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THE MAID OF SOLEURE.

A SWISS STORY.

The town of Soleure is situated amongst the mountains of Jura, in Switzerland, and along he fertile and romantic vale of the Balstal. It s the capital of the conton which bears the name, and is watered by the beautiful river Aar. The town is small, but neat, and surrounded by stone fortifications. It claims the honor of great antiquity, and its inhabitants have long been distinguished for their love of civil independence. The following traditionary story is related of one of the most interesting passages in the history of the place.

Hugo Von Bucheg was a venerable burgher and chief magistrate of the town of Soleure.— He had long been regarded as the father of the council, and the people placed their reliance pon him in every time of danger. His habits were plain and simple. He had amassed no wealth, for his services were given and not sold. One treasure he possessed, which he considered beyond all price, and that was his only child, Ellen. She had early lost her mother, and had spent her time almost as she pleased, in wandering about the suburbs of Soleure, gathering splants for her collections, and accumulating stock of health, energy, and cheerfulness.

She was yet at a tender age, when her father received a most earnest letter from his only sister, who resided in the valley of Lauterbrunn, entreating him to spare his daughter to her for a lew months, representing the solitude of her own situation, and the want she had of youthful and cheerful society. The last plea he could not reist, and Ellen was, for the first time, separated rom her father.

She found her aunt, who was a widow, sick and low spirited. It was a new situation for Ellen. Hitherto her life had demanded but few acrifices; but now her duties begun, and day and night she was seated by her bedside. Sickness often makes people selfish and unreasonable. The invalid was unwilling to part with her newly acquired solace for a moment, and Ellen could only gaze upon the beautiful scenery around her, without being allowed to plunge into its depths. It was not until her health and spirits drooped that she gained permission to walk at sunset .-At first the rapidity with which she moved along liberty; and to gaze upon the heavens, the waters, and the woods, to feel that she could leap from rock to rock, could sing her favorite songs, and disturb no one, was rapture. Her delight In rambling amid the wild scenery of the district was augmented by her naturally devotional feellings. As she gazed on the valley and cottages, and listened to the notes of the shepherd's pine. to the tinkling bells of the herds of cattle, and heard their deep sonorous voices, she broke forth in the spirit of Milton:

Parent of Good I these are thy works.

Nor were her associations less delightful at the hour of evening. It was to gaze upon the groups of healthy, happy children who rau to meet their parents returning from a day of labor -to see the affectionate wife preparing her little repast before the door, and all breathing the language of domestic affection.

She had gazed late on this scene one evening, and turned slowly away to pursue her path homewards. As she proceeded, she perceived she hould be obliged to pass a herd of cattle which had no herdsman. Her habits were fearless. and she did not hesitate. Suddenly one of the nimals sprang furiously from the rest, and rushed towards her. She looked around-a frightful death scemed inevitable. To escape by flight was impossible. At that moment the report of a gun struck her ear; the animal stag- the daughter of Bucheg, requested admission. gered, groaned, and fell dead at her feet. A ickness came over her, and she knew nothing ill she found herself supported by a young man dressed in a military uniform.

. You have saved my life,' she exclaimed. 'It vas a fortunate shot, said he, smiling. 'I don't ften make as good a one, for I have been out il day, and have not brought down my game .-My uncle's house is not very far distant; may I conduct you to it?"

ball need your assistance to get there.

He raised her up and gave her his arm, and hey stood a minute to gaze on the powerful was visible.

'This will make a teast in the valley,' said he youth; 'I will give a fete in honor of your saftety; will you not witness it?

Ellen sighed to think how impossible it would read :e to gain her aunt's consent. At the door the tranger bowed and left her.

ber father, but, before his arrival, his sister had but if you grant your protection to my daughter, tain, he entered. The traces of tears were still Bucheg-ha! well thought of,' cried he, startchapel, but returned to Soleure with her 12ther.

