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— THE —
LITERARY GAZETTE
 — AND —
BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1851.

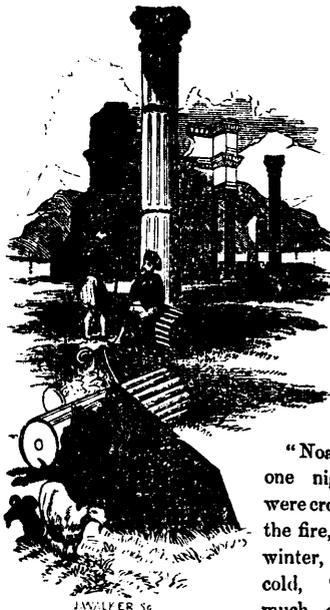
NO. 12.

NOAH COTTON: *

A TALE OF CONSCIENCE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

MY MOTHER'S HISTORY.



J. WILKES sc.

BECAME a prey to constant remorse: my health daily declined. — My mother at last remarked the change in my appearance. But at that time I believe she had no idea of the cause.

“Noah,” she said one night as we were crouching over the fire, for it was winter, and very cold, “You are much changed of

late. You look ill and out of spirits; you eat little and speak less. My son what ails you?”

“I am tired of this place, mother. I should like to sell off and go to America.”

“And leave me for ever, Noah.”

“You of course would go with me.”

“Never!” said my mother emphatically. “Of all places in the world, I cannot go there.”

I looked up enquiringly.

“I will give you a sufficient reason,” she con-

tinued. “Listen to me, my son. I have never told you anything about myself, but it is time you should know all. My husband, whose name you bear, is not to my knowledge dead, but if living, he is in America.”

“Oh, that I had been his son!” I groaned internally; “well, mother proceed.”

“To make matters intelligible to you,” she continued. “I must go back to my early days. I was the only child of a poor shoemaker in the town of St. Albans. My father was reckoned a good hand at his trade, but he was sadly addicted to drink; for ten years before he died, I never remember his going one night to his bed sober. My poor mother, who was a neat quiet little woman, did all in her power to keep things strait, but first one piece of household furniture went, and then another, until we were left with bare walls and an empty cupboard.”

“‘Annie,’ said my mother, this will not do. You must go out and work for your living. You cannot starve.”

“And you, mother——”

“‘God will take care of me, my child. I cannot leave your father. He is my husband and in spite of this dreadful vice, I love him still.’

“I was reckoned a very pretty girl by my neighbors, and they were all very sorry for our altered circumstances. They blamed and pitied my father, who had been a general favorite before he became so lost to us and himself, while they respected and did all in their power to help my mother.

“One of these sympathising friends, who was the dress-maker employed by the great lady of

* Continued from page 493.—Conclusion.

the parish, got me into service as waiting maid to the young ladies at the Grange.

"Miss Elinor Landsmeer was on the point of marriage with Mr. Carlos, and she used to talk to me a great deal about her lover, while I was dressing her hair of a night. He was so handsome, she said, so good natured; he danced and sang so well, rode so gallantly, was such a capital shot, and was so much admired by all the ladies, that she was, she considered, the most fortunate girl in the world to secure the affections of such a charming man. 'And then, Annie, beside all these advantages of person and manner, *he is so rich? so immensely rich*, that he can indulge me in all my tastes for pictures and flowers without ruining himself.' And then she clapped her hands and laughed in childish glee. And very young she was, and very pretty too, but it was not a showy prettiness. Miss Elinor was soft and gentle, not gay and dashing, like some of her elder sisters. They were all engaged to men of rank, and they laughed at their sister for marrying an untitled man. But she was so much in love with Mr. Carlos, that she was as happy as a lark.

"When I saw Mr. Carlos, I thought that she was indeed a fortunate young lady, and I could not help envying her, the handsome rich lover who was so soon to make her his wife.

"I always liked waiting upon my pretty young lady, but I felt a double pleasure in doing so when Mr. Carlos was by. He often joked Miss Elinor on my good looks and would ask her, 'if she were not jealous of her pretty maid.'

"'Oh, no,' she would laughingly reply. 'I am like you, Walter, I don't like ugly women about me. Annie is a nice pretty girl, cannot you find a good husband for her among your tenants.'

"'I'll do my best,' he said in the same bantering tone. 'By the by Annie, if that is your name, what do you think of my valet, Noah Cotton?'

"'What an antiquated name,' and my mistress laughed out. 'Was he brought up in the ark?'

"'Names go by contraries, my dear,' said the squire. 'Noah is quite young and instead of being soft like Cotton, is a devilish shrewd, clever fellow; I think he would suit your Annie exactly.'

"'Well, we shall see. Look at him, Annie, the next time he comes in, and tell me what you think of him.'

"'Oh, Miss Elinor,' I cried, blushing, and curtseying, 'I never look at the servants. I am too young to marry.'

"'But I did look at Mr. Cotton, and I thought him all that his master had said he was. He was

very attentive to me, and soon told me that he preferred me to all the young girls he had ever seen. Now, I did not love him, but I thought it would be a fine thing to be married, like my mistress; and Mr. Cotton had a good place of it with Mr. Carlos, and could keep me very comfortably. So, when he asked me to marry him, I consulted Miss Elinor, and she was enchanted, and said, 'that we should be married on the same day with her, and that she would buy my wedding suit, and Mr. Carlos would pay all the expenses of the marriage; and we could live with them still, in the same capacity.'

"And it all took place as she promised. I was dressed in white muslin with white ribbons and a white moss rose-bud in my bosom; and Mr. Carlos said, that I looked as handsome as my mistress, and that Noah was a very fortunate man, that if he had not been going to marry Miss Elinor, he would have married me himself. But this was all a joke then, and the gentleman laughed, but I do not think that my young mistress was pleased, for she did not smile even, but looked very grave and was very hard to please for some days after we left the Grange.

"Mr. Carlos took his bride abroad and we went with them to a great many different countries and places. It was rather dull for me, because I could not speak the outlandish lingo of those strange lands, and after the honey moon was over my husband grew very cross, and was very jealous of every man to whom I spoke, though God knows, at that time, I had never given him the least cause for suspicion.

"My master always reprimanded him, whenever he heard him speak sharply to me, but this interference only made him worse. Thus matters went on from day to day, until I began to hate him, and I wished from my very heart that I had never married. I no longer tried to please him, but did all in my power to vex and aggravate him. My mistress to whom I often complained of his cruel treatment, told me, that she thought I was wrong, that instead of making affronts out of every trifle, I should study more how to please him. That if she were to behave to her husband in the way that I did to mine, she should not wonder at his disliking her.

"I thought these observations very unkind, and unjust, and I left her room crying. Mr. Carlos met me in the hall, and asked what had happened, and I told him what his wife had said, and described how I had been treated by Noah. He pinched my cheek, and told me to dry my eyes, for crying spoilt my beauty, and not to care for what Noah, or my mistress said to me. That he was

my friend and loved and respected me too much to see me ill used. Foolish girl that I was, I felt proud of my master's sympathy, and lost no opportunity to increase it, and attract his attention. You may guess, Noah, how all this ended. My master conceived a violent passion for me, which I was not slow in returning. For two years our illicit intercourse escaped the vigilant eyes of my husband, and the fretful jealousy of my mistress. The fear of detection made me very cautious. In the presence of the injured parties I became more distant and respectful in my manner to my master, and more eager to please my mistress, and my now detested husband. For the above named period, both were deceived, and it was during this season of hypocrisy and guilt that you, my son, were born. The startling resemblance that you bore to your real father, did not escape the observation of my husband, and it called forth some of his bitterest remarks.

"I, for my part, swore that the babe was the image of him, and in order to lull his suspicions, I conferred upon the child, the odious and detested name of Noah.

"My mistress often visited my chamber during my confinement, and once she brought Mr. Carlos with her to see the baby. 'It is a beautiful infant,' he said, kissing it with all his heart in his eyes. 'The picture of Annie.'

"'You will laugh at me, Walter,' said my mistress, gravely. 'But I think the child the image of you.'

"My mistress looked him full in the face. I thought he would have let the babe fall, he did so stammer and color, and try to laugh her words off, as a good joke. As to me, my face burnt like fire; and I drew up the bed-clothes to conceal it, but her quick eye had detected me. She looked first at me, and then at her husband. There needed no further witness of our guilt, we were both convicted by conscience, yet we boldly tried to affect indifference.

"'I see how it is,' she cried, bursting into tears; 'You have both cruelly wronged me. Yet for this poor babe's sake, I pray God to forgive you.'

"She kissed the child with great tenderness, laid it in the bed beside me, and withdrew in tears. My heart smote me, and I wept too. The Squire bent over me, and kissing the tears from my eyes, said in a whisper, 'Annie, the cat is out of the bag. My darling, you cannot stay here. I will get a carriage and take you to London. You will be safe there, and I can see you, without this painful restraint we are forced to put upon our actions here.'

"I did not answer. I was sorry for my mistress, and ashamed of my own base conduct, and at that moment, I almost felt as if I hated him.

"It was some days before I was able to be removed, but I saw my mistress no more. The maidservant who waited upon me, told me that she was very ill, confined to her bed, that the doctor visited her twice a-day, and said, that she must be kept very still. That she believed her sickness was occasioned by a quarrel with the master; but she did not know what it was all about, but that he had left her room in a great rage, and was gone from home for some days.

"I could not doubt that I was the author of this illness, and that they had quarrelled about me; and I was not a little anxious to leave the Hall.

"That evening, my husband came in to see me. He sat down by the bed-side, and looked cross and moodily at me. The baby was crying, and I asked him to hold it for me for a minute.

'The hateful brat!' he said, 'I should like to wring its neck.'

"What an affectionate father," I cried.

"'Father!' he burst out in a voice of thunder, 'Will you dare to call me the father of this child?'

"Of course, it is your child."

"'Madam, 'tis a base lie!' he cried, bending down to me, and hissing the words into my ear. 'Mr. Carlos is the father of this child, and you know it. Has not God brought against you, a witness of your guilt, in the face of this bastard, whom you have called by my name, to add insult to injury. I could kill both you and it, did I not know, that that would be but a poor revenge. No—live to deserve his scorn, as you have done to deserve mine, and may this child be your punishment and your curse!'

"I cowered before his just and furious anger. I no longer sought to deny my guilt, still less, to treat his forgiveness for the injury I had done him, and I drew a freer breath, when he tauntingly informed me, that from that moment, I was nothing to him. That he no longer looked upon me as his wife. That he had taken his passage to America, and would leave England for ever on the morrow.'

"He was true to his word. That meeting was our last. Both the Squire and I rejoiced at his departure, for he was the only party from whose anger we had really anything to dread. My poor mistress would suffer in silence, she would never make her wrongs known to the world.

"Mr. Carlos hired lodgings for me in London, where I lived, until his wife died, which was within the twelvemonth. Her death, for a while,

greatly affected the Squire. Once he said to me, very sorrowfully, a few days after her funeral 'Oh, Annie, my love for you has broken my poor wife's heart. I wish to God I had never seen you.'

"These words made me very unhappy, for I was too fond of the Squire, not to fear a diminution of his love, and I could not help feeling deep remorse for the share I had had in the untimely death of my beautiful young mistress.

"I grew sad and melancholy; and Mr. Carlos, who really loved me better than anything in the world, brought me down to his country residence, and gave me the porter's lodge. He was always guarded in his intercourse with me before strangers; but during the twenty years that I have lived in this parish, he has seldom, when in the country, suffered a day or night to pass without seeing me, and spending some hours in my company.

"You may now perceive, Noah, how great has been our loss in the death of the Squire. I have lost a kind friend and protector and you, an affectionate father. Do not urge me to leave this place. When I die, I wish my bones to lie in the same church-yard, although his rank hinders me from sharing his grave.'

My mother ceased speaking, and I sat glaring upon her for some time in silence. She appeared tranquil and composed, as if she had no idea of the crime she had committed. Was she not as much a murderess as I was a murderer? Had not her guilt brought her kind and excellent mistress to an early grave; and had not her sin been the parent of my own? Then I thought of her husband's terrible words. 'May that child live to be your punishment and your curse!' Was not the fearful prediction already fulfilled, although she was ignorant of it. I cannot say that I felt glad that she was no purer than myself, but it seemed a palliation of my own guilt.

My mother was annoyed at my long silence. "What are you thinking about Noah?"

"The shocking story you have just told me. I did not think it possible, mother, that you could be so bad."

"My son! What do you mean?"

"What I say. If this story does not lower you in your own eyes, it does in mine. I have always respected and venerated you, till this moment. I can do so no longer. Not that I am better than you. For mark me mother, as the tree is, so is the fruit. How can you expect me, the offspring of such guilt, ever to make a good man?"

"This is strange language, Noah, from you.

Thank God, you have not yet done aught to deserve reproach."

"You don't know what I have done. What this confession of yours may induce me to do. God knows, I would rather have been the son of the despised and injured man, whose name I bear, than of the silken reprobate, it was your shame to love."

"Oh, Noah, do not speak thus of your own father!"

"Curse him! he has already met with his reward, and your sin, mother, will yet find you out."

I sprang from my chair to leave the room. My mother laid her hand upon my arm, and raised her tearful eyes to my face.

"Noah, I have not deserved this treatment from you. Whatever my faults may have been, I have been a kind affectionate mother to you."

She looked so piteous through her tears, that savage as I felt, my heart reproached me for speaking so harshly to her. I kissed her pale cheek, and sighed deeply. "I forgive you, my poor mother. I would that God could as easily, pardon us both."

She looked enquiringly at me, but I lighted the candle, and strode up to bed.

EVIL THOUGHTS.

All day I toiled hard at my farm to drown evil thoughts. If I relaxed the least from my labor, the tempter was ever at hand, urging me to commit fresh crimes, and night brought with it horrors that I dared not remember in the light of day. I no longer cared for wealth, but industry always brings its reward, and in spite of myself money accumulated, and I grew rich.

My household expenses were so moderate, for I shunned all society, that every year I put by a large sum, little caring by whom it might hereafter be spent.

My mother sometimes urged me to marry, but I slighted the idea. The history of her wedded life was enough to make me eschew matrimony for ever.

My old craze for leaving the country was still strong upon me, but I had promised my mother that I would remain at F—— as long as she lived. Often as I sat opposite to her of an evening, I wished that it would please God to take her, for I never met her eye, but I was fearful lest she should read the dreadful secret in the guilt of mine. I had loved her so devotedly when a boy, that these sinful thoughts were little less than murder.

There was another person whom I always dreaded to meet, and that was Mrs. Martin, the mother of my unfortunate victim. This woman always looked me so resolutely in the face, that I felt my cheeks flush beneath her searching gaze. There was something I could scarcely define in her earnest regard, it was a mixture of contempt and defiance. Fortunately for me, she heard of a situation in a distant parish, and a subscription was set on foot by a kind neighbor, to procure the means for her removal—I was so eager to get rid of her, that anonymously I subscribed ten pounds. My mother and her gossips imagined that this donation came from the Hall, but Sir Walter had no such motive as mine, to stimulate his bounty.

It was just at this period that I fell sick of a dangerous, highly infectious fever. The house was of course deserted. The doctor alone dared visit the infected chamber, and my mother was left to nurse me herself. The good, the happy, the fortunate, the lovely, and the beloved, those to whom life is very dear, and the world a paradise, die, and are forgotten in the dust. But a despairing heaven-abandoned, miserable wretch like me, struggled through the horrors of that waking night-mare of agony, the typhus fever, and once more recovered to the consciousness of unutterable woe.

Delirium, like wine, lays bare the heart in all its weakness and its guilt, both reveal secrets which the possessor has for half a life carefully hid.

This I doubt not was my case, although no human lip ever revealed to me the fact.

When I left my bed, I found my mother gliding about like the spectre of her former self. Her beautiful auburn hair, of which she was so proud, and which, when a boy, I used to admire so much in its glossy bands, was as white as snow, and her bright, blue, loving eye had lost all its fire, and looked dim and hopeless, like the eyes of the dead.

Alarmed at her appearance, I demanded if she were ill, she shook her head, and said, "that her anxiety for me had sadly pulled her down. But I need not ask any questions. Her sin had found her out." And then she hurried from me, and I heard her weeping hysterically in her own room.

Could I have betrayed myself during the ravings of fever, I trembled at the thought, but I dared not ask. From that hour, no confidence existed between me and my mother. During the day I laboured in the field, and we saw little of each other. At night we sat for hours in silence without uttering a word. Both seemed unwilling to go to bed, but as if we lacked heart or courage

to disclose to the other, the sorrow that was consuming us. Years passed on in this cheerless gloom, this living death. My mother at last seemed to awaken from her stupor of despair, she read the Bible earnestly, she wept and prayed, she went regularly to the meeting house, and got what they call religion. Gradually she grew more cheerful, and would talk to me of the change that she had experienced, and would urge me in the most pathetic manner, to confess my sins to God, and to sue for pardon and peace, through the blood of the Saviour. My heart was closed to conviction, I could neither read nor pray.

The only thing from which I derived the least comfort, was in sending from time to time, large sums of money anonymously to Sir Walter Carlos, to relieve him from difficulties to which he was often exposed, by his reckless extravagance.

The beautiful Ella, the idol of my boyhood, followed her husband to India and died there. I heard the news with indifference, but when I saw the lovely orphan girl she had left to the guardianship of her brother, I wept bitter tears, for she was so like her mother at the same sinless age, that the sight of her filled my heart with unutterable anguish, and recalled those days of innocent glee that the corrosive poison of guilt had blotted from my memory. My paradise was in the past, but the destroying angel guarded the closed gates with his flaming sword. My present was the gulf of black despair, my future was a blank, or worse. Oh! agony of agonies, how have I contrived to endure so much, and yet live.

Death.—The good alone can contemplate death with composure. Guilt is a dreadful coward. The bad dare not die. My worst sufferings are comprized in this terrible dread of death. I have prayed for annihilation, but the fear of after punishment forbids me to hope for that. The black darkness, the soul-scorching fire, the worm that never dies, the yells of the damned,—I might learn to endure; but this hell of conscience, this being cast out for ever from the presence of God, what obstinacy of will, what hatred to good, could ever teach me to bear!

* * * * *

Ten long years have passed away. The name of Squire Carlos is almost forgotten. People used to talk over his murder at ale houses and by the road side, but they seldom speak of him now. A splendid monument covers his mouldering dust. The farmers lounge around it on the Sabbath, and discuss their crops and the news of the village. They never glance at the marble slab, or read the tale it tells. The old Hall has passed into other hands. Sir Walter dissipated his inheritance and

died childless in a distant land. The lovely little girl is gone, no one knows whither. The homage of the rising generation is paid to the present lord of the manor, and the glory of the once proud family of Carlos is lost in the dust with the things that were.

Why cannot I too forget. This night, the anniversary of the accursed night on which I first shed blood, and that the blood of a father, is as vividly impressed upon my mind, as though ten long years had not intervened. How terribly long they have been to me. Is there no forgiveness for my crime—will God take vengeance upon me for ever?

My mother still lives, but her form droops earthward. Sad, silent, and pale, her quiet endurance is my perpetual reproach. I feel that my crime is known to her, that her punishment is as terrible as my own. I took up her Bible the other day, and my eyes fell upon these words, "The seed of the adulterous bed shall perish." I felt that I was doomed, that the sins of my parents had been visited upon me, and the horrible idea brought consolation. I am no murderer, but a passive instrument in the hands of an inexorable fate.

Conscience will not be cheated. Night came, and the delusion vanished. The horrors of remorse are upon me. I know that I am a responsible creature. That as a man sows, so must he reap. God is just and merciful, he will not condemn me for another man's sin. The burden of my own is intolerable, when shall I find rest? * * *

Another ten years has vanished into the grave of time. My mother, my poor mother, is at last gone; she died calmly and full of hope. She told me that she knew all, had known it since my illness, twenty years ago. The sad conviction of my guilt had led her to repentance, she had wept and prayed for me for years, and she hoped I should find mercy and forgiveness through my Saviour's blood.

It was not until she lay dead before me that I knew how dear she was—what a dreadful blank her absence had made in my home. I no longer had her eye to dread, but like the little children who huddle together in the dark, I was afraid of being alone, afraid even in noon day of something, I knew not what.

Hodge, my man servant, had lived with me for six years. I used to be sullen and reserved to Hodge, but now I am glad to talk to him for companionship. My watch-dog has become inexpressibly dear. He sleeps at the foot of my bed of a night. Oh! that he would scare away these demons that haunt my pillow.

Hodge advises me to take a wife. He says that I should be much happier with a smart young woman to look after the affairs of the house. He is right. But alas! what can I do,—will any woman whom I could love, condescend to unite her destiny with an old, care-worn man like me. The iron hand of remorse has bent my once active figure, and turned my dark locks grey before my time. How can I ask a young girl to love and obey me.

