THE

WORLD'S ALBUM.

London:
Clarke, Beeton, & Co., 148, Fleet-street.

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WORLD'S ALBUM;

OR,

GIFT BOOK OF ART.

EMBELLISHED WITH

TWENTY-EIGHT MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
CLARKE, BEETON, & CO., FOREIGN BOOKSELLERS, 148, FLEET-STREET.

Mr + Mrs Wm. F. E. Gurley

To every man do good if you can,
For Heaven will smile if you follow this plan.

Ada Gordon.

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HAVE any of my readers made a German tour, and while on that tour been rash enough to trust themselves to the mercies of that most imperturbable of beings, a German postilion? If they have, I may safely appeal to their sympathies for the situation in which a small party of English tourists, including myself, one other lady, and three gentlemen, were placed, one sunny day in the lovely month of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and —— no matter what. I have an especial horror of dates, and will not give one more exact. We had left Augsburg early that morning in order to accomplish the remaining distance to Munich in one day, and, for a time, our intention seemed in a fair way of accomplishment; but German travelling is an excellent illustration of the old proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes;" and ere noon our bright prospects received an untimely blight by the sudden giving way of some part of the complicated German harness, which I, in my feminine ignorance of such subjects, will not venture even to attempt to describe, but which was sufficiently serious to occasion a complete and prolonged stoppage, and an edifying exhibition of English impatience and German philosophy. The gentlemen of our party stormed, and, I am afraid, swore, in English and French alternately, to both of which our stolid *cocher* shook his head in token of non-comprehension; while I, the only one of the party who could speak a little German, strove to melt his obduracy by humble intreaties that he would use every possible despatch; but I could obtain nothing but, "Ga, ga, Fraulein!" while he pursued his repair of the machinery with as much deliberation as if he had been in his own stable-yard, and the vehicle ordered for the week after next.

Finding every remedy but patience useless in this dilemma, we determined, instead of losing our tempers and winning headaches under the combined influence of German coolness and the burning rays of an August sun, to walk on to a neat-looking cottage in the distance, bidding our stoical Jehu follow as soon as possible. A few minutes brought us to the *maisonnette* in question; and we were about to knock at the half-opened door, when we were arrested by the scene which met our eyes through the aperture. Seated by the hearth was a young and lovely woman, evidently the mistress of the rustic dwelling. I call her *lovely*, and so she looked at that moment, with her placid countenance lighted up with benevolent pity and pleasure, as she filled a bowl from the contents of an immense pot which hung over the stove, and gave it to a little girl so like herself that you might have supposed it was the same person viewed from different ends of a telescope. A further survey of the

apartment showed us the persons to whom the little Hebe was conveying the smoking, savoury mess—a thin, wayworn-looking woman and her child, who presented about as perfect a contrast as could be imagined to their young benefactress and the little dispenser of her bounty. The calm, sweet face, with its clear blue eyes and fresh complexion, the full yet well-proportioned figure, dressed with scrupulous neatness in the picturesque peasant's garb, were not more opposed to the sharp, haggard, wasted form and humble garments of the beggar-mother, than the plump, happy-looking little Manchon to the eager, hungry child anxiously looking over her mother's shoulder for the welcome meal. We stood contemplating the group for some minutes, unwilling to interrupt the interesting scene. A slight noise, however, betrayed us, and, rising from her seat, the young hostess approached the door, and courteously requested our pleasure. I explained our plight, and requested a few minutes' shelter from the heat, which she cheerfully afforded us; placing seats in the coolest part of the apartment, and offering us some of the refreshing, simple drinks with which that country abounds, and which never proved more welcome than at that moment, for heat and vexation had made us unusually thirsty. I entered into conversation with her on the little incident we had just witnessed, and expressed my sense of her charitable kindness; but she blushingly disclaimed all merit in the deed, adding, "It is only our duty, you know, Fraulein, and always richly paid; for, as the old proverb says—

Thu wohl, sich nicht wem,
Das ist Gott angenehm.

"You are right," I said; "and there would be but little misery in the world did all follow that precept, trusting in the blessing which it would assuredly bring."

The arrival of the carriage interrupted further conversation, and we took leave of our charming peasant, adding our quota to the relief which she had first extended to the unfortunate being we had seen; but not soon did we cease talking of her, or her simple kindness, and I translated, for the benefit of my companions, the proverb she had quoted to me—

To every man do good if you can,
For Heaven will smile if you follow this plan.

"I never heard that proverb before," observed Mrs. Vernon, my companion and chaperon during my tour; "but it recals to me a singular incident in the life of a friend of mine which proved its truth—in *her* case, at least."

"Oh, tell it! pray tell it, Mrs. Vernon!" we all exclaimed.

"Not now," she replied. "I cannot relate a story amid the shrill rattle of carriage-wheels, and, besides, your attention would be divided between my heroine and the landscape; but this evening, I will, if you like, tell you the history of my old friend, Ada Gordon."

We willingly accepted the promise, and claimed its fulfilment that night, while sitting in the moonlight, in the garden of the hotel at which we had been compelled to stop, some miles short of our destination, and where, for a wonder, we found the possibility of obtaining a comfortable dinner. The meal had been laid, at our request, in the summer-house, instead of the room redolent with the fumes of tobacco and dried fish; and then after the cloth had been removed,

and some excellent coffee served, did our friend relate her promised tale, the moonbeams falling on her sweet, matronly countenance, and her low soft tones according well with the repose of everything around at that still hour.

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"I wish I could paint to you Ada Gordon as she appears to my mind's eye at this moment," began Mrs. Vernon; "but words would hardly give you an idea of the brilliant, glowing creature who was the admiration and pride alike of her more especial family and the circle in which she moved, and which, by the way, was rather an extensive one for a provincial neighbourhood. Suffice it to say that she was one of the most splendid brunettes I ever saw, with the clear, rich olive complexion, the large, deep-brown eyes of a Spanish maiden, enhanced by the finely-cut features and animated expression of more northern climes. And then there was such a sunniness about Ada—the expression of her countenance was so bright and joyous, the tones of her voice so clear and ringing, that she seemed to breathe an atmosphere of light and happiness where sorrow would not presume to enter. Add to these outward gifts no ordinary powers of mind and a loving heart, and you will not wonder that Ada Gordon was the centre of attraction in every circle in which she found herself, and that, if not quite as much troubled with suitors as Portia, she lacked not scores of admirers, and more than one more serious and devoted claimant for her favour. But up to the epoch when my story begins, when she was some nineteen or twenty years of age, Ada had been fancy free—doing the honours of her father's modest but elegant mansion (her mother having been dead many years), and giving nothing but saucy repartees or polite refusals to idle compliments or scrious proposals. But when, about this time, I paid one of my frequent and pleasant visits to Morland Lodge, I fancied that my woman's instinct could perceive that she looked not with her usual gay indifference on the marked attentions of Edgar Seaton, the only son of a cousin of Mr. Gordon's, who had lately come into a fair property by the death of his father. I could see that when with him Ada was less gay, but more soft and winning than was usual with her, and that in his absence she was often seized with fits of musing and abstraction still more foreign to her nature; and I felt certain that this modern Beatrice was caught at last in the toils of Cupid. Nor did I much wonder, for Edgar Seaton was distinguished alike in air and in appearance, graceful and intellectual-looking, and, above all, gifted with that nameless charm, fascination; and I was then too young myself to look more deeply into character than the surface, or I might have admired the hero of Ada's dream less than I confess I then did. As it was, I looked on with considerable interest, and only longed for the *denouement* of the affair, with the attendant gay bustle of a wedding, and the dignity of officiating, for the first time in my life, as bridesmaid. With my heart full of sympathy for my friend, and head occupied with schemes how to hasten the desired event, I was, therefore, delighted to hear of a ball about to be given by one of the first families in the neighbourhood; and, I hardly know why, fixed on it at once as the scene where the words would be spoken which evidently were in Edgar Seaton's heart. For," continued Mrs. Vernon, turning to me with a smile, "depend on it, my dear Isabel, no solitude, however romantic, is half so favourable to a declaration as a ball; it saves no end of

confusion to both parties. But this is merely a valuable chaperon's hint. To return to my lovers: I persuaded Ada to let me fix on her dress for that evening; and one morning, when alone with her in the library, we settled its details, subject to the revision of the *modiste*.

"'It shall be of rose-coloured crape, Ada,' I said, 'over a petticoat of white satin, and looped up with jessamine and roses, and you shall wear those flowers in your hair and for your bouquet; and then your antique lace berthe will complete the whole, and make a most irresistible toilette.'

"'You will empty my purse of the remainder of my quarter's allowance, Georgina,' was Ada's laughing reply; 'but I suppose you must have your way, and I believe my wardrobe will need no further addition till next month, when my rent-day comes again.'

"I could see that she was not quite so indifferent to her toilette as she pretended, and could not but fancy, from the glow on her cheek as she caught my half-laughing glance, that she shared my presentiments about Mrs. Harcourt's ball, and desired to look her very best. But ere I had time to rally her on the subject, as I was about to do, a servant entered the room to inform his young mistress that Mrs. Winston, the laundress, much wished to see her if she was at leisure. 'She seems in trouble, Miss Gordon,' he added, 'and very anxious to see you.'

"'Oh, tell her to come in, James!' Ada replied. 'She was my nurse for the first six months of my life,' she said, turning to me, 'and a most faithful though uncouth one; but then she married not very fortunately, and is now a widow, and obliged to get her living as a laundress; but she has never lost her partiality for me, and I am really attached to her, odd and rough as you will soon see she is.'

"And certainly I never saw a more singular figure in the shape of woman than the one which now entered the room. If you can imagine a hard, wrinkled face, looking as if it never could have been young or smooth, a figure large and bony as a Scotch fishwoman's; with feet clad in a pair of *Wellington* boots thick enough to have extinguished a Bond-street dandy, you may figure Betty Winston as she stood before us.

"'Well, Betty,' said Ada, taking the hard brown hand in her white slender fingers, 'what can I do for you? You look as if something was the matter.'

"'And so there is, Miss Ada, matter enough,' said the old woman; 'but you can do nothing for me; and I only came to beg you will not let Mary send your linen to me this week, and to bring home all I have of yours.'

"'But what does this mean, Betty?' inquired Ada, smiling. 'Are you going to take holiday once in your life?'

"'Yes, Miss Ada, in the workhouse,' replied Betty, tears gathering in her dim grey eyes. 'The fact is, I have lost a parcel of valuable things belonging to Madam Harcourt, and she says I must pay for them; and so I must sell my things and go to the parish. But I go with a clear conscience, which those who robbed me won't enjoy; and perhaps Mrs. Harcourt may be sorry some day that she was so hard on me.' And the poor old woman's voice grew even more harsh and thick, in the endeavour to conceal her emotion.

"'It's no use talking, Miss Ada, dear!' she exclaimed; 'so God bless you! I'll maybe see you sometimes in my new home.' And, with an attempt to smile, she turned to the door.

"'Stay, stay, Betty!' exclaimed Ada; 'you must not go in this way. Something must be done to save you from such a misfortune. What is the amount of your loss?'

"'Eight pounds, Miss Ada,' replied Betty; 'at least, so Madam Harcourt says. I should not have thought it was so much; but, as ill luck would have it, I had an embroidered muslin dress of Miss Emily's this week, and that makes it more. But do not trouble your kind heart for me, Miss Ada, it cannot be for long, you know, wherever I am.'

"Ada was silent for a moment; and I, who knew every turn of her expressive countenance, could see the struggle in her mind between the natural wish to look her best in her lover's eyes, and the warm generous feelings of her heart; and I also knew that Betty's only chance of aid rested with her, as Mr. Gordon, though a kind, was by no means a generous man, and very exact about all expenses. It was, however, but a temporary hesitation in the generous girl's heart; another moment, and she had unlocked her desk and drawn out the little treasure, which exceeded Betty's need by exactly one sovereign.

"'There, my good Betty,' she exclaimed, thrusting it into the good woman's unwilling hand. 'Go and pay Mrs. Harcourt at once, and set to work again as hard as you can, to make up for this morning's idleness.'

"Ada spoke playfully to conceal the emotion she really felt; but the poor laundress was not so easily silenced. 'No, Miss Ada, I cannot, will not rob you like this!' she said, putting down the money.

"'Nay, I insist on it!' Ada replied. 'I was only going to spend it unnecessarily, and rejoice to put it to a better purpose. But make haste, my good Betty, I shall not be happy till you have been to the Knoll and paid Mrs. Harcourt.'

"'God bless and reward you, Miss Ada!' said Betty fervently; 'and He will do it first or last, depend upon it.' And, with a look of deep gratitude, Betty departed.

"'I am very sorry, my dear Georgina, that your tasteful visions should melt into air,' said Ada, smiling; 'but you will forgive me, I know, and help me to make my tarlatine as gay-looking as possible, not to disgrace our friend's ball.'

"And in truth, in spite of the non-existence of the crape and satin, and all the etceteras, in which I had set my heart on Ada's appearing, I had never seen her look more lovely than on that night; and I could not but think that her self-sacrificing spirit was its own reward in the added lustre which self-approval seemed to give to her beauty; and, more than that, there was the light of love and happiness in her eye and on her cheek, for my predictions were verified, and she returned home that night the affianced bride of Edgar Seaton; and, ere I slept, I had congratulated my darling Ada, with my whole heart, on her new-found happiness.

"I will not," continued Mrs. Vernon, "inflict on you the weariness without the gaiety of wedding details; sufficient, in three months from that time Ada was a bride, and settled at the pretty little estate which had been purchased by her husband's father in the county of Berkshire. Not many months after that I myself married; and as my home was in Scotland, my constant girlish intercourse with my friend dwindled by degrees into an occasional exchange of letters, and I then knew comparatively little of her married life, save that, in the course of the next five years, she lost her father, and became the mother of two little girls, whom she

described as lovely and loving children; and, in truth, dwelt more on them, in her now unfrequent letters, than on her husband, and this at times excited my fears as to her wedded happiness. During this time also, I was obliged to accompany my husband to Malta, where he had some important affairs to arrange, which detained us for two years—years of great import to poor Ada!—during which I completely lost sight of her, and the remainder of my tale will therefore be from the account I have so often heard from her own lips."

Mrs. Vernon paused for a moment; and one of our party availed himself of the opportunity to seek some wine and water, with which we persuaded her to refresh herself before she continued her narrative.

"The beginning of Ada's married life," she resumed, "was one of as bright promises as often fall to the lot of woman; competent wealth, a beautiful home, and a husband devoted to the gratification of all her elegant tastes, into which he was fully competent to enter, combined to render her most entirely and completely blest. The birth of her eldest little girl at first appeared a fresh source of happiness; but, ere long, it was somewhat clouded by the extremely delicate state of health into which Ada fell soon after that event, and which, in the commencement, only increased the tender care and solicitude of her husband. But men become weary of the monotony and confinement of an invalid's apartment, especially when no immediate danger exists to awaken alarm; and, by degrees, Edgar Seaton began to seek amusement from his home, now comparatively dull and uninteresting to him. At first his absences were short and far between; and the fund of lively anecdote and information which he brought back to cheer Ada's sick room almost compensated to her for her previous solitude. By degrees, however, he left her oftener, and for longer periods; and at last his presence at home became a more rare and remarkable event than the long and frequent absences which cost poor Ada such bitter tears, and dark fears for the future. It was not that she repined at his seeking the amusement and variety which she could no longer afford him, for a more unselfish being than herself never existed; but from various hints given her by the few friends admitted into her sick room, and more still from the change in Edgar himself, she feared that influences were at work which would mar his own comfort and respectability, as well as her own domestic peace. He had become extremely intimate with a Captain and Mrs. Fanshawe, who had come into the neighbourhood just before her illness, and who had certainly given her a most unfavourable impression of their characters and manners. There was a dashing boldness and freedom about the manners, dress, and even the handsome person of the lady, and a sort of tinsel-polish, if we may use the expression, in the demeanour of the gentleman, which shocked the fine taste and refinement of Ada Seaton, and gave her most painful forebodings when she found that they were the constant companions of her husband's frequent visits to London, and their house his usual resort when in the country. She found also that his calls for money were far larger than before; and as months wore away, his own expenditure so completely absorbed his income that her own personal wants would have been unsupplied save for the interest of the very moderate portion of her fortune which had been settled on her at her marriage. And thus passed the second year of Ada's wedded life, and the third was slowly wearing away in a whirl of excitement to the husband, and of suffering, both physical and mental, to the wife, when another little girl

was added to their family; and, singularly enough, from that period the young mother's health gradually improved, and by slow degrees, as her strength returned, she once more resumed her place in her household, and her usual duties. Once more she resumed her place; but how changed was all that surrounded her in that once happy home! We often hear of the misery of the return to consciousness of one whom sudden grief had reduced for a time to insensibility. I doubt whether Ada Seaton's return to her former health and vigour was not more painful still. A husband either absent, or when at home gloomy and morose—servants negligent and impertinent from unpaid wages and a poorly-supplied table—the little domain showing everywhere signs of a master's neglect—such were the objects which welcomed back poor Ada to health.

"She always passed lightly over this period when conversing with me; but I heard from an old servant who had lived with her from her girlhood that her mistress's sufferings, both from pecuniary distress and her husband's harshness, were such as few could have borne with such patient heroism. No reproaches or complaints escaped her lips, save what Edgar Seaton might read, if he would, in the saddened expression of her lovely face, and the subdued manner which had replaced the brilliant vivacity which had been so great a charm in former days. On one point only did she resist firmly his wishes, nay, his commands; nothing could induce her to hold any intercourse with Mrs. Fanshawe, whose conduct she felt placed her out of the pale of woman's society, and whose very presence was an insult to herself. Edgar threatened, argued, coaxed, in vain. Ada was always denied when Mrs. Fanshawe called, and never returned her visits; and that lady finally ceased to attempt any intercourse with the injured wife whose happiness she had destroyed. Edgar, however, avenged her by spending nearly the whole of his time from home. Ada was, in truth, a widow without the soothing memories and consolations which soften the bitterness of bereavement. I should have mentioned, by the way, that poor old Mr. Gordon had been spared the grief of witnessing his darling child's unhappiness, having been attacked shortly before little Florence's birth by a severe pleurisy, which carried him off in a few days; and Ada, amidst her tears, could not but feel thankful that her beloved father had not had his last days embittered by the knowledge of her present misery, and the dark future which too surely appeared in store for her.

"I need not trace the various gradations of poor Ada's sad sufferings," continued Mrs. Vernon; "and the light warns me that I must be brief, unless I mean to finish my tale in darkness as complete as hung over my heroine's horizon. I will, therefore, pass at once to the concluding scenes. It was the evening of the fifth anniversary of Ada's wedding-day, and she had dismissed her children to their repose, and now sat alone in the library, which had been the scene of some of her happiest hours, musing over the contrast between the present and the past. Five short years ago, and she had been an idolised bride, a cherished daughter, and the mistress of an elegant and happy home; now she was a deserted wife, an orphan, and, as she too surely believed, on the eve of the crisis of those pecuniary distresses against which she had so long struggled. The dark, angry looks of the various creditors who had applied for money, the deepened gloom on her husband's countenance during his rare and short visits to his home, all foreboded that the end was near; and where could she look for help for herself and her little ones when that end actually came? Wrapped in gloomy thought, she sat over the fire, whose flickering

flame cast an uncertain light on her lovely though altered face, and the apartment round, and was hardly conscious of the lapse of time till roused by an unwonted noise in the hall, a ringing at the bell, followed by a hurrying of footsteps, and smothered exclamations of surprise and horror. Pale and trembling she sat, with the conviction of some dreadful calamity paralysing her every limb, and rendering her absolutely incapable of even ringing a bell to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. She had not to wait long, however. In a few moments the door was opened by the faithful Mary, from whom I have heard many of the circumstances I have related to you; and one glance at her countenance told her that she came to announce evil tidings.

"'Be composed, my dear mistress,' she said. 'Summon your courage, and all may yet be well; but it depends on your fortitude. My master has had an accident, and has just been brought home in a carriage; but——'

"Ada waited to hear no more; she flew to the hall, and encountered the body of her husband just borne in by two strangers, whom she had never seen before. Life was not extinct, however, for faint groans were heard as each movement of his bearers caused fresh agony to the sufferer.

"'Bring him in here!' said Ada, with strange calmness, as she saw them hesitate, leading the way to the library, where a large couch received the inanimate form. She knelt down beside it, and gazed on him whom she had so idolised; but no cry, no tear escaped her. She felt as if turned to stone, and spoke and moved like a person in a dream. She drew aside the cloak in which he had been wrapped, saw the life-blood trickling from a wound in the side, and the whole truth burst upon her. Her husband had fought a duel, endangered his life—it might be for the sake of her rival. A pang, sharp and acute, shot through her woman's heart at this idea, but was quickly banished; and, with a powerful effort and a fervent prayer for help, she collected all her energies to meet this trial.

"'Send instantly for Dr. Mason!' she said, and the tones of her voice sounded unnaturally calm as she spoke.

"'I will ride off for him at once,' replied one of the strangers, of whose presence she had been hardly conscious, and who immediately left the room.

"Ada then applied herself, with the help of the other gentleman and Mary, to stop the current of blood, and effect the revival of the sufferer by wine and every restorative in their power; and ere the arrival of the surgeon, which was in less than half an hour, Edgar had opened his eyes, and even faintly spoken his wife's name; and a thrill ran through her at the sound, heard of late but in harsh and morose tones. An hour of painful suspense succeeded; the ball was extracted, the patient placed in a temporary bed made in the library, and then, following the doctor from the room, Ada asked with her eyes, rather than her lips, the oft-repeated question, 'Is there hope?'

"'There is no reason to despair,' was the doctor's reply. 'It is an ugly wound, but keep down fever and he may do very well.'

"The relief even of this gleam of hope was too much for Ada's overstrained nerves; and for the first time she gave way to an hysterical burst of tears. That night Ada passed by her husband's bed, watching his feverish slumbers, bathing the hot temples, and administering,

from time to time the cooling draughts ordered by the doctor; but she scarcely thought Edgar was aware of her presence. She was bending over him towards morning, listening to his quick and laboured breathing, when he suddenly opened his eyes, and, fixing them on her with a look of tenderness such as she remembered in happier days, whispered, 'Ada, dearest, forgive!'

"'All is forgiven, forgotten!' she hastily replied. 'But you must not speak, dearest; all depends on perfect quietness. Compose yourself, for my sake.' And, closing the curtain, she sat down by the bedside, holding in hers the hand he had feebly extended to her—her heart full of mingled emotion of grief and deep thankfulness.

"It was days before Edgar Seaton was pronounced out of danger, or Ada had learnt the cause of the duel, which had been indeed with Captain Fanshawe, but not on account of his worthless wife. It had arisen out of a quarrel at the gaming-table; and he had left the neighbourhood, and, it was conjectured, the country, in alarm lest the death of his victim should expose him to a charge of murder.

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"Eight days had passed away, and all fear save of a lingering convalescence had disappeared, when Ada was summoned from her husband's room by Mary, who informed her that two men insisted on seeing her; and she descended the stairs, with the sickening dread of some new evil.

"'What is your business?' she inquired, as she reached the hall, where they were standing.

"'I have a writ against your husband, Mr. Seaton, ma'am,' said the older of the two, 'unless you can pay £759 8s. 4d., the amount of Mr. Solomon's claim for moneys lent and bills given, and due three months since.'

"'My husband is ill, very ill,' faltered Ada. 'You will not surely enforce your writ? It would kill him even to hear of it. In mercy, wait till he is better.'

"'Can't, indeed, ma'am,' said the man. 'I would not hurry the gentleman for an hour or so; but he must go with me to-day, living or dead, or I shall get into trouble.'

