

So rapidly and well was the whole done, that no resistance was made; and none, save those around the prisoner, knew where or how he went. Adrian found himself on the other side of the doors in darkness, and pressed in his wife's arms with an energy of love and joy that may be well imagined. She checked his cry of delight, whispering that all was not yet safe. Silently and rapidly they ascended the staircase, cautiously fastening behind them all the doors, which had been carefully prepared to open quickly and without noise, and to close with strong but aged-looking bars and locks. For, as he was afterwards told, all the day and night preceding the execution had been spent by his wife in urging and directing his oldest and best tried friends to prepare this plan of escape, which had been devised the moment that they knew of the prisoners attending this sad ceremony. They now passed through the upper rooms of several houses which had been purposely opened into each other, with means of instantly securing and concealing the apertures. At length they rested in the obscure chamber of a distant street, where they were safely concealed until they found means to quit Brussels, and fly to Prince Orange, in Germany. As soon as the first transports of their meeting in this wretched but welcome roof of refuge were over, Maria looked on her husband, and wept bitterly. "It will soon be over," she said, "yet I cannot help grieving for a while, dear Adrian; for I have merely saved thee a brief space for thy country, and not for thy wife. I feel, sorrowfully, that in these times of our distress and oppression, a noble life like thine must, sooner or later, be offered up for thy father-land.

It is a comfort to know that this foreboding proved gloomier than the truth. Though Adrian Haranguer was in every field where daring could do ought, or the confederate banners came to battle, he escaped with a few wounds, to rejoice in his land's freedom. And his fond and noble wife, after saving him from the block, and preserving his life through repeated wounds and sickness, when without her he had perished—enjoyed at last, in his unbounded gratitude and love such happiness as women like her alone can feel,—as they alone can deserve!



LIFE.

THE advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them.

THE ISWOSCHTSCHIKS,

OR HACKNEY COACHMEN.

MOST of these men are native Russians, from all the different governments of the empire. But there are also many Fins, Esthons, Lettes, Poles, and Germans, among them. They generally come to Petersburg as lads, or twelve years old, hire themselves to a coachmaster, who entrusts them with a horse and sledge, and they continue to take money from their employer 'till they have scraped together enough to purchase a set-out, with which to strive to establish themselves on their own account and to obtain a subsistence. Their profession, like all the arts in Russia, is free; if, therefore, fodder becomes too dear in Petersburg, they pack up their all and drive seaward, to try their fortunes in Moscow; and thus they remove first to one, then to another town, 'till their lucky star guides them to a place favourable to their business and permanent establishment. The Iswoschtschiks of Petersburg are a sort of Hamaxobites, who vagabondize among the palaces of the imperial capital from one year's end to another. They encamp all day in the streets and markets, and remain there also at night, their sledge serving them for a bed and bedchamber. Like the Bedouins, they also carry with them a nose-bag, which they never fail to fasten about the head of their horse in moments of leisure. Provision has been made for all their wants in the streets, where cribs are set up at certain distances. For water, they take their beasts to one or other of the numerous arms of the imperial canals, intersecting the city; hay is sold in the bundle, in portions suitable for one or two horses, in a great number of booths; and numerous venders of kwas, tea and bread, afford a resource against the hunger and thirst of the masters. The animals are as great strangers to indulgence as their human governors. Both care nothing about wind and weather. They eat when they have time, and doze when and then when chance permits them. At the same time they are always in the highest spirits, the horses ever ready for a new trip, the drivers disposed to singing, fun and gossip. When not engaged in eating, or any other occupation, they lounge listlessly along behind their sledges, and, regardless of the princely palaces around them, sing some song which they learned in their native forests. When they meet with comrades, as they do at the corner of almost every street, they are at all sorts of frolics, snowballing, wrestling, etc.