

before a friend communicated to me the tidings of Eudocia's sentence and approaching imprisonment. My first idea was to surprise the escort, and win back my bride at the point of the sword. This 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 woman. 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 adventure the ban of the Empire was pronounced against me; my name was erased 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, destitute of a home or abiding place—my name became a bye-word, a proverb in the mouth of my enemies. The sea was before me: I had no other resource—I joined myself to a band of brave but desperate men, and became a pirate and robber at the hands of Otho!" The outlaw ceased, and again passed his trembling hand over his swollen brow.

"And what, think you, the wretch deserves, who could heap such aggravated miseries on the head of a brave and innocent man?"—asked the Emperor, in a low and hollow tone.

"The fate he has doubtless met in the field—disgrace, overthrow and death!"—returned the pirate.

"He lives to fulfil the latter part of your sentence," replied the Emperor—rising and approaching the outlaw. "Philip of Cologne! do you remember this face!—Can you recognize, in a nameless fugitive, your ungenerous persecutor, Otho of Germany?—Sheathe in this breast your sword, and sate your indignation on the author of your wrongs." He threw his sword at the pirate's feet, and stood before the astonished assembly, with folded arms and downcast eyes.

A hollow murmur passed from man to man, and, "down with the tyrant!"—trembled on every lip; but no word was audible.

The pirate sprang to his feet—a dark red flush was on his face—his lip quivered—a fierce warfare of passion shook his frame.

"Otho of Germany!" he exclaimed, "the hour of retributive justice is at length mine! But for thee, I had been the pride and ornament of the land that gave me birth; and had reaped, in honourable warfare, immortal glory. Your unrelenting cruelty drove me to the rocks and fastnesses of these islands, and made me the companion of outlawed men, a pirate on the deep—Die!—and let my crimes, my lost honour, be visited on thee!"—His sword flashed over his head.

"Hold!" exclaimed the minstrel boy, casting himself at the outlaw's feet, and staying the uplifted weapon; "raise not your hand against the Lord's

anointed!—He is your prince—once was your friend!—will his blood atone for your past sufferings?—will his condemnation ensure your eternal welfare?

The robber paused.

"To you, Philip of Cologne, I never before sued in vain," resumed the lovely woman, whose disguise could no longer conceal from the Emperor the wife of the pirate; "ever generous and noble, even to your enemies, prove to this unhappy prince how far virtue can triumph over the mean spirit of revenge."

"Exalted Woman!" said the Emperor," greatly agitated; "cease to plead for me—these supplications in my behalf, from one whom I have so deeply injured, are worse than the pangs of death." He covered his face with his hands, to conceal the emotion which convulsed every feature; but in despite of all his efforts to repel them, the bright drops forced their way through his clenched fingers. The pirate gazed on the conscience-stricken, till the wrath of his countenance passed away, and the tears trembled in his own fierce eyes.

"Live!" he said, "restore these brave men to their former rank and fortune, and this degraded arm shall reinstate you on the throne of your ancestors."

"No," returned the Emperor mournfully; "I will not accept life at your hands—a self-condemned and guilty man, I will not attempt to excuse crimes, committed in the lust of power, in the heat of youthful passion."

"Has futurity then not errors?" said Philip.

"None to him who has made his peace with heaven," returned Otho; "who has offered at the throne of mercy, the humble sacrifices of a broken heart."

"Has your repentance been deep enough to rob the grave of its victory?"

"Your noble brother, who lies a corpse in yonder wood, could best have resolved you that question. Oh, that his mailed breast were my pillow; that the hand, which vainly defended him against a host of foes, were cold and stiff like his!"

The outlaw turned away, deeply afflicted, while the Emperor continued—

"To atone in some measure for the wrongs I heaped upon your head, I passed an edict, recalling you to your country, and restoring you to the honours of which I had so cruelly deprived you. I ordered diligent search to be made in every realm for the exiled prince of Cologne; but all my endeavours to discover the place of your retreat proving fruitless, I bestowed upon your brother the favours I would willingly have bestowed on you. At your feet I ask forgiveness of the past, and demand the fulfilment of the first sentence your lips pronounced against me."

He would have thrown himself at the pirate's feet,