"'You will not, dare not be so cruel!' exclaimed Ada, wringing her hands in agony. 'It would be murder; you would have the guilt of blood upon your heads!'

"'Can't help it, ma'am; I must do my duty, and take the risk of that,' said the man. 'I have no objection to give you a couple of hours, but not a minute more.'

"'O God, have mercy on me! Will no one help me?' exclaimed poor Ada, her fortitude completely giving way; and, sinking on a chair, she sobbed hysterically.

"'Fear not, madam,' said a voice near, and, looking up, she saw a gentleman whose face she thought she remembered, but whose entrance through the hall-door, left open in the confusion, she had not observed. 'Fear not, madam; your trials are, I hope, at an end. Wait here,' he continued, turning sternly to the men; 'your claim will be settled before the two hours you have given.' And leading the astonished Ada into the nearest room, he introduced himself as Mr. Stanford, who she remembered as a solicitor in the town nearest to Morland Lodge, but who she had only met once or twice in society.

"'I am come, Mrs. Seaton,' he said, 'on a pleasing errand, and as the messenger of good tidings. You doubtless remember your old nurse and laundress, Betty Winston?'

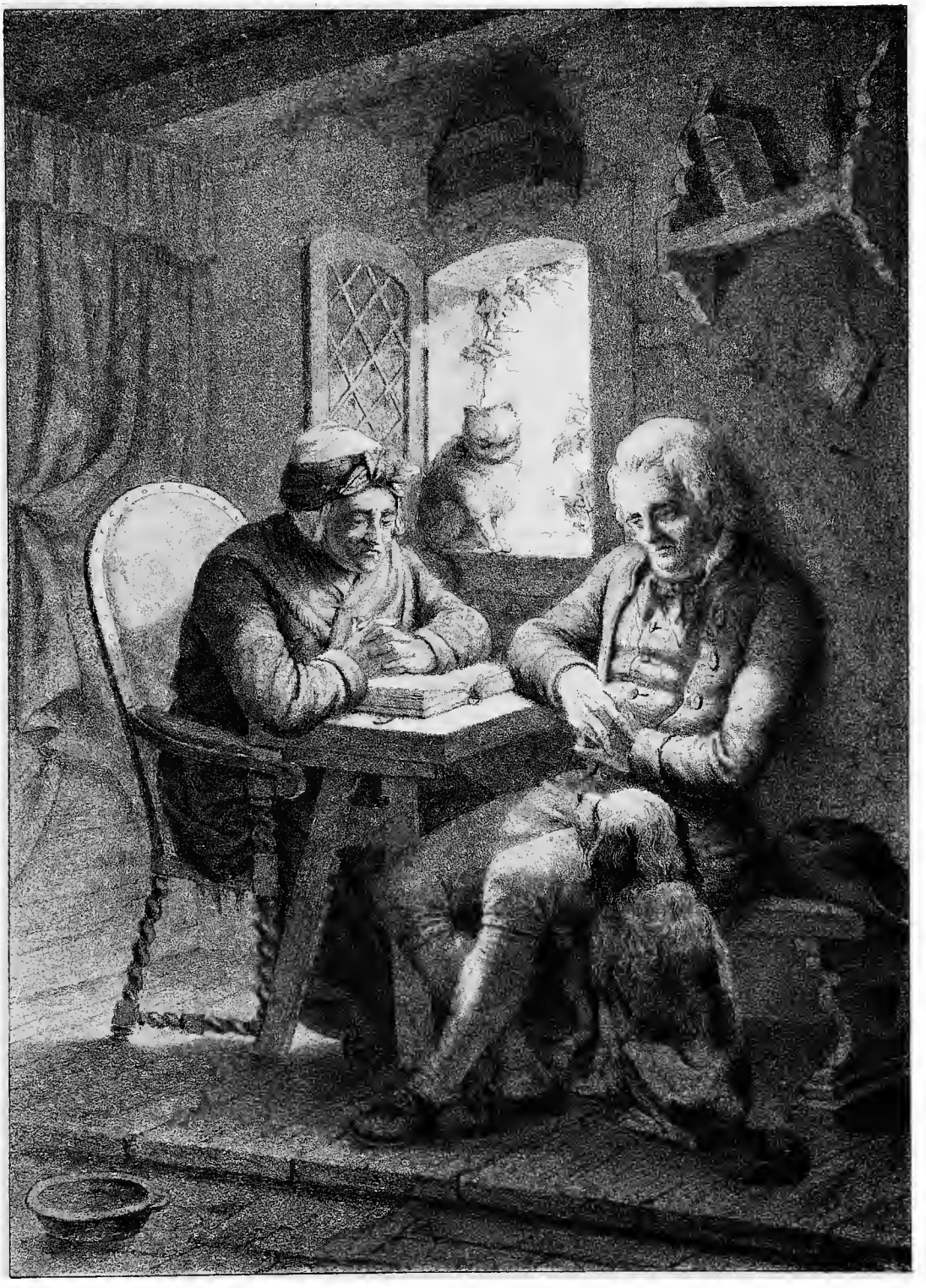
"Ada made a gesture of assent; she was too much agitated to speak.

"'Well,' he continued, 'the old lady died last week; but about a month previous to her death she was subject of a reverse of fortune, seldom heard of but in a romance. A brother who had run away from his family some thirty years ago, and not since been heard of, died lately in America, intestate, worth some £20,000, which he had amassed by extraordinary frugality and good fortune; and after many inquiries for a 'next of kin,' his sister was discovered, and proved to be his sole remaining relative. And no sooner, Mrs. Seaton, did she ascertain her good fortune than she sent for me, and desired me to make her will, leaving the whole of her property to you, adding that it was in memory of your constant kindness to her, but more particularly in token of gratitude for your having saved her from disgrace and the workhouse some five years ago. And I am happy to be the first to congratulate you on this rich reward for having at that early age been capable, as I understand was the case, of sacrificing a natural female vanity to the claims of benevolence.'

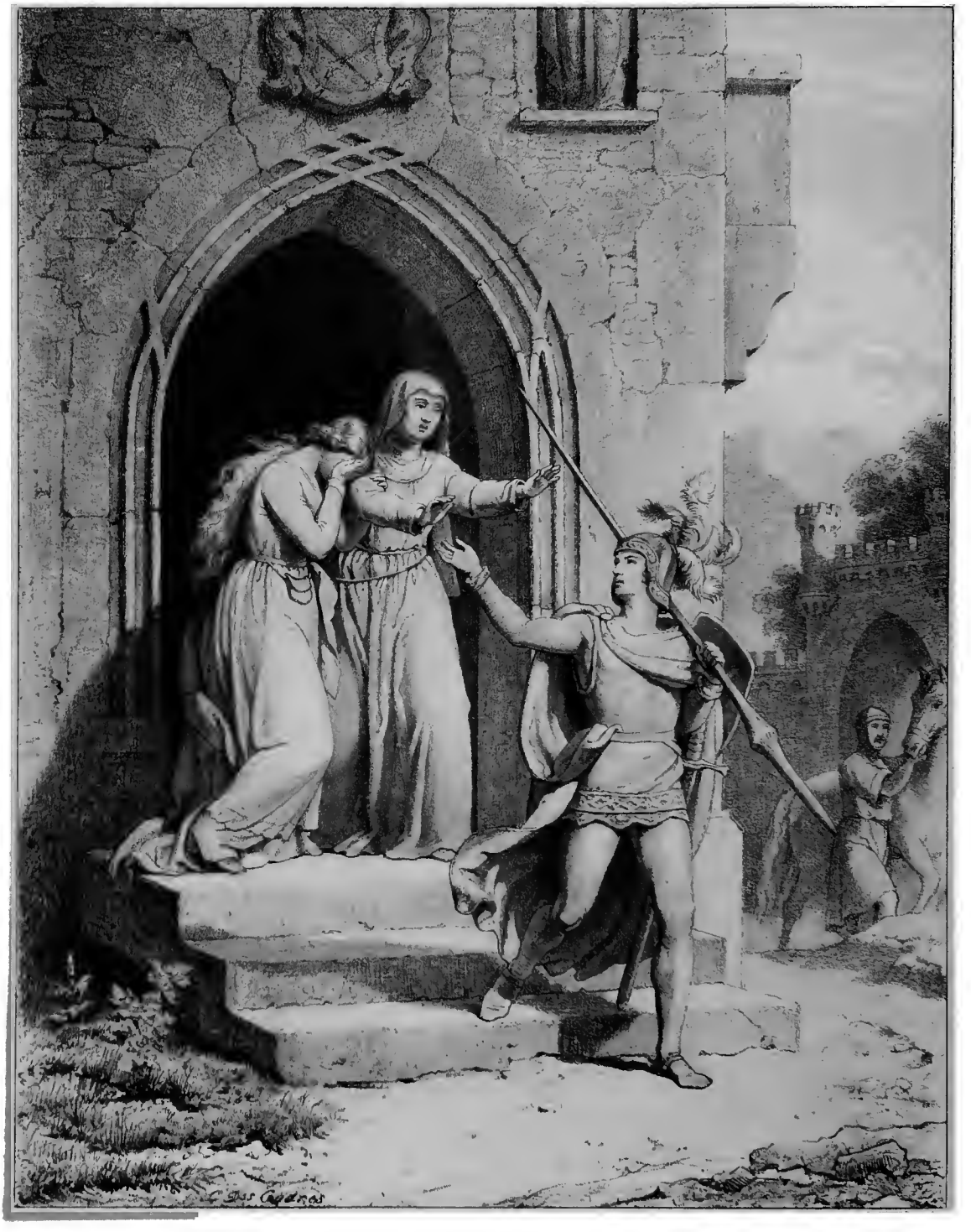
"Mr. Stanford ceased speaking, but Ada could not reply for a moment; she had covered her face with her hands, and was lost in mental thanksgiving to Him who had thus wonderfully appeared for her in the hour of extremity. She soon, however, recovered herself so far as to tender her warm thanks to the kind-hearted solicitor for the interest he expressed in her welfare; and, begging his indulgence for a few moments, she flew to her husband's room, and cautiously but joyously made him the partaker of her happiness.

"And now," said Mrs. Vernon, "the moon is fast going down, and I am almost tired of talking; and I think I may safely leave to the imagination of my romantic Isabel, and even yours, most grave and reverend signors, all the sequel of my tale, and only assure you that Ada Seaton is now living, a happy wife and still happier mother, and that her children are trained, like herself, to act on our pretty German's charming proverb—

Thu wohl, sich nicht wem,
Das ist Gott angenehm."



The greatest sinners, there's no doubt
On growing old oft turn devout.



True love has its sorrows.

True Love has its Sorrows.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course," sings the great Scottish bard; and noiselessly it flows into the ocean of eternity, carrying with it empires, dynasties, religions; effecting strange, almost incredible revolutions in the laws, customs, and ideas of mankind. And yet, amidst these changes, this wreck of ancient things and establishment of new, the constitution of man is the same as it was centuries ago. He is formed with the same feelings, motions, powers; and their influence on his character and conduct differs little from that which they have exercised on his race from the creation until now. Abundant proof of the truth of this may be found in the history alike of kingdoms and of families; but still more striking, perhaps, is the confirmation afforded by the perfect adaptation of those proverbs which are justly considered to contain the collective wisdom of nations to the experience of our own times. And the one which is illustrated by the simple tale we are about to relate shows that the history of the heart, at any rate, is the same in all ages; and that the same griefs and trials which belong to its tenderest and dearest feelings, the same devotion of which modern times present such innumerable examples, were suffered and exhibited by those who have long passed away from the memory of their kind, save in some old legend or family chronicle; and that the same spirit which inspired a Lady Nithsdale, a Madame Lafayette in modern times, was shown in heroic and noble deeds and sacrifices by fair and bright beings now mouldering in the dust.

It was a bright summer's evening in the year 1444; the sun, which had poured his glowing rays with unwonted fervour during the day on the banks of the Danube, now shed a mild radiance on its dark waters, and on the woods, villages, and castles which embellished its shores; while around the descending luminary was a gorgeous flood of crimson and golden colouring—bright and splendid as the glory which surrounds the last hours of some departing hero. Tempted by the refreshing coolness and calm beauty of that summer's eve, Thekla von Arnheim had thrown around her her scarf and veil, and mounted to the ramparts of her father's castle, which commanded one of the most extensive prospects to be found in the fair kingdom of Hungary. On one side, in the distance, were to be seen the towers and steeples of the city of Buda; the noble Danube rolled almost under its walls, while many a hill and vale, castle and convent, varied the wide expanse of country round. And no inconsiderable portion of this territory belonged to the lords of Arnheim, of whose ancient race the Lady Thekla was now the sole child and heiress. And if beauty, grace, and womanly sweetness, tinged with perhaps some of the lofty spirit and pride of her high lineage, could fit her for that exalted station, then was she no unworthy representative of her race. Lovely, indeed, she looked on that evening, as she stood, her graceful figure, in its white drapery, thrown into full relief by the dark battlement on

which she leaned, and the rays of the setting sun falling on her rich chestnut hair, and noble yet delicate features. An ancient attendant who had nursed her from her infancy had accompanied her in her walk; and she had been so engrossed with the scene before her, and possibly her own thoughts, that she had not observed that the old Bertha had been called away, and her place at her side supplied by a very different form, a young and handsome cavalier, whose lofty bearing and knightly spurs bespoke alike the noble and the soldier. He seemed unwilling to interrupt her reverie, and stood watching her exquisite face, with admiration, and a deeper feeling still, plainly visible on his speaking countenance. At length she turned to address some observation to her nurse, and the rich blood mantled over cheek and brow as she saw who was her companion.

"Count Rudolph!" she exclaimed. "I knew not that you had returned from Buda."

"I arrived but a few hours since," returned the young knight, doffing his plumed cap, and kissing respectfully the fair hand extended to him; "and I have sought this castle, so soon as I had changed my dusty garb, to communicate to your noble father tidings of weight, and to crave of him a boon of far more import to my happiness."

"My father is, I believe, in his closet," replied the lady, her eyes falling under the earnest gaze of her companion.

"Nay, I have already been honoured with an interview," said the young Count. "I have informed him that a long truce has been concluded with the infidel, and leisure given us to think of dearer and softer subjects than deeds of arms and din of war; nay, more, I asked and obtained my boon, and also permission to seek the Lady Thekla here. May I hope that she will forgive the intrusion, and listen to me with the same indulgence which her honoured father has shown?"

Thekla did not reply, but we presume the same augury was drawn from silence in the fifteenth as in the nineteenth century; and in another moment the knight was at her feet, pouring out his tale of love with as much ardour, though perhaps more reverence, than a modern lover, under such encouraging circumstances.

But why prolong such an oft-described scene, which has been so much better painted by a poet who sings of such an avowal, and at such an hour, as was now made by Count Rudolph Attenberg, on the heights of the Castle of Arnheim?

All impulses of soul and sense
  Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
  The rich and balmy eve.

* * * * *

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
  And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Geneviove,
  My bright and beauteous bride.

Ere the sun had quite given place to the peaceful moon, Rudolph had led his betrothed to her father's presence, and received his blessing; and after supper that night, the knights and

retainers of the castle had drunk, with many a hearty cheer, the health of the Count Attenberg and his future bride, the Lady Thekla von Arnheim. But no blessing more fervent did the young bride receive than when, in the solitude of her chamber, she told her happiness to her faithful nurse.

"God bless you, ladybird!" she said, folding her nursling in her arms, as she had done in infancy, "and keep you from trouble; but alas! alas! "Was liebt das betruebet" (True love has its sorrows).

"Nay, nay, dear nurse!" said Thekla gaily, "for once one of your proverbs will be falsified; for my love *is* true, and little sorrow seems likely to befal it. Count Rudolph is noble and true, my father desires our union, and a very few weeks will see me his bride; so no sad presentiments, good Bertha!"

The old nurse shook her head, but said no more; and Thekla soon forgot a momentary feeling of sadness which her words had occasioned in her own bright and happy thoughts.

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A month had passed away, and the Castle of Arnheim was the scene of bustle and preparation, such as it had not known since the nuptials of the Count with his long-deceased wife. From far and near came artificers, sempstresses, friends, and retainers, whose services were in requisition to do honour to the bridal of the heiress of Arnheim; and in ten days more that grand ceremony was to take place in the chapel of the castle. Count Rudolph impatiently counted the hours yet to elapse before the completion of his happiness, and occupied himself with hurrying and tormenting everyone connected with the preparations; while the fair lady of his love, when she could escape from tirewomen and sempstresses, consoled him by her company during those tedious hours of delay, and often did they bend their steps to the battlement which had been the scene of the avowal of their love.

It was there that they were strolling after the noon-day meal, the good old Count standing at a little distance, watching with benevolent happiness and pride those so dear to him, when the seneschal approached him to announce the arrival of a messenger from Buda, where the King Ladislaus and his court, and the knights of his army, were assembled, and that he desired instant speech of him.

"Bring him hither, good Joachim," said the Count; and in a few minutes the envoy, whose apparel bespoke hard riding, made his appearance, and reverently bowed to the Count von Arnheim as he approached.

"I bring greeting from our gracious Sovereign, King Ladislaus," said the man, "to you, noble Count, and the Count Rudolph Attenberg; and orders for you to repair to Pesth with your retainers, where the Christian army is assembled, before being led once more against the infidel Turks."

"Now, what say you?" exclaimed the Count. "What, then, is become of the truce so lately signed between Amurath and our noble King?"

"It is at an end, my lord," returned the man. "The good Cardinal Juliani has shown its sin and wickedness to our Sovereign, and the noble knights who form the council of the

Christian host; and they are now eager to blot out the stain on their arms by fresh victories over the foes of our faith. I am to bid you, in our gracious Sovereign's name, to be at Pesth in eight days from this, and to carry him back your answer with as little delay as may be."

"You shall have it in an hour," replied the Count; "meanwhile, go and refresh yourself. Albert, Ulric, see that this good fellow is well cared for."

The man once more respectfully saluted the Count, and retired; while the good nobleman slowly and sadly approached his daughter and Rudolph, who had been too much engrossed to notice more than that their father was giving audience to some messenger; and with melancholy forebodings in his heart, though with words of hope and consolation on his tongue, communicated to them the unexpected tidings.

"The truce broken! war again declared! why, it is foul treachery!" exclaimed Rudolph, while Thekla's cheek blanched at the news.

"Hush, hush! Speak not such treason against the King and Holy Church," said the elder Count; "it is for them to command, and for us to obey. But it comes at an ill-starred moment for you and my poor Thekla, who will need all the high courage of her race to support her under the loss of father and lover at such a time."

"Say, rather, father and husband," said Rudolph firmly; "for I leave not this castle till Thekla is my wife, let what will betide. You will not refuse me this consolation, my noble friend, or rather father?"

"But what says Thekla herself?" said the Count; "and how will marriage-festivities accord with the warlike preparations which must now be our care? It seems to me not fitting that bridal-music should be the clang of trumpets and clash of arms; nor would it, I think, please our lord the King to hear that the Count Attenberg lingered on such an errand ere obeying his behest."

"Nay, my father!" said Thekla, raising her eyes for the first time, a bright colour tinging her cheek, but with a firmness of voice and manner which bespoke a lofty determination; "with your good leave, neither festivity nor delay shall occur, and yet I shall have the right of mourning, if needs be, a husband, or of glorying in his noble deeds if fortune smile on your arms. On the morning of your departure, let our good Father Antonio join our hands in the little chapel, without pomp or ceremony; and, on your return from this cruel war, you can celebrate as you deem fitting your daughter's nuptials."

Thekla's voice was seldom powerless with her indulgent father, and he was never less disposed to refuse her a request than when he saw her bearing up so bravely under her bitter trial; and in truth, on the seventh day from that time she stood with Rudolph before the altar of the castle chapel, with no witnesses save her father, the good Bertha, and a few of the old retainers of the family. She was attired in a plain white robe, without a single ornament; while Rudolph wore his travelling-garb, with no adornment save a scarf which Thekla had embroidered for him since their betrothal. It was a strange bridal for the heiress of Arnheim, nor was the sad calmness of her demeanour more like the happy tremors of a bride, which had no place in the heart of one engrossed with deeper sorrows. Scarcely had the ceremony concluded, when the Count von Arnheim departed at the head of his troops; but Rudolph yet lingered one short

half hour with his weeping bride, who yet, amidst her tears, showed herself worthy to be the daughter and wife of heroes.

"Think not of me, dearest!" she said. "If you return in honour and triumph, I shall glory in your fame; if not, the convent or an early grave will be the peaceful home of Thekla von Arnheim."

"Fear not, beloved!" he replied. "My arm will have fresh nerve, and my heart fresh courage, from each thought of you; and I will avenge each tear which this parting costs you."

Again and again did this bridegroom of an hour bid farewell to his sorrowing bride ere he could tear himself from her. At length the last moment arrived, and he was forced to bid the final adieu. At the portal of the castle which led into its lady's private garden, there did he clasp her for the last time to his heart; and, commending her to the care of her faithful nurse, who invoked blessings on his head, he gave one last, lingering look, and, rushing through the parterres, vaulted on his steed, which was awaiting him at the gate of the court-yard—rode at a furious pace from the scene of his happiness, whence he had thought to depart under such different auspices.

And again and again, on that sorrowful day, did Bertha mutter to herself, "Said I not to this poor lamb, 'Was liebt das betruebet?' Never did I know a proverb fail, and evil comes of slighting them, I wot. Well, well, God send a good deliverance; for the sorrow is come, that's certain!"

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Time rolls its ceaseless course alike for the happy and the sorrowful, though to the latter he too often appears to have thrown away his wings, and substituted a pair of crutches; and lame and halting had seemed his steps to the Lady Thekla, now, in truth, Countess of Attenberg, though she assumed not the title during her temporary widowhood. Two weary months had passed away, and only once had tidings reached her from the host, though they had been of cheering import, her father and husband having sent her assurances of their health, and tender affection for herself. It was now the middle of September, and she knew that ere this the rival armies must have met; and, with all her high courage, and nursed as she had been amidst the din of war, she yet awaited the issue with sickening apprehension.

Day by day she sought the battlements, and strained her eyes in vain expectation of seeing some horsemen spurring in eager haste to the castle to bring her some tidings which would, at any rate, end her present dreadful suspense; and on that when we take up the thread of our story, she had as usual repaired to that memorable spot, but not as usual was she met by disappointment; for, ere she had been there many instants, she caught sight of a figure on horseback rapidly advancing to the castle, and in a few minutes he had reached the portal.

"Haste, good Joachim!" she said, turning to the old seneschal who was attending her steps. "Bring him quickly to me; without doubt, he brings news from my lord the Count."

The old man needed no second bidding, and in a short time, which, however, appeared hours to the impatient Thekla, the messenger stood before her; but his pallid face and downcast eyes bespoke too plainly the character of his errand.

"Speak quickly, good fellow!" exclaimed the lady. "I judge from your looks that you bring news of disastrous import; but fear not to tell them, only speak quickly and truly."

"Alas, lady!" replied the man. "I have heavy tidings to tell, heavy for Christendom and for you. King Ladislaus and his army have been routed with great loss at Adrianople by the infidel Amurath. The King is slain. Count Arnheim, your noble father, is safe, and only slightly wounded; but the Count Attenberg is taken prisoner, and ere this in confinement at Ederneh."

Thekla heard no more, but fell senseless into the arms of her faithful Bertha, who, with Joachim's assistance, quickly conveyed her to her apartments. It was not long, however, ere she revived; and her first words were a command for the man to be brought to her, in spite of her nurse's remonstrance; and once more this envoy of evil stood before her.

"How know you that the Count Attenberg was taken prisoner, and that he is not among the slain?" was her first question, her quivering lip and pale cheek belying her assumed calmness.

