

These pious words touched the soul of Cartouche, and caused him to reflect. He listened attentively to the exhortations of the young priest, and religion began to enter and soften his heart.

The same evening Cartouche was conducted to the square of La Grève. When the cart stopped, and he saw on the scaffolding two gibbets and four wheels, surrounded by guards on horse and on foot, he could not subdue his emotion.

"This has an ugly appearance!" he said aloud.

Still the hope of being rescued served to sustain him. He ascended firmly the steps of the scaffold, but his courage soon after forsook him. He asked to see his confessor, —and the worthy abbé came instantly. Dominique intimated that he had something to reveal, and was conducted immediately to the Town Hall. There he denounced upwards of forty persons; then finding all hope was lost, he gave up his mind to prayer, received absolution, and delivered himself into the hands of the executioner.

Thus perished Cartouche at the age of twenty-seven.

THE WATCHER OF THE DEAD.*

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

CHAPTER III.

The voice of lamentation was loud upon the morrow in that ancient house. The Countess Stephanie had ceased to exist. The aged nurse had drawn back the curtains of the window, that her mistress might, as usual, be awakened by the cheerful sunlight; but she was no longer conscious of its beams. She lay upon her bed, pale, placid, and unchanged, like one who had passed from the calm slumber of repose to the deep sleep of death. One hand pillowed her cheek, and the other still clasped her rosary. Death had touched her lovingly, for there was almost a smile upon her lips; and the hard lines which the world traces upon the countenance had disappeared beneath his gentle pressure.

The count stood gloomily beside her bed,

awaiting the arrival of the physician who had been summoned. He trembled violently, but he was surrounded by the voice of wailing and the sight of tears; he had lost his only sister, his last relative. How, then, could he have remained unmoved? The physician came; he felt the small and round wrists, but there was no pulsation; he bared the white and beautiful arm to the shoulder, and applied the lancet, but the blood had ceased to circulate in the blue veins. The man of science shook his head, and extended his hand in sympathy to the anxious brother. The catastrophe, he said, was subject of regret to him rather than of surprise. The young gräfin had long suffered from an affection of the heart. A little sooner or later the blow must have fallen. It was a mere question of time. All human aid was useless. And so he departed from the house of mourning.

The few individuals of Nienberg and its immediate neighbourhood who were privileged to intrude at such a moment, crowded to the mansion to offer their condolences to the young gräfin, and to talk over the sudden and melancholy death of his sister; and meanwhile Elsie, unable to rest for an instant in the same place, wandered through the desolate apartments, tearless and silent, occasionally lifting the different articles which had belonged to Stephanie in his trembling hands, and looking intently upon them, as though he dreaded to behold the character of his crime traced upon their surface.

The German ceremonial of interment is complicated and minute, and all persons of high birth are expected to conform to it in every particular. Among the rites which precede burial is one which, trying as it cannot fail to prove to the principal actor, must, nevertheless, greatly tend to tranquillize the minds of the survivors. It is necessary that we should describe this.

For four-and-twenty hours the corpse remains beneath the roof where the death has taken place, and while there all the affecting offices necessary to its final burial are performed. This time elapsed, it is carried to the cemetery, and laid, in its winding-sheet, upon a bed in the inner apartment of the low

* Concluded from last Number.