

An Appeal.

Why choose the crowd's ignoble doom,
And waste the morn, of pleasures dreaming?
Should Genius idly fold his plume,
When all things bright for him are beam-
ing!
I pray thee, by youth's glorious pride,
By every hope men fondly cherish—
By all the hearts to thine allied—
Gain wisdom, ere life's verdure perish!

Oh, many a lip condemns thy past!
Long hast thou seemed a wayward rover;
Now from thy flame the shadow cast—

A new, a stainless page turn over!
Proud friends are watching, hoping yet,
Hoping that soon thou'lt shine in story,
That when youth's clouded star has set,
Thy manhood's sun shall rise in glory.

What link in pleasure's fragile chain
Hath kept thee mid her victims toiling?
Knowest thou not every spell is vain,
The serpents' neath her bowers are coiling?

Thou'rt worshipp'd at her Proteus-shrine,
In many a scene of haughty splendor;
And many a land of charms divine,
Hath seen thee to her power surrender:

She'll haunt thee long! Thy danger know—
Lest honor droop—affection weary,
And earth at last a desert grow—

No fruit to cheer its somnous dreary!
Thy genius' blight, thy spirit's death,
For these her wealth the siren scatters,
For these her cup—her song's rich breath—

For these thy wildest dream she flatters.

Like spring-flowers mid ungenial snow,
Sleep 'neath thy pride the germs of feeling:

Few deem such priceless treasures glow,
When lip and brow wear scorn congealing;
Oh, to thyself one hour be just!

Men call thee yet the *marble-hearted*;
Away with pride and cold distrust,

Prove feeling pure has not departed.

On, on, and gather knowledge now,
Let wisdom check thy spirit's roving,

Ere one frail leaf desert life's bough,
Be first mid glory's favor'd moving!

Thou bear'st a name o'er which is shed—

The light that from her temple beameth—

And yet, as sunshine on the dead,

O'er thy young heart the radiance streameth.

On, on! farewell—accept my prayer,
That grief may never darken o'er thee,

That sunbeam, fount and flow'ret fair,

May bless each path that gleams before thee!

May no rude storm hope's anchor move—

May holy fame no more be shaded;

And may "the passion-leaves of love,"

Breathe fragrance when all bloom has faded.

Musa, or the Reformation.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

"MASHALLAH!" exclaimed Musa, the broken merchant of Pera, as he was smoking his pipe in the graveyard of Scutari, and pondering on the errors and disappointments of his past life. "Mashallah! if I could only begin the world again, with the advantage of the experience I have gained at so dear a price, what a different man I would be."

It was the cool of the evening, and Musa, looking around, saw no one near him. Nothing but little mounds, marking the narrow house of the poor, and stately tombs, covering the moulderings remains of the rich and great, was near. He sat alone, the only living being among millions of those who had paid the last debt of mortality. A dead silence, a numb and senseless quiet, reigned all around, contrasted with the busy motion of a thousand boats plying at a distance, atwart the sea of Marmora; the groups of dancing Greeks, scattered along the shores of the Bosphorus; and the myriads of busy breathing beings, who inhabited the vast city of Constantinople, and the delightful villages, in which that great metropolis is set, like a rich diamond in a coronet of sparkling jewels. The proud domes of St. Sophia, and its rival mosques, rose into the air, with a serene, imposing grandeur; and, in the distance, the Giants' mountain was seen fading away in the mists of twilight. On one hand were the shores of Asia, on the other those of Europe; the two rival worlds seemed to have forgotten their ancient enmities, and to smile on each other in peaceful serenity. The scene and the occasion were calculated to awaken the past, and to invite to speculations on the future. Musa reviewed his life, which presented little else than a series of errors, followed by a train of misfortunes, and sent his mind, on errands, from whence it returned like the dove to the ark, without the olive branch of peace. He was poor, crippled and without friends; and too old to hope to live to benefit by the revolutions of the wheel of time. As he reflected on his forlorn and desolate condition, the shadows of evening gathered around, and his last pipe of tobacco being consumed, he was about to leave the habitations of the dead, with the exclamation he had often uttered before, "Mashallah! if I could only live my life over again!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a low whispering voice issued, as it were, from the tomb of Sidi Hamed, a famous santon, who had lain buried for more than a hundred years, and who was second only to the prophet himself in the performance of miracles, and the estimation of all true believers.