"His standard-bearer saw his lord overpowered by numbers and carried to the infidel camp, lady," was the reply, "and afterwards mingled with them in the disguise of a Moslem, which he had taken from one of the dogs, and there he learned that he was to be conveyed the next day to Ederneh. The Count von Arnheim, on hearing the news, sent me off instantly to you, noble lady, and desired me to give you this packet, which your sudden illness prevented my delivering to you before."

"It is well!" said Thekla. "And now retire, but do not leave the castle; and take this ring, for you have shown zeal and fidelity in your mission."

The man bowed and retired, while Thekla opened her father's missive, which contained a more minute relation of the circumstances already detailed, and though evidently written in great depression of mind, bade her hope and confide in his exertions to effect the liberation of her husband.

Thekla mused long and deeply; then, summoning Bertha, announced to the astonished nurse her resolution to proceed at once to Ederneh.

"You, my dearest lady!" exclaimed Bertha. "Why, do you not know that you would expose yourself to captivity and worse than death by venturing among those infidels, who, they say, think nothing of having fifty wives? And what would my lord the Count say? My dearest child, sorrow has turned your brain, or you would not think of anything so fearful."

"I am not distraught, good Bertha," said Thekla gravely, "nor shall I travel as the Lady of Arnheim, but as a page; and you, if you will, may go with me, and pass as my mother, while yonder messenger, who seems quick-witted and trusty, shall guide us thither. Nay, reason not; my resolution is taken. If you will go with me, well; if not, I proceed alone."

"Nay, I will go with you if it was to certain death!" said the good nurse, tears streaming down her eyes. "It was for you, dear lady, not myself, I feared."

"Then it only remains to get all in readiness," returned Thekla; "and for that I shall need your help, dear nurse."

A long conversation followed, and then an interview with Joachim, and afterwards with the

envoy of the Count; and many were the difficulties and objections started by each. But where is the obstacle sufficient to overcome a devoted woman's purpose? and, triumphing over all by her own strong will and courageous determination, Thekla carried out her plans, and in three days left Arnheim disguised as a simple page, accompanied by her two attendants.

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It was night in the capital of the Turkish dominions in Europe, when three travellers entered the city, and sought shelter in one of the humblest houses of entertainment for strangers. They consisted of an aged woman; a youth, who she announced as having fallen sick on the road, and for whom she prayed some small chamber instantly; and a man of middle age, who bore the marks of hard service, and whose features were disguised by the folds of his turban, for he was habited in the Turkish garb. The old crone who was in charge of the house in which those weary travellers had prayed hospitality at first grumbled some indistinct anathemas at the request for a chamber for the lad; but even her hard nature seemed touched by a glance at the pale, sweet features of the sick boy, and after some little delay, she acceded to the prayer, and showed him and his mother into a small room, or rather alcove, where there were cushions laid for repose.

She then returned to the common room and began to prepare some supper for the third wayfarer, who announced himself to her as one of her countrymen, who had just escaped from a long imprisonment among the Christians, where he had almost forgotten his native tongue, and in which escape he had been aided by the lad and his mother, who had accompanied him to Ederneh.

"And now, good mother, give me some news of what is doing here," he said, having replied with considerable ingenuity to the questions showered on him by the old woman. "Have many prisoners of rank been brought in here since the victory of the Sultan over his foes?"

"Praise be to Allah! the mighty Amurath has routed the unbelieving dogs too entirely for to have left many alive," replied the hostess; "and the chief they have brought in here is a young man whom they call in their heathen language Count Attenberg. They say he is a grand pasha in his own country, and that much store is set on him by the Sultan."

"And where is he lodged, if he is of such rank?" asked the traveller.

"Oh, the Sultan bade them treat him with all honour," replied the woman; "at least, so it is said; and he is lodged in the house of the Aga Abdallah ben Sadi, the chief astrologer. But they tell me he has a guard always at the door of his apartments, which he need not suffer if he would give his promise not to escape; for it is strange how even the unbelievers will keep their word, when they once give it, especially when, like this pasha, he is what they call a knight, though what that means I know not. Allah be praised! I have nothing to do with unbelievers or their customs."

By this time the supper was ready, and the man, who our readers have doubtless recognised as Count von Arnheim's envoy, Stephen, having learned all he desired to know, became fully engrossed in its discussion; and soon after, feigning fatigue, threw himself on some carpets in a corner of the room, and fell fast asleep—at least, so his snoring indicated. Early

next morning he left the hostel; and the old woman, his companion, who was now treated by the hostess with much kindness, as having aided her countryman's escape, sought some breakfast for the lad, who, she said, was still ill, and would not leave his chamber that day, but with rest would soon, she thought, be quite well. About noon, Stephen returned, and immediately sought his companions.

"Joy, noble lady!" he said, on closing the door; "all goes well, and I trust my lord the Count's escape will be effected without difficulty. I have seen and talked with one of his guards, who, strange to say, I served in former days, when he was a prisoner in Prague. He will admit me to my lord, and with some trouble I persuaded him to let me take you also, who, I told him, had been one of my lord Count's favourite pages, and quite sick with grief for his imprisonment. Now, lady, my plan is this. I shall put under my own clothes another of these Pagan dresses—which Our Lady pardon me for wearing!—and this my lord must put on, and accompany you when you go out of his chamber, while I shall remain in his place."

"But that would be certain death to you, my good Stephen!" said Thekla; "and, even to serve my noble husband, that must not be."

"I shall be safe enough, lady," said the man. "Mustapha must let me out afterwards for his own safety, for if it were known he had let in strangers his head would soon be off. He can only admit us to-morrow morning, when the Aga will be at his prayers in the mosque, and it will be his turn to guard the Count for an hour; nor must we be long in what we do, for he will only give us one quarter of an hour with him for fear of surprise."

It is needless to dwell on Thekla's delight at the prospect of again seeing her beloved lord; and still more at the hope of effecting his deliverance, though she still trembled at the idea of the thousand chances which might frustrate their plans. That day passed slowly indeed for her, nor did the hours of night bring repose, for sleep was impossible with the anticipation of the morrow before her; and early in the morning she left the hostel with Stephen, a large cloak concealing her page's dress from observation.

Their progress to the astrologer's was still more favoured by the day being one of the great Mahometan feasts, and all the inhabitants of the city were too much occupied to bestow much notice on any particular group; and, to Thekla's inexpressible relief, they reached the palace of the Aga without molestation. Stephen conducted her to a small side door which opened into the gardens of the magnificent dwelling appropriated to the Sultan's astrologer, which they found open; and a winding walk brought them to a flight of stone steps which had been pointed out to Stephen by his ally as leading to the Count's apartments; and here he left her for a moment, while he sought Mustapha. The Lady Thekla's heart beat almost audibly, and the trembling of her frame might be seen through the folds of her cloak; but, with a strong effort, she stifled her agitation sufficiently to follow Stephen, on his return, with outward composure, along the terrace and to the door, where stood a Turkish soldier, who he whispered was Mustapha. In another moment a door was opened, and they entered a room where a figure was seated, which, as soon as the dizziness which swam before her eyes allowed her to distinguish objects, Thekla saw was indeed her Rudolph, her husband.

He looked up in some surprise as they entered, not recognising either figure in their disguise. "Rudolph!" exclaimed Thekla, dropping her cloak.

"Thekla, my beloved! is it possible I am so blest?" cried the young Count, as he clasped her to his heart, and poured out all his gratitude, his terrors for her safety, his joy at once more holding her in his arms. Stephen, however, gave them but a few minutes for the indulgence of their emotion; and Thekla, reminded by him of the extreme preciousness of every moment, rapidly explained to her husband their plan for his escape.

"But, my faithful Stephen, I should at once be known by the guard!" said the Count doubtingly. "My voice alone would betray me."

"I have provided against that, my lord," was Stephen's reply. "I told Mustapha that, when I left you, I should not speak to him for fear of some eaves-dropper being near; and, for the same reason, he will not be surprised if you partially conceal your face: only do not do it too much, or it will excite suspicion."

The Count made some further objection on the ground of the devoted Stephen's own safety, which he overruled as he had done the fears of the Lady Thekla; and nothing remained but to invest the Count with the Moslem garb which had been brought for him. They were to go at once out of the city to a quarter which Stephen had shown to Bertha the day before, where she was to meet them; and there horses had been stationed by his provident care in a secluded wood early that morning.

A few minutes completed the Count's toilette; and with trembling steps Thekla led the way from the apartment. Her agitation seemed only natural to the Turk, who knew that the seeming page had just parted from a beloved master. He addressed a word of friendly farewell to the Count, who returned it in a low voice, and with a warning gesture not to speak lest others might be near; and Mustapha let them pass without further parley. Once out of sight, the pair quickened their pace, and rapidly gained the garden gate by which Thekla had entered, and once more the Count felt himself a free man. The streets of the city were almost deserted, the population being assembled at prayers in the mosques; and they passed along the silent arcades without encountering any but a few water-carriers, and those necessarily engaged in their calling, till they came to the suburb described by Stephen, near which was the wood where Bertha and the horses were to await them. A moment of intense anxiety followed, while searching for them in the recesses of the forest; but after some little delay, they discovered the good nurse seated on a trunk of a tree, near where the steeds were tied, telling her beads, and calling on all the saints in the calendar to protect and aid her young mistress in her enterprise; but paroxysms of joy took the place of her devotions on seeing her approach with her husband, and it was with some difficulty that they could check her dangerously-loud expressions of delight and thankfulness, while the Count placed his bride and herself on their horses, and they commenced their rapid flight.

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The war with Amurath had ended in a rather inglorious peace for the Christians, and once more the chiefs of their host had sought their ancestral halls, and disbanded their

retainers; and among the most joyous of the festive scenes which succeeded that desperate struggle were those enacted in the Castle of Arnheim, at the marriage of its heiress; and conspicuous among the guests below the salt was a half Oriental figure, who, strange as he might appear among a Christian assembly, was yet patronised by the vassals as an ancient friend of Stephen Holtzman, now doubly honoured as the seneschal of Schloss Attenberg and the deliverer of its lord, and who always gave half the glory of the deed to Mustapha, the lately-made convert of Father Antonio. But of all that vast assembly none were happier and prouder than the old nurse Bertha, who was never weary of describing her adventures on her perilous journey, and the hair-breadth escapes which had attended their flight from Ederneh, always ending her garrulous relation with, "Well, well, it is all over now, thanks to Our Lady and the blessed saints! But, as I told the Lady Thekla, when she was first betrothed to Count Rudolph—whom God prosper and preserve!—'Was liebt das betruebet!'"

By Hope and Delay as a general rule_
There's many a man earns the name of a fool.

An Old Song.

I.

Upon the crystal Rhine
From silent Goar I glided;
A silver-haired old man
My tiny vessel guided.

II.

'Twas seldom that we spoke,
My heart was tired and jaded;
I saw the shore float by,
And thought of joys long faded.

III.

While thus, 'neath memory's hand,
I felt my heart-chords quiver,
With music and with song,
A boat came down the river.

IV.

Within it students, crowned
With roses, were reclining,
While on the snowy sail
The evening sun was shining.

V.

From hand to hand the bowl
Passed on, with pleasure laden;
While at the mast there stood
A lovely fair-haired maiden.

VI.

Upon the wide, clear stream
Red roses was she throwing,
But stopped to smile and nod
As past her we were going.

VII.

But hark! what sounds are those
That in my ears are ringing?
The words I surely know—
'Tis my song they are singing!

VIII.

When at fair Bonn, like them
Upon the Rhine I studied,
I wrote it as life's spring
Had just in bright hopes budded.

IX.

How strange by others sung
The well-known verses sounded!
Like some young startled fawn,
My heart with pleasure bounded.

X.

As long as I could hear
One single note, I listened;
And then I watched the skiff
As in the sun it glistened.

XI.

I watched it float away,
Till earth and sky were blended;
And when it disappeared,
I felt my youth was ended.

Twelfth Night; or, The Bean King.

I.

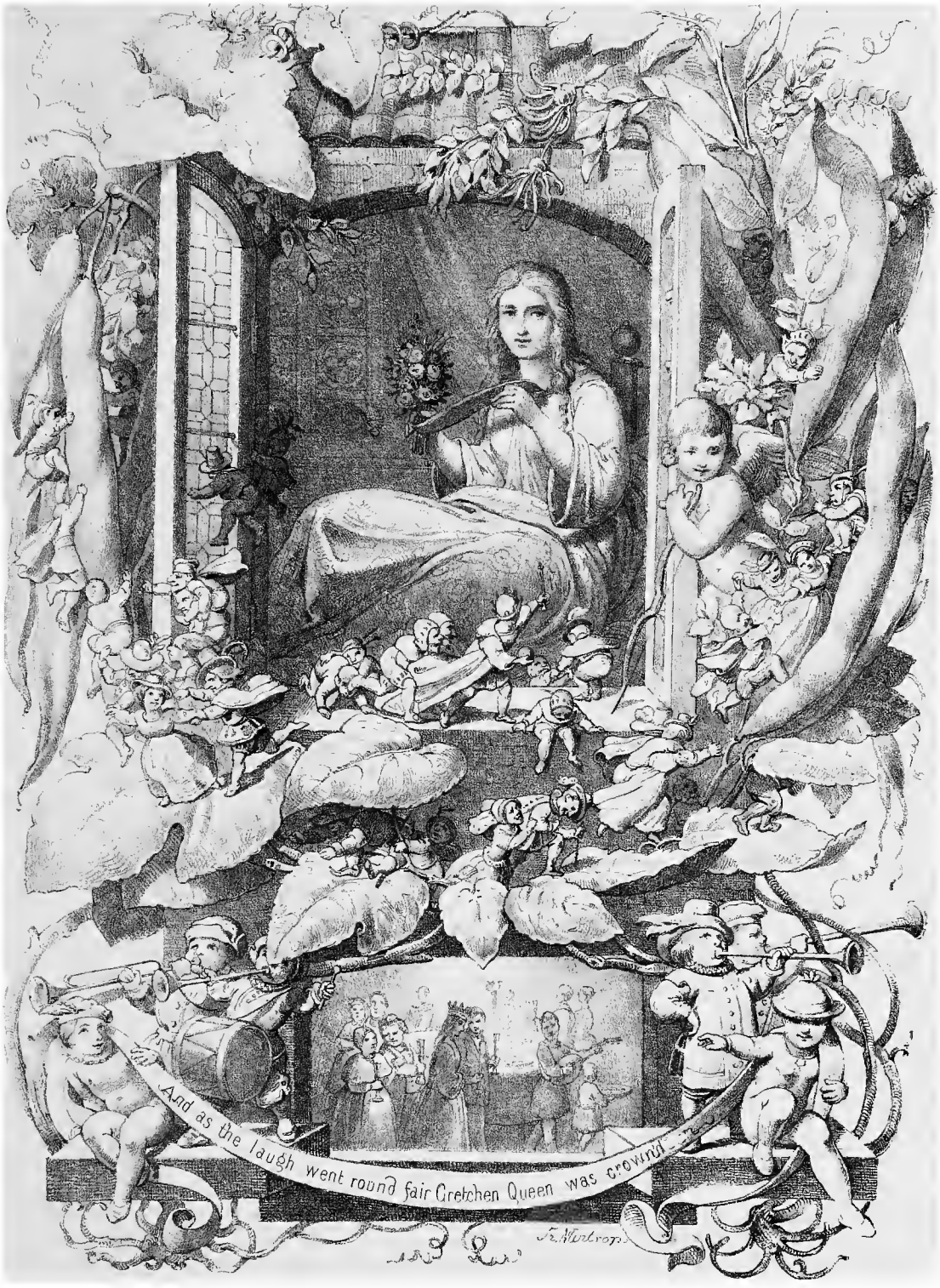
The circling year had brought Twelfth Night once more,
The little cakes the groaning table graced,
And each guest's face with mirth was mantled o'er,
And each guest's heart beat high with anxious haste
To see what luck kind Fortune had in store;
For in one cake a tiny bean was placed—
The mark of mimic royalty. The bean
Fair Gretchen's cake contained, and she was Queen.

II.

And now each person who was present there
Due homage to his beauteous Sovereign paid,
And for some post, with earnest, humble air,
As if in truth a courtier, straightway prayed;
While Gretchen, guided by discernment rare,
Some dukes, some generals, some lackeys made.
But, spite of all they said, the silly thing
Refused most firmly to select a King.

III.

The months rolled on, and once again sweet May
Had clothed all nature in a robe of sheen,
And in the garden, 'neath the sun's warm ray,
The scarlet beans in clustering bloom were seen;
While o'er an arbour did their tendrils stray,
And form a roof of sweet, delicious green.
To this cool spot would Gretchen often roam,
And think of one far, far away from home.



Twelfth night.

IV.

But when on earth warm summer cast her spell
(Believe me, courteous reader, it is true),
Beneath the rustling leaves there used to dwell
The Bean King with his small and elfin crew.
His palace, as I've heard old grandams tell,
Was in the foliage built, and hid from view;
His subjects were in truth a tiny band,
But much respected all through Fairyland.

V.

With great amaze depicted in his mien,
One day the monarch from his courtiers heard
That, in the realm of Beans, the name of Queen
On Gretchen by her friends had been conferred.
He straightway said, "This maiden must be seen;
The news my curiosity has spurred.
At dead of night, when 'neath their weight of dew
The flowers droop, my rival will I view."

VI.

As lovely Gretchen on her pillow slept,
Entranced in rosy Hope's delicious dream,
The night-air through the open casement swept,
While Nature slumbered 'neath the moon's pale beam,
And now the Bean King in the chamber stept,
With crown and sceptre that did brightly gleam;
And, going up unto the maiden's bed,
Sat on a throne erected near the head.

VII.

His suite consisted of a motley crew,
For fun and frolic always well-disposed;
The chamber they examined through and through,
While Gretchen sleeping on her couch reposed;
And some were white, and coloured not a few—
Of round and long ones were their ranks composed:
And each fair Lady Bean, with conscious pride,
Smiled blandly on a gallant by her side.

VIII.

Before the couch the Bean King stood amazed,
Such more than human beauty to behold;
And then described, with tiny arm upraised,
A circle round her with his wand of gold,
Exclaiming, as in wonder still he gazed,
"Can such a creature be of mortal mould?
I fain would woo thee, as I here confess,
Were I but bigger, or wert thou but less!"

IX.

And all disturbed was Gretchen in her sleep:
She thought she saw, at that still midnight hour,
A thousand elves their antic revels keep,
And in each corner of her chamber cower,
And o'er the tables jump, and hop, and leap;
And heard their King say, "Thou art in my power,
And I will use it; therefore, quickly own
How best from thee I may protect my throne.

X.

"They call thee Bean Queen. Maiden, truly say
Where are thy realms, and what, too, is their name?
The land of Beans acknowledges *my* sway—
Dost thou intend my royal crown to claim?
I know I'm small, but still will find a way
To guard my honour from all taint or shame.
Suppose a loyal treaty we conclude,
And promise to abstain from war or feud?"

XI.

Still wrapt in slumber, Gretchen thus replies:
"You've nothing, mighty King! to fear from me.
Between us never shall a feud arise,
And never will our interests disagree.
The only kingdom I shall ever prize
Is one fond heart that beats beyond the sea;
As long as I of that one heart am sure,
There's naught in this wide world I ask for more!"

XII.

And then she murmured softly a dear name—
The Bean King listened with attentive ear;
But what was that which through the casement came,
So like the sound of some one lurking near?
A minute after, through the window-frame
A missive flew. With jealous love and fear,
The King could scarcely breathe; his courtiers all
Tried long in vain his senses to recall.

XIII.

At last, his sceptre, with a shaking hand,
He waved aloft; o'er table, chest, and chair,
Sprang, jumped, and skipped the tiny elfin band,
And, with their monarch, gained the open air.
When lovely Gretchen woke, the May-breeze fanned
In wanton sportiveness her face so fair;
While round the window, all begemmed with dew,
The jessamine its fragrant creepers threw.

XIV.

"Ah, what is that!" cried Gretchen, as she cast
Her eyes upon a missive at her feet.
"A letter to a nosegay clinging fast!
With bliss and gladness does my poor heart beat!
My love, my only love is come at last!
Oh, ne'er to part again we now shall meet!
I dreamed such dreadful dreams the live-long night,
But now I wake half mad with fond delight!"

XV.

Some distance off, with looks of wondering care,
The Bean King stood and gazed upon the sight.
"My royal title," thought he, "they may wear,
Provided only they respect my might.
May happiness attend the youthful pair!
And now, methinks, it struck me in the night
That, if I wished to taste the sweets of life,
I, too, should choose a true, devoted wife!"

The Mountain Spring.

WITHIN the old bucket
The bright waters danced:
He asked if the sunshine
My senses entranced.
I saw the clear heaven,
I felt the wind blow;
I trembled and could not
Say yes nor say no.

Within the old bucket
The water was still:
He asked me if longer
I bore him ill-will.
All lonely I stood,
With the calm well below;
I trembled and could not
Say yes nor say no.

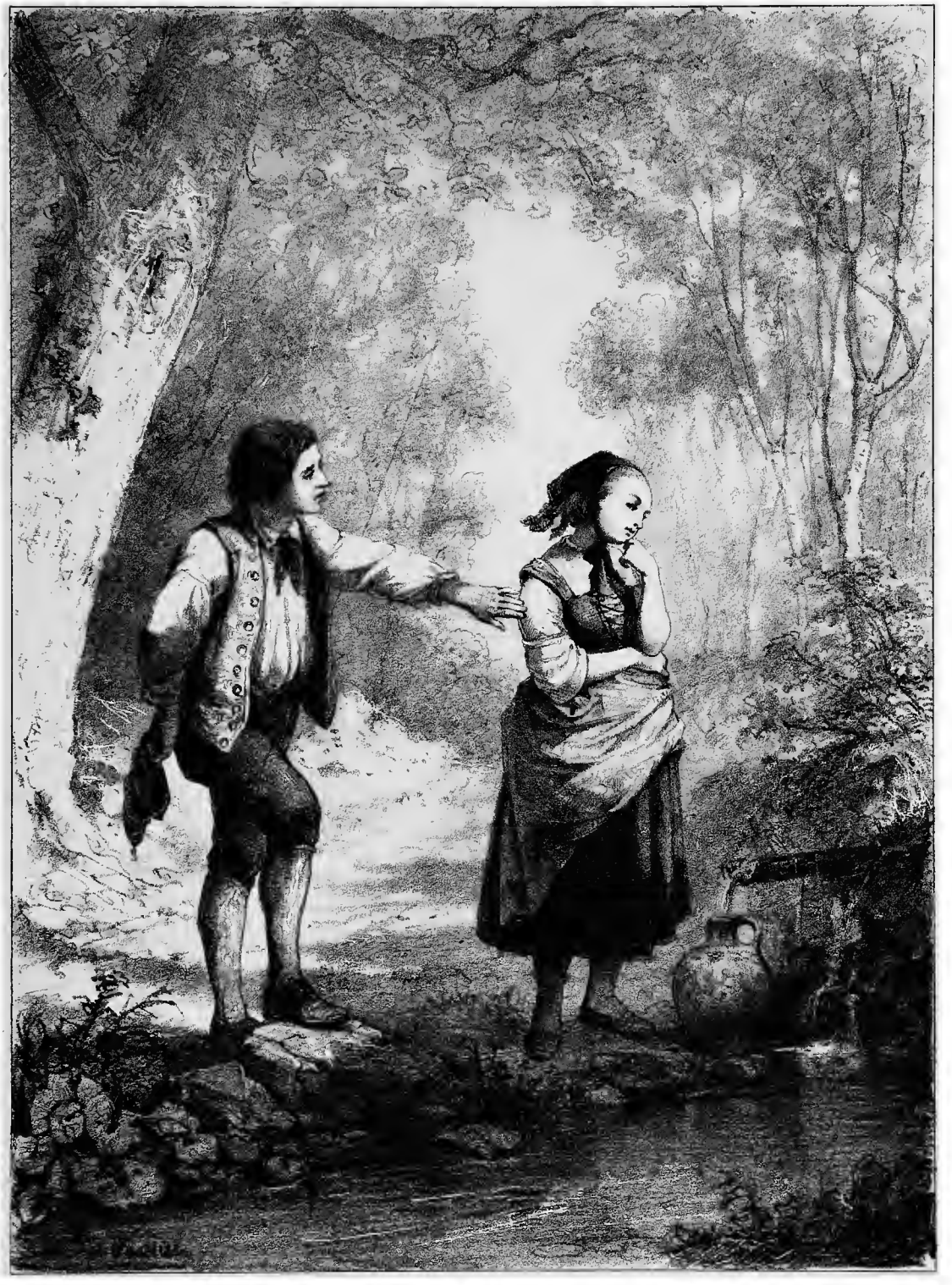
From out the old bucket
The water did flow:
He asked why I stood there
In tears and in woe.
His look was so gentle,
He spoke 'neath his breath—
I swore I would love him
Most truly, till death.