"Tush! I have wealth. Who knows my guilt. Have I not kept the secret for years, can I not keep it still? A good woman might be the means of leading me to repentance and to God. Yes, I will marry. * * * * *

Providence, if Providence still watches over a wretch like me, has thrown a lovely, simple girl in my way. The evil spirit was upon me, and the murdered stood visibly before me face to face. Nature and reason yielded to the shock, and the fatal secret trembled on my lips. In that dark hour of mental agony, she came like a ministering spirit to soothe and comfort. She did not disdain the fear-stricken stranger, but shared with me her humble meal. My heart is melted within me, I feel a boy once more, and the sins of my manhood are lost in the dim shadows of bygone years.

She is mine—she regards me as her benefactor, while she is to me the good angel sent by a relenting God to snatch me from perdition. My heart cleaves to my new found treasure, and wonder of wonders, she loves me—loves the murderer! while her arms encircle me, the hot breath of the fiend ceases to scorch my brain.

My felicity has been of short duration. The mother of Bill Martin, and his sister, have returned. The raven of remorse is again flapping her black wings around my head. My sleep is haunted by frightful dreams. There is no peace for the wicked. The near proximity of these people fills me with dismay.

My wife is unhappy. She does not complain, but she is wasted to a shadow. I dare not enquire the cause of her grief. I recal the sad, pale face of my mother, and I tremble, lest she too may have discovered my guilt.

Oh, God! she knows it all. She asked me a question yesterday, that has sealed my doom. Instead of falling at her feet and pouring out the sorrows of my heart, I spoke harshly to her—threatened to strike her. What a miserable coward guilt has made me. I tremble before a young girl. I dare not meet her eyes. Surely the punishment of Cain was light to that which I endure.

Here the felon's manuscript abruptly terminated. Sophy still held it tightly in her hand, although her eyes blinded with tears, were unable to trace a single letter of the concluding page.

"My poor husband!" at last she sobbed. "Let us hope that you have found forgiveness and peace, for surely if your crime was great, your punishment was greater. God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live."

A gentle grasp was laid upon the shoulder of the mourner, and she looked up into the dark, sympathizing face of the hunchback.

She too, had her tale of sorrow. Their mother was dead, but she died in a blessed frame of mind and her end was peace. Mary, the good, kind Mary, could not wish her back. She had no home now. She had come to share the home of her more fortunate sister. At first she could not comprehend Sophy's tears, and her deep mourning dress; for the news of Noah Cotton's arrest, had not reached her, while attending the obscure death-bed of her mother.

What a mournful history Sophy had to tell, and how deeply Mary sympathized in all her afflictions. Left in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, Sophy was no longer haunted by the dread of poverty, but she often said with a sigh; "That poverty was not the greatest evil she had to contend with."

But much as she had murmured over her lot, she had been happier working for her bread, than in the possession of wealth, which had been acquired without industry; and which, emphatically, might be called, *the wages of sin*.

A few words more, and my task is ended. The death of Noah Cotton, fraught as it was, with agony to his wife, was the means of rescuing the only child of his first love, Ella Manners, from ruin.

The child, whose likeness to her mother, had made such an impression upon Noah. After the death of Sir Walter, and the dispersion of the family, the young Ella had married the curate of a small parish in the North of England. The match was one of pure affection. The beautiful young girl brought no fortune to her husband. The father, the younger son of a noble but impoverished family, had little to leave at his death; and Mrs. Manners died in India, shortly after the birth of her little girl. Sir Walter adopted the orphan child who lived with him until his death; she then resided for some time with her great aunt, at whose house she was in the habit of meeting Mr. Jermyn, the curate of the parish. His income did not exceed one hundred pounds

per annum; but in the eyes of love, it appeared sufficient for all their wants. The aunt remonstrated with her, and at last parted with her niece in anger, and a few days after, Ella Manners, became Mrs. Jermyn.

Several years passed away; and the young people though sorely pinched in their circumstances, did not repent the imprudent step they had taken.

Ella was the mother of three fine children; and she nearly doubled the slender income of her husband, by keeping a small, but select school. At length the day of trial came. After a long and severe illness, which not only swallowed up all their savings, but involved the hapless family in debt, Mr. Jermyn died, much lamented by his poor parishioners, by whom he was justly beloved; and the expenses of the funeral were defrayed by subscription.

During his illness, his wife had been forced to relinquish her school, and every useful article of household furniture had been sold in order to procure nourishing food and medicines for the sick man—and when all was over, the devoted wife found herself and her young family utterly destitute.

"I have trusted in God all my life," exclaimed the young widow, as she divided the last morsel of bread among her famishing children, "and though it has come to this, I will trust in him yet."

She sat down by the window, without breaking her own fast, and looked sadly out upon the desolate waste. The autumnal blast was stripping the fallow leaves from the trees; and roared like a hungry demon among the shivering branches. A little sparrow hopped upon the window sill, and relieved his hunger by picking at some grass seeds that the children had gathered in the ear, and left by accident there. And the text occurred to Mrs. Jermyn's memory, which so beautifully illustrates the providential care of the great Father: "Fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows," and she dried the tears that were welling up in her eyes, and felt comforted; when the postman's rap at the door roused her from her vision of hope and trust, and she was presented with a letter.

Alas! the postage was unpaid. To her, who had not one copper, this was a fearful disappointment.

"John Hays—I cannot take in the letter."

"Why not ma'arm. I'm sure 'tis directed to you."

"Yes—but I am without money. I cannot pay the post."

"'Tis only a shilling."

"It might as well be a pound, John—I have not a shilling to buy bread for my little ones—You must take it back."

"No ma'arm, that's what I won't do—I arn't over rich myself; but I will trust you for the shilling, and bide the consequence—That letter may bring you a fortune."

Mrs. Jermyn read the letter, John leaning against the open door, eyed her all the time. At last she burst into tears.

"Oh lauk! Oh lauk!" he cried, shaking his head; "there's no luck arter all."

Mrs. Jermyn shook the honest creature heartily by the hand. "Your money is safe, John. The letter does indeed contain good news. Thanks be to God! No one ever trusted in Him in vain."

The letter was from a lawyer, conveying the intelligence of the five hundred pounds found in the bureau of Noah Cotton; to which she was the lawful heir—and requesting the necessary documents to enable him to act in her behalf.

This unhop'd for piece of good fortune, enabled Mrs. Jermyn to pay her rent, refurnish her house, and commence her school upon a larger scale. She is now, a rich and prosperous woman. Her eldest son, a surgeon of some note, her youngest, a pious minister of the church. Her daughter the happy wife of a wealthy merchant in her native town.

In the hour of adversity, let us cling close to the great Father. He will not suffer us to fall unheeded to the ground.

Belleville, Nov. 14, 1851.

A SONNET IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY'S HANDS.

Translated from the Italian of "Qualcheduna."

How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
Whether adorned with rings,
Or with their snowy lengths
And rosy tips,
Undecked with gems or gold.

When her light work she plies,
Creating mimic flowers,
Or drawing the fair thread
Through folds of snowy lawn.
How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
Often I, sitting, watch
Their gliding to and fro,
Those lovely birds of snow.

Sometimes the evening shades
Draw around us as we talk,
Sometimes the tired sun,
Drooping towards the West,
Makes all the fields of heaven
With autumn's colours glow;
Sometimes the sailing moon,
Unclouded and serene,
Rises between the misty woods
That crown the distant hills;
Then most I love to sit
And watch my lady's hands
Blush with the sunset's rose,
Or whiten in the moon,
Or, lucid in the amber evening air,
Folded, repose.

Sometimes she paces slowly
Among the garden flowers;
Above her the trees tremble,
And lean their leafage down.
So much they love to see her;
The flowers, white and red,
Open their fragrant eyes,
Gladder to hear her coming
Than bird's singing,
Or bee's humming,
She, stooping, clad in grace,
Gathers them one by one,
Lily and crimson rose,
With sprigs of tender green,
And holds them in her hands.

Nothing can sweeter be
Than, lying on the lawn,
To see those graceful hands
Drop all their odorous load
Upon her snowy lap,
And then, with magic skill
And rosy fingers fine,
To watch her intertwine
Some wreath, not all unfitting
Young brows divine.

How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
In moonlight sorrowful,
Or sunlight fine,
Busied with graceful toil,
Or folded in repose,
How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands.

CLARENCE C. COOK.

ROMAN RUINS.

There is nothing which it requires so much knowledge, taste, and previous preparation of mind to see with advantage, as ruins. Their interest always, excepting their picturesqueness, (which is not a very extensive element in Roman ruins,) is dependent upon an acquaintance with their original appearance and uses, and requires both an accurate knowledge of architecture and an antiquarian taste. It is enough, indeed, to excite a very dull imagination, to see even the ruins of the palace in which the Cæsars dwelt, to walk within the amphitheatre where the early Christians suffered, or to tread the pavement which Cicero's feet have pressed, and to look upon the remains of buildings which the eyes of the Apostle Paul certainly saw! But it is not so much the beauty or intrinsic interest of the ruins, as their associations, which thus moves us. Nothing, except Jerusalem, not even Athens, possesses associations so full and rich as Rome. But the ruins of Rome, considered merely as ruins of ancient magnificence, are certainly, on the whole, disappointing. They are not half as beautiful or effective as the common engravings lead you to expect to find them. From this sentence the Coliseum is to be excepted, but nothing else. In the first place it is an immense disappointment to find almost all the great masses of Roman ruins, to be of brick and not of stone. In the next place, it is disappointing to find the ruins so divided, producing so little the effect of an extensive desolation. Then, as a rule, with the exception of the ruins in the Forum, and the temples scattered about modern Rome and built into churches, there are very few columns or bits of striking ruin left in old Rome to attract the eye and please the taste. What is to be made out of the great shapeless pile of brick and mortar, called the ruins of Cæsar's Palace! or what picturesque effects are to be found in those massive remains, the Baths of Titus, Domitian, or Caracalla! All the interest there, is one of calculation and inference. The intrinsic beauty is very small.

The idea of the ruins of a great city such as Rome, will naturally be of a field covered with contiguous remains—here a few broken columns, there a confused pile of heavy stones a mass of crumbled towers and standing arches, all lying together in a grand chaos of splendid decay, and overgrown with ivy, or shaded with trees that have grown old since they sprung up between the chinks of fallen temples. Nothing can be less like this than the Ruins of Rome. There is

no place from which any extensive view as of a ruined city can be obtained. There is no manifest relation of the different ruins to each other. They are all separate, and must be hunted after. They do not present themselves. Indeed, it is a long and tedious business to ride about the area covered by old Rome in search of particular ruins. The original idea of a great city in ruins is quickly dissipated, and the mind is gradually reconciled to the necessity of taking up with the scattered remains of the very numerous edifices that constitute the ruins of Rome.

Having recovered from this disappointment, we are prepared to take the Roman ruins as we find them, and to take all the satisfaction in them which they are individually capable of giving. The Forum is not what any stranger will expect to find it, although it comes nearer to the ideal pattern than any other part of Rome. There stand the scanty remains of five or six temples, one with two, another with three, others with four or five columns, yet erect. The arch of Severus, a magnificent ruin, aids the effect—and the excavations of the few last years, bringing the actual floor of the old temple of (we forget what) into view, and the very pavement on which the Roman Senate passed to its deliberations, give this spot an intense power over the imagination. And yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that these remains give of themselves any true idea of the Forum. On the contrary, you soon learn, under proper antiquarian guidance, that the old Roman Forum was quite on one side of what you have hastily judged to be its position, and that the ancient Tribune was not comprehended within what is now called the Forum.

THE RHINE.

Coblentz is a fine old town, situated at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine. It is marked by a very peculiar church with four towers, some of the oldest houses in Europe, and a monument erected in 1812 to commemorate the expedition of the French to Moscow, when they were passing through in the expectation of an easy victory. Nothing can be finer than the sarcophagi of the Russian general, who, when he arrived in Coblentz, pursuing Napoleon's routed army to the gates of Paris, instead of destroying the monument, added the following inscription, still to be seen: "Vu et approuvé par nous commandant Russe de la ville de Coblenze, Janvier 1er, 1814."

A bridge of boats connects Coblentz with Ehrenbreitstein—a fortress of tremendous strength—to which is committed the defence of the Prus-

sian frontiers against French ambition, always itching to stretch itself as far as the Rhine. From the fortress a magnificent view is obtained up and down the river, and the unsuccessful effort of the Moselle to mingle its dark waters with the white Rhine, forms a very singular and interesting part of the prospect. For miles down the river, the contribution made by the Moselle is jealously shouldered aside by the obstreperous Rhine, and confined to a narrow strip of the channel, near the left bank, where its extent is as distinctly marked as the veins in a slab of marble. The fortress contains provisions and water enough to support a garrison of 3000 men for a year. It is in a state of perfect defence, and is deemed impregnable, being, after Gibraltar, perhaps the most wonderful of all fortresses.

We were much more interested in the bridge, by which we crossed to the fortress, than in the castle itself; for nothing can be more tedious than everything that belongs to military affairs and the dreadful trade of war. And on the continent, soldiers and fortifications are so common, especially during the present agitations, that the eye is weary and the heart sick with them and their works.

The Rhine is several times crossed by bridges of boats—indeed, never in any other way below Basle. These boats are perhaps each forty feet long and ten wide, placed side by side, each anchored up the stream, and all bound together by cross beams, which are planked for the road. They form a very substantial and sufficiently firm bridge, rising and sinking with the waters of the river, capable of being easily secured or safely removed in times of freshet, and of being broken up by the power that owns them in case of war. We were very much puzzled to guess the mode of using another kind of bridge, very much in use upon the Rhine, and called a flying bridge. One sees every few miles a chain of small boats, extending from some village into the middle of the river, all seemingly bound to one cord, but separated from each other by a distance of ten rods or more. How the passenger got from one boat to another, or what he did when he reached the last one in the middle of the stream, was for a long time a subject of very painful consideration; or what the advantage might be of a dozen successive boats over one. At last the actual operations of the *bridge* solved our difficulties. From under the bank where the line of small boats appeared to begin, came forth an ordinary scow, loaded with a carriage and horses and as it slowly moved across the river, without sails, oars or poles, it was

manifest that the line of small boats moved with it, describing from a fixed centre in the middle of the river a segment of a circle. The small boats merely buoyed up a stout chain anchored in the middle of the river, and the scow attached to the chain swung by the force of the current acting upon a centreboard, from one to the other bank. It is a very simple and economical apparatus, and seemed to us worthy of more general adoption upon some of our own rivers where bridges are out of the question.

The peculiar beauty of the Rhine ceases below Bonn. The Siebengeberge, or seven mountains, of which the Drackenfels is the most celebrated, are extremely pleasing, but present nothing to compare in interest with the views higher up the river. These hills appear to be the last heave of the mighty convulsion of which the Alps are the centre. The country, as if exhausted with its prodigious efforts, now swoons away into a dead level, which continues irrecoverably on to the very sea; going from plain to marsh, and from marsh to that sort of sea-island territory which sustains the amphibious population of Holland. The Rhine below Bonn continues to grow more and more like the Mississippi, and the immense rafts which float upon it help to bear out the comparison. But it has a far less noble fate than our own magnificent river. Its grand current divided into numerous streams, loses its dignity, and no one of its children seems worthy to bear the name of its great parent. We have seen the Rhine in its birth-place, springing out from the glaciers, or tumbling from the mountains, forcing its impetuous way through the rocky walls of the *Via Mala*, gathering up the lakes and collecting tribute from a hundred snowy peaks. We had followed it from its Alpine home down the slopes of Switzerland, to the Highlands of the Taunus, where it seems to have collected all its wealth, to pass the review of castles and vineyards that hang over its passage. And now, after this splendid career, we came to see it terminate its course in the marshes and canals of Holland, turned hither and thither at the will of man, a feeble, sluggish stream, finding at length its way to the ocean through artificial flood-gates.

W. B. H.

He that has done nothing has known nothing. Vain is it to sit scheming and plausibly discoursing—up and be doing! If thy knowledge be real, put it forth from thee; grapple with real nature, try thy theories there, and see how they hold out.—*Carlyle*.

STRENGTH OUT OF WEAKNESS.

THE weakest things in the world, when concentrated, produce the strongest effects. What is so simple as the vapor which gently moistens our brow, and so insidiously descends into every pore of the system? Yet concentrate the same weak element in a steam engine, and what a power is produced! By it you travel thousand of miles; and yet, cease to control that machinery which holds it, and what a wreck of human life!

There is another paradox. Look at that feeblest of all kinds of animals at its birth, an infant. He can do nothing, he can say nothing; is without love, and without gratitude; yet what emotions will his wail or cry create in a whole household! Every member is ready to serve him; no efforts are esteemed too laborious, no labor considered as wasted in his behalf, although he tax a whole household, including nurse and physician. His very weakness nerves us with strength to administer to all his wants. Is it not so in human life, that out of weakness we become strong?

There is the timid maiden at the bridal altar. She feels she has no strength to buffet adverse winds; she dares not look into a future where storms and sunshine alternate; she distrusts her power to withstand the element which blows upon her in the gale of adversity. But mark the gradual preparation which brings her strength. Perhaps in a year she commits to the grave her first-born, upon whom her fondest sympathies have been expended, and her thoughts have been for long months occupied. She rises above the natural weakness which would lay the body prostrate too, and gathers up strength, knowing that her companion depends on her supporting influences, and she has something to do for herself. She composes her troubled heart, she resigns meekly what God saw fit early to take, and strength comes into her very weakness, and smiles will glow where tears have worn a deep channel!

In seasons of bodily sufferings when racked with pain or the more distressing malady of a "mind ill at ease," we gather strength, as our daily experience reminds us only of our frailty and weakness, by calm reflection and perfect trust that all will issue well.

What a beautiful analogy the opening spring presents in illustrating weakness and power. The moistened earth has drunk in the vivifying influences of snow and rain for the past months. By almost imperceptible degrees the little hillocks change their seared color first for the lightest tint, and so gradually deepening, to the

deepest green. The violet on yonder hedge seems almost timid when it first shows its delicate head; the storms beat upon it, and yet it strangely withstands their fury, gathering strength from every breeze, and a fresh beauty from each succeeding sunshine.

There is a conscious strength that sometimes comes out of the weakest elements. How gently the spring air blows upon the invalid's face—how softly it stirs the infant's hair: but let *that* strength continue to increase, and a gale that wrecks a ship and buries the mariners beneath the raging billows will follow! And so we may trace natural and spiritual analogies all along in life. Out of weakness we may all attain strength, and our only endeavour should be to procure that power which renders us fit to meet the gales and whirlwinds which toss our bark on life's tempestuous sea, and finally waft us into a haven of perpetual calm.

And then, too, there is the fierce nature of the human passions. A little child's entreaty that he may be spared the bitter medicine soon vents itself in the "will" and "won't" phraseology, which gathers strength in after life, until a fearful mastery is attained, and with cold revenge he can imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature! Out of *such* weakness comes a strength which neither divine nor human laws can subdue but by imprisonment or death. But now comes in the principle of self-control; those passions may be subjugated, and the elements of which they are composed may minister to the greatest benefit. Ambition, courage, energetic action may so impel one who has attained this mastery over *self* that the seeds of a mighty revolution may be traced to one man. Who has not bent over the descriptions of Lamertine with intense emotion, where he portrays the effect of his youthful impressions derived from his mother's counsels in his days of weakness? We there learn how manly strength shot up in fair proportions, and ruled the mind which so prominently shone in the later French revolution.

Man is the feeblest branch of nature, but it is a branch that thinks. It is not necessary that the whole universe should rise in arms to crush him; he would still be nobler than that which causes his death; for he knows that he is dying, and the universe knows nothing of its power over him.—*Pascal*.

Every man should strive to be a creator rather than an inheritor—to forge his own weapons rather than rely on the rusty sword of his forefathers.

WEARING MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

" The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ;
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm ;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead—
Man makes a death that nature never made,
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one."



AMONG the many absurd customs that the sanction of time, and the arbitrary laws of society have rendered indispensable, there are none that are so much abused, and to which mankind so fondly clings, as that of wearing mourning for the dead. From the ostentatious public mourning appointed by government for the loss of their rulers, down to the plain black badge, worn by the humblest peasant, for the death of parent or child.

To attempt to raise our feeble voice against a practice sanctioned by all nations, and hallowed by the most solemn religious rites, appears almost sacrilegious. There is something so beautiful, so poetical, so sacred, in this outward sign of an inward and heartfelt sorrow, that to deprive death of his solemn habiliments, the sable hearse, the funeral plumes, the sombre pall, the long array of drooping, night-clad mourners, the awful clangor of the doleful bell, would rob the stern necessity of our nature of half its terrors; and destroy that religious awe which is so imposing, and which affords such an useful lesson to the living.

