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Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.

SOME little time elapsed ere our young heroine recovered herself, after the agitating and unexpected visit of Albert. In manner and appearance he was so changed from the boy she had remembered him when he left Hohenstein, that she could scarcely believe him to be the same—his language to herself how different to the wayward scoldings, the childish impatience, with which he used to treat her. Yet the change made her sorrowful—it had destroyed that happy freedom, that familiar intercourse, which in bygone days they had enjoyed together; but did it make her feel less affection towards him. oh! no,—for had he not expressed far more for her. It only taught her the sad truth, of which he was the first to remind her, that he was not her brother—that born as he was to a high station, to her he was lost forever.”

“And yet it is well,” she mentally said: “he is a beautiful creature, but all wild and headstrong as he is, would he not too often have proved a hindrance in my path to heaven, and drawn me aside where dangers and temptations would have encompassed me. I can still pray for him, and if I might only be made the humble instrument of leading him to Thee my Saviour, how far happier I should feel than if I were even permitted to share in all his future honours.”

Adelaide spent the remaining portion of her time, previous to retiring to rest, in fervent prayer; after which she felt so composed and strengthened that as she laid her innocent head on the pillow of that bed, so replete with melancholy thoughts—no fear assailed her—no doubt arose in her mind—sleep sealed her eyes, and when again she unclosed them, the sun was shining brightly in the windows of her apartment, and Ulrica was standing by her side.”

“Up—rise up, sweet lady,” said the Dame, “and

see what a glorious morn awaits our bridal. The chapel is gaily decked, and courtly lords, with their ladies, are met to grace the marriage.”

“Is it then so late?” exclaimed Adelaide, springing from her couch; “how idle to be sleeping here and losing my precious time.”

“I am thankful you could rest so well in your strange abode,” returned Ulrica, who proceeded to assist her in the duties of the toilette, arranging the long fair ringlets, which fell even to her shoulders, and attiring her in a white robe, richly embroidered.

“Are you dressing me for the wedding,” asked Adelaide, with a sad smile; “is this a suitable prison garb, think you?”

“It is the one my lady has ordered for you to-day,” replied Ulrica; “and I only wish it were for a happier purpose than to sit moping here. My young lady would give her best jewels to look as you do now,” she continued, gazing upon her in admiration, “but dress her how they may they cannot make her beautiful.”

“She is not the less happy on that account,” returned Adelaide; “but give me my little ring and then I am finished. Thank you, dear Ulrica, I must now to my orisons.”

The ring of which she spoke had been taken from the hand of her mother—it was a mosaic, on which was exquisitely traced a small dove. Adelaide prized it highly, and as she placed it on her finger, she said smiling:

“Behold my bridal ring—I am married now, and my bridegroom awaits me in heaven; I must go to him.” And she passed into the turret as she spoke, and closed the door—a tear dimmed the eye of Ulrica as she noticed the angelic expression of her countenance while uttering these words.