

to regain his calmness, 'never! Dear as I confess I hold my life at this moment, I will never humble myself to thee, proud and cruel man. I am prepared. Take your position, sir, and let this business have an end.'

"Rapidly pacing ten steps which he counted aloud, Sturmwald, (as I still will call him,) confronted his victim, produced a pistol from under his cloak, cocked it, and slowly raising his arm took a full and deliberate aim. I shuddered, and involuntary closed my eyes, but no report followed, and looking, I observed he had lowered his weapon.

"'Sir,' said Frederic, 'this conduct is barbarous and unworthy a man of honour, fire, and that immediately.'

"My poor cousin had made violent struggles to master his bitter and dreadful emotions, but the effort was too mighty, and bowing his face and clasping his hands over his eyes, he burst into an uncontrollable agony of tears. Sturmwald eyed him intently, and, as I fancied, with rather a saddened look.

"'Enough,' at length he exclaimed in a hollow tone, 'I am sufficiently avenged. I have witnessed thy deep, thy unconcealable agony of spirit, I have seen thy pale and haggard cheek, the despairing anguish of that proud eye, the sobs that shook thy whole frame, thy womanish tears, and, by Heaven, I enjoy a triumph beyond my wildest hopes! You are safe!'

"A little to the right of the Baron, hung his miniature, taken when he entered the army, and representing him in full regimentals.—Sturmwald fixed his eyes on it for an instant, raised his pistol with almost the rapidity of light and fired. With a loud report, and a crash of shattered glass, the ball passed directly through the brow of the painting, and buried itself deep in the wall. Slightly bowing, he passed immediately from the apartment, and I had seen him for the last time.—Presently we heard his carriage rattle over the pavement of the court-yard at full speed.—When the sound had died away into silence, as if some dreadful weight had been removed from my bosom, I drew a long free inspiration and embraced my cousin, who still looked like a man under the influence of a horrid dream. I pass over the details of the consternation which reigned through the castle, and the transports of joy which succeeded, when Rosenthal was found to be safe, and bring my story to an end. Twenty years have elapsed, but the shattered painting still holds its place on the wall. Its history is very seldom al-

luded to, but sometimes when Frederic related it to a circle of true, and sympathizing friends, his wife throws herself weeping on his bosom and murmurs out 'it might have been *thec!*'

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**CULLODEN.**

Why linger on this battle heath,  
So sterile, wild, and lonely now?  
Stranger! it tells a tale of death  
That well befits its barren brow.  
Nay! rest not on that swelling sod,  
But let us hence: it marks a grave!  
Whose verdure is the price of blood—  
The heart-stream of the vainly brave.  
Long years ago, from o'er the sea  
A banish'd prince of Stuart's line,  
Came hither, claiming fealty  
And succour in his sire's decline.  
A triple diadem—a throne—  
Ambitious toys—his birthright were  
Of vallies, lakes, and mountains lone  
Of all our country, was he heir.  
And there we saw the chequer'd plaid  
Across his bosom proudly cast,  
The mountain bonnet on his head,  
Its black plumes streaming in the blast.  
And then we heard the gathering cry,  
Come blended with the pibroch's strain,  
And saw the fire-cross flashing by  
Our warriors ranking on the plain.  
In sooth it was a stirring sight  
To these old eyes, grown dim with tears,  
Still, piercing through the after night,  
The past in all its pomp appears.  
These sheltered glens and dusky hills—  
Yon isles that gem the western wave,  
Send forth their strength like mountain rills  
To bleed, to die—but not to save.  
Away we rushed; our chiefs were there  
And where should we, the clansmen, be  
But by their sides;—the worst to dare,  
Die changeless in fidelity.  
And yon young royal warrior too,  
So gaily in our tartans dress'd  
Was in our van; there proudly flew  
The heather o'er his dancing crest.  
Then came the Southron—hand to hand,  
And wide and wasting was the fray;  
But victory smiled on Scotia's brand,  
And swept their trembling ranks away.  
We chased them o'er the border streams,  
Then England heard our slogan shout,  
And saw with dread the boreal gleams  
Of Highland Claymores flashing out.