

she thought that she recognized him. He pulled his cap quickly over his forehead, and she knew him then, beyond a doubt, by the care he took to hide his face.

"Christian!" she cried, "it is you. I am sure of it!" and she held out her hand.

"Do not touch me!" said Christian. "I am all black with powder and smoke."

"Ah! what do I care for that," she replied, "since it is you? I know all now. The miners who have been showing us about have been talking all the while of a certain Christian, a very learned man and a famous workman, who would not tell his family name, but who has the strength of a peasant and the dignity of an earl, who is courageous for all and devoted to all. Our friends did not suppose for a moment that it could be you, there are so many Christians in this Scandinavian land! But, for my part, I said to myself: 'There is only one answering to that description; it is he!' Come, then, shake hands! Are we not still brother and sister, as at Stollborg?"

How could Christian help forgetting the little offence of the wiped glove? Margaret held out her hand to him ungloved.

"You do not blush, then, to see me here?" he said. "You know that I have not been driven to come here by bad conduct, and that if I am working to-day, it is not to make up for days of idleness and folly?"

"I do not know anything about you," replied Margaret, "except that you have kept your word given formerly to Major Larrson, to be a miner, or a hunter of bears, rather than continue an occupation of which I did not approve."

"And I, Margaret, do not know anything about you, either," he replied, "except that your aunt intends to have you marry the Baron de Lindenwald, my suit against whom it appears is lost."

"It is true," said Margaret, laughing.

"My aunt hopes, in that way, to console me for the death of Baron Olaus. But since you guess so well what is going on, you ought to know, also, that I do not intend to marry at all."

Christian understood this resolution, which left him free to hope, and he vowed in his heart that he would make a fortune, even if he should have to become an egoist. In spite of all he could say, Margaret would not consent to hide the fact of his being there from the lieutenant and the minister's family, who drew near in the midst of their tête-à-tête.

"Is it he?" she cried, running to meet them; "it is our Stollborg friend—you know who I mean! This Christian, this friend of the poor, the hero of the mine, is the baron without a barony, but not without honor and heart, and if you are not as happy as I am to see him again—"

"We are, we are!" cried the minister, shaking hands with Christian. "He is setting a grand example of true nobility and religious faith."

Christian overwhelmed with caresses, praise, and questions, was obliged to promise to go and take supper in the village with his friends, who intended to pass the night there before returning to Waldemora, where Margaret was spending a fortnight at the parsonage.

Notices and Correspondence.

THE LATE GENERAL PRIM.

Don Juan Prim, Comte de Reus, Marquis de los Castellazos, who was assassinated in the streets of Madrid in January last, and whose portrait appears in the present number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, was born at Reus, in Catalonia, in Dec., 1814; entered the army at an early age, and made his first campaign in the civil war which followed the accession of Isabella II. to the Spanish throne. He was a devoted adherent to the Queen's mother, at that time Regent, who rewarded him with the rank of Colonel in 1837. After her flight, he joined the *Progresistas*, in opposition to the dictatorship of Espartero. Accused

of complicity in the insurrection at Saragoza in 1842, he fled to France, where he again attached himself to the Queen's mother, assisting her in her efforts to bring about a restoration. He headed an insurrection against Espartero at Reus in 1843, which was unsuccessful. Espartero shortly afterwards fell; and on the restoration of the Queen, he was raised to the rank of General, and appointed Governor of Madrid. Troubles soon came upon him again, for, in attempting to suppress a rising in Barcelona, he made such a disposition of his troops as to keep Catalonia in revolt for a whole year. For this he was disgraced by the Queen and tried for high treason and complicity in the attempt to as-