Alas! where is the need of all this black parade? Is it not a reproach to Him, who in his

wisdom appointed death to pass upon all men—was this sentence alone confined to man, we might have more reasons for these extravagant demonstrations of grief. But every where around us, we behold the law of change. The very mountains crumble and decay with years; the great sea shrinks, and grows again. The lofty forest tree that has drank the dews of heaven, and laughed in the sunlight, and shook its branches at a thousand storms, yields to the same mysterious destiny, and bows its tall forehead in the dust. Life lives upon death; and death reproduces life through endless circles of being, from the proud tyrant man, down to the worm his blind heel tramples in the earth. Then wherefore, O man, lament for the dead, who are beyond the laws of change and chance? "Yea, they have finished—

For them there is no longer any future ;
No evil hour knocks at their door
With tidings of mishap—far off are they
Beyond desire or fear."

It is the dismal adjuncts of death, which have invested it with those superstitious terrors which we would fain see destroyed. The gloom arising from these melancholy pageants, forms a black cloud, whose dense shadow obscures the light of life to the living. And why, should death be invested with such horror? Death in itself is not dreadful. It is the change of one mode of being to another, the breaking forth of the winged soul into brighter skies. As an old Latin poet has admirably described it

" Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
Death, as a line which but divides the space,
A stop, which can but for a moment last,
A point, between the future and the past !"

Nature presents in all her laws such a beautiful and wonderful harmony, that it is as impossible for death to produce a discord among them, as for night to destroy by the intervention of its shadows, the splendor of the coming day.

Were men taught from infancy to regard death as a natural consequence, a fixed law of our being, instead of an awful punishment for sin, as the friend and benefactor of mankind, not the remorseless tyrant and persecutor, to die would no longer be considered as a terrible evil. Let this hideous skeleton be banished into darkness, and replaced by a benignant angel, wiping away all tears, healing all pain, burying in oblivion all sorrow and care, calming every turbulent passion, and restoring man reconciled to his Maker, into a state of purity and peace. Young and old, would go forth to meet him with lighted torches, and hail his approach with hymns and thanksgivings.

And that this is really the case to all but the desperately wicked who show that they despise the magnificent boon of life, by the bad use they make of it, and prove by their blasphemous defiance of God and good, that they are unworthy to be renewed in His image,—experience will daily prove. The death angel is generally met with more calmness by the dying than by the survivors. By the former, the dreaded enemy is generally hailed as a messenger of peace, and they sink tranquilly into his arms, with a smile upon their lips.

The death of the christian, is a beautiful triumph over the fears of life. In Him who conquered death and led captivity captive, he finds the fruition of his being; the eternal life promised to him in the Gospel, which places him beyond the woes and wants of time. The death of such a man should be celebrated as a sacred festival; not lamented as a dreary execution. The era of a new birth, not the extinction of being.

It is true, that death is a profound sleep, from which no one can awaken to tell his dreams. But why, on that account, should we doubt that it is less blessed than the twin brother whose semblance it bears, and whose presence we all sedulously court.

Invest sleep, however, with the same dismal garb. Let your bed be a coffin. Your canopy, a pall; your night dress, a shroud. Let the sobs of mourners, and the tolling of bells, lull you to repose, and few people would dare to close their eyes tranquilly to sleep.

And then, this absurd fashion of wearing black for the dead; let us consider calmly the philosophy of the thing—its use and abuse. Does it afford any consolation to the dead? Does it confer

any benefit on the living? morally or physically, does it produce the least good? Does it soften one regretful pang, or dry one bitter tear, or make the wearers wiser or better? I say that it does not produce any ultimate benefit, and therefore it should be at once discarded, as a superstitious relic of more barbarous times, when men could not gaze upon the simple, unveiled face of truth, but obscured the clear daylight of her glance, under a thousand fantastic masks.

The ancients were more consistent in their mourning than the civilized people of the present day. They sat upon the ground and fasted, with rent garments, and ashes strewn upon their heads. This mortification of the flesh, was a sort of penance inflicted by the self-tortured mourner, for his own sins, and those of the dead. If this grief was not of a deep or lasting duration, his humiliation and personal sufferings were as great as those, whose mental agonies found a relief in these dismal punishments.

He did not array himself in silk and wool, and fine linen, and garments cut in the most approved fashion, like our modern beaux and belles, when they testify their grief for the loss of a relation or friend, in the most expensive and becoming manner.

Verily, if we must wear our sorrow upon our sleeve, why not return to the sackcloth and ashes, as the most consistent demonstration of that grief, which hidden in the heart surpasseth how.

But then sackcloth is a most unmanageable material; a handsome figure would be lost, buried, utterly annihilated in a sackcloth gown. And then, it would be so horribly rough, it would wound the skin, and could not be confined in graceful folds, by clasps of jet, and ornaments in black and gold. Sackcloth! Faugh! away with it. It smells of the knotted scourge and the charnel house. We too say, "away with it! True grief has no need of such miserable provocatives to woe."

The barbarians who cut and disfigured their faces for the dead, showed a noble contempt of the world, by destroying those personal attractions which the loss of the beloved had taught them to despise. But who now would dare to imitate such an example. The mourners in crape, and bombazeen, would rather *die themselves* than sacrifice their beauty on the shrine of such a monstrous sorrow.

How common it is to hear a knot of women exclaim, as some widow of a gentleman in fallen circumstances glides by in her rusty weeds: "What shabby black that woman wears for her husband, I should be ashamed to appear in public in such mourning!"

And yet, the purchase of that *shabby black* has cost the desolate mourner and her orphan little ones, the price of many a necessary meal.

Ah, this putting of a poor and respectable family into mourning; and all the funeral trappings for pall bearers and mourners; what a terrible affair it is! what anxious thoughts, what heart-felt tears it costs.

But the usages of society demand the sacrifice, and it must be made. The head of the family has been suddenly removed from his earthly toils, at a most complicated crisis of his affairs, which are so involved, that scarcely enough can be collected to pay the expenses of his funeral, and put his family into decent mourning. But every exertion must be made to do this—money that might have paid the rent of a small house, and secured the widow and her young family for a few months from actual want, until they could look around and find some means of earning their bread, must all be sunk in conforming to a useless custom, upheld by pride and vanity in the name of grief.

"How will the funeral expenses ever be paid," exclaims the anxious weeping mother. "When it is all over, we shall not have a farthing to pay our debts, and the children must go upon the parish or starve!"

The sorrow of obtaining this useless outward show of grief, engrosses all the available means of the family, which might have been more profitably employed for the benefit of the living. "Oh, vanity of vanities! there is no folly on earth that exceeds the vanity of this!"

There are many persons who put off their grief as they put on their mourning, and it is a miserable satire on mankind, to see these sombre-clad beings in festal halls, mingling with the young and gay, their melancholy garments affording a painful contrast, to light laughter, and eyes sparkling with pleasure. Their levity, however, must not be mistaken for *hypocrisy*. Their grief is already *past*, but they are forced to wear black for a *given time*. They are true to their nature which teaches them that,— "No grief with man is permanent," that the storms of to-day will not darken the heavens to-morrow. It is *the dress* that makes them hypocrites; and as the world judges by appearances, it so happens, that by following one of its own fashions, appearances in this instance are against them.

Nay, the very persons, who in the first real out-burst of natural grief, begged them to moderate their sorrow, to dry their tears, and be comforted for the heavy loss they had sustained, would be

the *very first* to censure them for following advice so common and useless. For tears are as necessary to the afflicted, as showers are to the parched earth; and are the best, and sweetest remedy for excessive grief.

To the mourner, we would say, "weep on—nature requires these tears. They are sent in mercy by Him who wept at the grave of Lazarus; the man of sorrows himself taught you to weep."

We once heard a very volatile young lady exclaim, with something very like glee in her look and tone, after reading a letter just received by the post, "Grandmamma is dead! We shall have to go into deep mourning. I am so glad, for it is so becoming to me?"

A lady present expressed her surprise at this indecorous avowal, when the young lady replied with great *naveté*, "I never saw grandmamma in my life; I cannot be expected to feel any grief for her death."

"Perhaps not," said the lady, "but why then make a show of that which you do not feel?"

"Oh! but you know we must. It is the custom of the world. It would be shocking not to go into mourning for such a near relation."

The young lady inherited a nice legacy too, from grandmamma, and had she spoken the truth, she might have said "that she could not weep for joy." Her mourning in consequence was of the deepest and most becoming kind, and she really did look charming, in her "*love of a black crape bonnet*."

In contrast to the pretty young heiress, we knew a sweet orphan girl, whose sorrow for the death of her mother and sole surviving parent, lay deeper than this tinsel outside show; and yet, the thought that she was too poor to pay this mark of respect to the memory of her she mourned, added not a little, to the bitterness of grief.

A family who had long been burthened with a cross old aunt, who was a martyr to rheumatic gout, and whose violent temper, kept the whole house in awe, and whom they dared not offend for fear of her leaving her property to strangers; were in the habit of devoutly wishing her a *happy* release from all her sufferings; yet when this long anticipated event actually took place, the very servants were put into the deepest mourning. What a solemn farce was this.

An artist cousin of ours was invited with many other members of the Royal Academy, to attend the funeral of the celebrated Nolikens the sculptor. "The party," he said, "filled twelve mourning coaches, and was furnished with silk gloves, scarfs, and hatbands. A dinner was provided for it

after the ceremony at one of the large hotels. A merrier set than those mourners" he continued, "I never saw. We all got jovial, and it was late at night before any of us reached our homes. The whole affair, vividly brought to my mind that description of the gondola given by Byron, that it

Contained much fun,
Like mourning coaches, when the funeral's done."

Some years ago, we witnessed the funeral of a young lady in Bedford Square, who was the only child, of parents who were the possessors of immense wealth. The heiress to these enviable riches, was a very delicate fragile looking creature, and on the night that she attained her majority, her parents gave a great ball to celebrate the event. The night was very cold. The crowded rooms overheated, the young lady thinly, but magnificently clad; she took a chill from leaving the close ball-room for the dining room, and three days after, the hope of these aged people lay insensible upon her bier.

We heard from every one we saw of the grand funeral that would be given to Miss C——, and little heeded that pale, crushed flower of yesterday, the pomp that was to convey her from the hot-bed of luxury, to the cold, damp vault of St. Giles' melancholy looking church.

We stood at Mrs. L——'s window, which commanded a view of the whole square, to watch the procession pass up Russel street, to the place of interment. The morning was intensely cold, and the large snow flakes fell lazily and heavily to the earth. The poor dingy sparrows, with their feathers ruffled up, hopped mournfully along the pavement, in search of food, they

"In spite of all their feathers were a' cold."

The mutes that attended the long line of mourning coaches, stood motionless leaning upon their long staffs wreathed with white, like so many figures that the frost king had stiffened into stone. The hearse with its snowy plumes, drawn by six milk white horses, might have served for the regal car of some northern king, so ghost-like and chilly were its sepulchral appendages. At length the coffin covered with black velvet, and fringed with silver, was deposited in its gloomy depths, and the *hired* mourners in their sable dresses and white hat bands and scarfs, rode slowly forward, mounted on white steeds, to attend this bride of death to her last resting place. The first three coaches that followed, contained the *servants* of the family in deep sables. The family carriage too was there, but *empty*, and of a procession in which 145 carriages made a part, they, like it,

were all *empty*. Strangers drove strange horses to that vast funeral, and *domestics* were the only members of the family that conducted the heir of that family to the grave. Truly it was the most dismal spectacle we ever witnessed, and we turned from it sick at heart, and with eyes full of tears. Not shed for the dead, for she had escaped from this vexatious vanity, but from the mockery of such fictitious woe.

The expense of such a funeral, probably involved many hundred pounds, which had better been, bestowed on charitable purposes.

Another evil arising out of this useless custom is the high price attached to black clothing on account of the necessity which compels people to wear it for so long a period after the death of relations and friends. Making it a matter of still greater difficulty for the poorer class to comply with the usages of society.

Poverty is an evil which most persons who wish to maintain a respectable standing with their neighbors, most carefully endeavor to conceal. To avoid an exposure of their real circumstances, they will deprive themselves of the common necessaries of life, and incur debts which they have no prospect to pay, rather than allow the world to suspect that they cannot afford a *handsome funeral* and rich *mournings* for any deceased member of the family.

If men would follow the dictates of true wisdom, honesty and truth, no circumstances should tempt them to that which they cannot afford. Their grief for the dead would not be less sincere if they followed the beloved in their *ordinary* costume to the grave. Nor the spectacle be less imposing, divested of all the solemn and expensive parade which generally attends the funerals of persons who move in respectable society.

Some years ago, when it was the fashion in England, (and may be it remains the fashion still,) of giving expensive black silk hat bands and scarfs at funerals, mean and covetous persons threw themselves in the way of picking up these stray loaves and fishes. A lady in a populous town, boasted that her husband, (who always contrived to be a necessary attendant on such occasions,) found her in all the black silk she required for articles of dress, and that he had not purchased a pair of gloves for many years.

About two years before old King George the Third died, a report got about that he could not survive for many days—there was a general rush among all ranks to obtain mourning. Up went the price of black goods of all description. Norwich crapes and bombazeens rose ten per cent, and those who were able to secure a black

garment at any price, in order to shew their superior loyalty, were reckoned very fortunate folks. And after all this fuss, the poor mad King disappointed all the sable speculators, and lived on in darkness for two whole years. The mourning of some on that occasion was real, not imaginary. The sorrow was not "that the King was dead, but that he *did not die!*"

On these public occasions, great is the stir and bustle in economical families who wish to shew their loyalty for the death of their ruler, but do not exactly like to go to the expense of buying new clothes for so short a period as a court mourning. All the old family stores are rummaged over, and every stuff gown, worn ribbon, or shabby shawl, which can take a black dye, is handed over to the vat. And these second-hand, black garments have a more mournful appearance than the splendid suits of the gay and wealthy, for it is actually humiliating to wear such, as they are both unbecoming to the young and old.

If some influential persons could be found to expose the folly and vanity of this practice, and set the opinion of the world at naught, by refusing to comply with it, their example would soon be followed by others, and before many years it would sink into contempt and disuse.

Black, which is the most becoming and convenient color for general wear, especially to the middle aged and old, would no longer be regarded with superstitious horror, as the type of mortality and night, but would take its place on the same shelf with the gay tints that form the motley groups in our handsome stores.

The Americans, who are the most practical people in the world, would do well to cry down this foolish fashion, which often involves families in debt and difficulty, without producing the least beneficial effect. Let them but take the thing in hand and publicly lecture on its absurdities, and this dismal shadow of a barbarous age will no longer darken our streets, and scare our little ones. Men will wear their grief in their hearts, and not around their hats, and widows will be better known by their serious deportment, than by their weeds.

We feel certain that every thinking person who investigates this subject, will be tempted to exclaim with us, "Oh, that the good sense of mankind would unite in banishing it for ever from the earth!"

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New-Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a

clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment, when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his agony,—“O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!”

But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappear. These were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New-Year's night. The clock on the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parent's early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, and that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain—"O youth, return! O give me back my early days!"

THE HEART'S TRIAL.

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER I.

THE first object of Gustavus Adolphus on his entrance into Germany, was to make himself master of Stettin, the capital of Pomerania; securing thereby the navigation of the Oder, a magazine for his army, and a way of retreat into Sweden, should circumstances render it desirable. Bogislaus XIV, Duke of Pomerania, a weak, superannuated prince, though weary of the oppressions of Imperial Austria, was afraid to provoke her vengeance by an alliance with the Swedish King; and it was only by threats, mingled with promises of protection, that Gustavus at length prevailed on him to open the gates of his capital, and to form an alliance with the Swedes. The treaty, however, was finally signed by the two sovereigns in person, in presence of the army and the citizens, who thronged the space before the city gates, and welcomed with every semblance of joy a monarch whose invasion was prompted by zeal for their civil and religious liberties.

Magnificent was the reception, within the city, of the hero of the north. The streets were hung with banners and garlands; the roofs and balconies were crowded with fair and noble dames, splendidly attired, who threw flowers in his path; deputations from the city authorities attended the procession, marching in military order towards the castle; while the sound of martial instruments, the merry peal of bells, and the firing of cannon, mingled with the shouts of the soldiers and citizens, attested the sincerity of the people's welcome, however hollow might be the protestations of friendship accorded by the prince. Gustavus Adolphus at the Duke's invitation took up his abode in the castle, while the greater part of his troops were encamped without the walls.

Leaving the Swedish monarch to the hospitalities of his princely ally, we follow one of his officers, Hepburn by name, a native of Brandenburg, and captain of a troop of horse, who, as the sun was setting, dismounted at the gate of a noble mansion near the Ducal palace. A page, who appeared to recognise him, opened the gate, and

respectfully answering his inquiries, led the way into the house, conducting the stranger to the door of a cabinet, where he signed him to enter, and retiring a few paces, took his station with folded arms beside one of the marble pillars of the hall.

The young officer entered the apartment as reverentially as if it had been a sanctuary. At its farther end, in one of the embrasures of the windows, a young girl was seated in an attitude of deep dejection. Her face and figure were of rare loveliness, of the kind peculiar to the inhabitants of northern climates. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair; the marble paleness of her high forehead relieved by a light tinge of crimson in her cheeks, which seemed called up by some extraordinary emotion, betrayed also by the traces of tears in the chafed eyelids and drooping lashes, and the heavings of the fair bosom shaded by the silken folds of her dress. Her head reclined upon her hand, and the rich auburn ringlets that fell over her face, cast on it an additional shade. Hepburn gazed a few moments unperceived; but we have no means of ascertaining how long admiration would have kept him silent. The fair girl looked up—started to her feet—and sprang eagerly towards him, her whole face crimsoned, and an exclamation of joyful surprise on her lips. "Irene! my angel!" was the young man's reply as he folded her in his arms. It was the meeting of lovers, and all painful thoughts were for an instant forgotten.

Irene was the only daughter of Herr Winlaf, the wealthiest merchant in Stettin. Hepburn had met her several months before when sent on affairs of the king to the court of Pomerania; they loved each other with the warmth of young hearts that as yet had known no sorrow. But an obstacle to their union existed in the political prejudices of the father, who, attached to Austria, hated the Swedes, and had severely chided his daughter for admitting the ambassador of Gustavus to her intimacy. Irene was resolved to bid her lover an eternal farewell.

How hard to say farewell—to rend the bonds of affection, when the eyes we love are fixed on us in

pleading earnestness, when the voice we love speaks in tones of tenderness that beguile the soul ! The maiden's voice faltered as she pronounced the words that should separate them.

"More sacred—more binding," cried the young soldier, "is the vow of love we have pledged, than the harsh command of an unfeeling man. You are mine, Irene ! go with me to the camp of Gustavus ; the priest shall unite us at once ; say—say you will consent to share a soldier's fortunes !"

"No—no !" cried the young girl, withdrawing her hand—"No—no ! I *can* bear to part from you, Hepburn—I *cannot* bear my father's eternal curse !"

"Why did you say you loved me ?" asked the youth, with reproachful bitterness.

"Why did I ?—Alas—alas ! *that* was my fault—my woe !" answered she, sobbing.

"You repent your vow ? If it be so—then we must part, indeed—"

Before he could complete the sentence, a heavy step was heard in the hall, and Winlaf himself opened the door. Irene grew pale as death, but Hepburn met with equal sternness the looks that were fixed on him. Herr Winlaf took his daughter by the hand and drew her from the side of the officer. "Young man," he said, in a voice hoarse with suppressed rage, "I ask not how it accords with the boasted honour of a Swedish officer, to steal into the home of a citizen whose rights even your monarch would respect, for a purpose like yours. Enough—you are foiled !—*Begone !*" The young man stirred not a step. Winlaf stamped his foot, and several armed attendants entered the room ; but Hepburn still stood with his eyes fixed on the pale and trembling maiden, as if resolved his fate should rest only on her decision.

"Speak, my child," said her father, "speak, and bid the foreign miscreant depart. Ha !—dost falter !" he cried furiously, and letting go her hand. "Take thy choice, then, between us—go, if thou wilt—with yon beggarly soldier—to perdition !"

Irene could not speak, but she clung to her father, and waved her hand in token that Hepburn should leave her.

"Do *you*, yourself, renounce me ?" asked he.

"As God is my help and witness !" she replied solemnly, lifting her eyes and hands towards heaven. Her lover thought, even in this moment of agony, that he had never seen her look so like an angel. Even passion was hushed in the solemnity of her self devotion.

