

"What? Man—Priest—Devil—speak again!" the Captain exclaimed, seizing the priest by the collar, then as suddenly letting go his hold. "What, my daughter! This is a cruel joke!" and he threw himself into a chair by the table, and buried his face in his hands. There was a pause. The old uncle at last went up to him; putting his hand softly on his shoulder, he said soothingly, "Hyppolite, be a man; your child lives, the daughter of your Cecile; in a few minutes she will be here."

The soldier raised his head—tears were streaming over his weather-beaten face. "*Au nom de Dieu*—in pity—if ye are men," he said brokenly, almost gasping out each word, "what would you do? why do you torture me thus?"

"By the name of our blessed Saviour," said the priest, reverently, "your daughter lives; she will be here quickly. How this is, you shall know hereafter."

Slowly, and as it were with difficulty, the soldier appeared to understand these reiterated assurances. At last he said, "Priest, you say my daughter lives, the child of my Cecile, and I will believe you—yes, I will believe you. Where, where is she?"

"Hush!" replied the Priest, (there was a sound of wheels,) "be a man."

A carriage stopped; the uncle, the Priest, and the Judge, rushed to the door. The Captain stood alone in the centre of the room, his hand resting on a table, gazing on the entry with a stupid, almost idiotic stare. In another minute a light step passed the floor of the auberge, and the full round form of a beautiful Belgian, of one or two and twenty, was before us. The Priest led her by the hand to the soldier, and said, slowly and distinctly, "Father, receive thy child—daughter, behold thy father!" The young girl stood without moving before her parent; his eyes, in the meanwhile, were bent intently on her, a wildness and eagerness no words can convey in his unsteady glances. At last he caught her to his bosom, and exclaiming, "My child! my child! my Cecile!" hung his head upon her shoulder and wept. Every one in the room, and it was by this time crowded, turned aside. The poor girl, notwithstanding she had been partially prepared for this interview, certainly showed more of shame than affection, at finding herself one of the chief actors in so exciting a scene; but the father speedily brought it to a close. "My child," said he, kissing both her glowing cheeks, "I will not complain that you feel not as I do; well I know that to be impossible. Hereafter you will know me better, and love me for myself. I must love you—the living likeness of your mother will compel that. I am a rough old campaigner, yet you will be wayward indeed if a harsh thought or word is felt or spoken against you." He then turned to the old man and said, with