, but received no answer. He touched the hand of the knight which lay extended on the ground—the icy coldness chilled him! He loosened the clasp of his visor, and lifted the heavy steel casque from his head. Through a misty atmosphere, the moon shed a sickly light on the pale brow and bloodstained hair of the knight. Otho gazed for a moment on the lifeless form of his friend, sprang to his steed, and fled through the forest with desperate speed. The night was far advanced; the wind, which had been

rising for some hours dispelled the haze which had enveloped the moon, and she now shone in cloudless glory on the ocean.

No sail was visible—no indication of the haunts of men met the anxious glance of Otho, as he slowly paced the beach, leading his tired horse, and bitterly ruminating on the past. Where should he gain a lodging for the night? To effect this object would risk a discovery. While he was meditating on the course to be pursued, the sound of revelry met his ear—the laugh, the song, the wild buzz, rose on the wind, & mingled with the hollow wailing of the billows, which rolled in living brightness at his feet. Otho looked cautiously around, as a boisterous peal of merriment awoke the lonely echo of the place; but though the sound seemed near, no object met his eye, but the broad expanse of moving water, and the deep shadow of the bold craggy rock beneath which he stood. He began to think something of magical illusion prevailed. At length the following ditty was chanted in full chorus, by many voices, in his native tongue:

Where the sun warms, or the tempest lowers,  
The treasures of ocean and earth are ours.  
Freedom and conquest attend our sail,  
And the prize shall be ours ere the moon turn pale.

The wind that ruffles the breast of the deep,  
And howls round our cavern shall lull us to sleep,  
We sail by the glory of moonbeam and star,  
And shout to the billow that bears us afar.

Bear a hand! bear a hand! unmoo the boat,  
With the wind and the tide, to our vessel float,  
When the black flag is hoisted rude warfare  
is nigh,  
Where its dark shadow quivers the boldest will fly.

Then courage, my mates, the wind sings loud;  
The moon has burst from her swarthy cloud;  
Again must we dash through the angry roar  
Of the foaming surge, ere the night is o'er!

This wild burst freed the Emperor from doubt as to the professions of the revellers; and he rightly concluded that he was near the rendezvous of one of the notorious hordes of pirates which, in that dark age, infested every island and shore of the Mediterranean. Finding that he was likely to escape from Scilla only to fall into Charybdes, he was about to bend his course in a different direction, when his horse, with the natural sagacity of his species finding himself near the haunts of men, neighed long and loudly. The sound had scarcely gone forth, before all was silent in the cavern; and Otho had time only to disengage his plumed helm, and commit it to the deep, ere a huge stone was rolled from the mouth of a cave, artfully concealed by a projecting angle of the rock. A flood of light instantaneously burst forth, revealing a group of men, variously attired, feasting round a table, hewn from the rock, which blazed with goblets of precious metal, filled with the sparkling juice of the grape.—in another moment the Emperor was surrounded by armed men, whose fierce and menacing gestures indicated that little mercy or forbearance was to be expected at their hands.

The prince accustomed to command turbulent and warlike people, bent not from his native dignity in addressing the lawless band before him. Courage could not rescue him from his perilous situation; but a bold and resolute carriage was more likely to succeed with such men than cowardly supplications or mean submission. Turning therefore to the foremost in the group, whom, by his proud bearing and fierce demeanor, he concluded to be their leader, he said—"Chance and my evil destiny have thrown me into your power; my rank is noble; aid me in my present need and I will so amply reward your services, that henceforth you may abandon the lawless life you pursue."

The pirate tauntingly answered—"Methinks, the fortunes of an unhelped knight would pay us poorly for exercising the rites of hospitality! What sum could you offer, of sufficient magnitude to tempt the rōver to forsake his traffic on the deep? The wealth of nations is ours—we have bought our freedom on the wave with our blood, and derive our treasures from the most remote regions of the earth."

"Peace, Theodoric!" exclaimed a voice from behind, which made Otho start, as a tall martial figure emerged from the cavern. "Is it thus," he continued, addressing his comrade, "that you prove your boasted freedom, by playing the tyrant to a stranger whose misfortune it is to have fallen into our hands? Now, by St. Nicholas! the patron of the mariner, I find man is the same arbitrary being on the throne, in the camp, or on the deep. Give him power and he abuses the prerogative with which he is invested." During this speech Otho examined, with an air of troubled interest, the dark, but intelligent countenance of the outlaw. His figure was lofty, well and strongly formed. He plainly attired in the coarse garb of a seaman, he possessed a firmness of step, and grandeur of deportment, indicating high lineage, and early acquaintance with arms. His complexion had suffered from the scorching influence of the hotter climate and constant exposure to the weather; but the fire of genius pervaded his features, and flashed through the dark and piercing eye, which spoke no bounds, and cruelty suggested the

of deeds, boldly resolved and fearlessly executed. His brow was marked with an expression of deep and settled melancholy, whose gloomy power had stolen the glow of health from his cheek, and shed its blight on the rich masses of raven hair, which in the full meridian of manhood, were already mingled with silver. His countenance, once seen, could not easily be forgotten; & the remembrance of its lineaments recurred to the mind of the Emperor like a troubled dream, recalling the calm sports of boyhood, the rash and impetuous career of youth, the fierce tyranny that had marked his entrance on manhood.—"It is only fancy, or he, too, would recognize me," he exclaimed to himself, as the pirate, turning to him said in a courteous tone—"Sir Knight, you are welcome to our rugged cheer—follow me."