"What wouldst thou do, Musa, if thou were permitted to live thy life over again?" said the voice.

Musa was struck dumb for a moment; but, the question being repeated, he at length replied, in a low and quivering tone,

"By the aid of Allah and his prophet, and the experience of my past life, I would try to be a better, a happier, and a wiser man."

"Dost thou really believe it?" asked the voice.

"I am certain it would be so," replied Musa. "I have always thought it an impeachment of the wisdom and the justice of Allah, that men should die at the moment they become fit to live."

"Thou hast," asked the voice from the tomb of Sidi Hamed, scornfully. "Well, thy doubts shall be satisfied. Go to the ancient city of Prusa, in Asia Minor; and find by the side of the tomb of Sultan Orkhan, the name of the prophet, and thou shalt become young again, as thou wast when you first wedded the beautiful daughter of Ibrahim of Pera."

"But—" replied Musa.

"Be silent," exclaimed the voice. "Thou hast nothing to leave behind thee; nobody will notice thy departure, and, if they do, nobody will care. The beggar can go where he listeth. Away, and do as I bid thee, or worse will follow."

Musa obeyed. He travelled to Prusa, the ancient capital of the Turkish empire; sought the tomb of Orkhan, drank of the fountain thrice, thrice called on the name of the prophet, and fell into a sleep, like that of death. When he awoke the sun was just gilding the snowy summit of Mount Olympus, and shedding its yellow lustre over the hundreds of lofty domes and minarets that adorned the city.

He proceeded to the fountain, to perform his morning ablutions and say his prayers, when what was his astonishment at beholding in its pure mirror the reflection of a beautiful youth, with a ruddy face, without a single wrinkle; an eye sparkling and clear as the waters themselves, and a form upright as the palm. At first he started back, and turned around to see if any one but himself was present; but he stood alone. Again he looked into the fountain, and again he beheld the beautiful youth. He rubbed his eyes, and proceeded to another spring close by, where the same image presented itself as he leaned over the grassy waters.

"Am I in a dream, or am I not myself?" cried he, in indescribable perplexity. By this time the young female slaves were beginning to come up from the city to fill their jars with the pure cool water of these fountains of the hills, and many of them forgot to return, while they stood gazing on the handsome youth before them.

"Wilt thou permit a poor, weary old man the use of thy vessel that he may drink?" cried Musa.

"Old man!" replied the damsel, bursting into loud and long-continued laughter; while Musa stood astonished at the strength and steadiness of his voice, which had long trembled with the weakness of age and infirmity. "It is not seemly," said he, "for the young to make game of the aged."

"Aged!" cried the damsel, again laughing aloud, and departing from the fountain, sometimes turning their heads to look at the youth, and renewing their merriment.

"Strange!" thought Musa, "the nature of the women of Prusa must be different from that of the rest of the sex, for they are not accustomed to laugh at the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, or deny a cup of water to the infirmities of age."

He proceeded, as he thought, with feeble steps to descend the rugged path of the mountain, and was creeping cautiously on his way, when he met a peasant driving his mule towards the place he had left. As they passed each other, the peasant said, jeeringly,

"Art thou walking on eggs, that thou steppest so carefully, young man?" and went on his way, laughing like the young girls.

Musa waxed wroth, and, mending his pace unconsciously, descended to his astonishment, that the weakness of his limbs had given place to strength and activity. By degrees the recollection of the scene in the graveyard of Scutari came over his mind, and he perceived the promise of the voice from the tomb of Sidi Hamed had been accomplished. He was once more a young man, and the world was before him.

"It remains now," thought Musa, "that I begin life again, and avail myself of the experience of the past."

So thinking, he entered the city, and proceeded to an extensive caravansary, which he entered, and sat down in a corner by himself to smoke his pipe, to ruminant on his future life, and contrive he should pursue in order to escape the disasters of the past.

He called to mind that these had principally originated in an imprudent confidence in his friends; a credulous belief in the virtues of mankind; an indiscriminate generosity in relieving distress; and in the choice of a young, fascinating, imprudent wife, whose understanding was weak, and who, though she possessed a good heart, as well as an amiable disposition, was continually indulging in extravagances that materially assisted in bringing him to poverty.