The Mariner's Farewell.

SWEET Nature smiles, but from my breast
All gladness long has flown;
For me Spring bears no joy, no rest—
Alas! I stand alone!
Oh! 'tis such bitter pain to part:
Would, would I ne'er had won thy heart!

Spring drives me forth to tempt once more
The broad and boundless sea;
My gallant bark lies off the shore,
And tarries but for me.
Oh, 'tis such bitter pain to part,
Would, would I ne'er had won thy heart!

And when, in hopeless grief, she spake,
"When shall we once more meet?"
I felt with woe my poor heart break—
Adieu, my love! my sweet!
Oh, 'tis such bitter pain to part,
Would, would I ne'er had won thy heart!



The mountain spring.

The mariners farewell.

The Black-Cross Knight.

I.

"Sir Otto of the Hill! alas, our cause is lost! The plain
Is covered with the corpses cold of Christian warriors slain.
'Tis now the time to prove yourself a valiant knight and true,
For close behind, in fiery haste, the savage foe pursue.

II.

"Oh, many a shivered lance I mourn, and many a shattered shield,
That lie, in wild confusion cast, upon the blood-stained field!
But they can never grieve me so, or cause me such deep care,
As does the holy cup which I beneath my mantle bear.

III.

"How often, when our comrades have been victors in the strife,
Has it not held for us the wine of everlasting life?
And shall rude hosts of heathens wild the goblet e'er profane?
Oh, shall it, brave Sir Otto, e'er their cursed draughts contain?

IV.

"Then turn once more, Sir Otto—turn your steed towards the foe,
And prove that youth and courage still within your bosom glow;
And when they come in serried rank and terrible array,
Sir Otto, with your trusty sword arrest their onward way.

V.

"The service that I ask you now may end, perchance, in death;
But who would not, to serve his God, resign life's worthless breath?
Oh, if you can but stop them till an Ave you repeat,
I yet may save the sacred pyx upon my courser fleet!"

VI.

No lengthened time to make reply did brave Sir Otto take—
"I'll stop them or I'll perish!" were the only words he spake.
The Master of the Order spurred his horse in eager flight,
And with the pyx he bounded on beneath the moon's pale light.

VII.

And when upon the Master's cloak the cross of jet black hue
Became so small until at length it faded quite from view,
Sir Otto heard the noise of hoofs, and, through the thick dull gloom,
Could see the forms of horses and of horsemen dimly loom.

VIII.

And when the cloak itself appeared no larger in the night
Than does a swan that far-away pursues its homeward flight,
With faces filled with deadly hate, and fierce, determined will,
The Lithuanian troopers charged Sir Otto of the Hill.

IX.

And as with panting flanks their steeds upon him madly dashed,
Like streaks of lightning, bright and clear, their crooked sabres flashed;
And like the hungry wolf's dread howl, above their weapons' clang
Their horrid war-cry, loud and shrill, beneath the blue sky rang.

X.

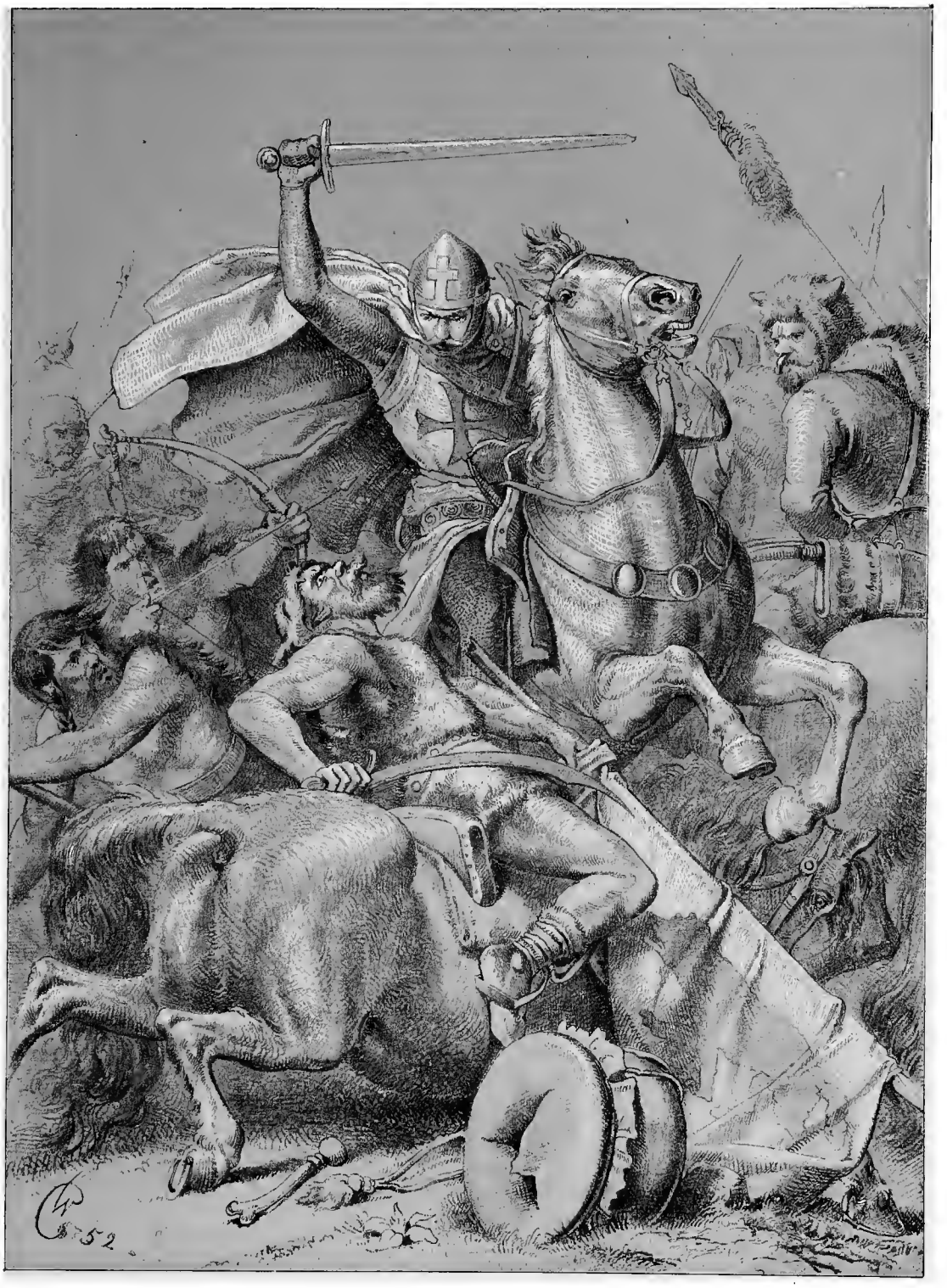
"Ave Maria," said the knight, and dealt a fearful blow—
The Lithuanian chieftain reeled upon his saddle-bow,
Then, slipping from his charger's back, let go the slackened rein:
Sir Otto of the Hill had cleft his pagan skull in twain!

XI.

As quick as thought the valiant knight a second word now said,
And through the air with certain aim his gleaming weapon sped;
The standard-bearer felt the blade upon his helmet fall,
And sank beneath the flag he bore as if beneath a pall.

XII.

'Twas thus Sir Otto of the Hill with dauntless valour prayed,
At every single word he spake another blow he made;
And such success, with Heaven's help, his daring efforts crowned,
That with each blow a foeman fell death-stricken to the ground.



The black gross knight.

XIII.

Meanwhile, with many a fearful gash, the hauberk which he wore
Gaped widely, while each link of steel was red with clotted gore;
But little for his bleeding wounds the Christian warrior cared,
He still fought on with arm untired and courage unimpaired.

XIV.

All shattered was his sturdy shield, and pierced with many a thrust,
His gallant war-horse now sunk down and bit the crimson dust;
But brave Sir Otto still prayed on, and, standing on the sward,
With both hands wielded round his head his sharp and murderous sword.

XV.

And as his muttered Ave drew, at length, unto a close,
One last fierce blow, with all his strength, he aimed against his foes;
And then, amidst the countless heaps of slain that lay around,
Defenceless, pale, and blood-bedaubed, he sank upon the ground.

XVI.

His arm was weak, his strength was spent, and speechless was his tongue,
For Death his icy fetters had around his stout heart flung;
But still he was not vanquished, and to say "Amen" he tried,
And, when he found his efforts vain, felt one sad pang and died.

XVII.

Where brave Sir Otto breathed his last, the Lithuanian band
Remained in mournful silence wrapt, dejected and unmanned,
No more to follow in pursuit their drooping spirits craved.
And thus, through brave Sir Otto's prayer, the holy pyx was saved.

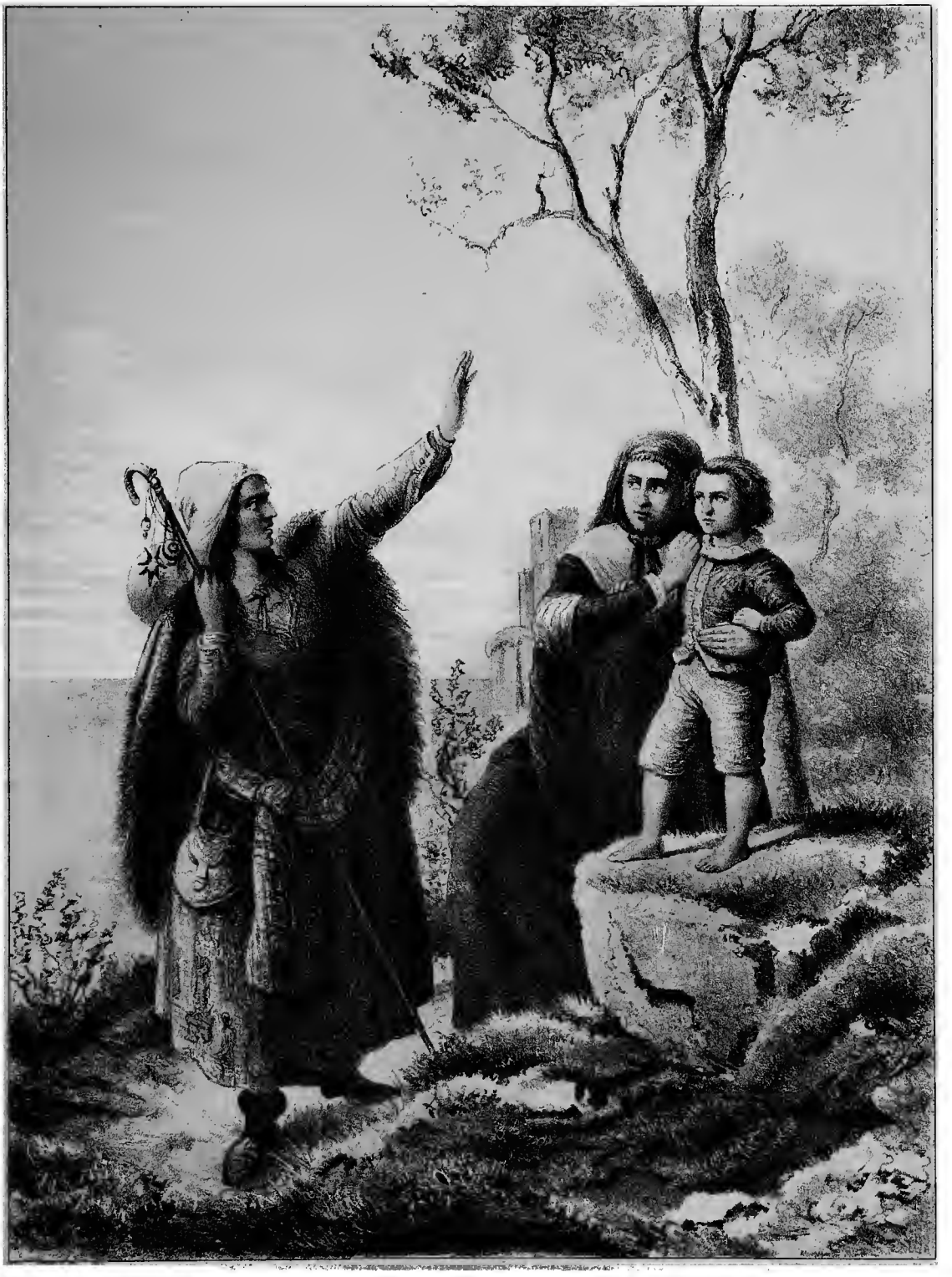
XVIII.

Oh! Heaven grant so true a knight may find eternal rest,
And with the angel choir may sing in regions ever blessed;
For surely one who thus resolved in such a cause to die,
And prayed so well on earth below, may say "Amen" on high!

The Prophecy.

I.

You'll laugh, good Master Clement, when I say
What made me leave fair Brittany, and shape
My course to Paris; for you always did so
Whene'er by chance we happened to discourse
Of the mysterious, awful realm of dreams,
And strange presentiments. But laugh no more!
For what I now will tell has ever swayed
My every action. Listen to my story.
'Tis almost thirteen years ago: six months
Had I been left a widow, and, with Robert—
Who, even then, was a bold handsome boy,
With fiery eyes that like two stars gleamed forth
Beneath his flowing locks as dark as night—
I lived, not far from the deep azure ocean,
In the old watch-tower left me by my husband
As his last legacy. In it did he die,
And in it was he buried; the wild waves
With foamy crests against its basement dash.
'Twas once our stronghold, now it holds our dead!
But seldom did a stranger ever enter
The wild, still place, save only some poor fisher,
Who from the neighbouring village brought us food.
The people that in Egypt once betrayed
Our Lord, and then, like Israel, was disowned—
You know them, Clement; you have marked their eye,
With such strange force and magic in its glance.
This people, at the time of which I speak,
Wandered in hordes throughout the country, stealing,
And telling fortunes. As upon the shore,
One evening, I was strolling with my boy,
Picking up shells with which he loved to play,
From out the wood there suddenly stept forth
One of these gipsy women, who appeared
So darkly beautiful that, in affright,



The Prophecy.

I started back, but yet could not avert
My gaze from off the phantom. She, meanwhile,
Approached the boy, and, with a piercing glance,
Fixed her black eye on his, as if to drink
His very soul and draw it into hers.
Then, in a deep sepulchral voice she said,
"That eye shall close upon the throne of France."
When she had spoke, she quickly disappeared,
Like some dark cloud that round the beetling steep
First slowly mounts, then vanishes behind it.
"That eye shall close upon the throne of France."
Oh, do not mock me! From that hour, her words,
Deeply engraven on my heart, have haunted
My ear both night and day. Nay, Master Clement,
Was not the same thing once foretold the Emperor?
Did they not prophesy to Louis Capet
Each circumstance and action of his life?
Oh, laugh not, Clement! My brave boy grew up,
His body and his soul increasing daily
In all the strength and pride of fair proportion.
A sword was his delight, and so I came
With him to Paris.

* * * * * *

Clement! Clement! hark!
Say, was not that the roll of drums, and that
The tocsin booming forth from Notre Dame?
What multitudes are hastening through the streets!
It seems as if the city had revolted!
Fly, fly and see!
The city had revolted!

II.

Throughout all Paris grim Rebellion reigns:
Destroying angels hover in the air,
While, wrapt in smoke and carnage, Fate still holds
With doubtful hand the balance. O'er the town
The burning sun of hot July darts down
Its scorching beams, that never shone more fiercely
Than on that day.
The people wildly rush
Towards the Palace, like a rolling ball

Of snow, increasing at each step they take.
From room to room they wander—plundering,
Fighting, and slaying, till at last they enter
That one where stands the throne.
Among their number,
Pre-eminent is seen a youth, who cries,
"Fight bravely—conquer! but be merciful!"
Such were his words, and many, in the crowd,
Heard and obeyed them.
A small band of troops
Was stationed near the throne, and, motionless,
Had suffered horde on horde to range themselves
Before them unmolested. Suddenly,
Their deadly tubes are levelled at the crowd,
Which starts back in affright. The bullets whistle,
And every pane in the tall, lofty windows,
Lies shivered on the ground!
Of all that crowd
The youth alone sinks, wounded mortally!
How strange, how wonderful, how great the power
Of manly beauty! First, a deadly silence
Reigns undisturbed, and then, throughout the place,
A deep, a low, a universal sob
Breaks unrestrained forth. The soldiers' tears
Mingle their scalding flood with that which gushes
From out the people's eyes. How willingly
Would each one there save the poor youth who lies
So beautiful, so wan! How gladly give
A portion of his life, could he but tinge
That pallid face once more with health's red blush!
Within the poor boy's eye a spark of life
Still dimly glimmers. Softly, carefully
They raise him up; they place him on the throne,
And try to staunch the spurting stream of blood.
But who, alas! can staunch so wild a stream?
As if the last remains of fleeting life
Had gathered in that eye, it brightened up
Once more for one short second; then, alas!
So deep, so dark, so beautiful—for ever
That eye did close upon the throne of France!

Ne'er believe that in old age
Every man becomes a sage.

Lake of the Dead.

The Lake of the Dead.

I.

"THREE days and three nights have you left me, my child;
Your hair from the wind is dishevelled and wild.
I called on your name, and three days and three nights
I searched all the woods and the steep Alpine heights.
But once more you're here:
How strange you appear!
Where were you, you sole thing on earth I hold dear?"

II.

"And am I at home, and again near to thee?
I tremble with dread, mother dear, as you see.
Three days and three nights since, where, stretched on the ground,
He fell from the cliff, his cold body they found,
All bathed in gore—
His short life is o'er!
My bosom with gladness shall heave never more!

III.

"And as on my pillow I wept, some one said,
'Arise! follow me to the Lake of the Dead!'
I knew 'twas his voice—I knew, too, that I
Could never resist, though it bade me to die!
His commands to obey
I straight hastened away
To a place that held captive my soul with dismay!

IV.

"And high over chasm and rock, through the gloom,
The Jungfrau I saw in pale majesty loom;
Her sharply-peaked summits seemed icy and cold,
While, far in the distance, the avalanche rolled;
I saw, too, below,
All surrounded by snow,
The lake's murky waves in the dim twilight flow.

V.

"I stood there and trembled; I scarce breathed for fear—
Oh, ne'er did a tree that dread solitude cheer!
Wherever you turn ice and rocks reign supreme,
While fogs almost stifle the moon's sickly beam.
I beheld such a sight
In the pale, flick'ring light,
Oh, mother! it makes me feel faint with affright!

VI.

"I saw my beloved, all covered with blood,
Approach me from out the dark Lake's dusky flood;
While spectres in silence walked on by his side,
Or through the damp mist winged their course far and wide!
He beckoned! In vain
Every nerve did I strain;
I moved not, for terror had frozen my brain!

VII.

"At last, with a scream, like the lightning I fled—
I could hear the waves foam in the Lake of the Dead;
And I thought that the spectres were close on my track—
That I felt their cold breath breathing hard on my back.
I flew o'er the ground,
But—oh, horror!—I found
On all sides the spectres still dancing around.

VIII.

"The wild glacier torrents foamed madly along,
Huge chasms yawned death, if but one step were wrong.
Oh, on I still ran in my horrible race,
Nor, till I reached here, ever slackened my pace!
Have they all left my track?
Art thou near me? Alack,
I still through the horror and gloom must go back!"

IX.

"What mean you? Why strayed you abroad, dearest child,
Three days and three nights, 'midst a tempest so wild?
I'll smooth down thy pillow—thy garments I'll dry,
I'll weep tear for tear, and exchange sigh for sigh!"
"O mother!" she said,
See! see! near your head,
He beckons me still from the Lake of the Dead!"

X.

The mother, while stretched 'fore the fire her child lies,
Smooths gently her pillow, her wet raiment dries,
Speaks kindly—but, suddenly gasping for breath,
She sees that loved form growing rigid in death!
"Farewell!" her child said,
"Grieve not when I'm fled;
He's bearing me off to the Lake of the Dead!"

The Lazzarone.

Upon my arm a fair young maiden leant,
As through the busy streets I calmly strolled;
On gorgeous palaces my looks were bent
And all the marvels art did there unfold.

Behind us close a Lazzarone strayed,
With eyes that gleamed like stars so clear and bright;
While on his tawny face a smile betrayed
That mirth and humour were his soul's delight.

"Oh, buy my blushing roses, lady!" cried
A market-girl. "Come, buy them, lady fair!"
The Lazzarone, with a smile, replied,
"Look in her cheeks; they're finer roses there!"

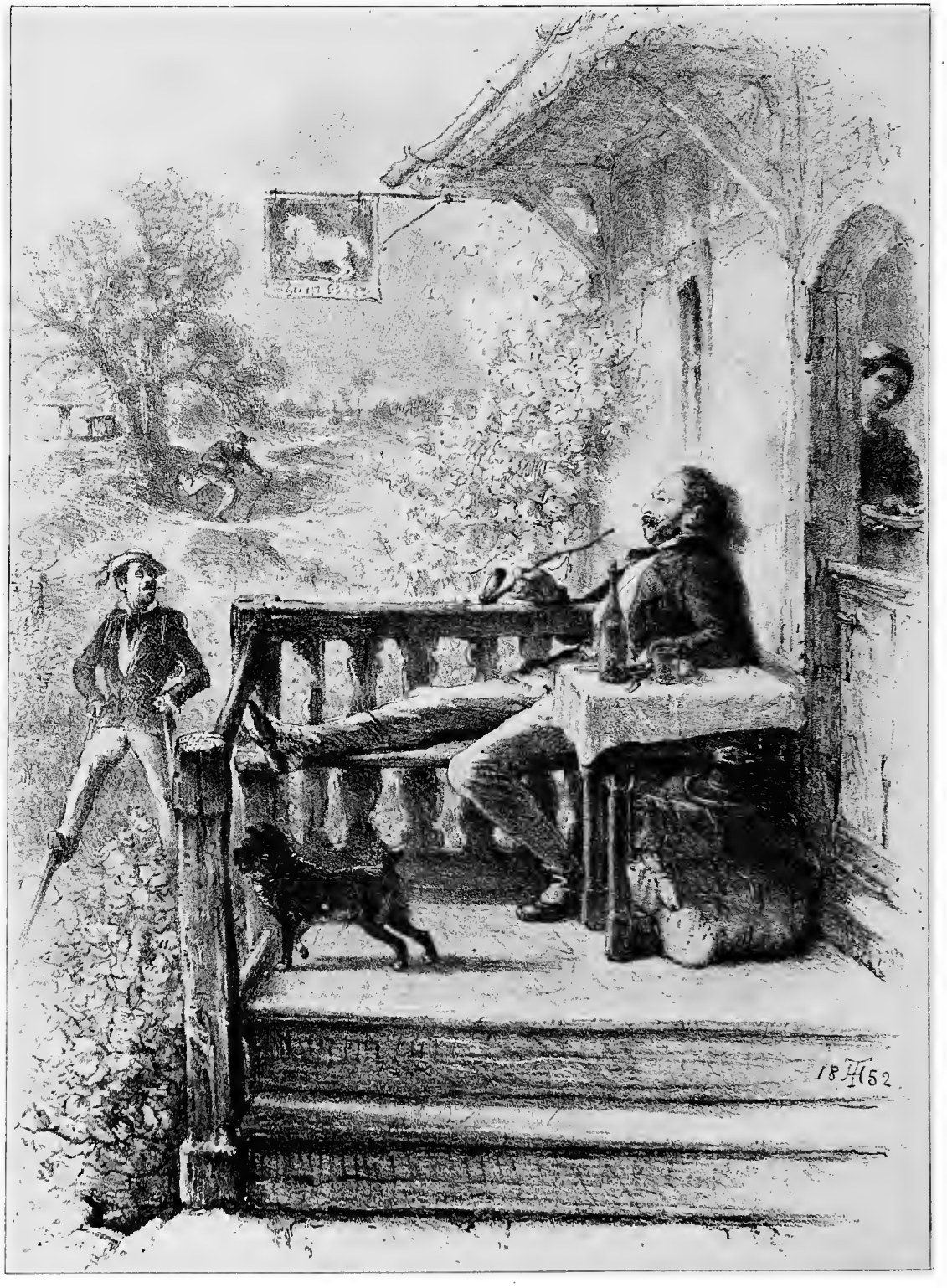
"Then buy my oranges," the girl rejoined,
"For nothing sweeter could you ever sip."
"I see," our friend replied, "you ne'er purloined
A luscious kiss from that sweet ruby lip."