"Farewell, then, Irene !" he said. "You have cast me off, but I shall love in life and death—you, and you only ! May *you* never know the anguish that is breaking *my* heart ; may I find death in the next battlefield !" —Bitterly, without an-

other word, but one glance at the face of his beloved, still turned upward as when pronouncing her fatal oath, he passed from the door, and left the house forever. He heard not the shriek that burst from the lips of the half senseless girl ; he saw her not swoon in her father's arms ; he saw her not in the privacy of her chamber, when broken hearted she flung herself on the floor in all the abandonment of wild and passionate grief ; when each passing hour of that night found her sunk in the delirium of wretchedness ; the martial music beneath her window answered by sobs so deep that her very soul seemed bursting from her bosom. Her lover saw not this ; the deepest woe of the heart's bitterest sacrifice is that it must be made in silence.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning was cloudless and brilliant, as Gustavus Adolphus, with a small detachment, left Stargard on his way to Gartz, where Torquato Conti with his imperialists was entrenched, and whither the king had already sent a large number of troops, with orders, however, not to risk a battle till his arrival. The cavalry accompanying him was under the command of Hepburn, who, endeared to his master by many kindred qualities, was generally his chosen companion. Gustavus, in the language of the eloquent historian of the Thirty Years' War, in the height of his good fortune, ever remained the man and the Christian, as amid all his devotion, he was still the king and the hero. Nothing could exceed the attachment with which his soldiers regarded him ; while formed for friendship, his magnanimous soul felt it even for his inferiors.

After about two hour's march, the road that followed the course of the Oder, entered between the river and a ridge of hills, while the thick bushes that skirted the bank rendered their progress somewhat inconvenient. Before them lay a close copse of alderwood, and there the road seemed to end. Quinti del Marte, an Italian who had joined the king's forces in Pomerania, requested permission to ride forward and examine the thicket ; and having obtained leave, was soon out of sight. Scarce had he entered the copse than he was met by a horseman in a Spanish doublet of green atlas, with a high crowned hat, decorated with a crimson feather. The horseman gave Quinti a hurried greeting, and a whispered conference ensued between them, during which they were joined by several others in the imperial uniform.

"Three hundred men, you say ?" asked the Italian.

"Well picked, and armed," was the reply. "Do your part as agreed; conduct your Snow King into our ambushade—I warrant me he will melt! Haste thee, man! yonder is the spot; all is ready; allow me five minutes to conceal, myself!" And wheeling his horse round, he disappeared in the wood with his comrades, while the traitor galloped back to the Swedish troop.

"Is the way direct?" asked the king; "or must we skirt yonder thicket?"

"Not so, your majesty!" replied the Italian; "the road lies through to the valley of the Oder."

"Yet, I would counsel caution, your majesty," said one of the soldiers; "I thought but now, I saw the waving of a red plume among the bushes."

"'Twas but the red leaves, fool!" interrupted the Italian; "think you it would have escaped me!"

"Sire!" cried the soldier, "may I never mount horse, if I saw it not!"

"What then?" said the king; shall we stand for a straggler or two? I will venture a day's sport, the riders of Torquato are in our way; we will chastise and send them back to their quarters. Forward, my brave men! Or, stay—I will ride on with twenty of ye—and, Hepburn, remain a space; I would not have so many appear at once, lest we frighten ere we can catch them!"

"My liege," implored the officer, "let me at least, go with you!"

"What, and leave your troop without a leader! Young man! I think you learned not discipline in our camp!" Hepburn cast down his eyes.

"Your majesty braves danger," he said, "even as though your life was worth no more than another's."

"It is not!" answered Gustavus, looking devoutly upward. "Our days are all numbered; who may add a span to his life? Will the appointed bullet reach me less certainly in the midst of ninety than of twenty horseman! Go to! yet, if you prate of danger, stand ready to come to my aid, if I need you, and follow us in half an hour. Forward, Falkenburg!"

"That will I, by heaven!" cried Hepburn as the king rode on, accompanied by his handful of officers and men. Impatiently he rode to and fro in front of his little band, having ordered all to mount and be in readiness; and listened eagerly, while he looked towards the copse. He was too near a powerful enemy not to feel some apprehension for the safety of his monarch, who, meanwhile was hastening to fall into the snare.

Perazzi, the Imperial horseman, who was major of an Austrian regiment, had followed Quinti's advice in disposing of his three hundred cuirassiers. The spot was one suited to their enterprise.

It was a space beyond the wood about six hundred paces in length, and four hundred in breadth; bounded by a range of hills on one side, by the river on the other. The meadow land was evidently the ancient shore of the river, and was fertilized by the annual overflow of the waters. The hills were covered with a thick growth of alder and birch, while the smooth plain offered the richest pasturage. At the foot of the elevated ground the Imperial corps of reserve was stationed. Next the wood, where the king was to enter the terrible circle, lay concealed seventy men, the command of which Quinti del Marte was to assume; right and left were an hundred more, and Perazzi with the rest guarded the road of egress. The major had bound himself by an oath to make the King prisoner, or slay him with his own hands. Now as the decisive moment approached, he trembled with eagerness and apprehension.*

"What ails our worthy major?" whispered Captain Donat, one of his officers. Nay, you grow pale—"

"'Tis with impatience!" muttered Perazzi. Hush, we shall be overheard. Not a breath, till I give the word!"

The devoted little band entered the wood. As he first caught glimpse of them, Perazzi signed eagerly to Brandenstein, turned his horse, and hastened to lead his party to the assault.

Scarce had Gustavus reached the middle of the plain, when on all sides the enemy rushed upon him. A moment he stood appalled; he turned to retreat, but was met by the traitor Quinti at the head of the Imperial cuirassiers; and the desperate certainty flashed upon him that no course was left, but to die fighting.

The brave Swedes, resolved to sacrifice life in defence of their beloved monarch, formed a circle about him, and a murderous strife began; the desperate band in danger, not of being shot down with arms in hand, but of being crushed and trodden to the earth by the overwhelming mass of the enemy. Perazzi saw the strait of the imprisoned monarch, who had scarce room to lift his weapon; eagerly he spurred his horse forward, shooting off at random as he dashed on, one of his pistols and his carbine. That shot was the king's salvation! Hepburn, all ears for aught that concerned his monarch, heard the unexpected sound as if smitten by a thunderbolt; and shouting—"Forward, comrades! forward *plein carriere!* the king is in danger!" came furiously to the rescue.

"Yield thee, sir king!" cried Quinti to the noble warrior. "Traitor!" was the reply from

* Some few of the incidents of this tale are taken from an indifferent German novel, by Dr. Morvell.

a soldier near, "thou art not worthy to die by the hand of Gustavus!" and the Italian fell to the ground; but in his fall, grasping his pistol, he shot the king's horse in the neck. The stately animal fell, and Gustavus with him. On foot, as he now was, the monarch still fought with his characteristic intrepidity, though hopelessly, for salvation seemed impossible; dealing blows right and left, with lightning swiftness, so as in some measure to clear the space around him. Deep was his grief, and fierce his anger, as one by one his soldiers fell around him, each buried beneath a heap of slain foes. Nine were left unscathed on their horses, yet so close was the deadly struggle that none could offer his steed to the king, who had been hitherto unknown to the enemy, his simple attire being the same with that of his officers. His person was now recognized, Donat seized him by the uplifted right arm, and giving his horse the spur, strove to drag him from the narrow circle of his friends, who rushed after him with cries of rage and despair. Three fell, bathed in blood, at his very feet; but an encouraging shout on the left announced unexpected succour. Hepburn, at the head of his seventy horsemen galloped to the spot; in advance of his men, his horse covered with blood and foam, the young officer dashed along into the thickest of the fray, and reached the king's side in time to strike down the arm of Donat with his carbine and hurl him to the ground. Seizing the bridle of the fallen Austrian, he aided the monarch to mount his own, while his soldiers dealt with the desperate enemy; shielding his master with his own body, and with almost superhuman exertions stemming the headlong tide, till Gustavus was mounted and saved! The fortune of the fight was changed; and though the force of the Imperialists was still overwhelming, the furious charge of the Finlanders, the desperate conflict of a few moments, soon thrust them from their ground. Hepburn rushed like a storm upon the leader Brandenstein, who staggered, wounded, and was fain to gain way; his men did their duty; all was wild confusion; shouts, cries, and the groans of the dying, mingled in stunning uproar. At last, Perazzi, whose sword was broken, and who had narrowly escaped death by a shot through his head piece, gave signal for retreat, "The devil fights in the rascals! Holy mother, protect us!" he cried, and rode hastily from the field.

Gustavus had been urged forcibly from the thickest of the strife, and now for the first moment, found leisure to lift his helmet and wipe the hot sweat from his brow. Those who survived the conflict, galloped after him, leaving the ground literally covered with dead and dying; others

wounded and weary, followed at slower pace. The bold and hardy northerners had won a victory matched in history only by that under Spartacus.

"Where is our captain—where is Hepburn?" cried the king, as he glanced mournfully at the sad remnant of that gallant troop; "is he too missing? God of heaven! all gone who were true to me? Back, comrades! your leader must not be left. If he be a prisoner, by my crown, five hundred prisoners shall go for him." In a few moments, they were again on the battle ground. The gallant youth lay stretched on the bloody soil, amidst heaps of slaughtered foes. His right hand held in convulsive grasp the sword that had saved his king; his left clutched an Imperial standard torn from the enemy; the staff broken, the colors stained with the blood that flowed from numerous wounds in his side, his face, with closed eyes, was turned towards heaven, and still wore a smile of exultation.—Gustavus sprang from his horse and knelt beside the body; he sought not to suppress the tears that started to his eyes.—"The king weeps," whispered the soldiers one to another, and in silent awe the whole troop dismounted and uncovered their heads. Even their horses, as if knowing by instinct that a hero wept for a hero, stood quietly, and not a rustle disturbed the solemnity of the scene, till Gustavus rose, and asked if there were none ready to bear the unfortunate youth back to the camp, that he might have the honors of war in his burial.

Then clashing flew the swords from every sheath, and the soldiers lifted their weapons towards heaven, and vowed to avenge their leader on the next day of battle. Fastening by two and two the swords together, with the assistance of willow boughs they constructed a rude bier, on which cloaks and saddlecloths were laid; and in them they decently folded the body of their officer.—After a weary march, during which Gustavus, brooding and melancholy, left not the bier for a moment, they reached the place of their morning's encampment, some remaining behind to bury the slain and remove their wounded friends.

The rumor of the engagement, and the heroism of the Finlanders soon spread; the citizens thronged to hear of it; they scarce knew which most to wonder at—the monarch who had fought like a common soldier, or the soldier who had conquered like a king. Gustavus alone partook not of the general joy; pale and sad he stood by the body of his friend, nor roused him from the lethargy of grief till a surgeon from the city, who had drawn the mantle from the bier for the purpose of examining the wounds, declared it as his

opinion that the youth was not yet past the leech's art.

"Oh, take not your words back!" cried the king. "The meanest soldier's death is a pang to me; how much more this man's. Save me this man—a thousand crowns shall be paid over to you, with a richer recompense hereafter."—He stooped to take the standard the young officer held in his left hand, "He holds it fast—a sad prize—the eagle has lost its head, and some of its heavy gold ornaments, the wings are entangled in the web, stained with his blood.—Alas—four—five—seven fresh wounds!"

"And none of them mortal," replied the surgeon. "He has but fainted from loss of blood. Here, where the cuirass is sound. I hear the heart beat faintly but distinctly. If it is your majesty's pleasure, let the men who bore him hither, help me with him into the city. I think, sire, I can promise you his recovery."

The soldier's joy broke out. "Now have I heart for joy," cried Gustavus, grasping the good citizen's hand. "Take him, but not to the gates; carry him into my tent; the free air will be better for him than a close chamber. I would know every moment how it fares with him." He led the way into the tent; the soldiers followed with the bier; while the men from all sides came up, beseeching the surgeon in Swedish and broken German to save their captain; none thinking of his own slighter wounds. Meanwhile, those who had remained in the valley to mark with a rude cross the graves of their comrades, returned from their mournful labors, and mingled with the other groups.

Hope revived within the tent; the torpor of the wounded man relaxed; the death sleep was over; his hand let go the sword, which Gustavus drew gently away, with a soldier's emotion, and taking from the wall his own weapon, richly ornamented, laid it on the bed. The soft light of the setting sun, subdued by the heavy crimson draperies of the tent, filled the apartment with a rich mild purple, and tinged the pale face of the soldier with a hue like that of health. The surgeon rubbed his temples and administered a restoring draught; consciousness returned; he opened his eyes and met the gaze of the king, who with folded arms stood beside the couch.

"My king!" cried Hepburn. "God be praised we have not fought in vain. My sword—ha! where is it? This is not mine—not this—"

"That sword will I bear henceforth?" interrupted Gustavus, scarcely able to control his feelings.

"My gracious liege, have you deigned to visit your servant—"

"No, my brave soldier! it is you who are *my* guest; in your king's tent, and fain is he to thank you for what you have done!" He made a sign; the drapery at one end of the tent was drawn aside, and a number of officers entered; behind them crowded the soldiers.

"Come hither, my gallant men," said Gustavus, "and thank the young man who bled so nobly for me to-day, more fortunate than many others who like him, grappled with a fourfold force in my defence. This sword—it is his—I will carry wherever danger threatens me; *that* weapon, you, Hepburn must bear; it has accompanied your king twelve years in strife and victory!"

A murmur of approbation was heard among the men. They loved to see bravery and devotion rewarded, for to such honors all could aspire; and Gustavus never failed to reward merit.

"Your device," the king continued, "is on that blade; your device, never uttered, but worn in your heart—wear it henceforth on your shield 'FEARLESS AND TRUE!' the captured banner your badge. You are now a major in my body guard. Give me your hand, and rise; with your sword will I bestow the highest order of knighthood on one so worthy its honors! I need not bid you be brave or faithful—but be fortunate ever—enrolled among the Cavaliers of the Order of the Sword, instituted by our ancestor Gustavus Vasa! Your honor your noblest treasure—your arm your king's and your country's!—Your lady claims your heart! Forget not this day! And now, sit, sir knight; he who has bled *for* his monarch, may well be suffered to sit *before* him!"

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Gustavus pursued his conquests in Pomerania, and made preparation to enter Mecklenburgh, he commanded his Queen to join him with a fresh body of Swedes; and expecting her to land at Wolgast, despatched Hepburn thither, that he might heal his wounds and attend her majesty while she rested after the fatigues of her voyage. It was a day of joy to the loyal Swedes in that town, when the intelligence of the near approach of the royal fleet was conveyed to them; Hepburn commanded the troops that were stationed on the shore to give the queen welcome, and to escort her and her train to the palaces provided for them by order of the Duke of Pomerania. At sunrise a cluster of masts were seen on the verge of the horizon, gradually ascending the crystal slope, and white sails became visible, swelled by a fresh breeze, like the wings of vast seabirds, increasing every moment in number, till

the waters were covered for more than half the breadth of the channel. It was noon before the foremost ships came to anchor in the bay. From the largest one, decorated with the royal flag, and filled with guards, the Queen, assisted by the chancellor Oxenstein, stepped into a barge that was to convey her to shore; four princesses of the blood, and the court dames followed. Other barges were in attendance, filled with Swedish nobles and officers; the boats danced gaily on the waves, while to meet the royal train, came Duke Bogislaus and his consort, with the Pomeranian barons. After the ceremonies of greeting and welcome, the royal barges proceeded side by side towards the land; they were soon secured with cables, and a temporary bridge constructed to the shore.

As the Queen of Sweden set her foot on the soil, salutes were fired from all the ships; the greeting echoed in thunders by the joyous huzzas of the soldiers and the people. Cannon were also fired in quick succession as her majesty proceeded towards the castle; while Hepburn, approaching with graceful courtesy, delivered the letter of Gustavus, praying her to accept his services, for which purpose the king's majesty had been pleased to send him. Smiling, Mary took the letter of her beloved hero, disengaged its silken cord, glanced at the first line, dwelt fondly on the signature—'Gustavus Adolphus'—her eyes suffused with tears of pleasure; then motioning graciously her greeting to the knight, turned again to the Duchess and ladies, who waited to conduct her to her temporary place of abode. A rich collation was there prepared; at the close of which the Queen retired to her chamber, read the letter, and commanded the young officer to be summoned.

"You are a native of Brandenburg!" she said, while she gave the youth her white hand to kiss.

Hepburn answered in the affirmative, and again made proffer of his service and devotion.

"I am your debtor, noble knight!" replied Mary, "and rejoice to find a countryman so worthy. You have saved my husband—have bled for him; how dear to Mary of Brandenburg are those wounds! I see by your badge, you are of the Order of the Sword; let me bestow another badge, less martial, but not less honorable—a pledge of the approbation of your Queen!" The knight sank on his knee, and the royal hands of Mary tied round his neck the blue ribbon with the white cross of the Seraphin Order.

"Now rise, gallant sir!" said her majesty—"and relate to us the adventure wherein you saved the king's life."

Hepburn was in no little confusion; it had

formed no part of his martial education to speak or act in presence of the fair; and never had his eyes beheld so fair and noble a company. But the Queen commanded, and with crimson face and downcast eyes, he detailed the particulars of the engagement, the more embarrassed as truth compelled him to give to himself and his comrades the praise of the victory. The Queen thanked him at the conclusion; and tears of sympathy in many beautiful eyes were also his reward.

The next day Hepburn, with the officers of his suite, and the nobles of the court of Bogislaus, was presented in form to the Queen and her ladies; a round of gaieties and festivities succeeded, in which the knight could not mingle with pleasure, since, notwithstanding the honours that had crowned his military career, a blight was upon his heart's dearest hopes. The image of his lost Irene, as he had last seen her, appealing to heaven against him, against her own love, with eyes upturned in solemn self-sacrifice, was with him in the heat of strife—in the pomp of war; how much more in moments of leisure—in hours when others were mirthful, while no effort could compel a smile to his lips! His habitual melancholy was not unmarked, nor its cause un conjectured, by the Queen and her dames; (what is so penetrating as a woman's perception in such matters?) and there was one among the circle who resolved to be the physician to heal his bosom's wounds.

Before her marriage with Gustavus, Mary, at the court of her father, Sigismund of Brandenburg, had formed acquaintance with a young Italian lady, the widow of the Marchese Ricci. Banished for political causes from his own country, that noble had found shelter at the Prince's court. His young bride accompanied him, but hardly, as it seemed from the impulse of love. At sixteen, she became a widow; frivolity and love of pleasure soon caused her to forget she was an exile; the princess, compassionating her condition, caused her to forget she was alone. Mary took Donna Giulia for her chosen companion; they became inseparable friends, till the love of the princess for Gustavus overmastered every other feeling. Notwithstanding their partial estrangement, Giulia accompanied her, on her marriage, to Sweden, and retained a place in her household. This lady, who had not yet numbered twenty summers, vain, voluptuous, and ambitious, was now resolved, cost what it might, on the conquest of the youthful hero. When a lovely woman thus resolves, it seldom costs much to achieve the conquest!

Donna Giulia's beauty was of that majestic and luxuriant cast, peculiar to the women of Lombar-

dy. A figure rather above the middle size, rounded in youthful fulness, and exhibiting the perfection of grace in every movement—a glossy abundance of dark brown hair, worn in the becoming Grecian style—large, dark, melting eyes, more speaking, more languid, and yet more brilliant than the blue orbs of the northern dames—ever fascinating in their expression of gaiety or feeling—a complexion transparent as the day, and mantling with the sunny flush of health and youthful spirits—the rose on her cheek contrasting with the whiteness of her classic forehead, and with a neck like alabaster—these formed the claims of the lovely Italian to superior beauty; yet was she not envied, for her vivacity, somewhat unrestrained, in contrast to the reserved manners of her companions, was refined by polished ease and grace; her energy was tempered with the blindest good humour; and much was conceded to her country and her habits, even by those most disposed to censure the freedom of her demeanor.

Her susceptible heart, hitherto untouched by love, for she had laughed to scorn the cold courtesy of her northern admirers, now surrendered itself to the new feeling with all the warmth and abandonment of her country. She treated Hepburn with sympathy and kindness, as if discerning and feeling for his misfortunes; she assumed a frank, but gentle manner towards him, calculated to win, without intruding on his confidence; she did all, in short, a gifted woman could do to please, and felt no doubt she should ere long supplant her unknown rival. She obtained Hepburn's admiration, his gratitude, his esteem—his confiding friendship. He dreamed not of more; perhaps would not, had his heart been unoccupied; for though beloved of his monarch, he had no possession but a true sword and an unsullied name.

A fortnight had passed since the Queen's landing, and as she was shortly to proceed to Stettin, a grand entertainment was given before her departure by the Duchess.

"Do you attend the ball to-night!" said Donna Giulia, with a languid air, to Hepburn, as the dames were retiring after dinner to make their evening toilette; "I am ill at ease, and have prayed the Queen to excuse me; if it be not too great a sacrifice, I pray you keep an invalid company!"