Two years passed away, and Ellen's recollections of the stranger were yet fresh in her mind. 'He saved my life,' said she; 'I hope I shall see him again.' But new scenes were fast crowding upon her, and left no room for the wanderings of imagination. Leopold, Duke of Austria, was approaching Solenre with the avowed resolution of besieging its walls. An inordinate thirst for victory had taken possession of his mind. He believed it glory to conquer even the innocent and free, and he swore to his brother, the Emperor, to plant the Austrian standard on the towers of Soleure.

The attack had commenced, and Ellen stood gazing on the scene. She neither wept nor spoke, but was motionless as a marble statue.-Her father cast one glance on her, and hastened where his duty called. The wailings of women and children for their husbands and fathers, from whom they were for the first time separated, the thunder of the caunon, which made even the earth tremble, the cries of exultation and despair, mingled with the groans of the wounded, in my son.' all struck upon the ear of Ellen. She flew from street to street, forgetful of her own safety, at one moment in search of ber father, and the next administering comfort to those as wretched as herself.

At length the tumult ceased. The thunder of the cannon was heard no longer, and the glad tidings were communicated from mouth to mouth that the enemy were repulsed, and had retreated to their encampment. Scarce had Ellen rejoiced in this intelligence, when she beheld her

lather approaching, supported by his friends. 'Merciful heaven!' she exclaimed, 'you are wounded.

'Come with me, my child,' said be, and thank the Supreme Being for this respite from our calamities. My wound is nothing; you will bind it up.'

With the tenderest care she applied the emolhents necessary, then, kneeling at his feet, bathed his hand with her tears. At length her father requested her to be calm, and listen

'We have,' said be, 'this time defended the walls of Soleure, and repulsed the enemy; but was almost free from thought. It was recovered they will return to the attack with new vigor .-Our resources are exhausted, our last ammunition expended, and the banner of Austria will soon wave over the ruins of this devoted place; but I have still my duty to perform, and to this there is but one obstacle. I know what fate spired me with terror, for he has been first in awaits you from a rude and victorious soldiery in the heat of conquest. There is but one resource -you must repair to Leopold. He is brave and generous. You will be safe from insult. and I free to do my duty as a soldier. Away! it is my command. Answer me not! Give this letter to the duke. God bless thee, my dear, my only treasure !?

Ellen sunk upon her knees, and pressed her father's hand to her lips; but he rushed from her into his room, and his sobs were audible.

When he came out, he gazed upon the bridge over which Ellen was to pass. Her slight figure was faintly visible, preceded by a flag of truce, and at length faded away.

'Now, I am childless,' said he; 'I have only to die for my country.'

Surrounded by the chiefs and nobles of his army, sat Duke Leopold, upon a seat adorned with gold and purple, which served him for a throne, deliberating with them upon the most effectual means of attacking Soleure. The curtain of the pavilion was raised, and an officer entered and informed him that a young woman,

Leonold looked exultingly upon his nobles .-Has he sent his daughter to melt our purposes? said he ; 'does he think that youth and beauty can beguile our resolution? Let her enter, and we will show her that our blood is warmed only by glory.'

Again the curtain was raised, and Ellen. dressed to the plainest manner, entered. She approached the duke, and bent one knee to the ground. 'Noble prince,' said she, 'I come to 'I must go to my aunt's,' said Ellen; 'but 1 you as a petitioner to claim your protection."-And she placed her father's letter in his hand.

The duke looked earnestly at her, as did also his nobles with still greater curiosity. The efminal that lay stretched before them. The fort of courage was over. Her eves were pull had entered his heart. Not a drop of blood cast down, and her whole frame trembled with influence enough to persuade her tather to sur- preventing it.

