

of such an alliance, exclaiming: "Did I ever think that a son of mine would be united to a family whom I consider to be so opposite to my party and principles? No, think not that ever I will give my consent to any such notions, I would as soon marry you to a peasant's daughter—a——!"

All this was spoken with such vehemence and irritation, that Oscar refrained from replying a single word, either to allay his anger, or simply stating his own feelings. Reason at such a juncture and moment of passion, would have been deficient and useless. He retired to his room, but not to enjoy that sweet repose he had been wont to do. No: sleep had fled and the most heart-rending feelings had taken possession of his mind! he knew not if his dear Luther's parents were equally as averse to their happiness, as his parents had proved to be. It was not long before he had convincing proofs to the contrary—they were actuated by kinder and more genial motives, and took pleasure in cherishing and encouraging in their offspring those happy feelings, that they themselves enjoyed in early life. This afforded Oscar an opportunity of frequently visiting their house, but under the strictest privacy.

But few days had gone by, before he received intelligence that his father had procured a commission for him in the army, and that eventually he might be called out in a few days; which proved to be the case. This was a severe shock to Oscar's feelings, whose altered looks and expressions, bespoke the anguish of his mind, and plainly told the suffering he must undergo in being thus forcibly separated from one, whom from childhood he had loved, and increasing years had matured to the purest height of sensibility.

The time fixed for his departure being short was wholly occupied in preparations for his journey, so that he was deprived from visiting his beloved Luther, scarcely once in the interval. He resolved, however, to give one parting interview before he left his home.—These would be moments of sadness on the part of both; however, the day was fixed and hour appointed by the lovers. If it were possible for human imagination to describe this scene—their parting—none could better describe it, than those who were present on the occasion; but as they chose that spot of earth, and the accustomed tree, where oft they had met in silence, we may suppose no other than the eye of heaven witnessed the tears they shed, at taking their farewell leave; methinks, like our first parents when they left their Eden, when

"They hand-in-hand took their solitary way."

At length the day arrived for his departure. His friends and relatives wished him a happy and safe return. Although Oscar had advised his dear Luther to deprive herself if possible of this scene; yet, she was observed by his

penetrating eye at a short distance, wiping away the tears as they successively rolled down her swollen cheeks. She made a signal for a last farewell, which Oscar immediately returned. A moment scarcely elapsed, before the barque "glided o'er the briny wave," and hurried him from her sight.

"He is gone!" she cried, "and I am left alone; perhaps, to meet no more. * * * Strengthen me O Heaven! to bear with patience his absence, and wait with resignation his return."

For a few days, she appeared to be of the same cheerful frame, and countenance, as usual; but alas, her inward sufferings, who was able to describe? No news had arrived by the promised time—no intelligence could be obtained as to the post or situation of the army, to whose command he was entrusted.—'Twas strange, yet with unwearied feet she often sought the lonely beach, and as oft returned sorrowful and dejected. Her spirits now began to lose their wonted cheerfulness, and the color to forsake her cheeks—she gave vent to the deepest sorrow—a sort of melancholy had resumed his loathsome reign in her mind, and she gave away to the wildest anguish.

The village was in a state of anxiety and consternation. One evening when the elements was raging violently, as if to add a deeper gloom to the event, a boat was observed beating against the storm, and endeavoring to gain the shore. When it arrived it was found to bear intelligence of Oscar. But what was the information it conveyed? of his health and safety? No: but that in the moment of victory he fell a martyr to his cause.

No sooner had this intelligence reached the village than all was distraction, despair, and gloomy sorrow. He was beloved by all; and by a special order the whole town put on mourning and the following evening his funeral knell was to be rung by muffled bells.—* * * All seemed sadness and sorrow.

Many thought of his poor Luther, but were afraid to let it be known; not even her parents who were about her chamber, broke the event by a whisper; for by giving vent to that inward grief, she had brought herself to the bed of affliction, nor had she learned the death of her dear, lost lover. None dared to speak, nor did any mortal tongue disclose the event; but when the tolling of the Kirk bells began to sound their gloomy notes, she hastily inquired the cause. None dared to answer. She guessed the cause of their silence, and in a fit of phrenzy and despair, she leaped from her bed, ran through the village in this distracted state, exclaiming, "He's gone,—he's gone! Ah, cruel parents!" and sunk exhausted, never more to rise.

Her fate is recorded in the minds of every true lover to this present day. They never