The knight gladly consented, for the glare and pomp of court assemblies were distasteful to him; and he followed the stately lady to her dressing-room. It was fitted up with more of luxury than then prevailed even among the German nobility. The broad space between the windows was oc-

cupied by a Venetian mirror of extraordinary size, in a frame of massive silver; the sofas were furnished with silken cushions embroidered with gold; marble tables bearing silver vases filled with flowers, stood on different sides of the room; the heavy hangings darkened the little light that came through the stained windows. The lady rang for her maid, who lighted a lamp of rose colored alabaster; then Giulia suffered herself to be relieved of her head-dress, and let her dark tresses float unconfined over her unrivalled neck and shoulders. She had previously exchanged her robe of gold brocade for a simple mantle of white silk; a gauze kerchief was thrown carelessly over her neck, and Hepburn thought as he gazed, that he had never beheld a being so lovely.

The lady dismissed her maid, and seated herself on the sofa, leaning her head on her fair round arm, while she signed to the young officer to take a seat near her.

Hours passed away unheeded in conversation; for the polished Italian possessed tact to charm away all sense of embarrassment; it became more serious; and Hepburn, in spite of the resolution of sterner moments, found himself betrayed for the first time, into speaking openly of his love and his disappointment. He was a true hearted soldier; reverence for the fair was to him a sacred duty; and he saw in his dangerous companion only a woman of surpassing beauty, who felt and avowed friendship for him. He shared with her the treasured secret of his manly breast; he spoke as his heart prompted, sadly, but earnestly, while his eyes glistened with unexpressed tears.

"Ah! my good knight!" cried Giulia; "how in my inmost heart do I feel for you! Would that I could console you—could make you happy! I sympathise with you—for I too have loved—loved hopelessly! Yet, more unhappily than you—for he who won my heart—who won it without return—belonged to another!"

Weeping, she hid her face upon her arm, extending her right hand towards the knight. He pressed it respectfully to his lips; she drew him towards the sofa where she sat. The good genius of the young man might have whispered him to beware, while he took the offered seat, and looked upon the face now turned towards him. How radiantly beautiful was that face, glowing with emotion, while tears still bedewed the long lashes that shaded the lovely eyes. Those eyes were suffused; a tender sorrow was in their expression; the beautiful bust heaved—he could almost hear her heart beating—her warm breath was on his cheek. "So gentle—so kind," she murmured softly; "I scarce recognise the

dreaded warrior, who ever courts danger. So noble a heart—would you—tell me!—would you rejoice to see me happy?"

"How can you ask lady?" cried the knight. "Could my life purchase your happiness, I would offer it with joy, counting the sacrifice too slight! But my sympathy is fruitless; far distant, doubtless, in the land of the myrtle and orange, dwells the chosen of your heart!"

"Ah! not so!" sighed the lady Giulia; "he is nearer than you dream. Would he speak as you speak? You would give your life for my happiness—and yet you love me not! What should he be willing to give or sacrifice, who loves a woman? Tell me, dear knight. No—tell me not—it might offend—"

"What shall I tell you?" asked Hepburn, in some embarrassment.

"Nothing—nothing. Leave me, I beseech you, leave me!"—The knight rose to depart.—"No, no, stay!" she cried impetuously, clasping his hand in both hers—"Stay with me!—alas! I am a child. I know not what I would ask."

Filled with surprise, embarrassment, and compassion, Hepburn looked at her in silence. Her agitation distressed him, but no explanation could he or would he read in the soft dark eyes, which, full of tearful fondness, were raised to his. He would have given worlds to be gone, but how could he leave her thus? He vowed in his inmost soul never again to be found in such a strait—yet, he knew not himself the object of Giulia's love, but only felt too deeply his own weakness. It was the heart's severest trial!—Again he rose, and gently disengaged his hand from hers. Suddenly, as by an irresistible impulse, the fair Italian sprang to her feet, flung her arms round his neck, and laid her head on his breast, while words of wild import, words of passion and sorrow, and love unbounded, mingled with the sobs that seemed to burst from her inmost heart, agitating violently her whole frame.

The burning blush of shame mantled like lightning on the brow of the noble youth, as the arms of the siren were wound about him, and he heard her confession. "Away—on the instant!" was the warning of his better nature. The image of Irene flashed across his mental vision; it was that of a guardian cherub mourning the fall of his charge. What mild reproach was in those soft blue eyes!

Self-humiliated, stricken with remorse that he had thus yielded to the fascinations of a woman he could never love, he unclasped Giulia's arms from his neck, and placed her trembling on the sofa. "Farewell, Donna Giulia!" he said: "I leave you this instant—for my own esteem—my

heart's acquittal is dear to me, and I am guilty that I have stayed so long! Your charms—the charms so few could resist, may plead my excuse to you—to me they cannot—for the recollection of duty has broken the bewildering dream. I am not worthy of your love. Farewell! forget or think with pity, not with anger, on one who shuns you because honour forbids him to cherish toward you any feeling warmer than respect!"

He had left the apartment before the disappointed fair one recovered from the stupor of surprise occasioned by his parting words. What did the lovely Italian, her proffered heart and hand thus unceremoniously rejected? She paced her apartment hurriedly for some moments—she surveyed her slighted charms in the mirror—the glorious abundance of her dark locks—the eyes more brilliant for the scorn that flashed from them—the cheeks suffused with the deepest crimson of resentment—she vowed revenge on the youth, on her unknown rival, on all the world! Finally, she rung for her maid; gathered her rich tresses into a head-dress more becoming than any she had ever worn before; donned her most gorgeous robes, and prepared to attend the "solemn ball" given by the Duchess of Pomerania.

"He will be there!" she murmured—"and he shall feel my scorn! The Queen will command his attendance; Oh, yes! he will be there!"

Hepburn, meanwhile, was ushered into the Queen's cabinet, having earnestly requested an audience. Mary was dressed for the festival.

"Be sure," she said, graciously, in reply to the knight's statement that he had a dear boon to crave, the nature of which, however, she mistook—"Be sure, I will use my utmost influence. I thought, indeed, when I saw you first so pensive and love-stricken—that not so soon—well! you are a man! wherefore should you not forget? And the king's wish is realized!"

"The king's wish? Then your majesty will pardon me!" exclaimed Hepburn.

"I? aye, that will I? but the lady? for to say truth, I expected more constancy from you! I thought not to see so bold a heart so quickly subdued!"

"Good heavens!" cried the bewildered knight; "how should your majesty know?"

"How strangely you ask! what should I know? come you not to ask of me the hand of our fair Marchese?"

"No; my Queen," replied Hepburn—"but with quite another purpose. I come to thank your majesty for your gracious favour towards me, and to pray your permission to depart immediately to join the king's army."

"How! would you leave me? Tell me, I entreat you—sir knight, tell me what has happened! How is it, that you, whom I saw to-day so happy in the circle of my dames, wish to leave us so suddenly to-night?"

Hepburn crimsoned to the very temples: but assuming an air of gallantry—"My gracious queen," he said, "it is even because I was too well pleased in so fair a circle! Who enters a garden so rich, may be tempted to pluck some of its flowers; and I"—

"You would fly from temptation; is your heart then so weak? Untried virtue is no virtue. Is your love so mutable, 'tis proof that it would not last a lifetime; your fair one has an escape as well as you. If your love be strong, fair knight, can it not withstand so light a trial?"

"Call you the trial light?"

"Ha! you have felt it, then! Well, a loving, single, true heart doth hold all trials light! Remain with us, you have been unhappy in your love; choose among the daughters of this land one easier to obtain. Stay with us. Your Queen asks it!"

The youth was sore beset. "It is my duty to stay, if you command it," he said; "but humbly, on my knee, I beg the favour of dismissal."

The Queen pondered long, resting her head on her hand, and spoke at length with a more serious air.

"I will not gainsay your wish; but ere we part, I may do you a service—a woman's wit has guessed your secret; but confide to me the obdurate fair one's name."

Painful as was the revival of his heart's wasting grief, Hepburn could not deny the confidence which the royal Mary honoured him by asking.

She wrote a letter, which she sealed and secured with a silken string, and gave him for the hand of Gustavus. "Go," she said at length—"Go, noble knight; forget not your country-woman—nay, I trust we soon shall meet again!" She held out her hand; Hepburn kneeled and kissed it; then rose and retreated towards the door.

The Queen called him back before he had reached the threshold. "I would give you," she said, "a memento of this hour, and of this interview." She drew a ring from her finger; "See," she continued, smiling—"the beautiful stone in the midst is an opal; it gleams with all the colours of the rainbow; but though much larger, it has not half the value of one of the brilliants that surround it. It is easily impress-

ed; you may cut it with your dagger, you may break it in pieces on the ground. The stones that encircle it, on the contrary, are hard, indestructible. The opal is the heart of man—soft, opaque; the gay colours play on the outside; it varies in every ray; it shines not in the fire as in the clear beam of heaven."

Hepburn cast down his eyes, and reddened; the Queen continued, playfully—"These stones are diamonds; pure and firm; like the heart of woman; transparent as light; not on the surface, but *within* the colours gleam; it hoards the burning ray for winter's gloom. See, knight! the stones that encircle the opal, give the ring its value; so is man's heart only of price when the affection of woman clings to it. Take the ring, and remember my words; may it prove a talisman to you! Should fortune crown your love, give it to your bride, and tell her what I have said!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was almost dark when Hepburn, and a small body of horse under his command, reached the king's camp near Wriezen. Shouts greeted him when he was recognised by the soldiers, who dismissed from duty, were lounging in groups about the encampment. A number were assembled around a rude block or pulpit, on which a man was eagerly haranguing them in broken German. Hepburn stopped his horse to observe him. He was apparently about seventy years of age, with a countenance so sinister and forbidding, that the first sight of him might well excite suspicion. The uncouth yet fantastic style of his apparel strengthened the impression of disgust; and his long beard, tangled and uncut, added to the wildness of his physiognomy. He held an open book in one hand, from which he read passages ever and anon, declaiming with great vehemence, and in singing nasal tones; while the soldiers listened, now with wondering attention, now with shouts and bursts of laughter. The knight stopped not to hear, but hastened on to the royal tent, where he besought his majesty's pardon for his abrupt return; and ended by laughingly praying the king to send him hereafter against a whole battery of cannon, and the swords of an hundred Imperialists, rather than into such peril as he had escaped.

"Thou art welcome, ne'ertheless, my son," said the monarch; "for to-morrow we march for Frankfort; and thence, please fortune, to Stettin! Meanwhile, give us your tidings; how fares my consort? you shall sup with me and be

not grudging of your news. We are alone; for the officers, like the soldiers, are bewitched with their new preacher."

"The gray man? who is he, your majesty? I marked him as I rode into the camp."

"Oh, a superstitious dreamer, who came with the baggage from Gartz; he has seen more visions than Ezekiel, of swords, and battles in the clouds, and I wot not what. I have mind to send him to the Emperor!"

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Hepburn returned late to his tent; the night was clear, though moonless; and as he passed through the encampment, silent as a deserted city, save when the calls of the sentinels were heard, his thoughts recurred to his own destiny. His attention, however, was suddenly attracted by seeing a dark object gliding at a distance between the tents. He thought it at first some animal, but a nearer approach discovered it to be a man, creeping on his hands and feet, and evidently anxious to avoid observation. Hepburn's suspicions were instantly excited. He followed the man; the darkness, however, and the stranger's agility, enabled him to elude his scrutiny; the object suddenly disappeared; and after a vain search in every direction, deeming it not prudent to give the alarm, the knight was obliged to content himself with quietly ordering four of his men to arm themselves, and keep watch till dawn before the royal tent.

Gustavus Adolphus, the bravest man of his time, slept usually without guards; in the inmost chamber of his tent, on a simple camp bed, resting his sacred head beneath a canopy of armor, the hangings were doubled to keep out the cold; a space of half a foot between. All was silence in the chamber, when some one moved in this space, and in the corner, where the canvass joined, the curtains were gently drawn aside—farther and farther, till a man entered at the aperture. He glided to the king's couch, drew from his bosom a short dagger, and lifted his arm to strike. At the same instant a tall figure sprang from the other side of the bed, caught the assassin's arm, and cried in tones that pierced like steel—"The guard!—the guard!"

"Who is there?" cried Gustavus, springing from his bed, and snatching the long-sword that lay beside him—"Give answer, or I hew you down—who is there?"

"It is I, my king!" answered Hepburn, still struggling with his enemy—"lights! lights! help me! I am wounded—and cannot hold the ruffian!—help!"

*His men rushed in with the king's chamberlain,

and several of the soldiers with lights, which discovered the gray man in mortal strife with the young knight, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the shoulder. As he saw and recognised his enemy, he seized him by the throat, and threw his head violently backward; so that the assassin fell senseless to the ground.

The soldiers who now crowded in, alarmed by the outcry, seized the lifeless traitor, and would have dragged him out, to hang him on the next tree; but the king bade them desist from their purpose of vengeance.

"There is time enough for punishment," said he: "keep the villain under guard. But how is it with you, brave young man—my friend! what ho!—send hither our surgeon instantly—he is hurt!"

"My liege, 'tis a trifle—'tis nothing! God be praised I did not come too late!"

"No, my good son!—but Mary herself shall thank you! Strike tents with the dawn; we will sup to-morrow at Stettin; thence to Frankfort with lighter hearts! Remain with me, Hepburn, in my tent; I would have farther discourse with you."

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CHAPTER V.
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"The last of your race!" said Gustavus Adolphus, at Stettin, to his young friend and protégé, on whom he had just conferred new rank; "the last of your race! then must you seek means to perpetuate the honours your sword has won! Baron Von Heldensohn! follow my counsel; go home to Sweden, when we have chastised once more the Emperor's miscreants, and seek a bride among the daughters of princes. The haughtiest sire will not question your rank or right, for you are our friend and son! And we will bestow lands for the bride's dower.—Ha! silent! you will not obey! you are ready to sacrifice life for me, but not an idle caprice!"

"My liege, it is no caprice! Pardon me! what would avail me a Duke's coronet, if love hallowed not the prize! Sire, I pray you!"

"No more! you will think better of it! I warrant me, before to-morrow! Come, now; the Queen waits to give you welcome. Her woman heart thanks you, that you have saved my life; I thank you, that you have justified my faith in human nature, and shown me a monarch can be loved by his subjects."

The folding doors were opened. Gustavus took the young baron by the hand, and led him towards the Queen, who stood in the midst of her train of ladies and nobles. Hepburn's eyes sought the

royal Mary; the next instant his knee forgot its homage, and he stood gazing, as on a vision, on the form of a young girl, who, herself almost fainting, leaned upon the arm of one of the court dames.

"Your trials are over!" cried Gustavus, advancing with a benevolent smile. "You have refused a bride at my hands; accept one from the hands of our consort; and she shall tell you, when time permits, of her pleading for you. Winlaf gives you his daughter; you must make her baroness to-night, that we may bless the bridal before our departure. What say'st thou, maiden?"

Hepburn threw himself at the Queen's feet; he bowed his face to the ground to conceal the emotion he could not master; then rising, his arms clasped the beautiful, the weeping Irene, who could only hide in his bosom the tears and blushes she would not that the noble circle should see.

"Yet am I shamed in this!" pursued the king; "all the favours I have bestowed have not given him half the joy of this device of my queen's! Well, let it be so! Lead on, to the nuptial feast; for our time presses.—Lead on!"

The banquet was prepared in an adjoining hall. In the balcony were ranged musicians, who welcomed with kettle-drum and trumpet the entering guests. The sea had yielded stores of every variety of fish to deck the board; and all the luxuries of the land were collected. Ortolans, gelinottes, peacocks with their starry trains spread, with boarsheads, and game of every description, and dishes we have neither time nor space to describe, constituted the feast.

As twilight came on, two doors on either side of the hall were thrown open, and servitors entered in rich liveries bearing in each hand silver sconces with wax lights burning. When the lights were distributed, healths were drank; and, escorted by the music, the company proceeded to a neighbouring saloon, where a Protestant priest waited on the steps of the temporary altar, to unite the youthful lovers.

"Baron Von Heldensohn!" said the deep voice of the king—"receive your bride at our hands. Her father, who is ill at ease, sends his blessing. Let him never repent his monarch's choice!" The ceremony was performed, and Hepburn led his bride to the Queen.

"And now, my lord!" said Mary, "we all crave a boon. Remain with us to celebrate the bridal festivities. I pray you, deny me not!"

"Nay, mine honoured spouse," replied the king—"it grieves me that I *must*—per force—deny you; no less than for my own sake, that we must part to-night! Yet we leave two hearts

happy. Hepburn, I give you eight days for rejoicing; join me then, in Mecklenburg! Farewell! be happy as you have proved yourself 'fearless and true!' " So saying, Gustavus turned away, and led the Queen from the hall.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,

With lights that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow

Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,

From the bowers of light to that bordering
land,

And walk in the fainter glory there,

With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,

From eyes that open on earth no more—

One warning word from a voice once dear—

How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,

And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away

To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,

There walk the spectres of guilty fear,

And soft, low voices that float through the night,

Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear Maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,

Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!

Thy tears, on whose cheeks are but the shower

That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow

Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,

And I know, by the moving lips, that now

Thy spirit stays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!

Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls;

And only wander where thou mayst meet

The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shall thou come from the Land of Dreams,

With love and peace to this world of strife;

And the light that over that border streams,

Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

ADOLPH BRUNER.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

MIDNIGHT—one; two; three; had been successively tolled by all the clocks of Gottingen; the most inveterate book-worms had forborne, for that night, the further prosecution of their studies—the hardiest revellers had reeled to their turbid slumbers—the solemn dullness of the most wakeful among the Professors had bowed to the invincible soporific of his own meditations. Nature and man were alike buried in darkness and repose; yet from a single window gleamed the taper of a student who seemed likely to outwatch the stars! Yet it was not study, nor gaming; nor dissipation, nor the last new romance, that thus had driven sleep from his eye-lids. Unheeding—immovable—unconscious even of himself and his loneliness—he sat in his narrow chamber, his face resting on his hand, and his eye, with intensest gaze, devouring vacancy, while the silence within and the war of elements without the scholastic pile he tenanted, were, alike with the books which seemed looking down from their shelves in wonder at his unwonted abstraction as things which were not, or had never been.

Not that the abstraction of intense thoughtfulness was of itself, so foreign to his nature and his habits.

Adolph Bruner had been a dreamer from his infancy. Born to penury and rugged fortune, his life had been rendered endurable not less by its waking dreams than its stern exertions. From a child his thirst had been to Know—strengthened and deepened as the field of knowledge, attainable to human energy, opened wider and wider upon his mental vision, and a consciousness of the god-like ends to which its mastery may be rendered subservient, had possessed his whole moral being, step by step had he won his way aided by that good Providence which men irreverently miscall fortune—from the ignorance and destitution of his infancy to the higher sources of knowledge and instruction—to the most learned University of Germany. Here his career had been a brief but a brilliant one. Single-hearted, enthusiastic, and devoted—with no prospect in life but such as flowed from or interested themselves with his achievements as a scholar—his progress had been most rapid, and his deportment such as to win for him the undisguised approbation of his superiors, and

the admiration of his fellows. He had no enemies; for he interfered with the pursuits or aims of none, but the devoted followers of knowledge; and the true votary of science, though an ardent, is seldom an envious competitor for her honours. He struck out like a strong and bold swimmer into the great ocean of truth—as one to whom the very exertion is a pleasure, independent of the emerald islets which form the goal to which he is tending.

Yet now the thoughts of Adolph more impetuous and engrossing in their wild career, had found a channel far different from that hitherto traversed. An incident had occurred the evening previous which threatened to influence the whole character of his after life.

Returning on that evening from his usual walk, in which he was accustomed to ramble wherever accident or fancy should suggest, he had been at first an involuntary spectator of, and ultimately a participator in, a scene not likely to be soon effaced from his memory. A young female, alone and obviously a stranger to the city, was approaching it from abroad, and perplexed and bewildered by the darkness closing in upon her novel and unfriended condition, had addressed some natural inquiry to three of the most graceless of the young collegians, whom she happened to meet. The object of this inquiry and the character of the fair questioner it had suited those accustomed to misunderstand; and, their insolence being repelled with indignation, they were fired to more unpardonable rudeness and insult.

“Those pretty lips shall answer for that imprudence with a kiss,” exclaimed the ringleader, “we will see if their sweetness is equal to their tartness,” and, with a single spring, he had caught her so tightly in his arms, as to repress the shriek of mingled indignation and terror that rose to and died upon her lips.

