

of Emily. She sought for a time to shut out the horrible suspicion from her mind—she half doubted the evidence of her own senses—she could not believe that he was a traitor—for her own memory had treasured every token of his affection—every impassioned word and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last, the doubtful spectre which had long haunted her, and from which she turned away, as if it were a sin to look upon it, now stood before her—a dreadful and unescapable vision of reality. There was one burst of passionate tears—the overflow of that fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope in the desolate bosom,—and she was calm—for the struggle was over, and she gazed steadily and with the awful confidence of one whose hopes are not on earth, upon the dark valley of death, whose shadow was already around her.

It was a beautiful evening in summer, that I saw her for the last time. The sun was just setting behind a long line of blue and undulating hills, touching their tall summits with a radiance like the halo that encircles the dazzling brow of an angel—and all nature had put on the rich garniture of greenness and blossom. As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily—I found the door of the little parlor thrown open; and a female voice of a sweetness, which could hardly be said to belong to earth, stole out upon the soft summer air. It was like the breathing of an *Æolian lute* to the gentlest visitation of a zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen, and these words—I shall never forget them—came upon my ears like the low and melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams:—

Oh—no—I do not fear to die,
For Hope and Faith are bold;
And life is but a weariness—
And earth is strangely cold—
In view of Death's pale solitude
My spirit hath not mourned—
'Tis kinder than forgotten love,
Or friendship unreturned!

And I could pass the shadowed land
In rapture all the while—
If one who now is far away
Were near me with his smile.
It seems a dreary thing to die
Forgotten and alone—
Unheeded by our dearest love—
The smiles and tears of one!

Oh! plant my grave with pleasant flowers,
The fairest of the fair—
The very flowers he loved to twine
At twilight in my hair—
Perchance he yet may visit them,
And shed above my bier
The holiest dew of funeral flowers—
"Affection's kindly tear!"

It was the voice of Emily—it was her last song. She was leaning on her hand as I entered the apartment—her thin white hand resting on her forehead. She rose and welcomed me with a melancholy smile. It played over her features for a moment, flushing her cheek with a slight and sudden glow—

and then passed away, leaving in its stead, the wanness and mournful beauty of the dying. It has been said that Death is always terrible to look upon. But to the stricken Emily, the presence of the destroyer was like the ministration of an angel of light and holiness. She was passing off to the land of spirits like the melting of a sunset cloud into the blue of heaven—stealing from existence like the last strain of ocean music when it dies away slowly and sweetly upon the moonlit waters.

A few days after, I stood by the grave of Emily. The villagers had gathered together, one and all, to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to the lovely sleeper. They mourned her loss with a deep and sincere lamentation—they marvelled that one so young and so beloved should yield herself up to melancholy, and perish in the spring time of her existence. But they knew not the hidden arrow which had rankled in her bosom—the slow and secret withering of her heart. She had borne the calamity in silence—in the uncomplaining quietude of one, who felt that there are woes which may not ask for sympathy—afflictions, which like the canker concealed in the heart of some fair blossom, are discovered only by the untimely decay of their victim.

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

"Unheeded, pass not by
The bravery of woman; trust we good Sir Knight,
It bears us good record in olden deeds
Of chivalry, and even beams as glorious
As woman's love!"—*Decker.*

It is delightful to record instances of the glory in which the most lovely objects of the creation have distinguished themselves, so as to render them equal to the much, though unjustly, vaunted superiority of man. Confessing, however, that woman appears in the most beautiful, because delicate light, in her domestic character; still we are pleased at finding her, occasionally, emerging from those tender duties, to assert her rights to the rewards of heroism. We have, therefore, the agreeable task of mingling with our sketches of woman in her more subdued character, a record of woman's valor, nothing less than the institution of a *female order of Knighthood!* which was created by Don Raymond, the last Earl of Barcelona, (who, by a marriage with Petronilla, only daughter and heiress of Romino, the monk king, united that principality to the kingdom of Arragon,) who, in the year 1149, gained the city of Tortosa from the Moors.

In the course of the ensuing winter, however, the Moors, having recruited their army, laid siege again to the place; for a length of time the inhabitants bore the siege firmly, and with the utmost and uncompromising bravery, but having suffered extreme privations, they