

was disposed to cower beneath the touch of misfortune; and his heart, that had not sunk from its lofty resolve in the hour of bloodiest carnage on the battlefield, was filled with gloom when his crops withered in the parched earth, and his cattle died in his pastures. Emma's quick and penetrating glance of love detected the incipient depression, and she strove by her endearments and by the endeavour to awake his soul to that enduring hope which looks beyond the earth and its uncertain enjoyments, to restore him to cheerfulness again. But it was in vain. He fretted more and more, grew sadder and sadder, and filled up their once pleasant hours with querulous forebodings of the future. It had been good for him had he paused here, and contented himself with venting his useless complaints.

He had been one of Switzerland's little army, when that brave and undaunted land refused to succumb to the French Directory; and when they sent their minion bands to execute their tyrannic will, called together her ready sons to do battle for their cottages, their wives, their children, and the freedom of their native hills. He was among the devoted Bernese, when attended by their wives, anxious to cheer the spirits of their husbands, and help to save their country, they resolved to stake all upon a decisive blow, and meet their outnumbering foe. He had fought with them on that memorable day, when the fight, alas! was useless—when whole ranks were mown down by the overwhelming cavalry, and the irresistible artillery of the French—when the women, in despair, threw themselves beneath the dreadful engines of war, hoping to arrest their progress, by clinging to their wheels as they advanced. And when all this proved vain—although four thousand dead of the invading army attested the valour of the Swiss, and the mangled bodies of a hundred and fifty women, crushed by the cannon, the heroism of their wives—and Berne was surrounded, he had fought with the few who still maintained stout hearts and ready hands, and yielded with them—

only when most were destroyed—at last. He had served a second time, when his countrymen were called out to oppose the base and tyrannic interference of Bonaparte, that mighty murderer—whose armies were too powerful to be resisted, and, in consequence, the patriots were dismissed to their homes—their brave general, Reding, weeping while he disbanded them.—The lax morality of a soldier's life, had checked the free pulsations of conscience, and the soul-destructive atheistical philosophy of the French school, effectually assisted its torpefying tendencies; while the scenes of blood which his eyes had witnessed, had steeled the more tender sensibilities of his nature. He was no worthy companion for the merciful, virtuous, heaven-loving and adoring Emma; yet she loved him devotedly. Her love had become, as it were, herself—a faculty of her nature—an intrinsic ingredient of her composition—only to be eradicated when she should loose herself in other, or pass away in annihilation.

"Something," mused Jose, "is to be done. I grow poorer day by day.—Even the lake refuses to yield me its stores as it has been wont to do." From these indefinite resolves to better his condition, he passed by an easy transition with the discontented and complaining spirit, to drop from his mind all limits to the means, and darkly to determine on the possession of the desired good—were it necessary to adopt the alternative—by fair means or by foul. Then came fearful and guilty projects before his mental vision, and instead of dismissing them with shuddering, and closing his eyes upon them for ever, as must be done when tempting suggestions assail the soul, he hugged them to him, until they lost their hideous features, and became to him as friends.

He was sitting on a bench before his door one morning, as a traveller, who had lodged over the night in his cottage—for sometimes the shades of evening overtook those journeying by, and they were fain to make use of his roof—was taking his departure. He pas-