Adolph stood for one moment rooted in amazement to the earth—for one moment only did his faculties forsake him, as he looked to see the ruffian hurled to the earth by his comrades, and looked—shame to manhood that we should say it—in vain! They were evidently far more inclined

to share in, than to punish the meditated outrage. The next instant, he had bounded with an exclamation of rage and horror into the midst of the group, and the infuriated villain felt himself hurled with lion strength from his victim and dashed to earth with the momentum of an oak of the forest. His comrades, with the coward instinct of guilt, had vanished amid the darkness; himself lay stunned and disabled, yet breathing heavily; yet all had passed so quickly that the terror-stricken maiden knew not how or why the grasp of violence had been torn from her sinking frame. Moments passed in silence which she dared not to break; its preservation restored and reassured her; she looked timidly upwards, and her eyes encountered the unmistakable gaze of purity and anxious tenderness.

"Lady! you are safe!—my life shall answer it!"

She heard; she doubted not; but the shuddering sensations of one terrible moment were not to be dissipated by a word, and neither the scene nor its associations were calculated to restore her to composure. She shrank not, but stood trembling and irresolute. Again he was compelled to break the silence.

"Your home—your friends—may I attend you?"

A burst of grief was the response; it seemed at first likely to destroy, but it restored her consciousness; and, at length, she answered calmly, though mournfully,

"I have no home—no friends!"

"Let me take you to one who will rejoice in being all to you," was the answering entreaty of the student. The maiden looked but once again earnestly into his face; she caught once more that gaze of tenderness and truth. It was enough—she read there the assurance of which she stood so bitterly in need. Those could never be the eyes of a villain. She placed her arm undoubtingly in his; and a brief walk brought her beneath the sheltering roof of an humble friend of Adolph—an aged and lonely woman, whose industry ministered to her daily wants, whose benevolence and worth were the praise of all who knew her. She repressed her surprise at the appearance of the student so strangely (for him) attended; and welcomed both to her glowing hearth with unaffected cordiality. Adolph's explanation was soon given.

The story of the maiden was necessarily longer; for it glanced at the leading incidents of her past life. It was a sad, unromantic epitome of some of life's darker realities—a story of misfortune and suffering. Born in a distant village, in the

humbler walks of society, Bertha Lindorf had been deprived in infancy of a father's protecting care, and left the sole charge of a widowed and friendless mother. That mother had shunned society since her great bereavement, and the daughter was brought up in comparative isolation from the world. She had never pined for society or its pleasures—she was hardly aware of their existence—a mother's love was wholly hers, and that sufficed her. But at length their village was ravaged by an epidemic, and the mother was among the earliest of its victims! When Bertha awoke from the stupor of her immeasurable grief and despair, she found that all who might be expected to feel an interest in her fate had either fallen a prey to the destroyer or fled in terror from the vicinity. It needed not this to dispose her to abandon the scene of her misfortunes; but the urgent necessity for some change mainly contributed to arouse her from her deep despondency. Her only surviving relatives, a mother's sister and her family, lived at a considerable distance and in the vicinity of Göttingen; thither, as a dernier resort, she bore the burden of her sorrows. Judge, then, her consternation, when, on reaching the place, she was informed that her relatives had emigrated some weeks earlier to America, leaving her none to lean upon, whether of kindred or friends. She was now indeed, alone in the world. The meagre pittance which had been raised by her by the forced sale of her mother's scanty effects, was nearly exhausted; what remained would not suffice to transport her to the New World, even did she know whither to shape her course on seeking its shores—it would not even restore her to her native village, whither nothing wooed her but a rude and unmarked grave. She had arrived at the end of her sorrowing journey that very day, but to find new and most unexpected cause of grief; the house she had sought stood tenantless, and no rites of hospitality had been tendered her by its churlish and unheeding neighbours. Desolate and distracted, she had wandered in its vicinity until nightfall, half hoping in her deep despair, that Providence would restore to that deserted tenement those from whom alone she might look for a welcome and a home. The shadows of evening at length disturbed her aching reverie; a livelier sense of her lorn condition induced a keener anguish, but it was accompanied by a consciousness that shelter for the night, at least, must be sought forthwith. Those only who realize in all its force that but a few coins are between their condition and beggary, know how fiercely the soul recoils from passing the dreadful barrier. With a home and friends

in the distance, she could have craved a night's sustenance without a pang; now the thought was torture. At any rate, she would not solicit it of those who should have offered it, but did not—far sooner of the utter stranger. She grasped the few coins that yet remained to her—they had not deserted her side—and turned with hasty, though weary steps toward the neighbouring city. The rest need not be recapitulated.

Adolph listened with soft attention to her simple narrative, and soon after commended the fair stranger to the rest she so much needed, and bade her and her hostess adieu till the morrow. By tacit agreement, the future was for that evening avoided. It needed not another glance into that dark abyss to fill the cup of Bertha's sorrows.

Adolph sought his apartment, but not, as we have seen, to rest. To him, the remaining hours of darkness were neither few nor many; the heaviest footsteps of time would have pressed his burning brow unheeded. All that night a crowd of confused, unwonted fancies ran riot through his busy brain, dispossessing its former inmates, and asserting a new, yet potent dominion. Hundreds of times were the scenes of the past evening reacted before his mental vision; the villain's grasp, the maiden's terror, the stupor of one moment and the electric energy of the next—the ruffian's instant discomfiture and the maiden's fervent gratitude—her misfortunes, her youth, and her desolation, all in rapid succession were vividly presented to his mind's eye; and the chain of incident was but complete to be commenced anew. Occasionally, his bewildered fancy would wander into the future, to find itself instantly arrested and thrown back; and again it recommenced its measured round. He did not seek nor wish to conceal from himself the profound interest which he felt in the gentle being whom he had rescued from fearful violence; any one whose rescue from ruffian outrage it had been his fortune to achieve, would have thenceforth (he reasoned) been an object of deep solicitude. But it certainly did not weaken the interest he was constrained to feel, nor did it tend to tranquillize his perturbed spirit, that she who regarded and blessed him as her deliverer, was a maid of surpassing beauty—that her fervent gratitude was murmured from lips of rosiest fullness and yet more eloquently spoken from eyes of brightest lustre, even while suffused with richest pearls of tenderness and sorrow. In truth, long before morning dawned upon his rapt, unheeding senses, those eyes and accents had established themselves in the foreground of the picture on which his mental vision so unceasingly employed itself; and, ere he was startled

into consciousness by the glare and din of day, his fancy had learned to dwell longer and with greater satisfaction on the fairy form of graceful though early womanhood, relating with downcast swimming eyes, the tale of her privation and her sorrows, by the cottage hearth, than on the pinnioned and terror-stricken stranger, vainly struggling for escape or for utterance in the grasp of daring villainy.

The morning call of Adolph at the cottage was brief and constrained; for the first glance sufficed to show that to both rescuer and rescued the night had been a sleepless one. To the latter, indeed, how could it have been otherwise? Even could the shuddering remembrance of the past be lightly banished, how should she dismiss anxious, harrowing thoughts of the present and the future? An orphan among strangers, without friend or protector; but yesterday a child without care or sorrow, and now a lonely struggler against the necessities and the perils of a rugged world; without a hope or a prospect beyond food and shelter for a few hours or days—and this the boon of one whom her woman's delicacy taught her to regard, however pure and noble, as one of the last to whom she could bear to be indebted, even temporarily, for a maintenance—what wonder that the night, which had been to Adolph one of novel sensation and strong mental excitement, had been to her one of deeper anxiety and darker apprehension? He had resolutely shunned the future; she was constrained, however hopelessly or uselessly, to keep its vague blackness ever before her eyes. To revert from these to the sorrows or terrors of the past, thence to be driven back again upon the bleak region of the unknown, afforded small relief; and the student, when at length he ventured to call upon his charge, was shocked by the pale and haggard expression which a night of suffering had imparted to her features, and could only implore her to strive to forget her cares in slumber for a few hours, before serious illness should be added to the full measure of her calamities. Not to be himself the cause of her noncompliance, he but waited to enjoin her in no case to abandon the shelter to which Providence had conducted her, until a better should be offered, and immediately took leave, promising to return again with the shades of evening.

That evening found each more composed, and Bertha more cheerful. The motherly kindness of her hostess had not been lost upon her; the assurance that at any rate she was no longer a houseless, friendless wanderer, in danger of perishing by famine, and in constant fear of insult

and outrage, was not without its soothing influence; she had begun to hope, if not to realize, that He, who in His wisdom bereaves, may in His mercy comfort and bless. Each, since their last meeting, had bowed to the spell of "Nature's sweet restorer," and been refreshed by its influences. The maiden met her preserver at the door of the cot, with lively gratitude, if not with cheerfulness, and for a few moments their thoughts flowed in a corresponding channel. Soon, however, the effort to avoid the future became more and more apparent; the conversation flagged; at length it ceased. It became evident that the point to which the thoughts of both irresistibly tended could not be avoided in their words; the exertion was painful, and could be sustained but by unmeaning commonplace, or by emphatic silence. The pause was but for a few moments; it was broken by Adolph, who, deeming farther forbearance useless and unwise, frankly asked his charge if she had yet formed any plans for the future, and whether he would be allowed to assist in putting them in execution. A blush at the vivid recollection of her dependence, succeeded by a deadly paleness, and a sob of deepest intensity, constituted the response. She could not summon words to reply.

Adolph was pained, but not surprised. He felt the difficulties of her position as truly if not as keenly as the sensitive being by his side. But he felt also that any proffers of assistance, much more any protestations of devotion, which might have preceded this question, would have been still more embarrassing, beside seeming to be untimely and obstructive, in view of her bereavement and desolation. Gently urging the subject as one of which necessity required the frank consideration, he forbore to aggravate her painful sense of dependence by assurances that she would be most welcome to such a home as his means might provide her, so long as she chose to accept it at his hands. This was sufficiently understood, and needed not the empty parade of words. But when at length he had drawn her to speak of her plans and her hopes, he was startled and shocked in turn by their repulsive barrenness. In the simplicity of his heart, he had dreamed out for her some scheme of life not dissimilar to his own—a situation as teacher, governess, or, at the worst, in some of the more graceful and delicate mechanical employments of her sex, in which the immediate future could be passed tranquilly and soothingly leaving a bright vista beyond, irradiated by Hope's vague but blissful gleamings. Alas! for none of these was the maiden fitly qualified! Her life had been passed in seclusion from society; the instruction her mother had been able to im-

part was meager indeed; and the student was not long in discovering that her crushed spirit dared aspire no higher than to some position in which she would be allowed to earn the bread of poverty by the unremitting drudgery of menial toil—and even for this, neither her failing strength nor the gentle nature of her years of happiness was calculated to adapt her. She did not, for she could not, wholly disguise her repugnance to this mode of earning a livelihood to the contumely, the tyranny, and the coarse revilings to which it must naturally subject her—but, poorly qualified as she was for this, she was still less qualified for any other employment; and she did not despair of attaining eventually to a skill in her humble vocation which, added to alacrity, docility, and unwearied industry, should ensure her the esteem and kindness of those with whom it should please an All-wise Providence to place her lot.

Adolph had heard this without betraying emotion. He had wished to know all before hazarding any proffers which might wound her feelings without necessity or profit. Now, however, his spirit was nerved to the issue to which it had long—numbering sensations not hours—been tending. He took her hand in his, while his frame trembled, and his voice came at first husky and choked with emotion:

"Dearest Bertha! be mine! be mine for ever! God has willed it! Let us not distrust his Providence! My home must be a humble one, but with you it will ever be a paradise! Poverty and want are the appointed lot of the scholar; but love can lighten the heaviest burthen, and illumine the lowliest cot. Be mine! and my after life shall be one intense study to banish care and evil from your lot, until the past shall seem to your tranquil and blissful spirit but the phantom of a fearful dream!"

He checked his outpouring rhapsody, for a glance had shown that the maiden was unconscious. Recovering from her swoon, she looked up to see Adolph still bending over her with looks of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness. She broke the silence, as soon as her strength permitted:

"My preserver! my only friend! I am yours! yours only! yours for ever! Heaven sent you to deliver me from a fate more horrible than death: may its mercy have granted you to be my guide and my guardian through life! I am yours in all honour for ever!"

The remaining hours of that evening sped swiftly and blissfully away; and the lovers parted at midnight as only those part who are no longer twain but one. It was already settled that, though their nuptials should be deferred to

the end of the collegiate year, in deference to his pursuits no less than to her sorrows, yet they were henceforth to have no interests nor thoughts but in common, and that no sense of dependance on her part should be permitted to mar their mutual happiness. The first intimation or betrayal of such a feeling was allowed to justify Adolph in pressing an immediate though necessarily secret union. Meantime, she would remain at the cottage, while Adolph prosecuted his studies to their completion, with permission to visit his affianced at intervals, and a promise that those visits should not at any rate become so frequent as to interfere with the ardent and faithful discharge of his responsibilities elsewhere.

Fair and gentle readers! You are looking forward with throbbing hearts and sparkling eyes to an after-life of joy and felicity—to a picture of entrancing domestic happiness, of deepest holiness, most endearing wedded love! Alas! that it should be mine to break the spell which now steepens your warm fancies in a delicious but perilous elysium! A sterner and sadder truth it is mine to commend to your understanding, but for which this narrative had remained unwritten. Too much of the dangerous, the intoxicating elixir of romance has been instilled into your hearts already—I would not chill, yet I would sober and fortify them with the colder, truer lessons of reality.

Adolph resumed his studies with calmness and assiduity, if not with the enthusiasm of his earlier devotion; while Bertha divided her hours between the lessons commended to her by her lover and the work which, through the influence of her good hostess, she was enabled to obtain, and to which she clung with tenacity, in spite of every remonstrance. Idleness, in her position, would have been itself a torture, in addition to the sense of dependence, which could only be endured when escape from it was impossible; and perpetual study, in view of her habits of earlier life and her state of mind, was wholly impracticable. But she gave her best energies alike to book and toil; and Adolph had no reason to complain of her proficiency in the former, however he might have wished that the lessons which pertain to childhood had not been deferred to this period. Yet it was not long before the student began to feel a painful suspicion that all was not as it should be—to suspect and accuse himself of adorning his betrothed with less intensity than he ought.—Even before a single month of their engagement had passed, he had learned to feel far less than rapture in her presence—less than

misery when absent from her side. His visits were neither frequent nor protracted; yet the conversation often flagged for want of topics of mutual appreciation and interest. The silence of a few moments was succeeded by a feeling of constraint—a feeling ever aggravated by its own consciousness. On the brink of a union with the beautiful and gentle being whom his heart had chosen from all the world as the sharer of its thoughts and sympathies no less than of its joys and sorrows, he experienced a disquiet and a foreboding which ill became an adoring and affianced lover.

Of course, these misgivings were not betrayed to the maiden, still less acknowledged to himself. Occasionally, a shadow crossed his mind, and was instantly repelled as if a suggestion of the Evil One. Meantime, the engagement, which he had hoped to keep a profound secret, became known, as might have been expected; and Adolph received the congratulations, real or affected, of his friends and fellows with a fearful taciturnity. He could have very well dispensed with them; but even the maliciously intended did not seem to him to rise to the dignity of an annoyance. It was with a different feeling, however, that he heard the subject opened to him by the venerable and kind Professor, who had been the Mentor of his collegiate course and the director of his studies.

"I hear you are to be married, my son? was the well-meant interrogatory of the Professor, as soon as his greeting had been returned.

"You hear truly, I believe," said Adolph, colouring.

"And to a young, uneducated peasant girl, from a secluded hamlet, whom you have known but these two months?"

"Neither is that unlike the truth," was the cold response.

"Are you not about to commit a grave error?" was the still kind inquiry which succeeded, accompanied by a searching, though a paternal look.

"I believe I have arrived at what should be years of discretion," returned Adolph, in the same calm tone. "At any rate, the question comes too late to be profitably pondered."

The Professor bowed, with an air of unmovable kindness, to which a shade of sadness was added, as the answer was concluded. He glided away so noiselessly that when Adolph ceased to await his speaking, and looked up to commence an apology for the seeming rudeness of his last retort, he was surprised to find himself alone. But that brief conversation had opened imperatively the way to a torturing scrutiny of the hidden and fearful recesses of his own heart.

A new incident soon marked the progress of Bertha's for some time monotonous and tranquil life. A youth of her native village, Albert Korler by name, who had fled from the ravages of the pestilence which bereft her of her last remaining parent, had wandered to Gottingen, and hearing that his former playmate had found there a residence, he sought and found her. The meeting was to her one of lively pleasure, though the memory of former joys and sorrows eventually gave to this and their succeeding interviews a more pensive interest. To him, alas! that meeting was one of mingled rapture and despair. He had loved her from early childhood—at first, with a boyish preference and admiration, which grew with adding years into the wild idolatry of a doating lover. No word of this had he betrayed to the object of his intense devotion; the youth of both, his own timidity, and her seclusion from all but her mother's society, had conspired to defer from day to day the avowal which he would have given worlds to be assured would be received with tenderness and favor. Still, as they casually met, he bent on her looks of affection which might have been a brother's, and was repaid with a kindness of manner which glowed for all. In the simplicity of her innocence and youth, she misinterpreted wholly the nature of his attentions. With no thought for herself which looked beyond the cottage in which she was born and the love it still held for her, she did not dream that other breasts might be agitated with gentle emotions of a far different order. But now, when she met him among strangers, after an interval most sad and eventful, she had grown wiser in the knowledge of the heart, and the truth flashed, though doubtfully, upon her. Albert was in no haste to confirm her suspicions. That he still loved her to distraction was mournfully true; but he had learned the story of her rescue and her betrothal, and he knew full well that he had no claim, no right, no hope to induce her to break her solemn troth. He dared not look forward to the future; but he could forbear to dash to earth the mingled but still delicious cup of the present. To hold daily communion with his adored; to recall with her the scenes and the beloved of other days; to revel in the light of those dear eyes: to thrill to the music of her voice and the magic of her smile, was bliss unutterable, from which an avowal of his hopeless passion must shut him out forever. He knew that Bertha could not reconcile it to her sense of honor, even were it consistent with her inclination, to continue on the eve of marriage an intimacy with a rejected but still aspiring lover. So long as he remained avowedly but a simple acquaintance and a friend of her

childhood, she could not deny him her presence without implying all that, were it true, she would be most anxious to conceal. And thus he tottered on in the gloom of a fast deepening twilight, to find its only consummation in a night of blackest despair.

And Bertha, too, even she had learned in her inmost soul to fear if not to dread the great event of her life, now with rapid strides approaching. The intimate communion of months had taught her to respect still more the lofty character of Adolph, and to esteem his many virtues. Yet her spirit was awed rather than attracted by the greatness of his intellect, and the majesty of his contemplations. As a brother, she would have gladly soothed his hours of depression, and cheered him on to labors, of which she would know and seek to know only that their aim was worthy even of him. As a lover, she was chilled by a sense of his superiority, and sat mute and constrained in his presence. How strange, how painful was the contrast between an evening shared with her lover, and one enjoyed with the admiring, simple-hearted friend of her childhood! With the former, the romance of her history had been exhausted on the first evening of their acquaintance; the romance of her affections on the second. Since then, not one new chord of sympathy had been struck between them—and what without sympathy is love? But when at length this contrast and these reflections would force themselves upon Bertha's attention, they only confirmed her the more strongly in what she deemed the path of duty. Had none such existed, she might have entreated a postponement of their swiftly approaching nuptials, on some plea connected with the state of her affections. But could she now ask her noble preserver and guardian angel to relinquish her plighted troth, and this on the express ground that she found greater pleasure in the society of another? She would abhor herself if capable of ingratitude and fickleness so monstrous. If she should sue for and obtain only a postponement of their union, would not that be certain to aggravate the evil—to increase the estrangement of her own heart, and the dangerous ascendancy of a now criminal infatuation! Her resolution was fixed; the intercourse between them continued calm and unbroken; and on the appointed day, with a mist before her eyes and a fire in her brain, Bertha Lindorf became the bride of Adolph Bruner.

Bertha had instinctively concealed from Albert the day of her nuptials—indeed, she had not trusted herself nor allowed him to speak of the matter at all—and when the thunderbolt fell, it announced that all was over. The marriage had

been privately consummated, and the parties had immediately set off to visit the widowed mother of Adolph, living at a considerable distance from Gottingen. He heard this, and sought to hear no farther. A raging fever and delirium overcame him; and when his consciousness and health were restored, Bertha, in happy ignorance of his misfortunes and wondering at his sudden disappearance, had been for some time quietly settled in the discharge of her matronly duties, as the head of her husband's humble household.

But was she happy? Alas! how idle is the question! They who know not that wedded happiness can exist but with perfect love—a love born of mutual appreciation and profoundest sympathy—have yet to learn or to escape a fearful lesson! In the union of Adolph with Bertha, each had blindly looked to marriage to reconcile differences which its intimate relationship could only serve to display more prominently, and to supply deficiencies which it could but render more painful. The very devotion of Adolph to his engrossing pursuits, which in a lover she had regarded with pride, Bertha found in a husband to require an abstraction from and a neglect of the petty but still needful cares of daily life, and a habitual taciturnity. Her most urgent question often remained unanswered because unheeded; his thoughts were wandering afar. Often did she desist from endeavours to fix his attention on some topic in which she also could feel and express an interest, and retire to her chamber to weep the tears of bitterness and despair. Her sky had now no gleam—her future no hope. She had doomed herself to bear the heavy curse of a life devoid of sympathy, and must reap as she had sown.

