

and the weather seems upon the change: I feel that we shall have a squally evening. But I shall be with you in time to take you home, and excuse you from your good aunt Lena's scolding for staying out so long." And so saying, he drew up, coiled the rope round a tree hard by, and away we went, the weather-seer carefully avoiding to look up at the sky (which could have told any fool that bad weather was coming) lost his atmospheric sagacity might appear less profound than he meant me to believe it.

Susannah took out her blue worsted stocking, and multiplied its parallelograms, comfortably indifferent to the cold gusts that swept along the valley.

But after a time, the heavy cloud which old Reischer profured not seeing, and the chilling wind which his daughter seemed determined not to feel, began to burst and hiss; and a sudden stop was put to one of my companion's vainglorious panegyrics on his own infallibility of judgment in matters of horse-flesh, by a loud crash of thunder.

"There will be a storm," said I.

"Aye, indeed there will; but I scarcely thought it would be so bad as what is coming," replied Johan, thoughtfully, and staring full in the face of the lowering sky. "Yet the child need not get wet for all that, unless she likes it; for is not there the old tarpaulin and the oars, wherof she may make a covering?"

I saw clearly that old Reischer was appealing to himself, rather than to me so I awaited until his inclination prompted him to step out faster on our way to the wood-ranger's house, which we at last reached, as nearly wet through, as it was possible to be. The wood-ranger was at home, but the horse was not; and the storm increased, and so, at last, did the father's anxiety about his only child.

"I must go back," said he, gazing from the eminence we stood on, back towards the Rhine; "Susannah will be frightened. Pray look at the river, Sir, I never saw it more furious, and never more suddenly aroused. It is *gastlich schon!* isn't it?"

"It is a fine sight to look at from this safe distance," said I; "but it has few charms for the poor fellows in that boat that is tossed about so roughly."

"'Tis true for you, Sir; I doubt if it be not in great danger," observed Johan, eyeing keenly the wave-buffed little craft to which I called his attention. It was heavily laden with a large freight of firewood, so heavily, that, even in the smoothest weather, the gunwale would have touched the water's edge. It was in the middle of the river, endeavoring to force its way up against the stream, by the aid of a square and tattered-looking sail; but every effort of the men who managed it was baffled by the extreme violence of the waves, which we could plainly see washing clear over it from stem to stern.

"I'll just wish you good evening, Sir, and hurry to the ferry; and I hope the boat may have succeeded in passing it before I arrive, for that ledge of rock just above the station is hard to steer past in such a dreadful squall," said my companion, with benevolent anxiety. But I was not disposed to part with him thus. The danger to which the unhappy boatmen were exposed, was attraction sufficient to lead me closer to the scene; and old Johan and I proceeded rapidly together on our way back, hurried silently forward by the force of mere excitement, and never losing sight of the struggling vessel, which, though it made scarcely any way, nevertheless gained on us, as we approached the ferry in a now nearly parallel line with the river.

Every moment that led us nearer, showed us the increasing peril of the frail craft; and I thought I could distinguish at times a despairing cry for aid from the two men who were imperfectly managing her, and whose gestures, as she was heavily tossed to and fro by the angry swell, spoke a plain story of terrified helplessness. A hollow in the road made us lose sight of her for a few minutes; and as we ascended again in breathless impatience, we caught a near view, which confirmed our worst forebodings. The boat, either from the rudder being unshipped, or the man at the helm being washed down by a wave, had turned completely round, and was swept across to almost the other side of the river, by the strong side wind, and the violent eddy. Every wave threatened to swamp it altogether; and it was drifting fast into the ledge of rocks alluded to by Reischer, and over which there was now a foam of breakers scarcely to be believed by any one who have not seen the Rhine in one of its angriest moods. We were now within a few yards of the ferry.

The cries for help were less frequent, for there was to all appearance no help at hand. Four or five peasants, men and women, stood at different points on the banks, throwing up their hands, and screaming unavailing advice or consolation to the poor boatmen; and now and then the dismal echo of their shouts was felt rather than heard, as I and my old companion ran along the slippery road.

In a few minutes more the boat drifted into an eddy most particularly dreaded by the old ferryman.

"It's all over with her now; there she goes, sure enough!" exclaimed Reischer, as a powerful wave caught the boat under the side, and turned it keel upwards.

"They must be lost before we can reach the river," added he, catching at the railing by the road side, overcome by agitation and exertion, while I stopped to recover my breath, and stared down into the river from the precipitate bank. The rain now swept in sheets up the stream, and almost hid every object upon it; but I fancied I distinguished, like a phantom boat in the mist, old Johan's little skiff, striving to plunge through the waves, and rocked like a cradle by the opposing influence of wind and tide.

"No, it cannot be! Yet—yes, it is, it is Susannah striving to steer towards the wreck!" exclaimed I, involuntarily. The old man's eyes, dim from age, but their vision quickened by affection, were fixed, like mine, in straining scrutiny, and when his gaze was sure of its object, he cried out in a tone of bitterest anguish—

"Oh, my child! my Susannah! It is her—it is the boat. She will perish. Oh, save her! save her! *Herr Gott!*" And with incredible speed he darted away from our resting place. I soon overtook him, and supported him on my arm as he tottered, panting and exhausted, to the tree against which his little skiff had been awhile coiled. We now saw it within fifty yards of us on the boiling surface, and the heroic child—her young heart buoyant with pity's life-blood—working her helm like oar with all her strength, and looking pale and stern at the rain and the waves, which drenched her through and through,—at the furious wind, which had loosened her long hair, and sent it streaming around her,—and at the broad lightning, which gave, at intervals, a supernatural hue to her whole person. She was, in a minute or two more, in the power of the formidable current, in which the half-drowned men now clung to their capsized boat, and she was in nearly as much danger as they were. It was a moment of actual distraction for her father, and of indescribable awe to me. I never shall forget the sensation of that fearful interval of suspense.

