

upon the door had drawn attention in the interior of the prison, from which, however, no great number of assistants could on this dangerous night venture to absent themselves. What followed for the next few minutes hurried onwards, incident crowding upon incident, like the motions of a dream: Manasseh, lying on the ground, yelled out, "The bell! the bell!" to him who followed. The man understood, and made for the belfry-door attached to the chapel; upon which Pierpoint drew a pistol, and sent the bullet whizzing past his ear so truly, that fear made the man obedient to the counter-orders of Pierpoint for the moment. He paused and awaited the issue.—In a moment had all cleared the wall, traversed the waste ground beyond it, lifted Agnes over the low railing, shaken hands with our benefactor Ratcliffe, and pushed onwards as rapidly as we were able to the little dark lane, a quarter of a mile distant, where had stood waiting for the last two hours a chaise-and-four.

THE RELIGION OF LOVE.—It is one of our chief privileges, as Christians, that we have in Jesus Christ a revelation of perfect love. This great idea comes forth to us from his life and teaching, as a distinct and bright reality. To understand this is to understand Christianity. To call forth in us a corresponding energy of disinterested affection, is the mission which Christianity has to accomplish on the earth.

"There is one characteristic of the love of Christ, to which the Christian world are now waking up as from long sleep, and which is to do more than all things for the renovation of the world. He loved individual man. Before his time, the most admired form of goodness was patriotism. Men loved their country, but cared nothing for their fellow-creatures beyond the limits of country, and cared little for the individual within those limits, devoting themselves to public interests, and especially to what was called the glory of the state. The legislator, seeking by his institutions to exalt his country above its rivals, and the warrior, fastening its yoke on its foes, and crowning it with bloody laurels, were the great names of earlier times. Christ loved man, not masses of men; loved each and all, and not a particular country and class. The human being was dear to him for his own sake; not for the spot of earth on which he lived, not for the language he spoke, not for his rank in life, but for his humanity, for his spiritual nature, for the image of God in which he was made. Nothing outward in human condition engrossed the notice or narrowed the sympathies of Jesus. He looked to the human soul. That he loved. That divine spark he desired to cherish, no matter where it dwelt, no matter how it was dimmed. * * * His love to every human being surpassed that of a parent to an only child. Jesus was great in all things, but in nothing greater than in his comprehension of the worth of a human spirit. Before his time no one dreamed of it. The many had been sacrificed to the few. The mass of men had been trodden under foot. History had been but a record of struggles and institutions, which breathed nothing so strongly as contempt of the human race.

"Jesus was the first philanthropist. He brought with him a new era, the era of philanthropy; and from his time a new spirit has moved over the troubled waters of society, and will move until it has brought order and beauty out of darkness and confusion. The men whom he trained, and into whom he had poured most largely his own spirit, were signs, proofs, that a new kingdom had come. They consecrated themselves to a work at that time without precedent, wholly original, such as had not entered human thought. They left home, possessions, country, went abroad into strange lands, and not only put life in peril, but laid it down, to spread the truth which they had received from their Lord, to make the true God, even the Father, known to his blinded children, to make the Saviour known to the sinner, to make life and immortality known to the dying, to give a new impulse to the human soul. We read of the mission of the apostles as if it were a thing of course. The thought perhaps never comes to us, that they entered on a sphere of action until that time wholly unexplored; that not a track had previously marked their path; the great conception, which inspired them, of converting a world, had never dawned on the sublimest intellect; that the spiritual love for every human being, which carried them over oceans, and through deserts, amid scourgings, and fastings, and imprisonments, and death, was a new light from heaven breaking out on earth, a new revelation of the divinity in human nature. Then it was, that man began to yearn for man with a godlike love. Then a new voice was heard on earth, the voice of prayer for the recovery, pardon, happiness of a world. It was most strange, it was a miracle more worthy of admiration than the raising of the dead, that from Judea, the most exclusive, narrow country under heaven, which hated and scorned all other nations, and shrunk from their touch as pollution, should go forth men to proclaim the doctrine of human brotherhood, to give to every human being, however fallen or despised, assurances of God's infinite love, to break down the barriers of nation and rank, to pour out their blood like water in the work of diffusing the spirit of universal love. Thus mightily did the character of Jesus act on the spirits of the men with whom he had lived."—*Dr. Channing.*

THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

On the banks of the fair Rhine, opposite the town of Coblenz, and close to the confluence of the Moselle and Rhine, stands a lofty rock, crowned by the shattered ruins of Ehrenbreitstein. This once impregnable fortress, with its varied fortunes and magnificent locality, has become so familiar to us by means of "Tours," "Views," etc., as to need no description. Its image, frowning over the waves of that exulting and abounding river, which nobly foams and flows at the base, and its shattered wall, "black with the miner's blast," is present to every one. The remembrances induced by the sight of the dismantled fortress are of a character peculiarly affecting and tragic; and the scenes of suffering included in the brief notices of the blockade of Ehrenbreitstein have few parallels in the annals of war. In the course of the campaigns immediately following the French revolution, this castle experienced, on several occasions, the vicissitudes of war, and more than once exchanged its possessors by force, stratagem, or capitulation. In 1797, it endured a close siege for eighteen months, terminated only by the peace of Leoben, which transferred it from the elector of Mayence to French mastery. On this occasion, colonel Faber was its brave and resolute commandant; and determined, with his veteran garrison, to abide the event of the siege, for which he was well prepared as to means of defence. The excavated galleries and bomb-proof walls of Ehrenbreitstein bade defiance to the enemy; but a sorer foe lurked within her walls than force or fraud, and not many days had passed before the governor appointed a more economical distribution of provision, in order to avert, as long as possible, the dreaded evil of famine. Among the fated inmates of the castle were Count D'Aubigny, his lovely wife, and their child, the blooming Eugene. They had sought safety in emigration during the reign of terror in Paris, and had quitted their residence in that city, and the unquiet scenes of their native land, until more peaceful times. Now too hastily attempting a return to their loved home, they had been intercepted by the officers of the German government, and their passports proving unsatisfactory to the authorities of Coblenz, the noble prisoners were transferred to Ehrenbreitstein, and there detained as valuable hostages. Count D'Aubigny felt the peculiar severity of his lot in thus being captured at the very threshold of his own country; detained for an indefinite time, and shut within these guarded walls by his own friends, who were, without unfriendly intentions, to prove the means of the severest suffering to him and his unfortunate family. But he dreaded most the threatened evils of the siege for his gentle Eveline and darling child. He pleaded for permission to send them under a flag of truce to Coblenz, while he remained and shared the lot of the garrison; he asked not for liberty even for them, but only a change in their place of imprisonment, that they might not incur the risk of the most horrible of deaths.

The sturdy Faber denied the suit. "The lady's tongue," said he, "is not to be trusted; she will betray our destitute condition. She and her son must share our fare and our famine; and when the provisions fail, as fail they will ere I yield the fortress, perhaps the knowledge of a lady's sufferings may dispose your gallant countrymen to come more readily to terms."

D'Aubigny returned to the apartment of his countess, who already guessed the terrible truth. Her mind was as firm, her character as elevated, and her love as faithful, as her disposition was feminine and gentle, and she strove to soothe and comfort her agonised husband, whispering words of hope which she hardly felt. The cup of woe from which the tender mother and heroic wife shrunk not on her own account, was, however, to be drained to its last most bitter dregs, and every day brought an increase of suffering, beneath which the firmest soldier quailed. The frail and delicate boy, ill prepared by his careful and luxurious training to bear such trials, was the first to sink; and his agonised parents saw his cheek fade, his laughing eye become dim, and his step bound less playfully over the court-yard, and they gazed mournfully on each other, and on their drooping blossom.

The count took Eveline's hand and said, "Could I, my loved wife, could I have believed when I sought your heart in scenes of festal gaiety and wealth, that I should only win it to share in the horrors of such a destiny, or could I have dreamed, when I first looked on my child's face, that I should live to wish him unborn, rather than see him perish thus slowly and horribly?"

"Hush! D'Aubigny," said his gentle wife, "repine not; we are still the objects of the love and care of a merciful God, and he will soon give us freedom and happiness, if not on earth, in the world of enjoyment above. But, see! our boy sleeps! let us cherish his repose; it will win him a few minutes from hunger."

"No, mamma, I cannot sleep," said the languid voice of the little Eugene.

The count took up the emaciated child in his arms, and forced his way to colonel Faber, exclaiming, in a voice broken by sobs, "Look on my boy; he is my only child. If you have the heart of a man, pity him before it is too late; send him away from Ehrenbreitstein."