My fair companion smiled, but did not speak;
I felt her frame with maiden coyness thrill,
And saw the blushes mantling o'er her cheek—
The Lazzarone, laughing, followed still.

And, ere we had proceeded very far,
He spoke once more, "Oh, grant me one desire!
Oh, suffer me to kindle my cigar
At those bright eyes that flash such lustrous fire!"

The Lazzarone bowed and went his way,
The maiden once more blushed at what she heard;
And in that city, even to this day,
The beggar's saying is a household word.

Sea side sketches.



The three travellers.

Farewell.

The Three Travellers.

With firm, proud step, and haughty mien,
A traveller on the road was seen;
Above men's heads his glance was thrown,
As if the world were his alone.

A second traveller next was spied,
Who rushed about from side to side,
Then started off like one possessed,
Or 'neath the trees sat down to rest.

A third now came along the road
With steady step and heavy load;
Nor right nor left he looked, intent
Upon the goal towards which he went.

And when dim Night had closed the day,
The proud man still pursued his way;
The second traveller panted near,
The third enjoyed the tavern's cheer.

Fare Thee Well.

Fare thee well! fare thee well!
Far from thee, o'er the sea,
To my birth-place I once more must haste;
But in thee all my joy I've placed;
Hope, hope, ne'er despair!

Fare thee well! fare thee well!
Do not grieve nor believe
That I'm absent, although we now part;
I go, but I leave thee my heart!
Hope, hope, ne'er despair!

Fare thee well! fare thee well!
Never mourn, all forlorn;
The day will soon dawn that shall see
Me for ever united to thee—
Hope, hope, ne'er despair!

The Landsknecht.

I.

I LEFT the quiet, dull city
A soldier's lot to share;
And, in a soldier's ditty,
I'll praise the name I bear.
Who leads so glorious a life
In these dull times as we do,
'Midst warfare's din and strife?

II.

The flag which waves so proudly
Is now my only bride;
Whene'er the drum rolls loudly,
She calls me to her side.
What greater pleasure can we know
Than, firm as rocks, to hurry
And lay the foeman low?

III.

My purse is not o'erflowing,
But still from care I'm free;
Where'er I may be going
I find enough for me.
Ho! bumpkin peasant, quickly flit—
Some good wine from the cellar,
A fat hen on the spit!

IV.

Each village-inn possesses
Both dice and cards for play;
And girls with golden tresses
My least commands obey:
I love them all, both dark and fair,
Snow-white, or red as roses;
Each mouth a new one's there!

V.

What though I go in tatters,
The fact I never note;
I feel it not; what matters?
Wine's warmer than a coat!
Good wine my body will defend,
On ramparts and in trenches,
Until my life doth end.

VI.

And if—for there's no knowing—
I lost a leg, in truth,
There's wood enough now growing
To stop all grief and ruth.
What stockings and what shoes once cost,
I then should gaily drink;
I should have gained, not lost!

VII.

And e'en were death to slay me
With all-relentless blade,
Four lances would convey me
To some grave quickly made.
The muffled drum would sadly sound,
More pleasing than monk's prayer,
As I lay 'neath the ground!

VIII.

In camp, 'fore Augsburg city,
As there the army lay,
A Landsknecht sang this ditty
To fife and drum-roll gay;
Next to the tavern went, where first,
He kissed a brown-eyed maid,
With wine then quenched his thirst.

The Landsknecht.

The Metamorphosis.

Metamorphosis.

Oh, how in childhood's happy hours
I loved the woods so green,
And how I mourned when forced to leave
Each well-known sylvan scene!

My cherished flowers I ne'er forgot,
And thought them, strange to tell,
Princesses all, from mortals changed
To flowers by magic spell.

And poisonous flowers among the rest
In wild luxuriance grew;
The foxglove showed its tiny cups
Of modest lilac hue.

The nightshade, too, displayed its charms,
And said beneath its breath,
"I'm fair to look on, but—beware!
I bear within me death!"

And after many a year had passed,
I once more gladly strayed
About the wood where, in my youth,
With such delight I played.

The wood appeared so bleak and cold,
The birds' sweet songs were o'er;
And, oh! my flowers, my well-loved flowers,
Seemed not to know me more!

I gazed around with mournful looks
And feelings most forlorn,
And then I sought with slow sad steps
The town where I was born.

How small the houses had become!
How much the girls had grown!
From every casement as I passed
An eager look was thrown.

It seemed most strange that they should gaze
With glances so intent;
For on my face their dark blue eyes
Unceasingly were bent.

But suddenly I guessed the truth—
I once more saw them all!
My flowers, the playmates of my youth—
My flowers, both great and small!

My flowers, which I could ne'er forget,
And which I loved so well,
Were now princesses, who had burst
At length the magic spell.

Our former friendship we renewed—
We had so much to say;
And with the lovely maids I passed
Full many a pleasant day.

The deadly ones were also there,
So cunning and so sly;
The foxglove smiled, too, but I felt
To love her were to die!

And many a careful mother sought
To make me wed—in vain!
I loved the maidens; but I feared
They might perhaps change again!

A Forest Scene.

Oft, when beneath the sunset
The lake's still waters glow,
A stag comes swimming proudly
To meet the gentle roe.

And oft beneath my casement
They fearlessly advance,
And cast on me, so calmly,
Their true and gentle glance.

But when my humble cottage
Shall welcome thee, my bride,
And, with my arm around thee,
Thou nestlest by my side—

Methinks, the stag will whisper,
In tones of deep surprise,
"You doubt! Peep thro' the casement,
And credit your own eyes.

"'Tis p'rhaps some sea-nymph striving
His fond, warm love to win!"
And as he speaks, they'll stand there,
With wonder looking in.

"Perhaps it is some fairy,
From forest, glade, and dell,
Who's left her leafy kingdom,
Her elfin tales to tell."

At last, the stag returneth
Across the silvery tide;
His mate still stays to watch thee
Lie slumbering by my side.

Forest scene.

'Tis the first step in all you undertake
That ever proves most difficult to make.

Two Christmas Eves.

Darkness had enveloped the town in its thick mantle of gloom, on Christmas-eve, 1847. A bitterly cold wind swept the fine snow through the streets, which would have certainly been deserted on account of the severity of the weather, but which were now doubly so because everyone, both old and young, were assembled in their warm rooms around the Christmas-trees, which cast their brilliant, cheerful light far into the darkness without.

There was one building, however, into which not a single ray or gleam of this light, not a single echo of the universal rejoicing, found its way. This was the tall, massive-looking house-of-correction, or gaol. Within a narrow cell of this gaol sat a young man of noble figure and handsome face; the latter was partially concealed by a thick black beard, but the portion still visible appeared haggard and wan, as if from close confinement. His head was leant upon his hand, while a light was burning near him on a small table, on which two or three books were lying. One of them was open, and the young man was gazing vacantly upon its pages; but as for reading or understanding a word, he found that impossible.

"O blessed, happy Christmas!" he suddenly exclaimed, as if he were no longer able to restrain the feelings which had been so long pent up within his breast, "why art thou so far from me? Why does no ray of thy glittering tapers fall upon my soul? O my country, my country, I thought to be instrumental in lighting up for thee a Christmas-tree resplendent with joy and gladness; but the variously-coloured tapers were all extinguished, and naught but desolation and darkness remains. There they all stand, those gloomy figures, and shut out the light, not allowing the ruddy dawn of freedom to pierce to men's souls; while the people look on motionless and silent, and allow the martyrs in the cause of liberty to rot in a dungeon. O mother, mother! how right were you when you said, 'Do not be foolish: hope nothing from the people!' How sadly will you pass your Christmas-eve this year!"

The clock now struck seven. The prisoner counted the strokes. At the last one, he sprang to his feet.

"Seven," he exclaimed; "ay, seven! that is the dreadful number! For seven long years am I destined to pine beneath massive bars and bolts of iron, for two or three wretched words which certain persons chose to look upon as dangerous and treasonable! Oh, this is horrible!" he added, striding up and down his narrow cage with feverish excitement.

After a slight pause, he continued, in a low voice, "The seven months I have passed here would have already driven me to despair and madness, had it not been for *her!* Will she keep her word? Will she really give me liberty as her Christmas offering? O Theresa, Theresa! if you, whom I look on as my guardian angel, should betray me!—And why not? She is a gaoler's

daughter, grown up in the midst of the headsmen of Freedom, and the sighs of their victims. Everything is falsehood in this world! Why do I believe her face more than that of anyone else? why confide in her clear, bright eye? Why reckon upon her promise, which was not even distinctly made?"

He listened at the door, that was secured by massive iron bars, and then resumed his restless walk about the cell. Suddenly, however, he stood still, for it seemed to him as if he heard something. Captivity quickens the hearing in a most incredible manner. He approached the door on tiptoe. Presently there was a tap outside on the thick oaken planks—a tap so light and gentle that no one but the prisoner could have heard it; but he was straining every nerve to catch the sound, and when he did so, a gleam of vivid, heartfelt joy shot over his pale, handsome face. He gave a slight cough, as a signal that he had heard the tap. At the same instant, a little door placed in the middle of the larger one, and through which so often many an unexpected glance penetrated into the cell, was opened from without. It was impossible to say who was standing outside, and the prisoner took good care not to speak first: people become very cautious in prison. Like the murmuring of the soft summer-breeze, a sweet voice now pronounced the words, "It must be done while the bells are ringing before or after the midnight mass," while, at the same time, a small parcel was slipped into the prisoner's hand.

"Theresa," whispered the enraptured young man, "I do not stir in this affair unless you promise that you will be mine, and remain faithful to me, happen what will. Give me your hand as a sign that you consent."

A beautifully small white hand was thrust hastily between the iron bars of the small opening. The prisoner seized it as if he would never more consent to let it go, and pressed it to his lips with feverish ardour. The next moment the white hand was withdrawn, and the little door once more closed.

II.

A slim female figure flitted quickly and noiselessly along the corridor, which was dimly lighted by a lamp suspended from the roof, and on which the door of the prisoner's cell opened. It was Theresa, the lovely daughter of the head gaoler. She was just eighteen. The loud beating of her heart seemed far more likely to be heard than the light and elastic tread of her foot. Love had impelled her to undertake a grave and even very dangerous step; it is not wonderful, therefore, that her heart should beat as violently as if it would every moment force its way through her palpitating bosom. But what words can describe her alarm, when, as she was about to place her foot upon the first step of the stairs, she saw before her the head of a man? It was with difficulty that she restrained a loud scream of terror. At first she thought it was her father himself; and her face became, if possible, even more deadly pale than it was before.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Theresa," said a voice, which she recognised as that of Deurer, the assistant-gaoler. "I saw nothing!"

Theresa trembled violently on hearing the voice, and still more at the last words. In the greatest confusion she replied—

"I do not know what you mean!"

"I repeat that I saw nothing," answered Deurer, in a low voice, but with marked emphasis. "As we are alone here for a minute or two, however, Miss Theresa, will you still refuse to listen to me?" he continued, attempting to grasp her cold white hand, which she hastily drew back, and, uttering the words "I have no time at present," flew tremblingly down the dark stairs.

The gaoler remained standing on the top stair, and then turned slowly round as if to follow her. "She has no time," said he to himself, with something like an accent of bitter scorn in his voice. "Well, she will find time, I warrant. But what is to be done? If he escape, the consequence may be hurtful to me. Shall I prevent his flight? If I do, I shall ruin my prospects with her for ever; besides, he will remain, and I shall still be doomed to witness every day what makes me choke to witness. It will be better if he goes. Yes; that will bring matters to a crisis, for it is very certain that he will not come back; and as for running all over the world after him, I suppose she will not do that. I wish he would break his neck in his flight; that would set things right at once and for ever."

Deurer now crept silently forward, like a cat about to pounce upon its prey. On reaching the young prisoner's cell, he stood still and applied his ear to the door.

"He is already hard at work," he said to himself. "How nicely I could rouse him out of his sweet dreams of freedom, if I chose! But I will not disturb him yet; if I am obliged to do so, there is plenty of time. I must first come to a clear understanding with her; then I will either stop him or let him go—either speak or hold my tongue. Both she and the old boy, her father, are in my power. We will see whether or no she has got time at present!"

Communing thus with himself, Deurer turned round again towards the stairs, and, immersed in thought, went down with the intention of finding Theresa. Under the pretext of asking some question or other connected with the duties of his office, he went into the head-gaoler's apartment, but looked around in vain for the young girl. He remarked that her mother was running to and fro with a certain air of anxiety on her face, and seized the opportunity to ask, in a tone of compassionate inquiry, whether anything had occurred.

"Really, I do not know," replied the gaoler's wife. "I cannot think what has happened to Theresa. She had intended going to the midnight mass; but now, all of a sudden, she is so ill as to be obliged to lie down. Her head is as hot as fire, while her body is shivering with cold. I hope she is not going to have a bad fever of any kind."

"You must pity the poor girl for spending so unhappy a Christmas-eve," said Deurer, who knew well enough the cause of Theresa's fever. "But cheer up: attacks of this kind go quite as quickly as they come. I know many instances of this. Tell Miss Theresa only to be quite quiet, and to believe me that everything will be all right early to-morrow morning."

Theresa's fond and anxious mother faithfully repcated this message to her daughter, but did not, however, remark what an icy shudder ran through the latter's frame at the mention of Deurer's name. It is an easy task to conceive what a night Theresa must have passed. She

lay upon the rack. She trembled lest every moment she should hear that the prisoner's attempt to escape had been discovered. The only thing that rendered her somewhat more composed, for a short time, was Deurer's message, which her mother had given her, and the hidden meaning of which she well understood. On the other hand, however, she trembled to think of the price which Deurer demanded for his silence and complicity. She had for a long period found it a difficult task to escape his importunities, and she felt convinced that nothing but the promise of her hand would now satisfy him. It is impossible to describe her sufferings at the thought of this hated match; and they were rendered still more poignant by the reflection that her act might, perhaps, be the cause of reducing both her father and mother to beggary. She trembled at the idea that her lover's escape might not succeed, or might even cost him his life; and then, again, she shed a flood of bitter tears when she thought of his absence. She felt that her love would occasion her the deepest sorrow and distress, and yet she would not have renounced it for the whole world. Whatever might be the result, she could not act otherwise. Such were her thoughts as she lay on her couch, a prey to the most poignant anguish.

When the bells pealed forth to summon the faithful to the midnight mass, she sprang to her feet. The eventful hour was come. Never had those bells of peace and joy sounded in her ears as they then did. While the congregation were singing in the church the praises of the newly-born Redeemer, she was praying fervently, with her hands clasped convulsively together; but she was so confused that she knew not what she said or for whom she was praying. How long and weary did that hour of agony appear to her! Again did the bells peal forth, announcing the termination of the nocturnal service. Theresa had not heard the slightest noise, and began to think her lover had succeeded in effecting his escape. But this very thought fell like a crushing weight upon her tortured soul. Giving way to a flood of tears, the poor girl buried her face in the pillow, while her heart pronounced all the more loudly and distinctly because her lips refused to do so, the words, "Oh! shall I ever see him again?"

III.

A year has elapsed; it is Christmas-eve, 1848. The scene is still laid in the same town, though no longer in the gaol, but in a small low room, in one of the distant suburbs. There is no brilliantly-illuminated Christmas-tree, but merely a single candle, with a long, melancholy wick, for no one snuffs it, although there are three persons present. There is a man, with frowning brow, who is walking up and down; a woman sitting near the stove, and a young girl at the table which stands in the little space between the two windows. The girl is holding in her hand, which has sunk listlessly on the table, some work, while her right arm is raised, with the hand extended before her forehead, as if to shade her eyes from the light. From underneath this hand, large, heavy tears are falling on the well-scrubbed, white deal table.

"It is precisely for that reason," said the man, continuing some former conversation, without stopping in his walk; "it is precisely because a year has this evening elapsed since the night on which your unpardonable folly reduced us to beggary, that I have the right to require you to make all the amends in your power for the mischief you have caused."

"I think, too," said the woman, in a tone of voice which, however, was far less harsh than that of the man, "you ought to do so, for your own sake as well as ours, Theresa."

Theresa allowed her hand to fall slowly from before her eyes, which were full of large, glistening tears. Her face looked most lovely; but it was very white, and bore unmistakeable marks of the ravages committed by silent grief.

"O father! O mother!" said she, in a voice broken with sorrow, "have I, then, not been punished enough already—have I not suffered sufficiently for what you call my unpardonable folly? Heaven alone knows how I suffered and how I struggled last Christmas-eve; Heaven alone can tell with how many thousand tears I tried by my prayers to avert from you the misery which I have so unwillingly caused you. Have I not worked—"

"That is all very well," replied her father, interrupting her; "but it is precisely because I see how you toil and work that I am resolved to put an end to the matter at once."

"Father! father!" exclaimed Theresa, "you know, as well as I do, the promise I made him, that dreadful night!"

"Nonsense!" said the gaoler angrily; "nonsense! It is all very well for such absurdities to find a place in the mind of the young heroine of a novel, but they ought not to be harboured in the head of a sensible and poor girl. You have allowed yourself to be imposed upon by this young fellow's face. You imagine that he will, perhaps, conquer the world, if you only help him; and that, when he returns, he will not only offer you immense estates and wealth, but even lay a kingdom at your feet. I, too, was mistaken in him. I was fool enough to think this young reformer of mankind better than most men. In the Devil's name, why does he remain absent? An amnesty has already been declared for a considerable period, but he neither comes nor writes. He is a fine specimen of the truthfulness of your fine young gentlemen. He turns a simple girl's head, makes her forget her duty to her father and mother, and aid him to escape, and then never thinks of her more."

The scalding tears trickled down Theresa's cheeks at her father's unkind words; but she made no reply, for she could not with reason contradict what he said.

"Deurer, now, is quite another sort of man," continued the ex-gaoler. "There was a time, I confess, that I did not feel any very great partiality for him; but at present I have good proof of his being an honest, true-hearted fellow. He loves you, and is not to be cast down, although you did reject him so scurvily. He has allowed you time to convince yourself of your mistake, and is still willing to marry you, although you have fixed your affections on another. That is what I call acting honourably indeed! Besides, Deurer has inherited money, and is, at present, a wealthy man, which, in your circumstances, should have some weight with you. In a word, he has done all he can, and will do so again. He failed in his duty, and held his tongue merely to oblige you, and spared both you and us before the Committee of Inquiry, otherwise I should not have simply been deprived of my office. He might, too, very likely, succeed me in my functions; but he has given up all ideas of doing so on your account again, for certainly it would not do to have a gaoler's wife who herself would aid the prisoners to escape. Yet, despite all this, you do not appreciate him."

"Father, father, little do you know Deurer!" exclaimed Theresa. "He is false and bad, and

the idea of his love makes me shudder. You do not know how he threatened to ruin both me and you, should I refuse to give him my hand. The only thing that startled and restrained him was my saying that he was a hundredfold more guilty than you; for he knew all about the escape, and neglected doing his duty. That caused him to hesitate and become more tractable. Yet, for all that, nothing shall persuade me that during his examination he did not hold a kind of language which threw suspicion on you and caused your dismissal."

"Let us have an end of this," replied Theresa's father in an angry voice. "He loves you, and has proved his love by the constancy of his attentions; if you marry him, you will be provided for at once, and we, too, shall profit by your good fortune. I hope that you will be more sensible this Christmas-eve than you were the last, and that you will cause it to be a more happy one for us. He is now waiting for a decisive answer, and I am going to take it to him."

The ex-gaoler seized his hat and cloak. Theresa had hitherto sat as if completely incapable of the least exertion; but she now sprang up, flung her two arms round her father's body, and then sank down before him, as if completely prostrated, on her knees.

"Father! father! for Heaven's sake, do not go—not to-day!" she cried.

Her mother sobbed loudly. Theresa flew to her, and, hiding her face in her lap, said—

"O mother, mother, intercede with father for me!"

Theresa's father stood looking on, half moved by pity and half filled with rage. At last he exclaimed sharply, "Oh, women, women!"

At this moment a knock was heard at the window, which the ex-gaoler hastened to open, and, in reply to some question or other, said—

"Yes, I am that person. May I ask what you desire with me?"

"Be kind enough to open the door—I am charged with the execution of a commission," answered a female voice outside.

The ex-gaoler shut the window, and hastened towards the door, saying in a low tone to his daughter—

"Compose yourself, Theresa; there is some one coming."

How was it possible for the poor girl to compose herself, when she was a prey to the most poignant grief? She even began to tremble more than she did before, for she could not think that it was aught else but a messenger from the hated Deurer. Meantime, her mother endeavoured to tranquillise her somewhat with a few words of comfort, and stroked her beautifully silky hair, most certainly not out of tenderness alone, but from a feeling of maternal vanity as well. She did not wish her lovely child to appear otherwise than lovely.

Meanwhile Theresa's father re-entered the room, accompanied by a lady, who, on account of the severity of the weather, without doubt, was enveloped in furs, and followed by a man-servant in a large cloak.

"My commission concerns more particularly your daughter," the lady began. "Is she at home?"

"That is she," said the astonished gaoler, pointing to the gloomy corner of the room, where Theresa stood tremblingly leaning against her mother for support.

"Come here, Theresa," said the lady.

With downcast eyes the maiden advanced, without, however, letting go her mother's hand. Casting a searching glance upon the poor girl's tall, elegant figure and handsome pale face, the lady remarked—

"Theresa, you do not appear to be passing a very happy Christmas-eve. What is the matter with you?"

Theresa was a clever and expert needlewoman, and in this capacity was known to a great number of the ladies in the town, who employed her in preference to anyone else, because she had aided a young political prisoner of good family to effect his escape, and, by so doing, had reduced herself and parents to beggary and want. Theresa thought that the lady who now addressed her was one of her employers, and both her father and mother thought the same. Before she could reply, her father answered sharply—

"The fact is, madam, we want her to marry an honest, prosperous man, and she objects to do so. Is that reasonable on her part?"