'My lord,' said the duke, addressing an old man who stood near, ' support this young woman to a seat.' He then unfolded the letter, and

Noble Prince-She who brings you this letter is my only child-all the treasure I pos-The impression upon the young girl's mind sess in this world. Therefore, I trust her to business to communicate respecting your fa-

breathed her last. She went no more to the I shall have no more anxiety for her. Give me on her face, some token that you grant my petition, and you will receive your reward from that Being who to-morrow morning we attack the walls of Sowatches over the innocent, and who knows our

> BUCHEG, Magistrate of Soleure. let the banner of the Austrian army be planted, crowned with a green garland. By this token the magistrate will know that he has not mistaken Leopold. Count, to you I confide this young maiden; I know your integrity; your grey hairs, bleached in the service of your country, is mevitable; by capitulating, he may obtain plighted word, not to withdraw your protection. are a pledge of security. Yet one more I desire-it is your son. I take him for a hostage. You know that I love him as if he were my own. Therefore, by the value of this pledge, he will know how highly I estimate my protection, given to the daughter of Bucheg. But where is the young count?' continued the duke; 'I miss

him unwillingly from among my friends." 'He is at his post,' answered the father; '! expect him every moment. In the meantime suffer me to express my thanks for the confidence you place in me, as well as for your confidence

The old count now took the hand of Ellen, and said, 'You have heard, my dear child, the command of the duke. I hope you will trust vourself to me."

As he spoke, his son entered the pavillion. He gazed at the scene before him in speechless astonishment. Ellen, too, seemed overcome by her situation. The deepest blushes suffused her face and neck, while her eyes were cast down and her heart beat with violence.

'You wonder, my young friend,' said the duke, how this fair creature came among us rough warriors; but you will be still more astonished when you learn that you must welcome her as your sister. She is the only daughter of the magistrate of Soleure. Her father has confided her to me, and I give her in trust to yours, and thus is the mystery explained. But I am convinced the young lady must need rest and refreshment. Therefore I request you to see that

she is properly lodged and gnarded.'
With what delight did the young count receive this command. A tent was immediately devoted to the protege of the duke, and Ellen, once more alone, exclaimed-

"I have found him at length-the preserver of my life! whose image for three years has filled my waking aed sleeping hours. Alas! how have I found him?-in arms against my father and my fellow-citizens! Already his name has inthe attack. What is my worthless life in comparison with the liberty and safety of my country. Oh! how have I wasted years in the expectation of meeting its preserver, and now I find him my bitterest foe !'

Her tears fell in torrents. There is ao calamity so hard to bear as that which overthrows years of self-delusion. Ellen had lost no actual good; but the castle she had erected was now laid prostrate, and she stood, desolate, amongst its ruins.

The darkness of night came on. The rain had descended for several days, and it now fell in torrents. Yet still the young count walked as sentinel around the tent which contained his father's charge. He had recognised in her the beautiful girl that he had so fortunately befriended in the valley of Lauterbrunn; and though, since that event, he had often thought of her. bis was an active and busy life, and lie had not, like Ellen, wasted days and years in castle building. Man yields to present emotion but woman can live on ideal happiness. He fully believed that be should see her no more, and had ceased to think of her; whereas she had considered her destiny as united to his, and looked forward with confidence to the moment they should meet .-It was not with indifference that the young man now beheld her.

A tide of passion rushed over his soul. Perhaps he read his influence in the depth of her emotion. He gazed upon the tent she occupied, and wished it were his daty to share it with her. But this can never be, thought he. 'To-morrow, soon as the morning dawns, I must be first to prostrate the walls of her native place, and perhaps I am doomed to destroy her father .--Would that I had never seen her, and then I should have gone cheerfully to the battle.' A render, without risking fruitless opposition; at least he would make the attempt. With cauin a low voice.

' Who calls ?' she said. 'It is your guard, Count Papenheim,' said he.

'I come,' said he, 'to inform you, that early useless. The lives that are dear to you may be sacrificed in their defence, and the blood of your I come, then, to beg you to use your influence butterly repeat of his outrage.' with your father to spare this useless conflict .-Write, and I will see that he has the letter before morning. Tell him that we know the state of the town; that it is without ammunition, and that the walls are tottering. By resisting, ruin honorable terms.