"I cannot," replied Faber, resolutely, though his eye glistened with a tear of sympathy as he spoke; "I am responsible to my

country, for the fulfilment of the trust which she has given me. Your child shall have my share of provision; but my duty sternly forbids your request, I cannot, sir, I cannot grant it."

"Do not weep, dear papa," murmured the child; "I never saw you weep before. I shall soon be better. I will eat what we can still procure. O do not weep, dear papa."

With an effort mighty at his age, did the little Eugene force himself to share the loathsome morsels scantily doled out to the starving garrison. The flesh of dogs and horses had long been exhausted, and were now vainly sought as the highest luxuries. Many of the troops had already perished; and the fair young mother and her tender boy showed, by their failing strength and tremulous voices, that they were soon about to follow. Again the wretched father and husband attempted to move the governor, who continued inexorable; and becoming almost frantic by repeated denials of his request, was ordered to solitary confinement. "A merciful punishment," said Faber, "since the unfortunate man will now be spared the misery of looking on sufferings which he cannot alleviate."

Deprived of the society of her husband, the last resource of her wretchedness, the only solace in her deep anguish, the countess and her little son remained in a lonely chamber in the loftiest tower of the fortress, and with longing eyes and yearning hearts looked out on the free waters of the Rhine that sparkled brightly as they flowed, eight hundred feet below the walls of their prison. The glad sunshine streamed through the narrow slits which afforded them light and air, and from which they could see the white city of Coblenz glittering among the trees on the opposite side of the river. It was a beautiful sight to look upon; but the mental anguish the mother endured as she gazed upon her boy, and thought shudderingly of the husband who had been torn from her side, and who was wont to soothe her in her sorrows, prevented her from deriving the pleasure she was accustomed to experience when beholding the glories of nature and the productions of art.

Hour after hour slowly waned away, the stillness of their apartment broken only by the hoarse mingled sounds of the besieging army, or the step of the sentinel before the tower in which they were confined. Within the fortress all was dismay: the succors which they had asked from the city of Rastadt had been refused; and men looked on each other's pale and withered features, each seeking to read the opinion of his brother-in-arms, as to the probability of the iron-hearted Faber surrendering the trust reposed in him, now that all external aid was helpless, or whether, still keeping the gates closed, he would perish within the walls.

But the sufferings of the beautiful wife of D'Aubigny were fast ending. On the morning of the day on which the governor capitulated, the mother spoke faintly to her child, who laid with his face on her bosom, "Eugene," said she, "if you survive this peril, let the deliverance be a pledge to you of the never-failing mercy of God, and let it teach you sympathy with the wants of others. Never let the poor and the hungry plead with you in vain."

"Mamma," feebly articulated the child, "let me hold your hand."

She clasped it; it was cold. She looked upon her boy; his eye was closing; he gave her one glance of affection, and his spirit fled.

An hour afterwards the fortress surrendered. The brother of Eveline was in the army of the conquerors; he knew his sister and her husband and child were in Ehrenbreitstein; and hastily commanding one of the fainting garrison to lead him to their apartment, rushed eagerly into the room. No living one was there save himself; and at the sight that met his view, he stood transfixed with horror. Eugene was lying on the bed, his limbs composed in death, and the wasted form of his once-beautiful mother lay beside him. She had perished while performing the last sad offices of affection for her child.

The count lived but to receive the embrace of his brother, and died in his arms.

MR. YARRELL'S BIRDS.

OF THE KESTREL.—"Mice, as before stated, certainly form the principal part of the food of this species; and it appears to obtain them by dropping suddenly upon them, and thus taking them by surprise. Montagu says that he never found any feathers in the stomach of the kestrel; but it is certain that it does occasionally kill and devour small birds. The remains of coleopterous insects, their larvae, and earth-worms, have been found in their stomachs; and Mr. Selby, on the authority of an eye-witness, has recorded the following fact: 'I had the pleasure this summer of seeing the kestrel engaged in an occupation entirely new to me,—hawking after cockchafers late in the evening I watched him with a glass and saw him dart through a swarm of the insects, seize one in each claw, and eat them flying. He returned to the charge again and again. I ascertained it beyond doubt, as I afterwards shot him. In spring the kestrel frequently takes possession of the nest of a crow or a magpie, in which to deposit its eggs. Sometimes these birds build in high rocks, or on old towers, and among the ruins of buildings, laying four, and