Adolph felt—at times acutely—that he had indeed committed “a grave mistake,” and that it was now truly too late to repent it. In the presence of his equals, he realized painfully her intellectual deficiencies and the hopelessness of now attempting to supply them. The differing currents of their thoughts refused to meet and mingle; could it be hoped that the stream of their mutual lives would flow on tranquilly and happily together? Every day seemed to increase Adolph's icy abstraction and add to the burden of Bertha's sorrows.

One evening Adolph was absent from his home, as was not unfrequently the case, when a rap at the door apprised Bertha of his supposed return. She opened, and Albert stood before her! “Do not spurn me, Bertha!” he implored, as with a shriek of surprise she had motioned to close the door; “I am very ill and wretched.” He need not have added this: that first intense wild gaze had revealed volumes to each distracted heart.

Mechanically she turned and tottered to her fire-side, and sank into a chair. Albert followed—he had wildly sought this meeting, determined to reveal and to know all. In hurried, broken accents, but with a firmness of purpose, he unfolded to her the dark picture of his blighted hopes, his crushed affections, his sufferings and his intense despair. Bertha could not summon words to command him to desist and leave her presence; for it seemed at that moment a needless cruelty to torture a heart-broken and frenzied man. He was interrupted but by bursting sobs which would not be repressed, and when he spoke of his delirium, his illness, his sufferings, which his attenuated frame and haggard countenance too well confirmed, she gave way to a torrent of bursting tears.

Another knock! what clouds of sophistry and self-deceit did it not serve to dispel! Bertha felt how criminal, how insane had been that interview, and how deep had been her guilt in listening passively to avowals of love from another beside her husband. Gladly would she have welcomed the bolt of death—she would even have met Adolph's cold gaze, and revealed all the truth. But Albert, enfeebled by severe illness as well as shattered in intellect by his great despair, had less fortitude or a deeper consciousness of wrong. “I cannot—will not meet him!” he exclaimed in agony; “let me fly!” She pointed to the door which led into the little garden in the rear of their little cottage, and in a moment he had rushed through it. Sick at heart and trembling in every fibre, Bertha unfastened the door at which her husband waited; she had neither strength nor courage to open it; and Adolph, who had fallen into one of his habitual reveries, remained some minutes without. Alas! when he did enter, his eye had a fearful brightness, and his voice, preternaturally calm, had a sternness which might well appal a bolder and a loftier spirit than that of the wretched being before him.

“Bertha!” and she started as the sepulchral sound fell upon her intent ear, “by a single act of folly, you have destroyed your future peace and mine. I was standing idly at the door but now, when my attention was attracted by a rushing noise in the garden. I looked, and saw the friend of your childhood whom you once introduced to me, fling himself madly from the enclosure and fly as if in terror. His flight was marked throughout by a band of reprobate students who happened to be passing, who saw me standing as if in waiting at the door, and who instantly set up a shout of merriment and derision. To-morrow your name will be the jest of every vile heart and scandalous tongue in Gottingen! How could you so distrust and mistake me as to deem me capable

of vulgar suspicion—as to resort to this wretched and ruinous subterfuge to conceal from me the visit of one whom as your friend I would—”

He ceased, for she had fallen heavily and senseless on the floor. By the application of every restorative, she was at length awakened to consciousness, but not to the clear light of reason. Her mind wandered—the past and the present, the absent and the near, were blended in inextricable confusion—and Adolph could only understand that his presence was painful to her, and that she entreated him to retire and leave her to compose her troubled thoughts. He obeyed, but not without misgivings; slumber was out of the question, and he proceeded to his little study, and was soon immersed, as far as it was possible at such a time even for him to be, in the perusal of a favourite volume. An hour passed—he found that he was but deceiving himself; the words burned and danced before his eyes, but no corresponding images were imprinted on his brain; he became alarmed at the profound silence maintained by Bertha; swiftly he revisited her apartment, but to find it vacant; he called, but received no answer. Slowly and in agony wore away the remaining hours of night; and morning dawned but to confirm his worst forebodings. Distracted, hopeless, and burning with shame and contrition, she had stolen noiselessly from the home which by a venial but fatal error she had disgraced, and rushed wildly to the neighbouring river; a plunge, a moment's struggle, a gurgling, choking sound, and all was over. A lowly grave in a secluded dell, a weeping willow and a humble stone, mark the earthly rest of the hapless victim of a rash, misguided union.

Adolph lived many years, though his hair was prematurely gray, and rose to eminence and sway among those mighty minds which within a lifetime have elevated German literature from barbarism and contempt, to be the admiration and the light of the intellectual world. He was a stern and lonely man, on whose seclusion and its sorrows none ventured to intrude even their sympathy. His heart had known in one year its spring, its summer, its autumn, and thence was sealed in the iciness of winter for ever. Yet the poor had reason to bless God for many a timely succour of which they knew not the more immediate source; and when at length he was gathered to the rest which he had long tranquilly awaited, a people's tears and a stately monument proclaimed the usefulness and proud renown of a life embittered by one fatal error.

THE SUN AND MOON.

(From the German of Ebert.)

MOON.

O Sun! ere thou closest thy glorious career
(And brilliant thy wide course has been,)
Delay, and recount to my listening ear,
The things which on earth thou hast seen.

SUN.

I saw, as my daily course I ran,
The various labors of busy man;
Each project vain, each emprise nigh,
Lay open to my searching eye.
I entered the peasant's lowly door,
And shone on the student's narrow floor;
I gleamed on the sculptor's statue pale,
And on the proud warrior's coat of mail.
I shed my rays in the house of prayer—
On the kneeling crowds assembled there;
In gilded hall and tapestried room,
And cheered the dark cold dungeon's gloom.
With joy in happy eyes I shone,
And peace bestowed where joy was gone.
In tears, upon the face of care—
In pearls that decked the maiden's hair:
I shone on all things sad and fair!
But few the eyes that turned to heaven,
In gratitude for blessings given;
As on the horizon's edge I hung,
No hymn or parting lay was sung.

MOON.

Thou risest in glory; my journey is o'er—
Alternate our gifts we bestow:
Yet seldom behold we the hearts that adore,
The source whence all benefits flow.

SUN.

Thou comest, O Moon! with thy soft-beaming light,
To shine where my presence has been;
Then, tell me, I pray thee, thou fair Queen of Night,
What thou in thy travels hast seen!

MOON.

I shone on many a pillowed head,
On greensward rude and downy bed;
I watched the infant's downy sleep,
Compos'd to rest, so calm and deep.
The murderer in his fearful dream,
Woke startling at my transient gleam!
I saw, across the midnight skies,
Red flames from burning cities rise—
And where, 'mid foaming billows roar,
The vessel sank to rise no more,
I heard the drowning sailor's cry
For succour—when no help was nigh.
On mountain path and forest glade,
The lurking robber's ambushade,
I shone; and on the peaceful grave—
Where sleep the noble and the brave—
To each and all my light I gave;
And, as my feebler silver ray
Vanished before the dawn of day,
In vain I lent my willing ear,
One word of gratitude to hear.

SUN.

We still travel onward, our task to fulfil,
Till time shall be reckoned no more,
When all shall acknowledge the sovereign will,
That made them to love and adore.

THE MARRIAGE OF STATE.

BY BORASMUS.

ALL Paris was alive with gaiety and rejoicing. From one extreme section of the city to the other, every palace, edifice and hovel, glared with dazzling illuminations. Shouts and acclamations filled the air in every quarter. Fireworks and bonfires were kindled at every corner of the streets, and the ponderous bells of all the cathedrals rung out peal after peal of loud and merry music. Barges and gondolas, resounded with music, and decorated with many a gorgeous banner, shot in every direction upon the surface of the sleeping Seine. There was dancing and banqueting within the walls of the ancient Louvre, lights sparkled at every window, sweet music floated among the bowers of its magnificent gardens, and joy alone reigned without a rival, her sway undisputed, and her fetters hugged without a murmur, by thousands of that nation which is ever too ready to rise up at every impulse in opposition to every thing hearing the least resemblance to tyranny and oppression.

The profligate favorite of Charles the First of England, the gay and dissipated Buckingham, attended by a gallant train of Knights and Nobles, the flower of Charles' court, had arrived at the court of Louis Thirteenth of France, to consummate a state marriage between his royal master and the young and beautiful princess Henrietta, the idol of the court, the favorite of the people and the beloved by all who knew her. Anxious to receive the envoy of the Island Monarch with all the honours due to his rank, and character of the embassy, Louis welcomed him to France with heartfelt joy, and upon the first night of his arrival a grand court ball was given by the royal family, and to grace the splendid scene, the young and tender being, who by her marriage was to unite two rival powers in bonds of seemingly permanent peace and unity, in the midst of all the grace and beauty of the kingdom, shone forth like the brilliant star of Venus, seemingly brighter than reality by the contrast of the inferior orbs by which it is surrounded.

It was a gay and animated scene indeed. Beauty, grace and fashion thronged the hall, the eye revelled in brilliancy, wandering from face to

face, from form to form, uncertain where to rest, now here, now there, until sated with the feast it was fain to turn away only to encounter fresh objects for its food, each rivalling the other in every charm which art and nature could bestow. Such was the court of France at the expiration of the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

Within the ball room, half hid by the ample folds of one of the crimson window hangings, two cavaliers stood gazing upon the restless, busy throng. Both by their dress and appearance were Englishmen, and apparently belonged to the gallant host which had accompanied Buckingham to France. The first was one in whom it would seem all the graces had combined to create a beau ideal of perfect beauty and manliness. A bold and gallant bearing, a faultless form, and a perfect symmetry of features, handsome and without one single blemish, formed but the component parts of his person. A full and handsome court dress of crimson velvet was fitted with scrupulous nicety to his fair proportioned limbs, and a mantle of the same material but of a different color, sparkling with jewels, was thrown carelessly, yet gracefully upon his shoulders. His hair hung loose in long and clustering ringlets, its black raven dye agreeably contrasting with the pure, snow-white surface of his face and neck, and his eyes, a deep and piercing black, sparkled beneath their lids, reflecting back the gleaming lights with mirror-like accuracy. The other, with whom he was conversing, was attired in quite as magnificent suit, but his personal appearance fell far short of that of his companion.

The music ceased, and while the dancers, availing themselves of this opportunity, paused for a moment's rest, there was a movement among the throng at one extremity of the hall, the trumpet sent forth a loud and startling peal, and every eye was strained to discover the meaning of these symptoms. A moment more and surrounded by her ladies, the young princess Henrietta, then in the bloom of female beauty and loveliness, moved slowly into the hall towards a raised throne placed opposite the entrance, canopied with gorgeous velvet hangings, and surmounted with the national

emblems of France. Every eye rested upon her form as she passed between the crowd, every motion was noticed, as she returned the salutations of the company with such sweet winning grace, that when, after reaching the throne, the nobles exclaimed "Long live our Princess," not a voice withheld its hearty response.

"St. George to the rescue," whispered one of the two cavaliers who were standing by the window hanging. "By my knighthood, Buck, you have lost your wager and must confess yourself vanquished."

"Willingly," responded the handsome foreigner, while his animated eyes rested full upon the faultless symmetry of the Princess' features, with the bold and daring gaze of a practiced libertine, "right willingly do I surrender without terms. I have lost my wager, but I have gained what will prove of such value that I would now give ten such gewgaws without reluctance, could I be assured that I shall succeed in a plan which my mind has but this instant conceived."

"How—what mean you Buckingham?" said the other with somewhat of a more serious manner, as he received a bright brooch of diamonds from the hands of his companion. "Surely you cannot be so mad as to dare to raise your thoughts to yonder beautiful creature."

"And why dare I not, William Locksler," replied Buckingham with a contemptuous curl of the lip. "Was there ever an adventure in which I was concerned that I was deterred from pursuing through fear?"

"Nay, nay, Buck, lay aside that frown and inclination of the head," said Locksler, laying his hand familiarly upon his arm, "you know that the sword of Locksler is as your own, and therefore will always back you in intrigue or adventure. I deny not that you are a perfect Adonis and well calculated by fortune and appearance to succeed in any thing of the kind you undertake, but with all these qualifications to aid you, I deny that you will ever conquer the future wife of Charles of England."

"William of Locksler," said Buckingham, "were you not my sworn friend, I'd give you back the lie, and dare you to the lists, but as it is, I'll fight you with more peaceable weapons. Ten thousand crowns against that brooch which you have just gained from me I'll wager, I'll make love to the Princess Henrietta and succeed. Within the month, before we reach the shores of Britain, she shall tell me that her heart is mine alone, aye I and your own ears shall bear witness to the tale."

"Done!" exclaimed Locksler, with such start-

ling earnestness, that it reached the ears of Henrietta herself. Instantly she directed her eyes toward the window, but owing to the continually passing to and fro of the company, she was unable to distinguish who had so far forgotten the time and place as to speak out so loud.

"Hush, Locksler," whispered Buckingham, "see you not that we are noticed. Stay where you are, and you will see the first lesson."

"One moment," said Locksler. "Beware of Richelieu?"

"And what of him?" demanded Buckingham hastily.

"He it was who opposed the union of Charles and Henrietta, and you he watches with all the jealousy of an inquisitor."

"A priest, a prating priest, as ugly as Satan and as old as your grandsire," replied Buckingham with a smile of derision.

"Yet so it is," said Locksler. "It is thought by many that he aspired to the Princess' hand. You know his power."

"And fear him not," was the answer. "By my glove but I'm in the mood to make him a confidant in this love affair, that my laurels may be more valued if I win. I would like to baffle the canting hypocrite."

"And if you do you sign your death warrant," said Locksler; "the Bastille has dungeons, and the Cardinal lacks not creatures to strike a dagger's blow at his bidding."

"True," responded Buckingham, and then added with a smile. "A pretty rival to Buckingham, well! win her who can."

As he said this he left his companion, and with a graceful step moved across the room to the throne.

"Ah! my truant Englishman," said Louis, who was standing near the throne. "Welcome again. I had thought you had forgotten the object of your mission, by your absence. By St. Denis I gave not my subjects the credit of being able to entice you with their revels from our court beauties."

"Please your majesty, I will exonerate your subjects from such a charge, for scarce a Parisian have I spoken to since my arrival," said Buckingham; and then turning to the Princess, said with ready gallantry, "Fair lady Henrietta I greet you, and wish that the remainder of your life may be as pleasant and happy as the present moment. May no dark cloud of sorrow ever throw shadow over your now apparently happy destiny. And all the happiness which an Englishman can wish you, I pray may be yours now and for ever."

Henrietta slightly inclined her head when Buckingham ceased speaking, and raising her eyes

encountered his, fixed in admiration upon her face. With a deep blush, she turned her head hastily away, and pretended to be deeply engaged in conversation with a lady at her side.

"Troth Cousin," said Louis to her, "a pretty speech, indeed. I marvel greatly that you can appear so unconcerned. I would that Richelieu were here, he might borrow the style to use when he wishes to address the councils for money."

"What would you of Richelieu?" said a deep toned voice at his ear.

"Nothing," replied Louis, vexed that the subject of his wish was really so near.

"Indeed," said Richelieu, "why then wished you him here. Ah! my Lord Duke of Buckingham."

"Cardinal de Richelieu."

"Welcome to France."

The Englishman stiffly bowed, their eyes met, and for a moment they gazed steadily at each other; but not in amity. Within that moment, glances of hate, jealousy, and any thing but good will and fellowship were exchanged; volumes and volumes could not have expressed their feelings half as well.

"Dearest lady," said Buckingham in a low tone to Henrietta, "may an humble satellite to your sun venture to request the pleasure of your hand in the next dance?"

With a smile of pleasure she placed her hand within his, and suffered him to lead out where parties were preparing for the waltz. Buckingham, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes, turned them to where he had left Richelieu standing, but he and Louis had left the room. The next moment the bands rolled out their music, and countless forms were whirling, and whirling giddily over the floor.

It was past midnight. One by one the company had withdrawn from the splendid saloon, and its fretted ceiling had ceased to echo the merry music and the dancers' steps. The brilliant lights were waxing low, and the now deserted room seemed still more silent when contrasted with the busy life which it had a few hours previous contained. But there was one object which came in, to relieve the death-like monotony of the scene. Close to the base of the temporary throne, a single figure leaned against the prop which supported the canopy. It was Buckingham, but not the same who a few hours before had been the gayest of the gay. There was an expression of serious, unfeigned sadness mingled with his handsome features, and by his abstracted manner he was evidently deep lost in thought. His long hair was brushed aside, his satin cap sparkling with

jewels, had fallen unnoticed at his feet; and his whole appearance would hardly have been sufficient to identify him with the bold and gallant Englishman. The minutes passed swiftly by as he stood motionless by the throne; the knell of two departed hours rung unheeded in his ears; all, every thing was forgotten in one absorbing thought, and that thought with all the fire and intensity of love, concentrated upon the charms and winning graces of the youthful, beauteous Henrietta. A low musical voice, which sent every drop of blood tingling with emotion to his brain, interrupted his musing dreams.

"I crave your pardon, my lord, but I have lost a bracelet, one which I value highly, less for its intrinsic value than for being associated with a past epoch in my life, and thinking to meet no one here, I have come alone, hoping to find it ere I sleep."

Buckingham moved not a muscle while the voice was speaking, fearful of losing the slightest sound, but as it ceased, he turned his head and saw the object of his thoughts at his side.

"Blessed be the loss," said Buckingham, sinking upon one knee and impressing a fervent kiss upon her hand. "The capricious dame of fortune has smiled upon me. Thanks to the moment in which you lost your bracelet, for to that do I owe the happiness of again meeting with the fairest of Europe's courts. Dear lady, all France shall be searched for materials for another bracelet, and he who shall make one to match that which you have lost, shall for the remainder of his life roll in wealth."

"Duke, I pray you cease," replied Henrietta, embarrassed by this unexpected interview with Buckingham—"I cannot—will not listen to such language. If you know aught of my missing bracelet, restore it to me and receive my thanks. If not, release my hand, and I'll rid you of my presence."

"Dearest lady, I pray you forgive me," replied Buckingham, still retaining his position—"if by hasty actions I have wounded your gentle sense of propriety, pray you pardon me, for it was unfeigned."

"If your penitence be real, sir," answered Henrietta, "let go my hand, and suffer me to return to my apartment."

"Lady," said Buckingham, rising, "I beseech you grant me a few moments' conversation, I have much to say to you."

Henrietta made no answer, and Buckingham construing her silence into an affirmative reply, boldly passed his arm round her waist, and drew her unresisting form toward the spot whereon he

had made the wager with Locksler. Drawing the curtains down so as to shut out the sight of every thing in the room, he raised the window, and they passed out into the balcony. It was a beautiful mid-summer's night. The silvery moon cast her beams of pale clear lustre upon the sleeping city. Not a breath rustled the air, and save the cry of some distant sentinel, or the heavy tramp of the patrol, not a sound broke upon the stillness of the night. At their feet the broad garden of the palace, its massy trees, entwined together by their upper branches, forming a leafy barrier, impenetrable to the eye. Beyond, rows and rows of roofs, chimnies, and spires met their gaze, here and there relieved by some aspiring cathedral, or stately palace. Lights still glimmered in various sections, and occasionally a barge would shoot up and down the Seine, and moving across the moonlight be brought in bold relief against the gilded water, then darting in the shadow of the bank, be lost in the gloom; then the voice of some reveller, as returning to his home from his midnight carousal, he trolled out the burden of some bacchanalian catch, was borne to their ears; and then silence would again assume its sway, till broken by the returning footsteps of the patrol.

For several minutes the two continued to gaze upon the sleeping gloom beneath them, without exchanging a syllable. "The night waxes late," at length exclaimed Henrietta, as the clock of a neighbouring cathedral struck another hour—"if you have ought to say to me, speak quickly and let me leave you. For think you, sir, what would the scandal of the court, report, were it known to-morrow that the Princess Henrietta met the envoy of her husband upon the balcony of the Louvre alone, at an hour when sleep only should have been her companion?"

"Let scandal if it dares, raise its voice," replied Buckingham, fiercely—"if the voice of calumny dares but to breathe the softest whisper against thy fair name, lady, the sword of not only Buckingham, but of every one of his suite, shall spring from its sheath to give it back the lie."

Henrietta turned her beaming eyes upon him as he spoke, and suffered him to take her hand and press it to his lips; but instantly, without any apparent cause, she snatched it hastily away, and her whole countenance assumed an expression of agitation and alarm.