When the young man entered, Ellen had flung herself on a seat pale, trembling, and pent.' shrinking from his view; and as be proceeded, the color mantled in her cheeks, and when he had ended, she stood erect. Rely not too awaited her. The father of the young count much on the weakness of our resources,' said gazed sternly upon him. she; 'it is for freedom we are contending, and every man feels that he is a host. Do you think he. 'Is a for mercy only you plead! I markthat if my father would listen to terms he would ed your confusion the first time you saw this have sent me, his only child, among his enemies young woman in the pavilion of the duke; what for protection? No! he will shed the last drop of his blood for his country; and were I to propose capitulation, he would spurn my letter .-You must do your duty; but remember that it is seen her. It was on a visit to my uncle in the against the innocent you war, and make not the valley of Lauterbrum that I met her. I knew lile you once preserved,' continued she, bursting | not her name, and though I have often thought into tears, ' valueless, by taking that of my father.'

It is said there is wonderful power in woman's tears, and so it would seem, for the young man ing his eyes to the duke, ' that you hear my acappeared for a moment to forget his errand. At knowledgment with scorn and suspicion. It is length he said:

"I give you my solemn word that your father's life, as far as it is consistent with my duty, shall be guarded with my own.'

'You will know him.' said she, by his white hair, by his firm, yet mild demeanor, by his resolution to die rather than yield. But,' added | ing of winds and waters had ceased. Ellen had she with dignity, 'every citizen resembles him supported herself to the utmost, but, overcome in this determination; all are my fathers or bro-

A loud noise was heard at a distance. The soldier rushed from the tent. A fearful strife had begun, of a nature which baffled the might

It is well known with what overwhelming fury the Aar sometimes rushed along, destroying or magistrate at their head. laying waste the country through which it 'Oh, my father,' exclaimed Ellen, springing passes. Six days of incessant rain had increased forward. its waters to an alarming beight, and besides deluging the country around, its waves rose alarmingly high, and spurned all restraint. The greatest consternation prevailed throughout the army. All were in motion. The only hope that remained was from the bridge that bound both shores. It was built of stone, and they hoped it might resist the force of the waters, and to secure this object was their immediate aim. It was necessary to load with immense weight, and Leonard ordered men and horses to this post .--'It is our only chance,' said he; 'if the bridge have one condition to make. Twelve of our gives way we are lost."

The danger every moment increased. Nothing could exceed the horror of the scene .--The darkness of the night making more terrible the groans and cries of those who waited on the shore the frightful death that was approuching. The Austrians, who had so lately threatened immediate destruction to the devoted town of Soleure, stood with their conquering banners in their hands. What mighty arm could now help them in their need! There was but one, and that seemed already raised for their destruction.

It was now that the danger reached its crisis. The bridge tottered to its base, yet it stood, when, as if to mock their fruitless efforts, the wind suddenly arose; the few remaining soldiers rushed on it, and amid the howling of the storm and the cries and exclamations of the army, the bridge suddenly gave way, and the waters rushed over them.

Now were the gates of Soleure thrown open and the inhabitants rushed forth with desperate resolution. In a moment the wild and tempestuous Aar was covered with rafts and boats .--Fearless of the death that threatened, they pursued their object, and, by their flaming torches, discovered the victims who were sinking. --Every measure was used, and the greater part saved, conveyed to the town, and the gates immediately closed.

