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THE  
CONTINENTAL ANNUAL,

AND

Romantic Cabinet,

FOR 1832.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY SAMUEL PROUT, ESQ., F. S. A.

PAINTER IN WATER COLOURS IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM KENNEDY, ESQ.

“A ring, dear friends, around the gladsome hearth,  
And while hoarse Winter sweeps his gusty harp,  
We'll off on Fancy's plumes to other lands.”

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TO  
THE MOST NOBLE  
THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD,

THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONESS OF ART,

*This Volume*

OF

THE CONTINENTAL ANNUAL,

IS,

BY PERMISSION,

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## P R E F A C E .

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It has been frequently remarked concerning the class of periodicals of which the volume now submitted to the public is the youngest, that they present too uniform a resemblance to each other, and that, while increasing in number, their object and plan make no corresponding advances toward novelty and originality. We do not quote these observations invidiously, but for the purpose of showing that in assigning to the *CONTINENTAL ANNUAL* a specific character, different from its predecessors, the suggestions of our own humble judgment have had the fortune to coincide with the sentiments of others, to many of whom we readily defer, as more deeply conversant with the mysteries of criticism.

Impressed with the belief that the taste for the wild and wonderful will endure as long as man retains the faculty of imagination, we have selected

from the varied walks of literature the fairy track of Romance. On that enchanted path we purpose rambling from year to year, hoping to lead the adventurous reader through castles of delightful gloom, and forests of never-wearying perplexity; over meads of perennial verdure, and battle-fields as fraught with the elements of excitement, as the most devout lover of fiction could desire.

In this introductory effort, the wish to give all the effect in our power to the graphic designs of Mr. Prout, has induced us to draw upon the resources of natives of the countries that supply the scenes illustrated. From the productions of German, French, Dutch, Italian, and even Danish genius, materials have been taken, and either partially or wholly remodelled; preserving those characteristics which impart an air of reality to Romantic narrative. A proportion of the tales is entirely original, and was furnished for the work by an accomplished foreigner.

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MR. E. I. ROBERTS.



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# THE FANATIC.

A Tale of the Netherlands.

FREELY MODERNIZED FROM AN OLD DUTCH CHRONICLE.

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Talk of the grape, it maddens for a night,  
Its vapours vanish with returning morn;  
But when ambition rages in the brain,  
Or when the wits of giddy-headed men  
Are set to work on adverse points of faith,  
Time only feeds the frenzy.

ODO OF BAYEUX.

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THE history of Belgium from about the middle to the close of the sixteenth century, records events of a still more stormy cast than those recently witnessed in that debateable section of Europe. It includes the details of a civil war that raged for upwards of forty years—a contest which, though distinguished by all the terrible characteristics of social strife, must be ever and dearly memorable for its happy effect in promoting the advances of liberty and knowledge.

When Philip II. ascended the Spanish throne, the Netherlands were in a highly prosperous condition. The provinces, according to their ancient usages, enjoyed

a considerable share of freedom ; commerce and manufactures flourished, and as the natural consequence of such a state of affairs, more enlightened opinions on questions both civil and religious, arose and were disseminated among the thinking portion of the community.

Unfortunately, neither the temper nor the education of the Spanish monarch inclined him to study the felicity of those he governed. According to his harsh and narrow views, it was impossible for loyalty to the prince or devotion to God, to exist apart from the most abject prostration of mind and will. Hence, from the very commencement of his reign, the standard of despotism was unfurled over his extensive dominions, and to the close of his gloomy and distempered life, the whole force of a cunning and unrelenting spirit was directed towards the suppression of whatever is best calculated to add to the moral dignity of man.

The doctrines of the Reformation, under various modifications, had spread through the Low Countries. To exterminate what he believed to be the darkest heresies, and to subvert the barriers of popular independence, formed the constant aim of Philip's sinister and cruel policy. By the subtle agency of his minister Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, he made formidable innovations on the Belgian institutions, both secular and ecclesiastical. The council of the Netherlands, in the person of their representative, the celebrated Count Egmont, remonstrated at Madrid. Philip cajoled the Count with flattering attentions and specious promises, but made him the bearer

of written orders for the establishment of a secret tribunal for the destruction of heretics—a tribunal differing from the Inquisition only by the omission of the name.

For a time the government of the Low Countries hesitated to obey commands, utterly hostile to the acknowledged rights of the people under its control. In the beginning of the year 1566, however, these black instructions were put into sanguinary operation. Every where did the diabolical zeal of persecution scatter dismay, confusion, and death. A fierce spirit of resistance was roused by these iniquities. The patriotic Belgian nobles withdrew from the councils of their deputed ruler, the Duchess of Parma; the celebrated confederacy of the Gueux was formed; the number of converts to the reformed faith was increased, and with their augmented strength, arose also a furious vindictiveness against whatever wore the impress of the antagonist creed. The annals of Artois and West Flanders, bear testimony to the remarkable occurrences of the year 1566, especially to the ravages of the Image-breakers, who waged an unsparing war against those embellishments of art, with which the munificence of Roman Catholic devotion had adorned the edifices appropriated to its exercise.

It was in the commencement of this eventful year, that a pedestrian way-farer, who had diverged from the high road in the hope of shortening his path, found himself entangled at night-fall, in a wood of considerable extent, about two leagues north-east of St. Omer.

