

no resentment for the bitterness of your words. Ebba, your secrets are your own; but, in the name of heaven, in the name of your mother, in the name of your talent and your glory, do not keep to yourself alone, these fatal secrets!"

And, half by gentle violence, half by consent, she took the billet Ebba had tried to hide from her notice.

At the sight of the name it bore, Therese became livid.

"God has sent me to save you!" said she. "Ebba, the Count de Karn requests an interview; it must be granted immediately!"

She wrote on the margin of the billet:—"Come" Then rang for a domestic, and ordered him to take it immediately to the Count de Karn.

Ebba looked at her with surprise, but without strength to oppose in any thing.

"My God! give me strength to bear this last trial you lay upon me!" said Therese, walking the room with agitation. "May my cruel sufferings serve at least to save this poor child, and spare her the anguish which has been consuming me for years! Ebba, dear Ebba, this man, who speaks to you of love, lies! This man, who promises you happiness, lies! This man is the vampire of your old Swedish legends. He wants only your happiness, your beauty, your glory! His infernal lips would press your brow only to wither and devour it all! dear Ebba, God has sent me to save you!"

She was speaking in this manner when the count entered. At the sight of Therese he recoiled, full of terror.

"You see, Ebba," said she, "he turns pale at seeing me! I will tell you what makes him pale, what makes him tremble thus before me. Ten years ago, Vienna applauded with transport a cantatrice, young, beautiful, celebrated and pure, like you. A man, he who comes here to speak to you of love, told her he loved her, and the foolish girl believed him! She threw all at his feet; her glory, her beauty, her reinorse. She gave him even her talents—even her soul! He fell sick of a fatal contagion, the bare name of which makes one shudder—the smallpox. She, who was young, she who was beautiful, stationed herself at the pillow of the sufferer, who would have died had it not been for her devoted care. She saved him. Then she became sick in her turn! No one stood and watched at her pillow! No one consoled her! When she left the bed on which she thought she was going to die, the terrible malady had destroyed all—all her beauty, talent, voice, and even the appearance of this man's love. He abandoned her shamefully, regardless of her sufferings and despair. Since then, shame, misery, hunger—Ebba, you know it—hunger itself, have pursued her with their most cruel tortures; for this man's victim, Ebba, is myself!"

Ebba wept bitterly.

"Go," resumed Therese, to the count, "go there is no prey for you here."

He retired full of rage and confusion.

"Dear Ebba," said Therese to her, who had taken refuge in her arms to conceal her tears, "dear Ebba, consecrate your affections to art alone; art is a spouse full of jealousy, who exacts the soul, the body, even the least thoughts, from

her whom he crowns with his sublime aureole. To betray him is to lose the throne on which you are seated by his side! Like the fallen angel, it is to exchange heaven for the devouring flames of the abyss. Ebba! Ebba! Let my misery serve at least to save you!

As if God hath reserved Therese only for Ebba's welfare, the poor unfortunate left the world a short time after, and went to God to receive the reward of the sufferings she had borne. Ebba, whose name Germany ever repeats with enthusiasm, even now preserves, thanks to some precious talisman, all the power of her talents, all the lustre of youth and beauty! When she is asked to what cause this wonder is owing, she, with a sigh, repeats the words of Therese:—"Art is a jealous spouse, and I am faithful to him."

JEANIE DEANS.

JEANIE DEANS is unquestionably one of the noblest delineations of Sir Walter Scott. She is the heroine of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, a tale which unites rare excellencies with a high moral aim, and which also gives a true and vivid picture of the Scottish character and manners at the time in which these characters figure. The rude and unsettled state of society at this period was such as to foster the growth of violent passions and strong feelings. It was a time when great vices and exalted virtues sprung up side by side; and grew with strength and vigor.

The character of Jeanie Deans is not only lovely in itself, but it derives additional interest from the striking contrasts with which it is surrounded. How unlike her sister Effie's! The one the wild and impulsive child of nature; the other the offspring of regulated and steady principle. They illustrate the benefits and the evils arising from that freedom and simplicity of manners which prevailed at this time among the lower Scotch. In the one it produced freedom, honest confidence and incorruptible virtue; in the other, familiarity, imprudence, and guilt.

The honest frankness of Jeanie Deans was wedded to a deep religious sensibility and a lofty sense of duty. She was endowed by nature with a prudence that accompanied her in the most trying and difficult circumstances, and which guided her as it were, almost by instinct. This endowment of nature was strengthened by practice and directed by religious principle. She was true and generous in her attachments, and although "her eye may wish to change, her heart never." The same quiet simplicity pervaded both her joy and grief, and she performed with the same unobtrusiveness the humblest and most exalted deeds. And she was forgetful of herself in the constant care which she had for the interests and happiness of others.

Her mind was keen and sagacious, the affections were in well balanced proportions; her shrewdness was wedded to great moral strength, and firmness of moral purpose, which gave her such a lofty consciousness of rectitude that she scorned to take low or improper means to prove her sister's innocence. This high consciousness related to her unlimited trust in God, gave her unflinching strength of soul, and threw around her life a moral radiance and dignity.