"Let me go," she said, struggling to free herself, for with daring temerity he had encircled her form with his arms—"let me go, instantly, sir, or I'll call to the guard."

"Henrietta—dear Henrietta, why this agitation—what has happened?" exclaimed Buckingham.

"I thought I heard a footstep—nay, I am sure of it," answered Henrietta—"but were it not so, I must not and will not stay longer with you."

Buckingham threw back the curtain, and with quick searching glances looked about the room. Satisfied, however, that it contained no listener, he again dropped it, and turned to the Princess, who had not moved from the spot.

"Your ears were treacherous, lady 'twas but fancy," said he. "Had I found an eaves-dropper, the lightning would not have been quicker than would my sword to have purchased his silence for ever."

"Heaven be thanked that there was no witness to my imprudence," said Henrietta. "Nay, sir, you clasp not my waist again; at your peril touch me—"

"Sweet lady," interrupted Buckingham, our English tongues are but little skilled in the use of weapons of flattery. Had I addressed you with honied words of love and adoration, I should undoubtedly have found a ready listener. Lady, I would have spoken of Charles and of England, of your future home and him who rules it."

"Say on, I will listen," said Henrietta, dropping the curtain, and folding her arms, "and although much may I be blamed, yet Heaven knows I mean no wrong. You spoke of Charles?"

"I did, dear Henrietta, for such will you ever be to me. He loves you with all the fire of an ardent passion."

"I doubt it not," was the reply; and yet," she added, with a smile, "methinks he must be fashioned after the pattern of the lovers which we read of in olden time. He must have fallen in love with a miniature, for never, to my knowledge, has he seen or spoken to me."

"Your pardon, lady," interrupted Buckingham. "He has both seen and spoken to you."

"When—where—"

"Saw you ever this," said he, placing a small box in her hands. Henrietta opened it, and drew forth a richly chased ring decorated with a single bright and dazzling diamond.

"It was mine once, and whom did I give it to?" replied she, endeavouring to recall to her mind some past event.

"Have you forgot lady—a summer's day—the Seine—the—sinking of a royal barque—the—"

"I remember—all—all," interrupted Henrietta, "I gave that ring to the esquire of a knight, who saved me from death by drowning when our boat was upset on a pleasure party, through the ignorance of the helmsman. Yes, it is all as

plain as though not a day had elapsed since that fearful moment, I was saved from death by a gallant esquire, and to him I gave that ring as a slight token of my eternal gratitude."

"Who were that knight and esquire?"

"They were both unknown. They came to our court in quest of an adventure, and departed as they came, unknown to any one."

"Henrietta," said Buckingham, "I was that esquire."

"And the knight was——" demanded she.

"Prince Charles of England. He was betrothed by the cruel policy of crowned heads, to the Infanta of Spain. He had never seen her, and in an hour of dissipation, I proposed an excursion to Madrid. Fired with the spirit of adventure, he at once entered into my plans. His father's consent was wrung unwillingly from him, and we set forth, he as a knight and I as his esquire. We passed through France, stopping a few days in Paris. There, one night, secure in our disguises, we attended a court ball,"

"True—true, well do I recollect that night," interrupted Henrietta.

"There, lady," continued Buckingham, "he first saw you, and from that night, the Infanta was banished from his thoughts, and in her place, your image, and yours alone reigned with undisputed sway."

"And well shall he be requited," said Henrietta. "From this time Charles, shall you alone be uppermost in my thoughts. Before, our hands alone have been betrothed, now shall our hearts be united."

"Henrietta, I beseech you say not so," interrupted Buckingham—"Charles may prove unfaithful—"

"Heaven avert that," answered Henrietta.

"Dearest, adored lady," said Buckingham, "hear me but once more—I love you."

As if a serpent had stung her, she sprung from him, and pushing aside the curtain, darted into the room. One single scream she uttered, and then fell senseless back into the arms of Buckingham; for as she suddenly lifted the curtain, there, immediately before her, so near that he must have heard every word which had passed between her and Buckingham, stood the Cardinal de Richelieu.

"What have you seen—what have you heard?" demanded Buckingham, supporting with one arm the senseless form of the Princess, and pointing his sword at the breast of the Cardinal, "speak quickly, or you die."

"I answer no questions, Duke of Buckingham, with a sword at my breast," replied the Cardinal,

haughtily—"take away your weapon, and if you speak me fair, I will not be backward to reply."

"What have you learned?" said Buckingham lowering his sword as he was directed.

"Enough to convince me that the princess Henrietta is all virtue could desire, but that you—scowl if you please, remember I rule France, and therefore fear you not—you, abusing the easy confidence of your royal master, have dared to raise your thoughts to the hand and heart of the idol of the court of France."

"And why should I not," said Buckingham, boldly, perceiving that it was useless to dissemble to Richelieu.

"Why should you not?" repeated Richelieu in surprise—"mate the vulture and the dove, and then the union of Buckingham and Henrietta may be possible. But see, the Princess revives."

As the Cardinal spoke, he wrapped his mantle hastily about his head, and withdrew from the room before the Princess had recovered sufficiently to notice the act; pausing for a moment at the door, he raised his finger in a warning attitude to the nobleman, who replied only with a contemptuous smile, and the next moment the sound of his footsteps died away in the corridor. With a deep drawn sigh, Henrietta opened her drooping eyelids, and with a slight exclamation of surprise at finding herself in the arms of Buckingham, she commanded him to release his hold. "Where is he?" demanded she—"not a moment ago, on this very spot my eyes encountered his scowling visage. Let me go, sir, instantly. Desist instantly, or you shall repent your actions."

"Beauteous Henrietta," replied Buckingham, drawing her shrinking form closer to his bosom, and imprinting an impassioned kiss upon her ruby lips, "forgive me if I have been too bold, and let the torrent of untractable love plead my excuse. Sweet lady, behold me at your feet, conquered by yourself, and bound with chains never to be broken. In my own land, lady, my eyes have rested upon crowds of beauty, rank and fashion, who have left no arts untried to bring my stubborn heart in humility to the shrine of love; but among them all, never have I found one to equal you. Never, in all the courts and kingdoms wherein I have set my feet, has any crossed my path who could have awakened those emotions in my bosom which you have inspired. Yes, lady, I had deemed a pure and ardent affection but a vain delusion of the brain, a vague chimeria, until you first struck the chord, and opened my eyes to the knowledge of myself."

Buckingham paused, and Henrietta, uncertain what answer to return, suffered him to retain her

hand, and for a moment the two remained in a position which might well have awakened the fears and jealousy of Richelieu, had he witnessed the scene. Erect in the majesty of female loveliness stood the tender Princess, seemingly an inhabitant of a brighter world than this, and kneeling at her feet, forgetful of every thing in the enchantment of the moment, the form of the noble Englishman in all the grace and maturity of manliness, bowed in allegiance at the altar of beauty.

"Duke of Buckingham," at length she replied slowly, "I doubt not the sincerity of your protestations, but I fear"—

"Fear what, dearest," interrupted Buckingham, impatiently—"why need you fear any thing? Say but that you will return your love for mine—say but that you will be my bride, and against all the world, with but my sword and buckler only for my aids, I will maintain your fame. Oh! dear lady, promise me only that you will be mine, and Charles himself shall not tear you from me. Together we will seek some fairy-like secluded spot, and forgetful of all the world, we will sip of the fount of love, free from all sorrow and care. Blissfully will pass the remainder of our lives, unchecked by a single cloud."

"I will confess my weakness," was the soft reply, "but it shall not conquer me. Had you but told me this a few months since, I would have asked for no greater worldly happiness than to have become the wife of the Duke of Buckingham; but now I am betrothed to another, and my promise must not be retracted. Never shall it be said that Henrietta of France broke her plighted faith. Charles, yours only will I be in this life, and pray heaven give me strength to school my heart to the strict performance of its duty. Buckingham, my momentary failing has passed away, and duty takes its place. As an affectionate friend ever will I regard you, more I must never be to you. Forget what has passed between us this night. Seek a more worthy object for your affections, and in her society, cease to think of one whose wishes will ever be for your prosperity. Farewell, forget me and be happy."

Withdrawing her hand from his, she turned away; and it was with secret pleasure that Buckingham caught a glimpse of sparkling tear drops beneath her eyelids. Rising to his feet, he bowed respectfully; and as the door closed upon her receding figure, buried his face in his mantle, and leaned his head against the wall.

Time, when wafted on the breezes of pleasure, rolls swiftly on. Days, weeks, and months follow each other in quick succession. Events tread

rapidly upon each other's footsteps, and the shadow of to-day has scarcely thrown his vision on our minds, ere it passes into the eternity of yesterday; and the forerunner of to-morrow is plainly seen in the distance advancing onward with gigantic strides. So it is in life. In infancy we imagine we shall *never* reach the grey hairs of wisdom, and time is chided for its dilatory movements. We long for experience, and forget the pleasure of the moment in the fond anticipation of the future. Hope cheers us on with visions too blissful to be real, we picture bright happiness in after years, anticipating delights in time to come, which too frequently are never realized. But, alas! how often does age cause us to sigh and sigh again for the futility of early hopes. Swiftly passed the days allotted for the visit of the embassy to the court of France. The cup of pleasure was drained to the dregs. Dissipation and debauchery were sated with the multitude of their victims, and when the time drew near for the departure of their princess Henrietta for a foreign home, not one wished the visit prolonged, but each looked forward to the day of leave-taking as the messenger of relief.

It was the Sabbath morning; but, oh! how unlike the quiet Sunday morning which dawns in peace upon the hills and valleys of our own fair land. No church-going bells awakened the echoes of the city. The haughty cathedrals did indeed send forth loud and prolonged peals from their spires, but not to welcome in the Saviour's day. The ensigns of France tossed their proud emblems in the air from every roof and spire; drums and trumpets rolled out their startling sounds; shouts and huzzas from thousands and thousands rose up to increase the din, and joy was demonstrated in every action. On that morning, Charles the First of England espoused by proxy the Princess Henrietta of France.

Immediately after the marriage had been solemnized, preparations were made for the departure of the embassy. A goodly cavalcade composed of the flower of the court of France, stood ready at the gates of the Louvre palace to escort the nuptial party to the seaport from which they were to embark for England. The sun was not many hours high, when the goodly company swept through the gates and accompanied by multitudes of citizens, in the midst of shouting and cheering, the clanging of bells and the rattling of drums, bade adieu to Paris, and exchanged the pleasures in which for a short time they had revelled to satiety, for the anticipation of the more real delights of home. The first of the cavalcade was the French escort commanded by a gallant nobleman, Count Hugh, of Cleaves; then a small

body of English horsemen followed by the bridal party and the remainder of Buckingham's suite bringing up the rear. Upon an ambling palfrey, arrayed in a robe of virgin white, rode the lovely bride, still more beautiful from the excitement of the scene. By her side rode her *pro tem.* husband, the accomplished Buckingham, as gay and frivolous as when a few weeks previous he had left his royal master's court to conduct to him the being for whose sake he had relinquished the Infanta of Spain.

"Lady, have you no regret at leaving the home wherein you have passed your early days," said Buckingham, first breaking silence as Paris was lost in the distance.

"Many and many a tear have I dropped within a few hours," replied Henrietta, even then brushing away a pearly drop which had started unbidden to her eye. "But what avails it. I go to him who has sworn before heaven to love and cherish me through life."

Buckingham made no reply, but suffered her palfrey to proceed a few feet in advance while he turned to speak to Locksler.

"You must give up, Buckingham," said he "and confess you have lost your wager. The Princess cares no more for you than Richelieu."

"Hush," interrupted Buckingham, "my time is not yet out. Before it expires, if I do not convince you that I have gained the bet, set me down as one unskilled in the arts of love. Was Richelieu present at the ceremony this morning?"

"He was."

"I saw him not."

"Quite likely he was behind those window curtains," replied Locksler with a smile, "those curtains—you know, which."

"Locksler," demanded Buckingham, "know you what passed that night of the ball?"

"Every thing but the conversation between you and the Princess. After the ball was over I returned to the room in quest of you. As I entered one door, Henrietta came in at the other. Unperceived I hid myself. I saw you draw her to the balcony and put down the curtain. The Cardinal came stealthily in to listen, I suppose, and my sword came half out of my sheath, while I for a moment meditated trying an experiment to see how English steel would go through French flesh and blood."

"Had you done it," said Buckingham earnestly, "you would have rolled in wealth for the rest of your life. Why did you hesitate?"

"Because I was afraid the old sinner might die hard, and in his struggles I might have been detected. I heard your voices whispering, though I could not distinguish your words, saw the lady

run from you, heard her scream, and your conversation with the Cardinal, and then, for fear I should be detected, took the wisest course and beat a retreat."

At sunset the embassy embarked on board the fleet which was waiting for them. As they took leave of their escort, Count Cleaves slipped a small scrap of paper into the hands of Henrietta, unperceived by Buckingham, and then giving a shout for England and France, retraced his steps to Paris.

With a fair and steady breeze, the ships stood out to sea, and by dark were well off the coast; as night set in, the glittering stars, one by one peeped out from the sky, and the bright and radiant moon shinning through her thin gauze-like curtains of clouds, threw a rich flood of unveiled light upon the bosom of the rolling deep. Upon the quarter deck of the leading barque, enjoying the beauty of the scene, stood Buckingham and the Princess, and a little in the rear, hid, however, by the shadow of the sails, was the boon companion of Buckingham, Locksler.

"A lovely night," said Henrietta breaking silence, "see where the moon is reflected in a bright, golden column on the water. Have you ever such scenes upon your Thames?"

"Often, Lady, often."

"I shall learn to love it then, for it will remind me of my own home and the sparkling Seine."

"Henrietta," said Buckingham in a low tone. She turned her head to catch his words.

"Be not offended if I tell you once again that I love you."

"Duke," said Henrietta, "I bid you never speak to me upon that subject again."

"Yet, you once told me you could have returned my love."

"I did, and ah! my heart will not let me now deny it," said she.

"Enough. In a few hours you will meet your husband, and then I shall be forgotten. I love you devotedly, and grant me one request, and I'll never trouble you more."

"And that request is——"

"This." As he spoke he encircled her waist with his arm, and kissed her lips. Startled, she burst from him, and fled toward the cabin.

"Bravo," said Locksler. "You've won the wager."

Henrietta turned and fixed her eyes full upon Buckingham, then drawing the paper which the Count of Cleaves had given her from her bosom, she read it by the light of the moon. For a moment she stood in silence, the giving the paper to Buckingham, with all the dignity of insulted

woman, passed into the cabin. Buckingham glanced over it. It was a full account of the wager, in the writing of Richelieu. From that moment he vowed revenge against the Cardinal; and when shortly after his arrival in England, war was declared against France, not a few attributed it to the influence which he possessed over the mind of his master.

LIFE INSURANCE.

It is the duty of every head of a family to make *some* provision for the support of those dependent upon him. They require and must have his protection while alive, and the laws of our country are such that he is as much bound to guard them from want as to shield them from suffering in any other form. The laws of our Creator too bind us to protect *our own* from want after our death, as well as to furnish their daily food *now*; and the Bible denounces as "*worse than an infidel*," the man that provides not for his own house.

There are many happy families in our community whose head is as loving as loved, and who would willingly suffer any personal affliction, if by so doing he could ward off sorrow from his hearth stone, yet this same tender husband and father has made no provision for his family to guard them from the deep affliction of poverty and want after he has been called away by death.

Let all who represent families ask themselves this important question, "*what* will support my wife and children when I shall have been removed from them, and what will then be left to shield them from want, and enable them to live together though my chair will be vacant?"

Were we to inquire of a friend: "Have you sufficient to pay all demands against your estate and leave enough to support your family?" He would reply perhaps calmly in the negative, and acknowledge that his death would certainly involve them in misery. Yet to ask if he had consented to their being without the necessaries of life for one day would be to inflict a wound too severe to be healed; an insult not to be forgiven. Wherein consists the difference? 'Tis true there is a present gratification in witnessing the joy and comfort of those so dear to us—but the hand of death will bring upon a family a sadness deep enough in itself without the added sting of poverty, and its long train of attendant evils.

Many, very many, have no opportunity of "laying by" for the future, through ordinary means, such as investments in lands, or stocks—because their incomes are so moderate that but

a small sum is left at the end of the year after incurring the necessary expenses of a family, and the "mite" deposited in a savings bank is much too small to encourage *that* economy which is needed to place it there.

Life Insurance Companies have been long in existence, but many have not taken out policies from a fear of being unable to *continue* their insurances from the inability to pay the annual premiums. Others willing to risk the chance have insured, and been obliged to let "the support for their families," cease without having any return granted them—and thus that which was to have been a benefit proves an injury. This difficulty has been overcome, and the system of Life Insurance perfected by an Institution whose funds are made available to its members in carrying out the object they had in view in becoming a member; or in other words, by the Society's loaning a portion of the premiums to its policy holders, to assist them in temporary pecuniary embarrassments.

There is no excuse except that of wealth for a representative of a family not insuring his life—if his health will admit of his so doing, and to have left undone, *this one thing* which should have been done, will certainly prove a thorn in the dying pillow. A house without the means of procuring the necessaries of life is no *home* to a mother and her children—Without any claims to present at the banking counter, or passport to its money vault, no record of their names in any of the stock lists, the *thoughtlessness*—to use no harsher term—of the husband and father has proved their ruin. It is a noble and a generous thing "to wipe the tear from the widow's and the orphan's eye." To use the language of another,

The miser may gloat over his gold, wrung, perhaps, from broken hearts, certainly withheld from suffering wretchedness; the ostentatious voluptuary may walk through his sumptuous rooms—roll proudly in his gay equipage, or feast his parasites at his groaning board; the ambitious man may trample upon the necks of his victims, that he may reach the cold, sharp, solitary pinnacle of wordly power; but avarice, luxury, and rank can yield no such satisfaction as the good man feels, when, as he is about to close his eyes in the sleep of death, he looks around upon his beloved ones, and knows that his *death* does not deprive them of the means of sustenance—that though the fond head of that happy circle is about to be removed, the surviving parent will have her children around her; and their home remain undisturbed by heartless creditors; its doors closed against penury and want.

A WORD AT PARTING.

A PAINFUL task is now before us. Fourteen years, during which our country has progressed very rapidly, and which have been marked by much vicissitude, and many a change, have come and gone, since the publisher first entered upon the publication of "THE LITERARY GARLAND AND NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE," and during all that long period, whatever our imperfections or our shortcomings may have been, we have striven earnestly and zealously to make the work alike interesting and instructive to our readers, and in some measure worthy of the position it held, as the only Magazine published in British North America.

How far our labors have proved successful in accomplishing the design for which the GARLAND was established—that of fostering and encouraging the growth of Canadian literature, and affording reading of a profitable and entertaining character, to the Canadian public, it is for others to say;—but we at least may be permitted to look back upon our exertions with pleasurable feelings, now that a painful necessity obliges us to suspend our monthly visits to those constant friends who have so long continued to welcome the GARLAND of native flowers, we tendered them at all seasons,—alike when all nature wore its gayest colors, and when the deep snows of winter, an envious mantle, hid the earth, erewhile so joyous from their view.

Very reluctantly then, but with a full conviction of the propriety and urgency of the step, we have decided upon discontinuing the publication of the GARLAND. While announcing this intention, we have no desire querulously to complain, although we do not disguise our regret at the suspension of the periodical. We did think, it is true, that a discriminating public would have given us a cordial support, and if that support, no doubt for good reason, has not been extended to us in such a measure as to enable us to defray the heavy expense of publication, we submit uncomplainingly,—cherishing however, the hope that the day will yet come, when Canada will be able to support, not one but several periodicals,—although at present the abundance and cheapness of foreign publications, render it either very difficult, or altogether impossible to compete successfully with them.

The announcement is made, yet we linger reluctantly over this page. We feel saddened, when we think, that we are bidding adieu to so many esteemed friends, who have long lent us their cheering countenance, and kindly interest. To them, each and all, and to those other friends who have contributed often and well to our pages, we tender our hearty thanks, and our sincere wishes for their welfare, and we bid them earnestly and sincerely, what we feel to be indeed "a lonely sound,"—"FAREWELL."

SCOBIE'S CANADIAN ALMANACK FOR 1852.—We have to acknowledge the receipt from the enterprising publisher of a copy of this excellent compendium of useful information, and we cordially give it our meed of well-earned praise. The paper is good—the typography is clear and distinct, and the Almanack as a whole is creditable to the Publisher as well as to the country. Published at a very low rate—it contains a large amount of Statistical and general information, and should be in the hands of every family in Canada, fully meriting as it does, the title its publisher bestows on it, that of a "Repository of Useful Knowledge" on all matters of general interest in Canada.