"I have only to avoid these errors, and my future life will be prosperous and happy," said he.

As he sat thus buried in thought, his prepossessing appearance, joined to an air of sadness and perplexity, arising from the reflection that he was in a strange place, without money or friends, attracted the attention of a merchant of Prusa, who had, not long since, lost his only son, and was now a childless old man, with none to cheer his loneliness, or assist him in the transaction of his business.

He approached Musa, and addressed to him some kind inquiries as to whence he came, what was his business in the city, and whither he was going, concluded with offers of service; for the youth and beauty of the stranger recalled his son to his mind. Musa was at first inclined to answer evasively, recollecting that one great cause of his misfortunes was an imprudent confidence in mankind; but reflecting, for a moment, that he had now nothing to lose, he replied to the questions of the old man, and disclosed his present perplexities, saying nothing of the transformation he had undergone, lest he should not be credited.

The childless old man took pity on him, carried him home, and, after employing him a sufficient time to become acquainted with his business, made him his partner.

Musa now thought to himself he was on the high road to prosperity, and that nothing was required to ensure it but to keep in mind the errors of his past life, and pursue a course diametrically opposite that which had once brought him to ruin.

"I will trust no one," thought he; "I will believe every man with whom I deal a rogue; I will give nothing away; and, if I marry, it shall be neither a beauty, a fool, nor a prodigal."

The old merchant in a short time became fond of Musa, and determined to adopt him as his son. He reposed in him the most perfect confidence, but was mortified to perceive, as he thought at times, that this confidence was not returned; for the young man often acted without consulting him beforehand, or apprising him afterwards of what he had done. This species of ingratitude rankled in the heart of the old merchant, for there is nothing that wounds us deeper than the discovery that we are not trusted by those whom we love and trust. He resolved to put him to the test before he chose him for his heir.

Accordingly one day he took occasion to inquire of the young man how much money he had saved in the course of their partner-

ship. Musa immediately thought to himself, he wants to borrow it, on some pretence or other, and if I lend him my money I shall fare as I always have done—I shall never see it more. He equivocated, and named a sum so small that it did not amount to one-tenth part of what he really worth.

"I had thought thou wert richer by far than this," said the old man; "but, nevertheless, what thou hast will be of service in helping me to pay for an estate I am about to purchase. Bring it to me, my son!"

"I would with all my heart, for thy servant hath nothing but what he owes to thy beneficence; but, unfortunately, it is not in my power. I have lent it all to my good friend Osman, who yesterday departed for Smyrna, whence he is going on a voyage to Venice."

"That is unfortunate," replied the old merchant drily; and nothing more was said on the subject. A few minutes afterward, Musa was struck with dismay, at seeing Osman enter the habitation of the merchant. He seized him by the arm, under some pretence or other, and attempted to lead him forth, but he had come, he said, to take leave of his old friend, having been detained from commencing his journey the day before by unavoidable accident.

"I wish to speak with thee in private," said Osman to the merchant; and they proceeded into another room, leaving Musa to anticipate the discovery of his falsehood and deception.

When they returned, and Osman had bidden them farewell, the old merchant bent his eye, in mingled sorrow and anger, on Musa for a little while, and then addressed him as follows:

"Musa, dost thou recollect what thou wast when I found thee sitting alone and disconsolate in the caravansary?"

"I do," replied Musa.

"Dost thou comprehend what I have done for thee since?"

"I do."

"Dost thou know what I was about to do for thee?"

"No."

"I was going to adopt thee as my son and heir, but before I did what would have been past recall, I determined to ascertain if some suspicions which have lately crossed my mind were true. I have tried and found them wanting. Then hast lent no money to Osman; thou hast ten times as much as thou pretendest; thou art no longer my partner; thou will never be my son; thou hast been guilty of falsehood, deception and ingratitude. Go thy ways, and never let me see thee more."

Musa obeyed, and, as he departed from the presence of the old merchant, thought to himself,

"Strange! that in attempting to avoid a single error, I have fallen into three crimes! Mashallah! who would have thought it!"

Being in possession of a considerable sum of money, he was at a loss what to do with it. He had determined to trust no one, recollecting the losses he had sustained by his former imprudent confidence. He had once thought all mankind honest; and, discovering his error, persuaded himself the opposite extreme must be right. So he determined to treat them as if they were all knaves. Accordingly he sowed his gold in a sash, which he tied under his garment, considering that the only safe place.