By the light of the torches, Leopold beheld what was going forward. He saw his army in new idea struck him. Perhaps Ellen might have the hands of the enemy, and not a possibility of

'Shame! shame!' be cried, 'unheard of cruelty, to seize such a dreadful moment of pubtious steps he approached the curtain, and spoke lic calamity to satisfy their murderous thirst for ther. human life, to condemn their fellow beings to a second death! My brave soldiers and companions, would that you had sunk beneath the wave ! May I ask a conference with you? I have It is frightful; it deserves revenge, and shall vas deep and lasting. That night her aunt's ill- you, relying on your honor. If the wells of ther.'
shall be laid prostrate, and every cuizen pay a shall be laid prostrate, and every cuizen pay a sess greatly increased. A dispatch was sent for Soleure fall, I shall be buried under their ruins; Ellen made no reply, and, raising the eur- with his life this horrible outrage; and as for shall be laid prostrate, and every citizen pay and independent State.

ing up, have I not the weapon in my hand that. will pierce his heart? The ungrateful wretch. Did I not receive his daughter with the tenderleure. They must fall; all opposition will be ness of a parent ! did I not give my worl to protect her? His baseness exceeds buman com-prehension. Go, he exclaimed to one of his at-A deep silence prevailed. At length the citizens deluge the streets; but it is all in vain. tendants, bring the girl here. Her father shall duke said, 'Upon the line of our encampment I come, then, to beg you to use your influence butterly rement of his outcome.

" My noble lord, and pomee," said the young Count Papenheim, ins eyes sparkling with five, and his cheeks glowing with emotion, "I am the youngest of your guards; but if none else will speak, I will beseech you, for the sake of your You are just and good: do not in a moment of anger commit a deed that you will for ever re-

At this moment Ellen appeared. She was pale, and evidently suspected some new calamity

. What means this unwouled excitement ? said am I to believe !"

. My dearest factor,' said the count, 'seizing his hand, "it was not the first time that I had of her, had given up all expectation of seeing her again. I see, my prince, continued he, raisnow too late for concealment. I love her, and, kneeling, implore your mercy for her.?

The duke looked angry and perturbed, and east gloomy and threatening glances around him. His nobles spoke not a word. All was still; even the storm was husbed, and the roarby terror and emotion, was suking to the ground when the young count rushed forward to support

" Away P exclaimed the duke, "they shall both be put under guard.

At this moment a page entered, and informed the duke that his army were returning with the

other with astonishment.

' Let him rater,' exclaimed the duke, sternly. In a moment the venerable Buches appeared before him.

. My lord, said he, . I deliver to you the men whose lives we saved. All that their forlors situation required we have administered. I come in the name of my fellow-citizens to restore them to you as fellow men. To-morrow it will be our hard lot to fight them as foes. But I citizens have lost their lives in saving your army. Their families are left destitute. Should you enter our town as a conqueror, protect the widows, orphans, and aged parents of these victims to humanity. When Soleure is no longer free, I shall be no more; but I die willingly for my country, coulding in the protection you have promised to my daughter."

Overcome by the magnatimity of Bucheg, the duke sprang from his seat, and threw his arms around him. 'My heart will cease to heat,' said he, and the blood to flow in my veins, when I enter Soleure as a conqueror. Witness, thou, its venerable magistrate, and you, ye nobles, hear me, when I declare to you, what I will repeat in the face of the world. In the name of the Emperor Frederick, I declare Soleure a free and independent State. To-morrow morning I will enter its walls, not as a conqueror, but as a guest and with your permission plant upon its walls my banner, that it may remain as a token of my friendship and gratitude to future generations, and towards the noble magistrate, the father and protector of his country's freedom.'

But I have another duty to perform. Count Papenheim, my old and well-tried friend, will you grant a request from your Prince?

A smile from the old man said more than words.

'My new found friend!' said he, addressing Bucheg, will you take this young man, whom I love as a son, for a son-in-law? If your daughter declines, I have nothing more to say.' The look of joy, of tenderness, of blushing modesty. that she cast on the young count, as with a soldier's impetuosity he threw his arms around her. snoke no aversion even to the unprepared fa-

Take her then,' said he, 'it is all mystery, but I trust in the goodness of that Being who has already changed our mourning to joy.

From this time Soleure has been joind to the have it-bloody revenge. The walls of Soleure Helvetic League, and acknowledged as a free

THE END.