The gray-headed old man now gasped convulsively; and wildly stretched forth his arms, he flung himself on the earth, as if to shut out the scene of almost inevitable death. The despairing man wore, with hoarse, faint voices, hailing and cheering on the intrepid girl, and giving what snatches of instruction they could utter as to the means of approaching them. But, alas! the utmost strength of a child, fortified, as it must have been, by a powerful feeling of religious confidence and a noble courage, was insufficient for so severe a struggle; and I had the deep anguish of seeing the wreck, and the forlorn brothers who hung upon it with a fierce yet enfeebled grasp, swept by within a dozen yards of the ferryboat.

At this moment old Reischer started up, and he would have plunged into the merciless river, had I not forcibly held him back; but, screaming louder than the storm, his voice now reached Susannah, and it seemed at once to paralyze her skill. She cast her looks by turns on the wretched objects she would have saved, and on the half-maddened parent, who seemed rushing in a frantic effort to assist her.

At this crisis, Martin Buckholz, one of the brothers, perceived that there combined hope of safety depended entirely on the possibility of his gaining the ferryboat—for his companion could not swim—he resolved to trust himself, inexperienced, exhausted, and encumbered as he was, to the chances of the torrent. He slipped down into the water, struck out his new-nerved arms to buffet every wave, and rolling and plunging with the fierce energy of despair, he little by little approached the skiff. Susannah regained her presence of mind, and she laboured at her oar with renewed strength and redoubled efforts. She soon met the bold swimmer: he grasped the bow—heave! himself up the side—caught the oar from his preserver's hands—and though now a considerable distance from the heavy-rolling wreck, he came up with it just as his brother was fainting from exertion and terror, and lifted him safely into the skiff.

And how to describe old Reischer's delight, quick following his despair, as he saw the ferryboat bound triumphantly across the waves, with its miraculously rescued freight;—the tears, the blessings, thanksgivings—the love, the pride, the gratitude!—all fell down in plenteous showers upon the head of his child, or rose up to Heaven in fervid but silent thought.

Susannah—calm, modest, and apparently unconscious in the midst of all our united praise and admiration—was destined to the conviction that she had done a virtuous and heroic action, without knowing, at the time, its uncommon merit.

The Grand Duke of Baden, on hearing the circumstance, was pleased to bestow a gratuity of two hundred florins on our little heroine, together with a

modal as a special mark of distinction, bearing the inscription, "She trusted in God." She was, when I last saw her, a year after the adventure, receiving the full benefit of an excellent education; for some voluntary subscriptions procured her many additional advantages; and she walked at the head of her village schoolfellows, in their daily promenades, with a step as composed, and a look as unassuming, as before the event which has given her name its local immortality.

But since the year 1831 friend Reischer has lost his old sister, and given up the ferry. But the gratitude of Martin and George Buckholz does not allow him to want the comforts of a house in his old age; and I should not be at all surprised to hear at any day (for Susannah is now seventeen) that the gratitude of Martin, who is still unmarried, was about to give a still more permanent expression of his attachment to the younger remaining member of the family branch of the Reischer family.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—The marriage of the Princess Helen with the Duke of Orleans, which took place on Tuesday evening at Fontainebleau, and the splendid fetes attending the ceremonial, seem to have exclusively occupied the attention of the Parisians. The Royal couple was thrice married—first by the civil magistrates, without which no marriage is valid in France; secondly, according to the ceremonial of the Lutheran Church; and thirdly, by the Bishop of Meaux, according to the nuptial rites of the Roman Catholic faith. We have not space for the details of the scene, but it appears to have gone off to the satisfaction of all concerned; and now the Citizen King may quaff daily, if he will, libations of Burgundy, that fate may find him a grandfather of a son of France ere he makes his exit. The Princess is described as fair, possessing intelligent features, and of very affable and engaging deportment. The illustrious couple will reside at the Palace of the *Elysée Bourbon*.

From the New York Albion.

The change which has taken place in the military operations in Spain has impressed that subject with new interest. The positions of Hernani, Fontarabia, and Irun, have been taken by Gen. Evans and the Queen's forces, they having been abandoned by the Carlists. At the latter place a stout resistance was made, and much blood spilt. The other posts were taken without difficulty. Don Sebastian, it is now understood, has marched with his main force to the interior but whether for the purpose of making an attack on Madrid, or for raising his brother's standard in other provinces, is not yet known—for up to the last London dates no authentic intelligence had been received of his movements. The policy of the new system of operations—that of carrying the war into the interior—is deemed by many of the London journals to be highly judicious, because it is known that the bulk of the rural inhabitants are Carlists, and because in that part of Spain they are more wealthy than in the mountains of Biscay. Don Sebastian, then, is only marching upon his resources, and giving an opportunity to his brother's adherents to rise in his favour. But this is not the only advantage of changing the seat of war. It is well known that all the advantages gained by the Queen's armies in the north, have been mainly effected by the co-operation of the British naval forces upon the coast. On every occasion Lord John Hay has been most active, in transporting troops from one point to another, landing his marines, &c.; in short, on a recent occasion the marines alone saved Gen. Evans' army from destruction. As, then, Lord Palmerston affects to give naval co-operation only, his good offices can be of little avail in the interior of the country unless by some new species of political legerdemain this sagacious statesman can prove to us, that the