

Henrietta Sontag returned to her piano; she would have continued singing, but her voice failed her. Deeply affected, she rested her head upon the music-stand, and, in mournful accents, repeated the Armenian's words. "Yes," she said, aloud, "the pity is great indeed!" And, sadly pondering, she sank upon the sofa.*—*Pictures from St. Petersburg.*

THE BRIDE'S-MAID.

THE bridal's glittering pageantry is o'er;
Dancing is weary, and the joy of song,
Tired with its own wild sweetness, dies away;
Music is hushed; the flower-arcaded halls
Cease to prolong the bursts of festive glee,
For luxury itself is satiate,
And pleasure's drowsy train demands repose.

But see! the dawn's grey streaks are stealing
through

The high-arched windows of a stately room,
Shedding a pale light on the paler brow
Of one who, with a breaking heart, hath stolen
From the gay revels of that jocund night,
To vent, unpitied, agony alone.
In fearful immobility of form
And feature, sits she in her blank despair,
Like the cold, sculptured mourner on a tomb,
When silent marble wears the touching guise
Of woman's woe—but, oh! not woe like her's,
Whose every pulse doth vibrate with a pang
Too stern for tears. Her dark dilated eye
Is fixed on things she sees not nor regards.
Her silent lute lies near—its chords no more
Shall wake responsive to her skillful touch;
For he who praised its sounds, and loved to see
Her white hands busy with its murmuring strings,
Hath made all music discord to her soul.

Gems that a princess might be proud to wear
Are sparkling in her sight; but what, alas!
Are gems to her who hath beheld the hopes—
The cherished hopes, of life forever crushed
And withering in the dust,—like yon gay wreath
Which she hath in her bitter anguish torn
From the sad brow it lately garlanded,
And bade her maidens "hang it on her tomb."

Invidious eyes were on her when she stood
Before the altar with the bridal train
Of her false love,—ay! those who coldly scanned
Her looks and bearing, eager to detect

* Years after these lines were first published, news reached us of the brilliant triumph which, in London had been achieved by art over social prejudices. Genius had cast off the cramping fetters of *conscience*. Henrietta Sontag was again enchanting the public. Let German y be proud of its daughter.—*Note by the German Editor.*

The struggling pangs which woman's trembling
pride,

In that dread hour, had nerved her to conceal
Beneath the haughty semblance of disdain,
Or calm indifference, when the man she loved
Plighted his perjured vows to other ears—
A knell to her's, at which life's roseate tints
Fled back affrighted, never to return
To her pale cheek, whose marble hue betrayed
The tearless bride's-maid's secret agony.

The task is o'er, and she is now alone
Musing o'er memory of the hopes that were,
But are for her no longer;—vanished dreams
Are they for which she mourns. She'd mourn no
more

Could she behold him as he really is,
Stripped of the veil in which too partial love
Hath dressed its idol. She would turn away,
And marvel that a heart so pure as her's
Had wasted tenderness on one like him.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE PRIEST.

I HAD been on an excursion to Gatschina, and was about to get into my carriage to return to St. Petersburg, when I saw pass by a priest of about forty years of age. He was a handsome man, with an interesting physiognomy; what particularly struck me in his appearance was his profusion of hair. Anything so long and luxuriant as its growth I had never before seen, and I could not help gazing after him in wonder. The hair was of a chestnut-brown, naturally glossy, and fell waving in such abundance over his shoulders and down almost to his hips, that I could not but doubt whether it was all natural. I was still following him with my eyes, when he paused in front of an inn, looked back at me, and seemed uncertain which way to go. Suddenly he came to a decision, and approached me with a quick step. I delayed getting into the carriage. When he was close to me he looked hard at me, and, seeing at once I was a foreigner, he addressed me in excellent English, expressed his regret at having missed the diligence, and asked if by chance I was going to St. Petersburg. I replied in the affirmative, and offered him a place in my vehicle. He gratefully accepted, on condition that he should pay his share of the expense; a few more words were exchanged, and we entered the carriage. As he had doubtless at once discovered, from my broken English, that he was mistaken as to my country, he now apologized for his error in excellent French; and when I told him that he was again mistaken, and that I was a German, he continued the conversation in perfectly good German. With the exception of a slight accent, such as I was accustomed to in the Courland students at Leipsic, I observed nothing in the least foreign in his mode of expressing himself. I risked the supposition that he was half a countryman of mine, for I thought he was from the Baltic