

discover the character of my lover, and had found that he was a spy of the English Government. I indignantly denied it, but my father coolly replied that its truth was proved by his arrest and removal to Paris a few days previous. In mercy all sensation left me at these dreadful words, and I sank into a death-like swoon. When I recovered a sudden thought flashed upon my despair; it might be all a fiction of my father's, but how was I to learn the truth. I believed the young Baron, Von Werfenstein, to be good and honorable, and I told him all. He listened with mingled disappointment, grief, and sympathy, and as I painted, with all the force of my passionate love, the noble character of Falkland he seemed to believe as I did, that he must be guiltless of such degrading meanness as my father had attributed to him. He added, however, that the innocence of my lover might not have protected him, and that he might be one of the many victims to that tyranny which then enthralled nearly all Europe; but he promised that all in his power should be done for Falkland, for my sake. He wrote to the Emperor, in whose favor he stood high, to intercede for the English student. He shewed me the answer. It stated that the English spy, Lucian Falkland, had died in the prison of the temple. I could no longer doubt the fatal truth. He was dead, and I too became dead to hope and joy. I cared not what became of me; the soul which Lucian had awakened, once more sank into lethargic slumber, I suffered them to do with me as they chose, and became the wife of your father. He brought me to his castle, far away from the scene of my brief dream of bliss, and his only object in life seemed to be to win my love and give me happiness again. But I desired only solitude and memory. One day I stood alone at the castle gate, when a pale emaciated man came up to the porter and asked permission to enter, alledging that he had tidings of deep interest for the Baroness. I scarcely heeded his words, but I saw that he looked poor and wretched, and I sympathized with all the miserable on earth, so I stepped forward and asked if I could serve him.

The man examined my wasted countenance for a while in apparent surprise.

"And you are the beautiful Wilmina Waldburg," he exclaimed.

"I was," I answered.

Then he told me that he had been a prisoner in the temple with Lucian Falkland, and they had been friends. He spoke of the lofty genius, the uncomplaining patience, the carelessness of self, and deep sympathy for others which he

whom I loved had shewn, till tears fell from my eyes like rain, but the rest of his tale soon dried their spring for ever, and made me feel as if molten lead had been poured upon my brain. My father intimated to the emissaries of Napoleon, that the young student had sought the Rhine for purposes hostile to the French Government. This was enough, Falkland was seized and thrown into prison. Confinement, privations, and anguish of mind contributed to destroy a constitution never very robust—he died, and with his last failing breath he begged his friend, should he ever escape from that living grave, to seek me and bear me the assurance of his deep and unchanged love, and his firm faith in mine, to tell me that my image illumined his dungeon and his death-bed, and that the hopes of an eternal re-union in a brighter and purer sphere should console my sorrow. He sent me the faded leaves of the lily which I had given him the first night we ever met. I have them still. The young German had been released from prison very soon after the death of Falkland, and when he reached his native land, he enquired for me. When he learned my marriage he mourned that so noble a soul, so tender a heart as his friend possessed, should have been wasted on one so utterly worthless as he believed me to be, but when he saw me, indignation was changed into pity. All this I heard, and yet I lived, I did not even lose my consciousness. I felt my whole being hardening to stone. But a serpent, awoke to life in my heart and twined its deadly folds around it. I had been cruelly, vilely deceived by those who ought to have protected me from such treachery, instead of themselves making me its victim, and even my husband whom I had believed so true and generous, he too had joined in the base plot.

"And did my father?" exclaimed Max.

"No! he was in reality all that I had first believed him, and he, as well as I was deceived. My father soon after my marriage, was killed, my mother became ill and died shortly after, but on her death-bed she confessed to me the cruel deceit in which she had participated. It was some consolation to learn that my husband was guiltless of the crime which had consigned to an early grave the genius and virtue of Falkland; the happiness and peace of her who loved him. But I could not give him a heart which was no longer capable of affection; the caresses of my innocent children filled me with anguish; I was dead to the present and the future. I lived only in the past, and often I longed to bury myself and all mankind in one universal tomb. Time, however, and the recollection of the beautiful and wise