The unhappy girl cast a glance at the lady, and the latter observed that her large eyes were filled with tears. Seemingly from a motive of compassion, she did not notice the gaoler's question, but, advancing to Theresa, took her hand and said—

"Come here, my dear. I am charged to bring you a small Christmas present."

The lady now made her servant a sign, and the latter, drawing forth from underneath his cloak a box that was ornamented with inlaid work, placed it on the table, and retired again to the door.

Theresa was aware that there was a society of ladies who were in the habit, every year, of rewarding virtuous and hard-working young girls with small Christmas presents, and that, very frequently, the members took a pleasure in presenting the gifts themselves. Although, on this eventful evening, she was a prey to the most bitter grief, still she was a young girl, and, as such, felt a certain degree of pleasure at the surprise. The surprise, however, was destined to be a greater one than she expected. The lady unlocked the box, whose four sides immediately fell from each other in the same number of different directions, and disclosed a silver Christmas-tree of most delicate workmanship. Theresa's mother uttered a loud exclamation of delight; but Theresa herself looked with astonishment at her visitor, whom, however, she did not recognise. Perhaps her tears prevented her from doing so.

"Approach a little nearer, my dear child," said the lady. "There are a few trifles hanging to the branches."

Without saying a word, Theresa obeyed. Wiping away her tears, she saw hanging on the tree two darts united by a tiny rope of gold thread, tied in a true lovers' knot. She felt a pang traverse her heart's core. Immediately afterwards, however, she started back with a suppressed scream on seeing, in a gold frame, the miniature of a young man with a handsome bearded face. She was on the point of falling to the ground, when the servant's hat and cloak were thrown off, and the original of the miniature himself, catching her in his arms, clasped her to his breast, with the words—

"Theresa! dear Theresa!"

He then took the poor girl's beautiful white right hand, as she leant tremblingly against him with her face buried on his bosom, and, holding it up to the lady, said—

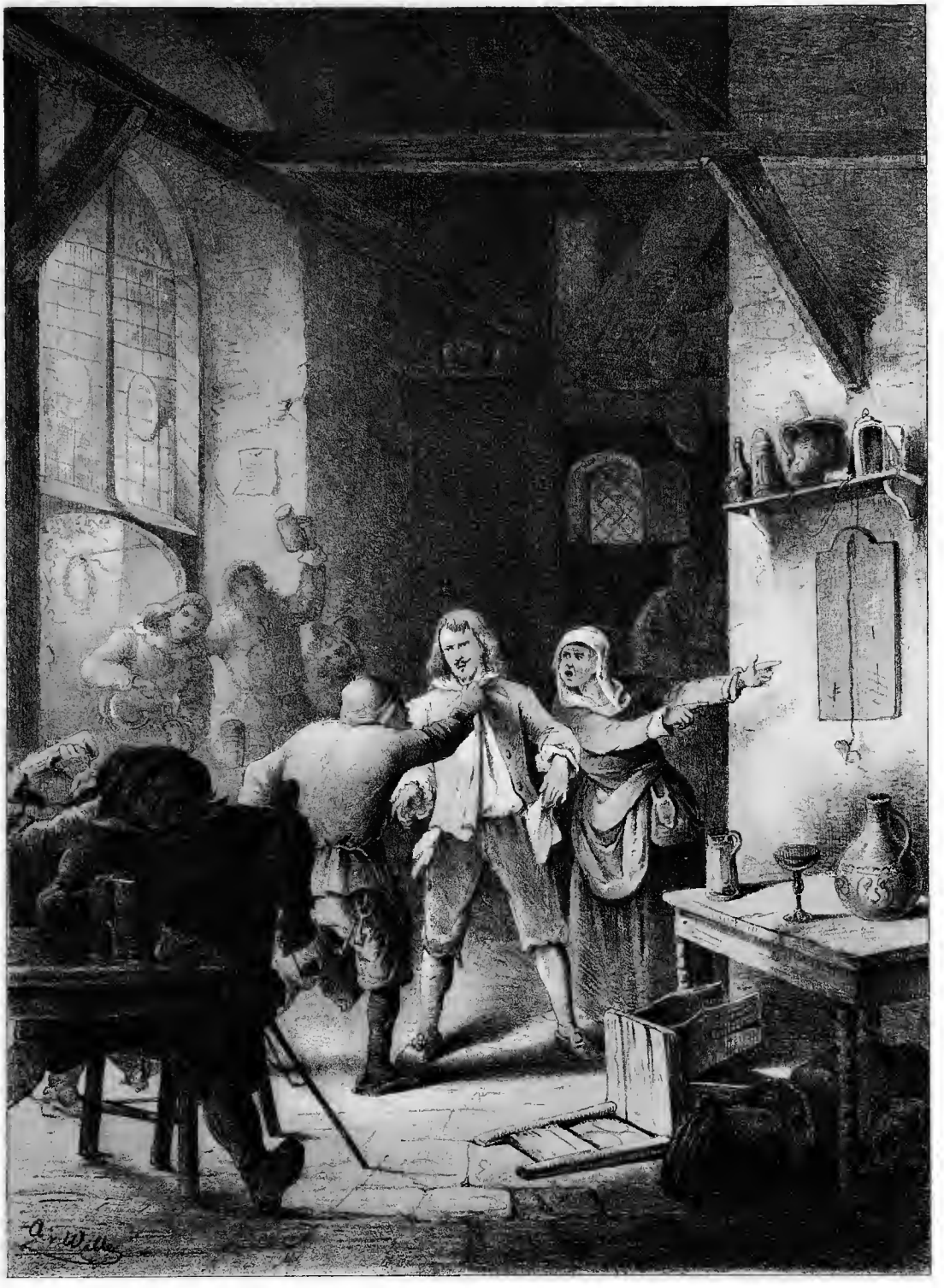
"Look, mother! This is the hand which, last Christmas-eve, gave me the greatest proof of love it was possible to give: it conveyed to me the tools with which I effected my escape."

The lady took the little hand, and turning to the maiden's parents, who stood by in speechless astonishment, said—

"May I place it in my son's, who has but just returned from abroad? May I place this hand in that of your escaped prisoner, in order that it may keep him captive for you, and that we may all pass a happier Christmas-eve than we did last year?"

"Ay, ay, madam," replied the gaoler; "she may keep his hand, for he has kept his word, which I did not believe he would. May Heaven bless them!"

Need we tell the reader how great was the sweet, pure joy of all in that house, that Christmas-eve?



He who has not means to pay
Should from the alehouse stop away.

The Desolate House.

In London suburb snug and dusty—
  Quiet and sober and serene,
  Where greenest leaves are scarcely green,
And gustiest breezes hardly gusty—
There stands an old house desolate,
With slothfullest weeds about the gate,
With creaking shutter, and tottering door,
And falling roof, and yielding floor—
With shattered window and broken stair,
And moss and mildew everywhere.
The bine that nestled to the walls
  When winter winds unkindly blew,
And chorussed its thanks with a thousand
    mouths
  Spring and summer and autumn through,
Still like a faithful widow clings,
And still in summer its chorus sings;
But, peeping through many a broken pane,
Looks for the wintry warmth in vain.
An Echo with a ghostly voice,
  On every hearth broods all alone:
Reproving, with its ghostly voice,
Even the June winds that rejoice,
  And the October winds that moan:
Suff'ring no sound, from threshold to eaves,
But the reverent whispering of leaves.
Yet home no more as that home may be,
It still decays with dignity—
Not as regretting such sad repair,
But going to ruin with an air:
Sequestered in calm and sure retreat
From the mockery of the dandy street,
In a weed-grown garden sad to see—
Like a royal pauper, in poverty.

The sun shone gently, the winds moved
    gently,
And a drizzly rain fell reverently,
As if through the fingers of God's own hand
It came to bless the drowthy land.
'Twas pleasant June to bird and tree,
But dreary winter it seemed to me;
For my heart was an old house desolated—
  Its many chambers tenantless,
  Its hearths death-still and emberless,
  Its sacred places numberless
All laid bare and desecrated.
The stricken heron to the reeds,
  The stricken monster to his lair—
Ruin to ruin, with leave to nurse
  My broken hopes on its broken stair.
So I sought the old house in the falling rain,
  And passed the gate, and startled a weed
  That stole on the path with a guilty greed,
And over the threshold once again.

Beat on, my heart! What cause for fear
Though all the ghostly Echoes hear?
Beat ever so high, pulse ever so fast,
'Tis nought but echoing at last,
And iteration of the past.
So thou and the Echoes should ever agree
In strictest chords of sympathy;

And all the more, and with sweeter grace,
That thou, vague heart! and this desolate place
Are haunted still by the same sweet face—
And the same dear eyes: those wonderful eyes,
That, in maiden sadness or thoughtful-wise,
Were black, and deep, and inscrutable—
With a glimmering star in the depths, to tell
How the lamp of Truth may burn in the well.
But in mirth! Nor streams in the woods that run,
And laugh and leap in the morning sun,
Nor rivers of amber, nor Orient light,
Were ever so golden, or nearly so bright.
While yet as from a glass they look
Where'er their glances chanced to linger:
Lamps for the Past—for the Past and her book,
For the tattered leaf and the shadowy finger.

O desolate house! O desolate heart!
Those eyes are flowing brightly now—
And fleets of gay and jocund thought,
With silken sail, with flashing prow,
Flit o'er the glorious lakes, and steep
Their pearl be-droppled wings in the deep!
The noon of joy embrowns her brow,
And zephyrous laughter lifts her hair,
And Pleasure rustles in the robes
That chase her feet from stair to stair!
With Beauty and Health for tirewomen,
And wealth of Youth, and strength in Pride,
She walks in all her womanhood—
With Spring and Summer on either side.
Oh, beautiful all! But high above
All charms, all excellences there,
Is the holy, holy light of love—
The hallowing, evening blush of love;
But 'tis a grace I well could spare.

'Tis holiday, high holiday;
And chambers are set in meet array,
And welcome glows from every wall,
And friends—I know and I love them all!—
Are bidden to the festival.
Then mirth shall sing and music chime,
And every heart shall beat to rhyme—
From every lip shall laughter flow,
In every eye shall kindness glow,
And faltering love grow firm and true,
And broken friendship be knit anew,
And wine shall sparkle, and lights shall blaze—
As ever it was in the olden days.

But where is holden now the feast,
And who to-night the chiefest guest?
O Echoes, sound with all your sorrow!
To-night shall merge upon to-morrow,
And the sickening lamps shall drown and die
In the conquering flood of the morning sky,
And the friends shall part in sober sadness,
Weary with dancing and tired of gladness,
While the last, least rivulet of laughter
Springs in the porch and goes rippling after.
And he, the chief, shall come and go
Full-charged with peace as the day with beams,
And the evening light of love shall throw
A sorcerous glory o'er her dreams:
All this shall be, and all be gone,
While I may sit and stare in the dark
For the eyes that lit to mine, and hark
For the sweetest welcome of all—my own—
When here, old house! was held the feast,
And I the chiefest, proudest guest!

O Mary, why is it so true,
That Time, in crossing the little span,
The weedy acre 'tween youth and man,
Hath marshalled centuries 'twixt us two?

Few, few and easily counted are
The seasons on the calendar:
But I seek your face, and it looms afar
O'er armed and hoary hosts of years;
And each more like a ghost appears,
Rank paling after rank, till they meet
And fold their raiment round your feet.
But deeper the grief, and more the wonder,
That even these legions could avail—
These fateful, spectral hosts, and pale—
To break our leaguèd love asunder;
To drain our hopes, and shatter the glass—
And part our lives, and hold the pass!

Yet, gazing o'er these serried years,
Is it the mockery of my tears,
Or truth and earnest, if I see
Your face not always turned from me?
Stretched to the uttermost in vain,
Our hands can never clasp again:
Nor e'en the bow of Hope, I ween,
May span the haunted waste between.
But could I only hold your hand
As frankly as in earlier youth,
And look into the glorious eyes
That ever yielded up the truth—
How might I learn, or learn anew,
That a woman's truth is always true;
And maiden love, foregone and past,
Is sweeter and dearer to the last
Than any after-love—arrayed
In all the glories of the dead.

'Tis true! I know it, O my Mary!
For often as, with spirit weary,
I sit, and bow my head and think,
While on the hearth the shadows wink
Like tired hounds upon the fire,
There comes a subtle sound and soft,
Like harpstrings trembling far aloft,
Or heartstrings murmurous of desire
And, as these breathings feebler grow,
My listening heart stands still almost,
To hear the footfalls that I know
Should herald in the ghost!
Then drown the voices in the air,
Then stands the ghost beside my chair,
And folds its hands upon my neck,
And holds its cheek against my cheek,
And shades my brow with a silky tress,
And still, with virginal caress,
Beguiles my soul of its weariness.
Oh, tell me, friend for ever lost!
Where hides by day this gentle ghost—
From out whose heart it steals to me,
When sleeps her thought in reverie!
Even to-night, in stillness deep,
The shadows and I our watch will keep:
And if, perchance, when warm and high
Rebounds the pulse of revelry,
There comes a sudden veil between
Your far-fall'n vision and the scene,
And in your ears the voices are
As if they sounded from afar,
While drifts your spirit dreamily,
An oarless boat on a tideless sea—
Start not, nor haste the veil to tear,
Too soon call not the truant home:
And then my spirit will I spare,
To be, as thine, a messenger—
And tell you that the ghost has come:
And how, with swooning soul, I dare
To turn and clasp the hallowed air.

Peace with the remembrance came!
And the lamp of Patience, that burned so dim,
Glowed in my heart with a broader flame,
And hummed — it might have been a hymn.
And now the rain had ceased to fall—
Effused the sunshine on the wall,

And, with radiance soft and holy,
Charmed the mouldering melancholy;
And every leaf, again of green,
Glistened in pellucid sheen;
While the weeds and nettles rank
Woke, and slumberously drank—
Seeking interval to drowse
'Twixt the raindrops from the boughs.
Tears they were: but, tears no more,
Laughed they all the garden o'er—
Teaching me, from every spray,
How to smile the storm away.

Many a meek and kind reproof
Nature speaks in God's behoof.
And my spirit stronger grew,
  Lower as it stooped to learn—
Stronger as I bade adieu
To the ruined house—whereto
  Never can it cease to yearn:
Left the Echoes on the hearth
Plucked the weed from off the path,
Passed again beyond the gate—
Not altogether desolate!

G.

Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.

A Night in the Forest.

"When, in the name of Fortune, shall we reach this said village of which you spoke?" I inquired of my friend Adolphe, carrying my hand pettishly to my left cheek, which had just been scratched by a projecting branch. "The sun has set, the darkness cannot well be much more dense than it is, and my legs will carry me no farther."

"I am afraid," replied Adolphe very humbly, "that we have lost the right road. We must make up our minds to pass the night in the wood."

"I thought all along that it would come to that," I answered angrily. "You always know your way so well everywhere, particularly in places that you have never visited in your life before. It is a pleasant state of things, certainly; and, to make matters better, I am as hungry as a horse."

"I have a roll still left in my pocket," said Adolphe, diving into the recesses of the said pocket to look for it. "But, no," he continued, "I forgot. I threw it to that poor starving butcher's dog that followed us in the last village through which we passed."

These words were followed by a long silence, which only becomes a possibility with German students when they are literally tired out with fatigue. We walked on for some distance, side by side, both feeling piqued, and both ashamed of such littleness, sometimes whistling and sometimes uttering no sound whatever.

"At present, it is beginning to rain," said I at length.

"Anyone can feel that without your telling him, if he has only got a skin," replied Adolphe. "However, if my eyes do not deceive me, I think I see the glimmering of a light yonder."

"A will-o'-the-wisp, of course!" I muttered in a half inaudible voice. "There are marshes enough hereabouts, I will be bound." But, in spite of this opinion, I quickened my pace.

"Who is that?" cried Adolphe, suddenly standing still. Obtaining no answer to his challenge, he continued, addressing himself to me, "I thought I heard footsteps behind us."

"People are easily deceived," I replied.

Meanwhile we had reached a lonely house, and, stepping up to the window, glanced into the interior. We beheld a large, comfortless room. The wretched clay-walls had partly lost their original coat of whitewash; a few rush-bottomed chairs were scattered about, while over the old ramshakitty stove hung two pistols and a hunting-knife. At a table in the background was seated a toothless, one-eyed old woman, at whose feet lay a large dog, that kept scratching himself, at intervals, with his huge, clumsy paws.

"In my opinion," said Adolphe after a little time, "we had better pitch our quarters for the night in some bush or other, rather than in this hole. It looks confoundedly uninviting."

I was on the point of making the same remark; but as a man in the amiable state of mind in which I then was always feels inclined to be inconsistent, I immediately changed my mind to the direct contrary, and answered, in a sarcastic tone, "I really cannot see that an old woman is anything so very frightful, nor do I know any reason why we should not go in."

"You are pleased," replied Adolphe sharply, "to misunderstand me. The old woman is not sitting up for us, that is very certain. She is expecting some one or other; and who that some one or other may be, it is impossible to say. Look how she is rubbing the eye that she has still got left, in order to drive away the drowsiness which is stealing over her! It is a pot-house, too, for yonder in the corner I can see the bottles and glasses. However, it is all the same to me. I will do whatever you do."

Before I could answer, we suddenly heard a loud "Good evening!" behind us, and, looking round, we perceived, in the flickering and uncertain light that came through the window, the figure of a short, well-knit, sturdy man, who fixed his eyes on us with a repulsive, cunning look, and wore his hunter's hat slouched deep over his face.

"You have, no doubt, lost your way," continued the unknown, "and are looking for shelter for the night. You may thank your good fortune that you happened to meet me, for my old mother there would not have taken you in. If you are content with the scanty accommodation which we can offer, follow me. You will find it somewhat more comfortable sleeping in the loft, which I will get ready for you, than here in the open air. There is beer and bread at your service; and I also think that I can manage to let you have a little straw."

The dog now began to bark; and the old woman, rising from her seat, dragged herself with difficulty to the window.

"It is I," said the Huntsman.

"You, my son?" she answered, in a drawling, nasal tone, and then slowly opened the door, which was fastened inside.

"Come in, gentlemen, come in," said the Huntsman to us, with obtrusive politeness.

We followed his invitation, although not without a certain feeling of aversion, and entered the hut, I going first and Adolphe following. The Huntsman hastily fastened the door after us; while the old woman, having previously put on her spectacles, examined us with an unfriendly expression.

"Not yet come?" inquired the Huntsman of his mother, as he showed us into the room; "not yet come?" but he spoke in such a low tone that I was the only person who heard him.

He now drew the old woman into a corner and conversed with her in a whisper, while a malicious laugh more than once overspread his features. The old woman left the room, after first casting a very remarkable glance at us, and presently returned with bread, cheese, and beer. The Huntsman placed two chairs at the table; and the old woman, in vain endeavouring to be polite, invited us in dumb show to begin our repast. We were so hungry that, in spite of all our fears and doubts, we did full justice to our humble fare. While we were thus engaged, the Huntsman took down the two pistols that hung over the stove, and, without

paying the least attention to our astonishment, proceeded to load them with great care; he even primed one of them and stuck it in his girdle. Without saying a word, he now took the lamp and led us up a ladder into an old loft, on the floor of which was strewed some straw. With a short "Good night," he was about to descend again and take the lamp with him, when we both simultaneously expressed a wish to be provided with a light of some kind or other.

"A light!" said he with a look of astonishment; "I am very sorry, but you will be obliged to sleep in the dark. It is very seldom that my mother has any candles in the house, and we want the lamp ourselves, to—to—to—"

"To do what?" I asked, when he thus stopped short.

"Why, to read our evening prayer, of course," he replied; "it is only learned persons who know it by heart. There is no telling, however; Fortune perhaps may smile upon you, and if there is such a thing to be found as a bit of candle, I will bring you back the lamp." So saying, he went out of the loft and left us in darkness.

"Well, what do you think of the state of affairs?" I asked Adolphe.

"I think," he replied in a very serious tone, "that we shall either not sleep at all, or sleep for a very long time."

"Is not that a window opening on the roof?" said I.

"It seems to be," answered Adolphe; "I will try whether I can open it."

He was shaking the window in the hope of opening it, when the Huntsman returned, bearing the lamp. With a scowling face, he called to Adolphe—

"The window has got a latch inside, but it is nailed down on the outside; besides which, it is secured with iron bars. You will not want for fresh air, however, seeing that three of the panes are broken."

He now proceeded as far as the door, when, turning round, he added—

"If you should happen to hear anything below, you need not be alarmed. No one will hurt you."

"What can you possibly be doing at this late hour?" asked Adolphe hastily.

"What can we be doing?" continued the Huntsman in a sarcastic tone. "Why, do you not know that a forest-inn has always most customers by night?"

"But you say that we are safe?" exclaimed Adolphe indignantly.

"At any rate, we are provided with weapons," I remarked with affected composure.

"I am glad to hear it," said the Huntsman, bursting out in a loud laugh, and slamming the door after him so violently that the whole place trembled and the panes in the window rattled again. "Hector," he cried when he was outside, "look sharp!"

We heard the dog lay himself, first grumbling and growling, and then gaping, before our door.

"Bolt the door," said I to Adolphe; and, as there was really a bolt on the door, this was immediately done.

"Thank Heaven that we have got the lamp, and that it contains a sufficient quantity of oil!" said Adolphe, looking about the loft. "Let us see whether, under all the rubbish that is lying about in such confusion, we cannot find a good cudgel, or something or other that will serve for our defence."

We now began examining the various things stowed away in the place. Among other objects, I happened to take up an old almanack, which, however, I instantly threw down again. Adolphe took it up directly afterwards, and commenced turning over the leaves. In a few minutes he let it fall, and exclaimed, with a face as pale as death—

"I now know where we are. This is the old den of ——;" and he named a celebrated criminal, who was known all over Germany, and who, about half-a-year previously, had, for several murders committed by him, been beheaded in the same town in which the university at which we were studying was situated. "Here is his name written in the beginning of the almanack, and, in all probability, we are the guests of his son."

The mere fact of picturing vividly to oneself impending death, with all its terrors and all its mystery, is of itself half as bad as actually ceasing to exist. To stand suddenly at the brink of a grave dug by your murderer's hand, when you are in the full vigour of that juvenile feeling of strong life which is hardly yet completely developed, and which dances through every vein and fibre of your body, and seems as if it were to last for eternity, is most certainly of all horrible things the most horrible. The soul shrinks together, as the worm does in the shade of the foot that is destined to crush it; out of all its fiery wishes and aspirations there is only one which remains—the desire, like that of the worm, when lashed up to a state of fierce but powerless rage, to prove its vitality and fitness for life by one last effort, a blow at the murderer. Long and loud was the joy of Adolphe and myself, therefore, on perceiving behind some planks a rusty axe. We drew it forth triumphantly, each swinging it, in turn, round his head.

"Do you see?" said Adolphe, "it is stained with blood!"

"Spattered with blood, you mean," I replied with a shudder, "like a butcher's chopper. Poor wretch, whoever thou wast that lost thy way in this place, where art thou resting now? Adolphe, when we set out this morning for a day's pleasure, we little thought of passing such a night as this! The sun shone so brightly and joyously, the wind played with such refreshing coolness in our hair, as we spoke of what we intended doing in three years' time—"

"Who knocked?" cried Adolphe, raising the axe and going towards the door.

"It is the dog scratching himself," I replied.

"Yes," said he; "I hear him snoring away loudly again. Come, let us sit down upon our couch, and put the lamp upon yonder block."

We carried out Adolphe's suggestion in silence. I turned over the leaves of the almanack, while he gazed fixedly at the bright flame of the lamp.

"It is very horrible," he exclaimed after a long silence, "to sit on the spot where most undoubtedly murder has been committed on more than one inoffensive sleeper; while downstairs, perhaps, at the present moment, the knife is being sharpened that is destined to pierce our own breasts. Was not that the door below?"