About this time the great sultan, Soliman the magnificent, came to visit the ancient capital of the Musselman empire. He was a sort of Haroun al Raschid, and often amused himself by going about, with one or two of his favorites, in disguise; sometimes playing shrewd tricks on his subjects; sometimes putting their virtue to the test, by appealing to their charity, or demanding the aid of their courage and generosity; and sometimes attending the courts, to see if justice was well administered.

It happened one evening at twilight that the sultan, disguised in the habit of a beggar, encountered Musa nigh one of the fountains of Mount Olympus, and begged his charity.

"I have already suffered enough by giving to every one, I will now redeem my error by giving to none," thought Musa.

So he solemnly assured the disguised sultan that he was as much a beggar as himself, for he had not a para in the world.

The sultan, after taking note of the countenance of Musa, passed on, praying Allah to better his condition; and the young man, being thirsty as well as fatigued, drank at the fountain by the tomb of Orkhan, and sitting himself down, soon sunk into a deep sleep. On awakening, he discovered that he had been robbed of all he had in the world by some dexterous thief, who had quietly opened his garment, and united the sash containing the golden pieces.

Musa tore his hair, and, after wandering about the mountain all night, like one distracted, went early in the morning to the cadi, to complain of the robbery, and request his aid in discovering the thief. He had been there but a few moments when the officers of justice brought in a man of infamous character, who, though known to be poor all his life, had early that morning been discovered hiding a large sum of money in golden pieces in one of the lonely recesses of Mount Olympus.

The whole was at once clamorously claimed by Musa, who named the sum, and the coins in which it consisted. The money found on the thief being counted, tallied exactly with that which had been stolen, and the pieces were of the same description. The cadi was about to restore them to Musa, when a person standing among the crowd of spectators cried out,

"Stop!" and at the same time advancing, placed himself on the cushion where the cadi sat to administer justice.

"Who art thou?" asked the cadi indignantly.

The intruder whispered something in his ear, that caused the cadi to turn pale, and he would have cast himself on his face to the floor, but the stranger restrained him.

"Hear me, all true followers of the prophet," cried the stranger. "Yesterday evening, I encoun-
tered this man, who pretends to have lost three thousand ducats in gold, and asked his char-
acter. He solemnly assured me he was not worth a para, and that he was as much a
beggar as myself. He cannot, unless he is a
liar, be the owner of what he claims; and if he
is a liar, his word will pass for nothing here.
The possessor of the money cannot be
either of these men. Let it remain in
the hands of the cadi until the real owner is
found; let the possessor of the money receive
the bastinado, and this lie go about his busi-
ness, with the consolation of having lost three

thousand ducats, because he refused a para to his sovereign." Saying this, the stranger threw off his disguise, and the multitude shouted, and fell on their faces in the presence of the most illustrious of all the commanders of the faithful. Musa took advantage of the confusion to make himself scarce, leaving the money in possession of the cadi, who kept it a reasonable time, and, finding no owner, put it in his claim, quietly appropriated it to his own use, exclaiming,

"Mashallah! great is Mahomet, great, the sublime sultan Soliman the magnificent, and great the good fortune of Mustapha the cadi. I will keep this money, and, when I die, bequeath it to the mosque, for Allah is great and Mahomet is his prophet!"

Musa was once more a wanderer, without money, friends or a home; and, as he strolled away from the house of the cadi in disconsolate wretchedness, could not avoid saying unto himself,

"Strange! that I should lose as much by confiding in no one, and giving nothing away, as I did by indiscriminate charity and unbounded confidence! By the beard of Mahomet, man is but a worm!"

Tired at length with wandering, and faint with hunger, he sat himself down at the door of a splendid mosque, to which the people were hastening from all quarters, to perform their devotions, at the call of musalmans. While here, the beauty of his face and person excited the attention of those that were going in and out; and many black and sparkling eyes darted their rays through silken veils, as they were bent upon him.

The mosque had scarce been shut, and the people departed, when, at one moment, two black slaves came from different quarters, and each delivered a message, purporting that he should follow them. He was somewhat puzzled which to obey, when one of them pulled him away, and the other followed. He was guided to a magnificent building