The cavern was strongly illuminated with torches, which gleamed on arms and trophies won from remote and barbarous nations. The Captain, however, motioned Otho to a seat at the lower end of the board, and having seen him well supplied with refreshments, turned

to a beautiful youth who was seated at his right hand, his head resting on a small lute. With that youth he entered into earnest conversation, from time to time casting significant glances on Otho. Once, the Emperor encountered the full, languishing blue eye of the stripling, whose color mounted even to the snowy temples, which glittered with marble whiteness from among the fair locks by which they were shaded. He turned away his head to conceal his confusion, and his hand unconsciously fell over the instrument; it emitted a tremulous strain of melody, and the minstrel as if gathering courage from the sound, sang a simple air which served more forcibly to chain the attention of the Emperor. As if under the influence of magic, he gazed with intense interest on the dark browed chief, and on the fair-haired youth beside him.

My native land! my native land!  
How many tender ties,  
Connected with thy distant strand,  
Call forth my heavy sighs.  
The rugged rock—the mountain stream—  
The hoary pine tree's shade;  
Where, often, in the noon-tide beam,  
A happy child I strayed!  
I think of thee when early light  
Is trembling on the hill;  
I think of thee at dead midnight,  
When all is dark and still!  
I think of those whom I shall see  
On this fair earth no more,  
And wish in vain the wings to flee  
Back to my much loved shore.

The pirate cast a look of tender and melancholy regard on the minstrel, and Otho was on the point of expressing the pleasure his enchanting voice had afforded him, when the outlaw to whom he had first spoken, suddenly asked, in an imperious tone, "Sir Knight, whence came you?"

A dark frown rested on the brow of Otho as he replied in a tone equally haughty—"From the field of Bussentelle."

"How went the battle?" "It was not the sword of the mighty, or force of the strong, that won the field," returned the Emperor.—"Treachery prevailed."

"How!" exclaimed the captain, starting to his feet, "did his Italian friends forsake Otho in his hour of need?"

"This repays the tyrant well for casting

from him true hearts and brave!" "You are a German," said the Emperor, fixing his eagle eye on the pirate; what can you know of Otho's private counsels?"

"A fierce light blazed in the dark eyes of the robber, as he replied—

What do I not know of them, you should have said. Hear me, Sir Knight, and then judge between this accused tyrant and me!" He paused, covered his face with his hands, and appeared for some

time struggling with bitter reflections, then continued, in a calmer tone:—

Stranger, you see before you one of the noblest descended princes of the German empire," The Emperor started—a deadly pallor stole over his countenance

—his lip quivered, and his eyes involuntarily sought the ground as the pirate proceeded in his narrative. I served my

first apprenticeship in arms under the banner of Otho, and we reaped together

immortal glory in many a field. In the

war with Sarmatia, the regiments under

my command, surprised one night the

camp of the enemy; we took much spoil

and made many prisoners. Among the

captives was a young and lovely fe-

male, the only daughter of a man of rank,

who dying of his wounds, committed her,

with a father's blessing, to his victorious

foe. Had I followed the first generous

impulse of my breast, I should have re-

stored the weeping damsel to her friends and country; but my heart soon owned for the unprotected stranger a tenderer passion.

Our affection was mutual, and she promised to become my bride, when

the days appointed for the mourning for

her father were expired. In the inter-

val, returning to Vienna, I was received

with the most flattering demonstrations

of regard by the treacherous Otho.

But woe to him who puts any trust in the

faith of princes! He accidentally saw,

and became deeply enamored of my

beautiful Sarmatian.—His passion knew

no bounds, and cruelty suggested the

most speedy method of satisfying his

wishes. Finding me determined never

to surrender my promised bride, he accus-

ed me of treason, and suborned witness-

es. I was tried by the circle of princes;

they dreaded the indignation of the Em-

peror, and I was sentenced to heavy

fine and perpetual banishment. Rage,

despair, and love, were struggling in my

breast. I gave myself up to the fury

of the moment, denounced dreadful im-

precations on the head of him who was

the author of my sufferings. But the

measure of his crimes was not yet full.

Eudocia resisted his passion, and treated

the bribes he offered her with the con-

tempt they merited.—Accusing her of

magic, the enraged and vindictive Em-

peror sent her, under a strong escort, a

prisoner to a distant castle. Permitted

to bid adieu to my aged parents before I

quitted forever my native land, I had not

been many hours beneath the roof of my

paternal castle before a friend communi-

cated to me the tidings of Eudocia's sen-

tence and approaching imprisonment.

My first idea was to surprise the escort,

and win back my bride at the point of the

sword. The resolve I instantly carried

into execution. I assembled my friends

and vassals—I pointed out my injuries;

I urged them as men, and as comrades

in arms, to assist me in rescuing from

destruction a lovely and unfortunate wo-

man. Aided by the darkness of the

night, we succeeded in our enterprise,

leaving but one man of the whole escort

to return with the tale. For that adven-

ture, the ban of the empire was pronounced

against me; my name was crossed

from the list of princes; my banner was

trampled under foot; and a high reward

was offered for my head. Pursued from

realm to realm—desolate—destitute of a home or

an abiding place—my name became a