"Most certainly it was!" I replied, listening with anxious trepidation. "I hear a noise, too, as if of people walking with great caution. The murderer's accomplices have arrived!"

"It is quite immaterial to me," said Adolphe, springing up quickly. "I do not like to be kept waiting in suspense for anything, least of all for death!"

"There are two of us," I remarked, "and they must first come up the ladder. I think

that all will yet end well. They are coming; I hear the ladder creak! Let us go and meet them."

I hastily drew back the bolt, and was about to step out on the landing, when the dog, showing his teeth with a savage snarl, prevented me from doing so. At this instant the Huntsman's voice was heard, crying out—

"Down—down, Hector; leave the gentlemen alone!"

The dog dropped his ears and sneaked obediently on one side, while Adolphe, snatching up the lamp, went to the head of the ladder.

"What! have you not gone to sleep yet?" inquired the Huntsman.

"What do you want here at this hour?" replied Adolphe.

"What do I want? Why—I—I—" continued the Huntsman with visible confusion.

"I think that you are a suspicious character!" said Adolphe, his face glowing, as it were, with the fire of rage.

"Then I suppose that you are connected with the police," replied the Huntsman. "Gentlemen of the police cannot abide my nose; they say it is crooked. Do you, too, think it is?"

"Vulgar blackguard!" exclaimed Adolphe, stepping forward one step, and placing the lamp upon the floor.

"No insults," replied the Huntsman. "I will believe that you are a gentleman, without that. But," he continued with a laugh, "push the lamp a little further away. I have got a cough; and if I happened to blow the lamp out in coughing, you might, perhaps, imagine that I had blown it out on purpose. You are not very well pleased with my company up here, eh? I will go down again, if you will be kind enough just to go to the chest near the chimney and fill this measure with oats for my sick horse. Why, I declare that you have got an axe! If you carry that about in your pocket with you, all I can say is, that your pocket must be a tolerably capacious one."

I filled the measure for Adolphe. The Huntsman once more retired, and we again went back into the loft. When we had done so, the dog resumed his former position before the door.

"This is a night of strange adventure!" said I to Adolphe. "But I see how it is. The villain is alone in the house; his confederates have not come; and, being unable to surprise us while asleep, he no doubt has determined to renounce his murderous design upon us."

"Possibly he has," answered Adolphe, looking at his watch; "but there is yet plenty of time."

At this moment, we heard the report of a gun, and, immediately afterwards, a strange noise before the window of the loft.

"Who is there?" cried Adolphe, holding up the lamp.

We both burst out into a violent fit of laughter on beholding the ludicrously-grave face of a tom-cat, that, in all probability having been frightened by the gun, and attracted by our light, had scrambled up on the roof. It was at first dazzled by the flame of the lamp, and sat staring at us with a most comical expression, and then, all of a sudden, scampered off again.

Almost directly afterwards we heard down-stairs a noise resembling the fall of a living body, felled by the blow of a knife. Footsteps were now audible, and at intervals the nasal voice of the old woman.

"Well, how goes it?" asked she.

"Dead!" replied the Huntsman, in a hollow voice and with an oath.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the old woman, in a loud, shrill tone, and then all was quiet again.

We sat down upon the bed, and each made his own reflections on what had occurred. At last, as everything was hushed in silence, we sank into an uneasy slumber. In this state, half waking, half dreaming, it seemed, at last, as if I beheld the lamp put out. I sprang up hastily, but found that I was wrong. To my inexpressible joy, I remarked the ruddy, golden rays of the morning sun streaming in through the window. I woke Adolphe, who had sunk down upon the straw, and was sleeping with the axe tightly grasped in his hand.

"What is the matter?" said he, springing to his feet.

"Look, look!" I answered, leading him towards the window.

"Heaven be thanked!" he replied, "for I had a fearful dream. I thought that I was in Italy, traversing a wood. Suddenly a band of ragged ruffians sprang out of the brushwood and with savage yells made a murderous attack on me. Seeing death so near, I shrieked out, 'Does one crow pick out another's eyes? I am one of yourselves. Look, here is the proof!' I then drew out of my pocket the crooked dagger that I bought from a pestering Jew at the fair at Frankfort. The robbers, however, would not believe what I said, and laughed at me. At this moment, a stranger was seen advancing on a well-laden packhorse. One of the robbers stepped forward and said, 'Oh, you are a bravo, are you? Very good. Go and show your skill on that traveller.' It was exactly at this instant that you woke me."

"We will forget all about our dreams and the horrible night we have passed," said I, "and give ourselves up without the least restraint to the intoxicating consciousness of life. For the first time we may look upon it as a costly treasure, which we have preserved by watchfulness and care, although we did not earn it ourselves."

Adolphe shook me warmly and heartily by the hand. We now heard the voice of the old woman down stairs singing the Morning Hymn, and involuntarily joined our voices to hers. We descended the ladder, at the foot of which the Huntsman advanced in a friendly manner to meet us. His countenance struck me as being far less disagreeable than I had found it the evening and night before, and I already felt inclined to ask his pardon in my heart, when I again remarked the malicious expression about his mouth, and the suspicious smile upon his features; he appeared more repulsive than ever. He begged our pardon for having disturbed us so late. "However," he continued, "how was I to know that you slept with your eyes open like two hares, and were sure to hear me, however softly I might tread?"

Speaking thus, he conducted us into the large room, where the old woman was busily engaged in preparing the coffee, whose aromatic fragrance was wafted to our nostrils. We drank the beverage in silence, and then inquired of the Huntsman, who was washing and

combing his dog, how much we owed. To this question he replied very laconically, without looking at us, that he had already paid himself.

"Have you lost anything belonging to you?" said Adolphe laughingly; and, on my answering in the negative, turned to the Huntsman and continued, "No more have I; therefore tell us what the reckoning is."

"Gentlemen," replied the Huntsman, drinking off a glass of beer, "we will play at hide-and-seek no longer. You were on the rack all last night, and I do not make any charge for entertainment of that description."

"You are remarkably frank!" exclaimed Adolphe, looking at me.

"Am I not right?" continued our host. "Tell me the honest truth. Did you not look upon me as children do on Bogy?"

"You are right, my good friend," answered Adolphe, restraining his rage, and tapping him on the shoulder; "you are a true son of your father."

"I do not understand that," replied the Huntsman, turning red; "but there is one pleasure I promise myself, and that is, before you leave my poor house, I will make you blush for shame. Do you see that poor old woman yonder, who, yesterday evening, brought you bread and beer, and, this morning, coffee? She is my mother. She is toothless; so will you be at the age of seventy. She has only one eye; but it was because the hand of a villain felled her to the earth, when she was once attacked in her lonely hut, and would not without a struggle give up the little hoard which her husband had laboured so hard to amass. Now, listen. I was standing behind you yesterday evening, as you looked through the window and surveyed my humble dwelling. I was about to ask you, in a friendly manner, to partake of my hospitality, when you commenced making your ill-natured remarks on my poor old mother. Being naturally hasty, I was on the point of letting you feel the weight of my oaken cudgel; but I allowed my uplifted arm to fall again quietly by my side, and determined to take more satisfactory revenge. I came forward, therefore, and invited you to be my guests; but, as soon as ever you were under my roof, endeavoured, by my equivocal words and actions, to raise all kinds of most horrible suspicions in your breasts. I was enabled to carry out my project the more effectually the greater part of the night, as I could not go to bed on account of my poor horse, who was ill, and who fell down dead at one o'clock this morning."

"So it was the death of your horse," said I, interrupting him, "which caused your mother to ask how matters stood, was it?"

"What! did you hear that also?" replied the Huntsman. "Chance, it seems, favoured me more than I suspected. I did not intend you to hear it. All my anger fled, however, when I saw the poor beast, for whom I paid a high price only a few weeks ago, sink lifeless on the ground."

"But are you not the son of the celebrated criminal ——?" inquired Adolphe, mentioning the name of the murderer whose execution he had himself seen.

"Gracious powers! no," replied the Huntsman. "What could possibly induce you to ask such a question?"

"An old almanack, which we found up-stairs in the loft, and which filled our minds with horror and dread the whole night, was the cause of our mistake," said I.

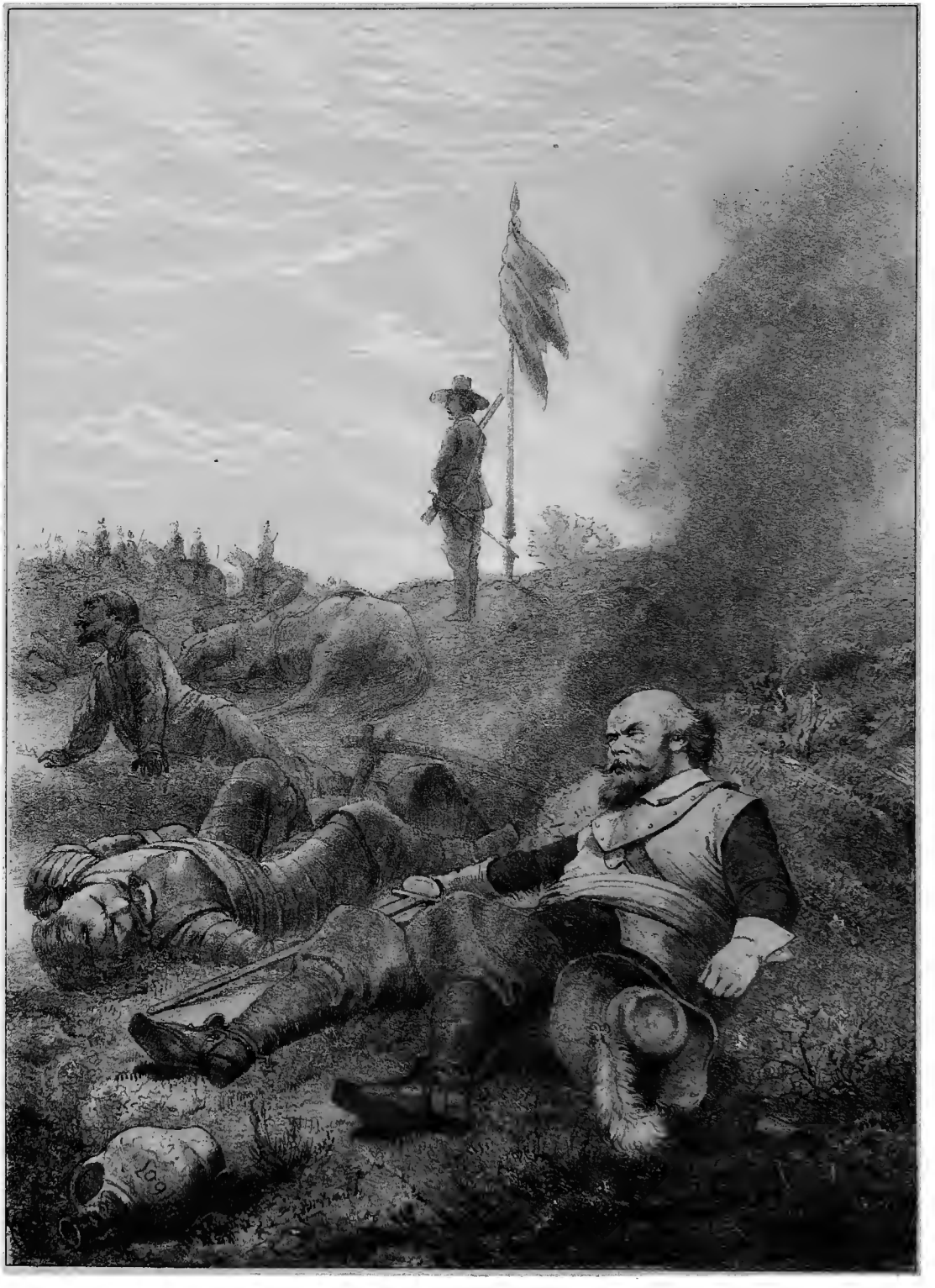
"I do not know what may be kicking about in the loft," said the Huntsman, "for I have had no time to trouble my head about the matter. I have only been appointed to this district a very short time, and have been obliged to inhabit this murderer's den, which will shortly be pulled down, until a comfortable little cottage can be erected on its site."

"You are an honest, good fellow," cried Adolphe, throwing his purse on the table. "Accept that money as something towards buying another horse."

I was about to imitate Adolphe's example, but the Huntsman pushed the money from him, remarking, as he did so—

"I will not take a single penny; but I will forgive you, as you shall forgive me!"

When work is over for the day,
It does one good to sport and play.



The Bivouac.

The Bivouac.

The sun has set upon the deadly strife,
Hushed to its pillow by the cannon's roar;
And many an eye that sparkled full of life
Upon its rising ne'er shall see it more.

Full many a heart that only now confessed
Its tale of love to some fair, trembling maid,
Has ceased to beat within the manly breast,
Pierced by the bullet or the foeman's blade.

Full many an arm that oftentimes has been
The strong one's terror and the weak one's shield,
Mangled and cold, all powerless is seen,
Rigid in death upon the battle-field.

The hardy warriors who survive the fray
Sit round the watch-fires on the blood-stained ground;
While merry jokes and boisterous laughter gay,
As if in mockery, through the night resound.

It seems as if they took no heed nor care
Of all the misery following in war's train;
Of widowed mothers driven to despair—
Of grey-haired fathers mourning for the slain.

Oh, say, will nations ne'er grow wise, and learn
The emptiness of that vain bauble, Fame?
Nor sacrifice their bravest sons to earn
A page of History for some despot's name?

A People truly great should ne'er unsheathe
The murderous blade but in the cause of Right;
For Right alone that laurel-crown can wreathe
Which hides war's scars from sorrowing mortals' sight.

The Gondola.

Oh, gently, gently, hardy Gondolier!
Let your broad oar float idly on the billow,
While, sleeping calmly on its heaving pillow,
Your tiny skiff is cradled in repose.
Oh, gently, gently, hardy Gondolier!
And onward glide where'er the swift tide flows,
In the warm summer-night,
And the dim flick'ring light.
While white as the down on the breast of the swan
The waves brightly gleam in the moon's cold, pure ray,
And the stars shine like gold in the deep azure sky,
And smile on thy skiff as it speeds on its way,
At the feet of fair Earth's loveliest daughter I lie,
And bask in the glance of her calm, lustrous eye!
Marietta, Marietta,
Marietta, my love!
But, hark! from the distance what solemn sounds sweep?
'Tis the bell's brazen tongue o'er the face of the deep;
For vespers it tolls:
Oh, pray for our souls,
Ave Maria!
Bless'd heavenly Virgin, sweet mother of grace!
Look down on our path and avert not thy face,
Ave Maria!
O heavenly Virgin, so kind and so pure!
Preserve us from evil, and make our way sure;
Save, save us from ill,
And succour us still;
Abandon us never,
But aid and protect us for ever and ever!

The Gondola.

II.

Thy torch's flame extinguish, Gondolier!
For lovers prize the sombre darkness dearly;
The silver-frosted stars gleam forth so clearly,
And modestly from out the blue sky peep.
Thy torch's flame extinguish, Gondolier!
There's light enough still left upon the deep,
Whose still, tranquil breast
Lies hushed into rest;
While rocked to and fro, as it slowly floats on,
Thy fairy-like bark cleaves its way through the night,
And the barcarole gay that I sing makes the blood
To chase through my veins, that expand with delight;
And the being I love sits in maidenly pride,
With a blush on her cheek, deep-entranced by my side—
Marietta, Marietta,
Marietta, my love!
But, hark! once again do those solemn sounds sweep—
'Tis once more the bell o'er the face of the deep;
For vespers it tolls:
Oh, pray for our souls,
Ave Maria!
O thou once so tried by affliction and woe,
In pity on us let thy mild mercy flow,
Ave Maria!
Bless'd heavenly Virgin, so kind and so pure!
Preserve us from evil and make our way sure—
Save, save us from ill,
And succour us still;
Abandon us never,
But aid and protect us for ever and ever!

III.

And now, return, return, good Gondolier!
Cast off the boat which in our wake is dancing,
And haste to where thy wife's fond eye is glancing.
Leave us two here, to watch until the day.

Yes; now return, return, good Gondolier!
May Heaven preserve thee on thy lonely way!
Speed, speed to the sands
Where thy humble cot stands!
For us there's no danger, for us there's no fear,
Since Love, gentle Love, round our heads throws a spell,
But if by to-morrow we come not again,
Convey my dear mother my last fond farewell.
Say, say that we're happy, where, 'neath the blue tide,
Released from all sorrow, we sleep side by side.
Marietta, Marietta,
Marietta, my love!
For us solemn Night has a grave, mystic charm,
That banishes aught like distrust or alarm
There's One throned above,
Who looks down on true love.
Marietta, my life!
Oh! would that my poor throbbing heart thou couldst see,
And know how sincerely it beateth for thee,
With fondness so rife!
What causes my blood thus to course through each vein;
What makes me forget, when near thee, every pain?
It is love, it is love!
For what else should it be?
Oh, can I forget thee? Oh, never! no, never!
Then render me happy, sweet maiden, for ever,
And say thou lov'st me!

Like to the strains the old birds sung,
Will be the chirping of their young.

The Plan of the Cathedral of Cologne:

A LEGEND.

No one knows who drew the plan of the Cathedral of Cologne, or who, in other words, had a right to be looked on as the architect of that great work. Some people say that it was the wise Bishop of Regensburg, Albert surnamed the Great, who died in a monk's cell at Cologne, in the year 1280. As he was reputed to be so powerful a magician that, to the great astonishment of King William of Holland, he had, in the midst of winter, caused roses to spring up from the snow, grapes to hang down in rich clusters from the vines, and the whole tribe of feathered songsters to pour out a flood of joyous melody from the branches of the surrounding trees, it does not at first sight appear impossible that he may have originally conceived the plan of the architectural wonder at Cologne. Others, again, name a certain Gerard von St. Trond, to whom the members of the Chapter of Cologne presented a plot of ground on which to build a house for himself, in consideration of the great zeal he had displayed while superintending the building of the cathedral, as the master-mason. But the real architect of Cologne Cathedral was neither the great Albert nor the master-mason Gerard, but a very different person. Connected with the fact of his name never having reached us, there is a very mysterious story, which I will here relate as I found it recorded by popular tradition.

The first notion of building in the holy city of Cologne upon the Rhine an edifice which should surpass all that had hitherto been attempted in any country on the face of the globe, was conceived by the holy Archbishop Engelbert von Berg. He was, however, prevented from carrying out his purpose, being traitorously put to death in a hollow of the road near Gevels, where his cousin, a Westphalian knight, lay in ambush for him, with a handful of his Free Lances. Perhaps, too, Heaven was not willing that he should begin the erection of the temple, as the holy Engelbert was, sooth to say, a very haughty man, and one who was exceedingly proud of his power and cunning as the first personage in the whole German Empire. His successor was Heinrich von Molenark, who avenged his predecessor's murder. After him, the electoral dignity and mitre descended to the sumptuous and magnificent Conrad von Hochstaedten, who once more took up the idea of building a cathedral on the occasion of the old one's being much damaged by fire in the year 1248. He accordingly sent for a young architect who resided at Cologne, and had already earned for himself a great reputation by having built some very fine edifices. On the architect's appearing before him, the Archbishop proceeded to explain his purpose, which was to build a cathedral that should excel all the other cathedrals in the world. He required the young architect to draw out the plans for such a structure, and then to take the whole direction of the works.

When the architect heard the Archbishop speak in this fashion, he put on a very grave and serious look, contracted his brow, and slightly raised his cap, which, according to the custom of the time, he had out of respect not dared to lay aside; in fact, he did not feel himself at all competent to the task proposed. Archbishop Conrad von Hochstaedten, who was seated in a thoughtful position, with one elbow resting on the gold-fringed arm of his chair, smiled at seeing this, and, slipping his large signet-ring from off one fore-finger on to the other, experienced a feeling of inward satisfaction at the fact of his grand idea having bewildered even the great architect himself. "There, go your way, master architect," at length he exclaimed. "Never fear; you will surely succeed, however much your modesty may induce you assert to the contrary. Go, in Heaven's name! and should you be stopped by any seemingly insurmountable difficulty, come and seek advice of me!"

The architect left the room, and traversed with a slow step the various apartments of the archi-episcopal palace. As soon, however, as he once more felt the fresh air outside, his breast heaved proudly, as if to inhale a full and mighty draught; his eye glistened, and he threw up his cap, catching it again as it fell, just like some wild schoolboy. The noisy street was too narrow for him; and he felt that it was absolutely necessary that his joy should have a far, far greater breathing-space. Rushing along the pavement with a strong contemptuous step, he arrived at the city-gate which was formerly called the Frankenthor, and near which there used to be a stone bench let into the town-wall, exactly where, now-a-days, we see two mutilated statues. On this bench, as soon he had passed through the gate, the architect threw both his doublet and cloak, although it was already evening, and a cutting wind was blowing from the Rhine. He ran up and down, flinging his arms about like a madman, and crying out, "A cathedral that shall rival all the other cathedrals in the world! A name that shall eclipse all other names will be mine!" He then began drawing all sorts of lines on the sand with the point of his stick, on which the feet and inches were marked according to the Rhenish standard. When he had drawn them, he rubbed them out again, and once more commenced striding backwards and forwards, and crying out, "Sir Architect, Sir Architect, who among your grandsons, great-grandsons, and very latest descendants, will be equal in famĕ to you?"

Meanwhile, the moon had risen and rendered the scene as light as day. The architect sat down upon the bench. As he did so, he heard something rustle behind him; but he thought it was only the wind sighing and groaning through the wild-flowers which grew in the crevices of the city wall. With this exception, all around him was as still as death; the bats wheeled about his head in noiseless circles; while, now and then, some bird of night arose from out the long reeds that fringed the Rhine, to be lost directly afterwards in the shade projected by its banks. The architect continued to draw a number of straight and crooked lines, until he had at length produced a sort of sketch resembling the first rough outline of an architectural drawing. When he had done this, he exclaimed, with a burst of delight, "I have accomplished my task!"

Again there was a rustling, accompanied this time by a slight cough behind him; he could also hear the words, "The Minster at Strasburg." He started up with affright, and beheld close to him an individual of a grey colour, whose body was as slim as a fir-tree, but bent double almost, and seemingly completely worn out. This personage repeated the words, "You have

invented the plan of the Minster of Strasburg;" and, as he said so, looked at his companion with so spiteful a grin that he seemed desirous of putting him into a passion. The architect felt very angry, but was forced to acknowledge that the stranger was right. Rubbing out his first plan, therefore, he drew a second one more quickly than he had done the first. When it was completed, the stranger remarked, "That is the Cathedral at Spires."

The architect then commenced a third plan. When it was finished, the stranger, with a mocking laugh, pronounced the simple word "Rheims." Drops of cold sweat stood upon the architect's forehead, and he exclaimed, with a sudden outburst of passion, "In the Devil's name, if you are wiser than everyone else, do it better yourself!"

The grey stranger, who was as slim as a fir-tree, but whose body was now infirm and decrepit, coughed and stooped down still more towards the ground. With the greatest ease, as if it was mere child's play for him, he drew in the sand, with the master's long staff, an architectural plan so full of grand ideas and beauties of the highest order, that his companion was mentally obliged to confess that he had at length found his superior, and never in his whole existence had seen anything so fine. As soon as the stranger had completed his drawing, he quickly rubbed it out again.

"Where do you come from?" asked the architect.

"From nowhere, and yet I am everywhere," said the stranger—or rather the words seemed to issue from him of their own accord, for he breathed them out in a strange manner without once moving his lips. The architect retreated some few steps, and, drawing from out his pocket a well-filled pouch of white shamoy-leather, said to him, "Sell me your plan."

The grey man threw a whole handful of golden ducats, which seemed to fall out of the sleeves of his doublet, at the architect's feet, and, laughing contemptuously, replied, "Not for the price you would offer."

"For what price, then?" said his companion.

"For your soul!" replied the grey stranger; and as he did so, his crooked body suddenly became straight, and shot up to such a height that it seemed as if he was able to look over the walls into the city.

The architect uttered a loud cry, and made the sign of the cross; but he could not say whether the stranger disappeared on his doing so, as he fell full-length on the ground. The cold night-air, which was blowing from the Rhine, raised and let fall, alternately, his damp hair, which hung in wild confusion about his forehead. He felt it not, however. He lay without consciousness in the moonlight, which gleamed with such full and vivid brilliancy on him as if it would have penetrated into his very brain. Near him, the golden ducats which the stranger had shaken out of the sleeves of his doublet reflected the moonbeams, and looked like so many glow-worms crawling through the sand in which the various plans had been drawn.

II.

It was late before the architect reached home. He seemed to be attacked by a violent fever; and his blood was driven through his veins at such a rate that all thoughts of his being able to

sleep were out of the question. He accordingly sat down at his table, which was covered with a large smooth slate, and began drawing all sorts of lines, in the hopes of being able to reproduce the plan which the stranger had traced in the sand; but although the very moment previous he thought that every line was impressed like a line of fire upon his brain, he could not hit upon a single one of the proportions, nor recollect the slightest detail connected with the breadth or length of the building. At one instant the span of the roof was too broad, while the next it was too narrow; so that, after sitting and tormenting his brain to no purpose all night, he hurried off, as soon as it was day, to the Church of the Holy Apostles, for the purpose of saying his morning prayers. When, however, he wished to repeat his Ave and Paternoster, he recollected the words of the grey stranger; so, after two or three sentences, as he counted the beads of his rosary, he rushed out of the church again, like one possessed, and wandered about in the open country around the city, up and down the banks of the Rhine. The day had passed before he was aware of the fact, although, at the same time, it had proved a weary one to him. At nightfall, he had wandered back to the vicinity of the city, and beheld the Frankenthor once more before him. Not far from the gate, the stranger was standing by the wall, drawing, in the twilight, on the mossy stones with a stick; and wherever the stick passed, there instantly appeared a glimmering, bluish streak of fire. The architect was irresistibly impelled to stand still and look over the stranger's shoulder, as the tapering girths and arches, and the tall, slender columns, flickered on the wall for a moment and then disappeared. The stranger looked round over his shoulder, and said, "Will you have the plan at present?"

The architect wrapped his cloak tightly around him, and then directly afterwards throwing it open again, crossed his arms upon his breast. A cold shudder came over him as he saw his companion's head turned round with his glance directed over his shoulder, for all the world like a horned-owl plucking a feather out of its back, and still continuing his drawing without once looking at it, until the fiery lines had composed a majestic portal, that stood out brilliantly for a short space upon the dark stone wall and then vanished.

"Will you have the plan at present?" again inquired the stranger.

"Yes!" replied the architect, trembling violently with his whole body.

On hearing these words the grey man coughed, and, letting his stick fall while he plucked a hair out of his companion's beard, said, "To-morrow, at midnight."

The architect hastily carried his hand to his chin, which he continued to grasp as he stood for some minutes completely motionless; but he could no longer perceive aught save the bare grey walls, on which his looks were intently fixed, as if he could read something or other upon the stones.

The next morning, when the architect awoke, the sunbeams were playing on the walls of his room over his bed, and the bullfinch was singing away in his cage that hung in the recess of the window, as if he were laughing at the cat that was seated in the arm-chair on her master's morning-gown, and was alternately looking at the bird, and gazing, with blinking eyes, at a sunbeam which made its way through the key-hole, and darted directly in her face. The architect could not help smiling at her anger as she sneezed, rubbed her eyes with her paws, and now and then made a snap at some buzzing fly as it just grazed her nose. He could hear

the noise of the barrows and carts in the street; while still more distinctly sounded the clear bells from the church-steeples, and, louder still, the hammering and planing of the workmen engaged in building the new houses not far off. It was so fine and light a morning that it appeared as if night would never return again. The architect sprang joyfully from his couch, and threw the window open, in order to breathe the pure fresh air. In the pride of his mind, he congratulated himself on his good fortune, as he recollected the plan for the cathedral, and cast his eyes over the roofs of the neighbouring houses, towards the spot where his gigantic work was, like an eighth wonder of the world, soon to overtop the whole town with its bold arches, gables, and turrets. While thus engaged, he thought to himself that when, in future ages, people should talk of the old German and heathen masters of the art, they would say to one another with a feeling of veneration and respect, "But, after all, the wisest and greatest of them all was the architect of Cologne."

"Where are you going so early, Mathilda?" he exclaimed out of the window to his old housekeeper, as she was emerging from the doorway of the house, wrapped in her black cloak, such as respectable old ladies were wont to wear when they went out early in the morning.

"I am going to the Church of the Holy Apostles," she replied, "to cause a mass to be said for a poor sinful soul."

No sooner had her master heard these words than every feature in his face seemed to writhe with convulsive agony; and, hastily shutting the window, he threw himself like a madman upon his bed.

When old Mathilda returned from church, and went into her master's room to see why he had not come down to breakfast, she found him still lying on his bed, sobbing and wringing his hands. Mathilda had been in his service from her youth upwards; and when his father, who had once himself wielded the hammer and plane, had died, and his mother also had folded her pious hands upon her breast and closed her eyes for ever, Mathilda had supplied the place of parents to the young man, and was, indeed, the only true and faithful friend he had on earth. Consequently, on seeing that she persisted with timid and respectful compassion in her endeavours to discover what was the matter, he told her the cause of his woe, and the only condition on which he could obtain the plan of the cathedral which the Archbishop required of him. Old Mathilda was greatly frightened at what she heard; but although she had always been so timid and shy that she scarcely used to dare to set her foot in the street, she quickly recovered her self-possession, and, making the sign of the cross, said—

"I cannot see why this should trouble you. Let the Archbishop procure a plan for his cathedral in the best manner he can, if, as you say, you are unable to think of one, and let the Evil One stand outside the city at the Frankenthor as long as it pleases him to do so."

"What!" replied her master, "would you have me remain unconcerned, and see some one else erect, in my own native town, the new cathedral, which will be more magnificent than all others, and which will be famous for every beauty that art and skill can invent?" While speaking thus, he paced up and down the room with a quick and agitated step.

Mathilda sank down upon a chair, while she followed his movements with her eyes almost starting from their sockets. She was lost in astonishment, for she had heard something strange

and unexpected from her master's lips, and she began dimly to perceive that pride and arrogance had taken possession of his soul. She thought of the passages in the Bible in which she had read of the presumptuous haughtiness of men, and how Holophernes and Balthazaar had perished in consequence. She shuddered with horror at the thought that her dearly-beloved master might be eternally lost through the same crime.

The architect suddenly stood still before her, and gazed on her death-pale face. Her lips were moving convulsively.

"Are you praying, mother?" he said.

She replied nothing, but, throwing her thin, fleshless hands over the white linen band on her forehead, and then passing them over her trembling eyebrows, stood up and left the room, in order not to let her master see the bitter tears which she could not suppress.

III.

After the lapse of an hour, the old woman returned. She had been to ask the advice of a very pious man—her father-confessor. Not only did she bring back words of consolation and comfort, but likewise a silver crucifix, in which was contained a piece of the true cross. On this crucifix the faithful creature founded all her hopes. She also insisted on her master's going to confession, and then taking the sacrament. He did as she desired, and felt much quieter and easier in his mind after having done so.

But when the day had drawn to a close, and the sun had sunk to rest, the hours once more began to hang heavily upon him. He did not know what to do; sometimes he would run wildly about, and sometimes sit dumb and dejected in his room, like a man who was never destined to smile again, or a withered rose-bush doomed never to bear another bud. At last, the hour of midnight approached. Mathilda rose, and, coming out of the corner of the apartment where she had been kneeling, went up to her master, fastened her rosary to his girdle, and put the silver crucifix in the breast-pocket of his doublet; then dipping her hand into the small basin which was placed under the statue of the Virgin, in a recess in the wall, and which was full of holy water, she made the sign of the cross on his forehead, his mouth, and his breast. As soon as he was thus protected, the church clocks from the neighbouring steeples began tolling forth the hour, which sounded hoarsely and solemnly through the night.

Poor Mathilda's heart almost ceased to beat when she heard the first stroke. Her master stood bending forward, in the act of listening, with his cloak held in one hand ready to be thrown around him. As he pronounced in a low voice the words "Ten, eleven," a dog began barking loudly in the distance.

"Cursed brute!" said the architect. "Did you hear the twelfth stroke, Mathilda?"

"Why does the dog howl in that manner? Does it not appear to you as if the sound came from the direction of the Frankenthor? Yes, certainly I heard the twelfth stroke," muttered the old woman, shuddering with terror.

The architect cast his cloak around him and proceeded towards the street-door, while Mathilda lighted him down stairs with her lamp. The lamp was extinguished directly the door was

opened, and the wind, which whistled through the street, found its way into the passage; but the moon shone brightly in the blue sky above, and her beams penetrated into each interstice of the stones of the pavement, so that it was easy for Mathilda to perceive that her master was as pale as death as he crossed the threshold.

"Master, rely on Providence, for you are going on a fearful errand!" said she.

"You have rendered it less dangerous for me," replied her master. "I only wish you would be more composed and return in-doors, for it is very windy here outside."

The architect had intended to speak these words in a kind, soothing tone; but they sounded strangely hollow even to his own ear, just as if some one else had spoken them, and not he himself.

"How the wind drowns my voice!" he remarked.

"O master dear! it is not the wind which drowns your voice!" replied Mathilda, dropping her lamp, and raising her hands in a supplicating manner to him. "Oh, stay, stay at home! For the love of mercy, do not go!"

But her master, turning away from her, proceeded with a quick step down the street, which lay wrapt in death-like silence.

As the architect approached the Frankenthor, it suddenly struck him that he should not be able to obtain egress from the city at the appointed hour of midnight, for the gate was regularly locked, and the guardian, who lived in the tower over it, had long since retired to rest. Meanwhile, however, he did not stop, but continued on his way. While still at a distance, he could see the broad shadows of the portcullis forming dark squares on the side-walls of the gateway; but when he stood underneath the gateway itself, at the place where the portcullis ought to hang, he could see nothing of the latter, although the shadows were still visible on the wall. Thus the moon must have seen it, although he did not. This circumstance was certainly one which was calculated to surprise any person; the architect, however, did not for the moment feel inclined attempting to account for it, but strode forward, without meeting any obstacle, through the gateway, towards the spot where the bench in the wall used once to be, and where, at present, the two mutilated figures are to be seen.

The stranger was seated on the bench, leaning back in the shade; but the architect was enabled to recognise him, from the fact of a ray of moonlight falling directly on the front of his high black leather cap. The hero of our tale stood still for some time; and although his chest seemed, for anxiety, as if it were being tortured in the instrument known as the "boot," he could not repress a feeling of curiosity to know what the grey stranger, who had once been as slim as a fir-tree, and was then bent double, was thinking of, as he sat there alone, leaning against the old city-wall in the silent night, while the nipping, eager breeze was blowing from the Rhine, and the moon was inundating every object with her pale yellow beams. When the architect had stood thus wrapped in his speculations for some time, he suddenly roused himself from his musing fit, and advanced quickly and boldly towards the stranger.

On seeing him coming, the grey man nodded his head to him, and made a place for him near himself, on the bench.

"Give me the plan," said the architect.

"Sit down first for a little while," replied the grey man, "and examine the beautiful drawing, my dear fellow-artist. They will have no need to put out your eyes, when you have carried out your work, as they have done to other architects; you will never build another cathedral like that, as long as you live."

Speaking thus, the stranger unrolled a large sheet of parchment, on which was the whole plan most beautifully and accurately drawn, with the elevation and section of the building; while the portal, which the night before had gleamed in lines of fire on the stone wall, stood out in bright magnificence in one corner.

The architect grasped at the plan with convulsive haste, although his companion made no effort to keep it from him, and placed it in his breast-pocket. The stranger now drew forth from the sleeve of his doublet another roll of parchment, smaller than the first, and having only two lines of writing on it: when he unrolled it, however, the characters seemed to be on fire, while bluish sparks kept cracking and playing around them.

"This is a sort of bull, or, if you like it better, apostolical brief, my dear colleague, which you must sign with a drop of your red blood," said the stranger, taking a pen out of his coat-sleeve, which fitted his arm as tightly as do the sleeves of other men's garments other men's arms, but which became as large and as ample as a sack directly he put his hand up it. "You might, my son," he continued, "have yourself brought a pen and a lancet; but I am obliged to provide everything. All the trouble falls to my share. Your stupid wishes and whims keep me trotting about, and occupied incessantly doing something or other—like that precious plan, for instance. And what is my reward, after all? A wretched soul! O my dear young friend, you can form no conception what a poor, worthless thing a wretched trifle like a soul is! It is a miserable, worthless lump of corruption; a receptacle for all kinds of creeping, hopping vermin; a store-house for deceit, falsehood, petty revenge, and low, dirty thoughts—for trickery, stratagem, and cunning. Whenever I get a soul, too, you have no idea how long I am obliged to rub, and scrub, and scour it, before I can get it clean. My dear young friend, you will make a pretty advantageous bargain, I can assure you. As you have yourself seen, the plan is the finest that ever any architect imagined; but what assurance have I that your soul is worth anything? It is a pig in a poke—a piece of timber which I purchase for the beauty of its exterior, but which may turn out to be rotten within. What proof have you that, after your decease, I shall not obtain your soul, as a matter of course, without giving any equivalent whatever?"

After the Devil had spoken in this cunning manner, exactly like an old Jew driving a bargain, and who always runs down the article he wishes to buy, he stretched out his finger towards his companion's arm. On this the latter, suddenly drawing his hand from out the pocket of his doublet, held the silver crucifix in the Evil One's face, and cried as loudly as he could, in order as it were to drive away his alarm from within his bosom—

"In the name of Heaven, I charge you, Satan, avaunt!"

"You cursed, hypocritical, canting toad!" shrieked the Devil, starting back, and shooting up in height until he seemed able to look over the city-wall. As he did so, his black leather cap fell off and exposed his bristling hair, which was standing erect in long tortuous locks upon his head, like so many writhing serpents. He made a grasp with his hand at the architect's breast,

as if he would snatch away the parchment again; but the architect held before him the holy relic, and directly this came in contact with the hand of the Evil One, his fingers were convulsively drawn back, and he gave a shrick like a howling dog that sees a spirit.

"Keep the plan, then!" cried the Devil; "but, as it is still mine, I will curse it. Never shall it be carried out, and never shall your work be completed. Your name, too, shall be forgotten as soon as ever your soul has left your body."

After the Evil One had spoken these words, the architect neither saw nor heard aught more of him; but at his feet yawned a frightful chasm in the earth, which closed again in a few seconds, and out of it the wind wafted so thick and sulphureous a vapour into the architect's face that he staggered back half suffocated.

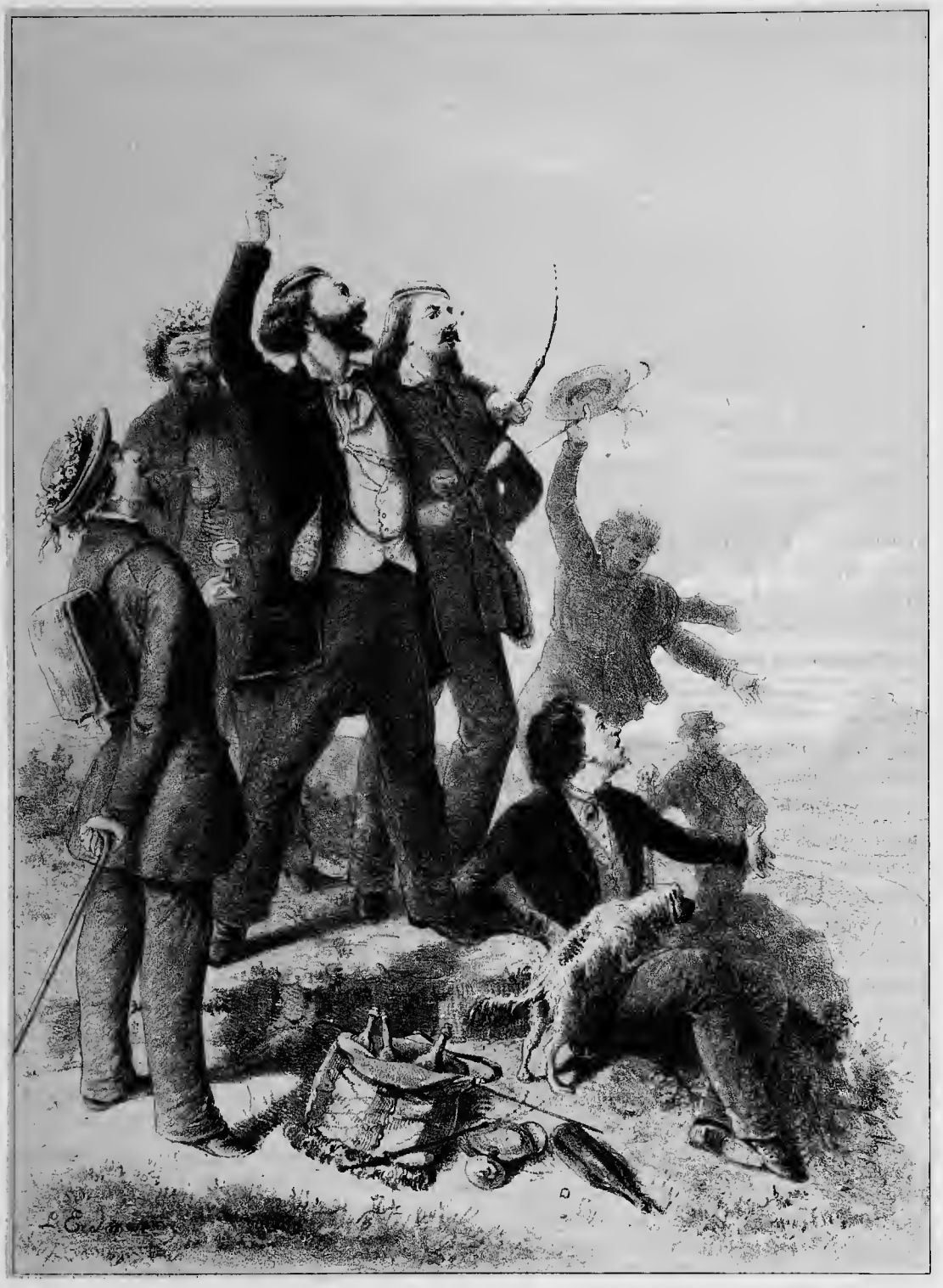
Half delighted at his victory, half depressed at the Evil One's curse, the architect returned home; and because in the pride of his soul he grieved at the curse, and mourned that his reputation would not descend to posterity, instead of going instantly on his knees and thanking Heaven for the succour he had received, the cathedral remained incomplete, like the Tower of Babel, which was commenced but never finished, while even to this very day the name of the architect has always been unknown. The fate of his work, as well as his own, is said to have had such an effect on his spirits that it brought him to a premature end. One morning he was discovered dead in his bed.

Wandering Students.

NEARLY all who have been pilgrims on the shores of the Rhine can bear witness to the truth and ability of this delineation of the Wandering Students. The strikingly characteristic display of enthusiasm will have nothing of exaggeration for them, but rather wake their sympathies and recal those fervid feelings of admiration with which they beheld the beautiful and romantic scenery of this river.

These young men are perfect types of the German students, either from Bonn, Gottingen, or Heidelberg. They are wending their way along the banks of the Rhine, during one of their university vacations; and although, perhaps, born on these shores, its beauties are ever fresh to them, and they are more impassioned on this theme than the traveller from less favoured climes who, for the first time, beholds the Rhine.

The moment chosen to depict the party is an auspicious one. They have reached the summit of a mountain commanding a view over miles of distant country of varied and characteristic Rhenish scenery. On one side the fertile valley spreads out for miles beyond the banks, rich with glowing verdure, waving fields of corn, and laden orchards; while the distance is chequered and animated by the white homes of the landsmen, grouped round the village church as though gathering under the wings of some guardian angel; beneath them, to the right, the Rhine has just emerged from a glen of rugged rocks, which locked the narrow stream within their giant grasp as though they would forbid the right of passage to the struggling waters; yet here, within this frowning solitary pass, the tender vine still clings with feeble grasp to the lofty mountain's sides, and decks them with productive verdure—now, freed from rough restraint, it bubbles on its course, spreads its sparkling waves over the wide plain, bearing on its bosom the gay traveller of the stream, or the industry of the sons of the soil to distant lands, and dashes past the mountain side, whose height is crowned by the ruined towers of chivalric lords, long sunk to rest, that once with valiant host sallied forth to battle with some distant knight for injured honour, pelf, or slight, or to plead a rough suit for fair maid in blood and strife. Such thoughts as these are rising in the students' minds, who, with a burst of enthusiasm, are pouring forth one of the many songs in honour of the Rhine. Nor are they ill provided with a cheering draught to keep unflagged the lightness of their heart; and bearded and manly as the foremost are, the breast of manhood does not in this land disdain to clasp its fellow-man, and testify, in open action, of kindly heart and love. Perhaps, a little more worldly is the display of our much-bebearded friend, who does not front the scene with raptured gaze, although he sings its praise no whit less loudly—age has endowed him with greater philosophy, and he caters and cares first and best for the material wants of man. The



Travelling Students.

One fool makes many.

student with the knapsack on his back is not quite so wild in his action, for he has hardly arrived at an age to be able to appreciate to its full extent the ideal and romantic which lie before him; moreover, he is but in his second stage of studentism, and has still something of the make-up of the genteel, best-dressed young gentleman of the village, which he formerly was to the envy of many a youthful heart. The real student's costume is too extravagant for him, and he has passed with a decided reaction from the first delirium with which *the fuchs*, the youngest of the party who is seated in front, is now entering into the pleasures of the student's life; he, at least, copies the enthusiasm of manners of the others, and does not doubt a whit of his sudden manhood—feeling free from the trammels of his distant home, where still the mother's fond heart, freshly severed from her only boy, yearns with affection, and seeks a bitter consolation in the memory of that time when, nestling in her arms, she pressed his rosy, chubby face, and twined her hand within his curly auburn locks. How fervently she prays to Heaven to shield him in his entrance into this rough arena of manhood! But manhood here is fresh, for still it can entwine the chaplets for the brow, as in the early days of youth it was the beautiful custom of his village once to do.

Jovial hearts! sing high—be merry in this time of yours, before the world of strife and care! For you, bebearded friend, ere long shall pass to the justice-chair in some remote village of your fatherland; first scoffing at the thought of misplaced destiny, and the small note of your great attainments, and yet but a little while, with added social ties, to fall into the routine of your future life, and thus, content for ever, to bid adieu to bright expectations and hopes of flattering youth. Not you alone, but all must run their young career, and seek content where once they spurned commencement. Therefore, yet young, light, and gay be your spirits: enamoured of these youthful joys, nor mix your cup of pleasure with thwarted hopes. In fancy we listen to your song, behold your sunny clime, and join with you in honour of the Rhine, its women, song, and wine. May our civilising northern clime long hold its doubtful blessings from the romantic banks of Father Rhine!

THE END.

LONDON:
SALISBURY, BEETON, AND CO., PRINTERS, BOUVERIE-STREET AND PRIMROSE-HILL, FLEET-STREET.