He had been travelling all day with little intermission, and although long-winded, muscular, and active, was nearly spent with fatigue. The sense of bodily exhaustion had been rendered doubly oppressive, by the difficulty of threading a beaten, but narrow track, so much overshadowed by the luxuriant growth of grasses and underwood, that ere the light of evening had entirely declined, no trace of human footprint was discernible. Impatient to reach the suburbs of St. Omer before midnight, he toiled onward in what he conceived to be the right direction, until after ascending for some time a gentle acclivity, he found himself, benighted and hemmed in, not only by pitchy darkness, but by the long and intertwined arms of forest trees. At every step he stumbled over bare and knotted roots, or was impeded by the clinging of matted briars to the capacious Spanish mantle which shrouded his tall person. Subdued by necessity, he at last gave up the struggle, and determined to halt and rest his wearied limbs, until the approaching moonlight should enable him to retrace his course to the highway, he had so unwarily quitted. Seating himself at the foot of a large tree, and leaning back against its massive stem, he gathered his cloak tightly around him, to protect him from the chill night air. His eyes soon grew heavy, and although he endeavoured to maintain his wakefulness, by summoning up the memory of past sufferings, or by indulging lively anticipations of future, and not distant, triumphs over the enemies of his faith, sleep gradually stole upon him and wrapt him in refreshing slumber.

But brief was the interval of repose to his fiery and ill-regulated imagination. Though the sleep of the body was deep and long, the restless spirit was haunted by a flitting train of ominous shapes and deadly perils, which, from confused and vapoury phantasms, settled into things connected and defined. The strange machinery of his vision was presented to him, with all the impressive fidelity of the stirring agencies of life.

He dreamed he was at Antwerp, in a capacious hall hung round with black, and dimly lighted by a solitary lamp. He was arraigned on a charge of heresy, before a tribunal of Inquisitors, whose close-drawn cowls concealed every feature except their eyes, which seemed to glare upon him like burning coals. For a time the stillness of the grave prevailed in that gloomy hall, and the accused and his judges—those fearful men with the eyes of basilisks—gazed steadfastly on each other. Suddenly the ponderous bell of the cathedral tolled one. Then arose the chief Inquisitor, and with extended arm, and in tones stern and hollow, doomed the apostate Baldwin to eternal torture. A shadow fell upon the dreamer's soul, and shut it out from the visible world, in which there was for him no hope. In his sore extremity, he lifted up his voice to the Most High, and supplicated for the strength of Sampson, that he might go forth upon a mission of judgment. And his petition was heard, for with a mighty effort he burst his iron bands, and with marvellous impunity cleared the gates of his prison, in despite of monks, troopers, bullet and steel. Rushing with lightning speed along the streets,

he darted through the open door of the cathedral, and took refuge in the organ-loft. He had scarcely gained it, when floated from below the murmur of many voices, as if in prayer. A moment before he had crossed the church floor in his flight, and it was silent and lonely; yet now, looking down from his elevated hiding-place, he beheld, to his amazement, a countless multitude thronging the nave and aisles. His ear was arrested by a speaker's solemn and powerful tones, and turning to the pulpit, he recoiled with terror when he saw it filled by a man of wild aspect, whose garb was that of a Reformed preacher, and whose features were the exact counterpart of his own. With indignant and resistless eloquence, the sacred orator inveighed against the practice of image-worship, which he denounced as a remnant of Paganism, and a mockery of God. Like an apostolic "son of thunder," he called upon his hearers to arise in their strength—to hurl down and utterly destroy the accursed idols that polluted the temple of Jehovah. Anon a roar, like the rush of mountain floods, burst from the great company, and instantly the images that crowded each niche and altar of the goodly pile, were dashed from their pedestals and trodden under foot, and heaped up as wood for a sacrifice, until the accumulated mass appeared to touch the roof of the cathedral. Then knelt the preacher and prayed,—and the clouds were rent asunder, and fire from Heaven descended on the pile of images, which blazed fiercely, and cleaving the dome, shot upward in a pyramid of flame. Then did the dream assume another form. The blazing pile had disappeared, and all was

profoundly still, when a full rich volume of sound pealed from the organ, and thrilled on the slumberer's ear until his soul was lifted up with holy rapture. Blending with its tranquillizing harmony, swelled a hymn of triumph, chanted by the multitude below. The dreamer had been in his youth a chorister, and although now a zealous disciple of Calvin, he retained an impassioned fondness for church music. Forgetting, in his transport, the elevation of his position, he sprang forward, and fell from the loft towards the nave, the floor of which seemed ever to recede as he approached it. The shock which accompanied the sensation of whirling through interminable space, aroused him, and he discovered that he had glided from his resting spot down a slope, until stopped by some dwarf trees and bushes.

The moon was now riding high in the heavens, and its radiant beams glistening on the forest foliage, speedily recalled him to the recollection of place and circumstance. Yet though perfectly conscious of being awake, he still continued to distinguish the same majestic harmony of many voices, which had formed the closing anthem to the impressive scenes of his singular dream. Rubbing his eyes, and mistrusting the testimony of his senses, he listened in wondering sympathy to a well-remembered hymn, in the singing of which he had often led the Calvinist congregation of Brabant. As the sound seemed to arise from some adjacent hollow, he quitted his rugged couch, and peering over the bushes, found that he had stumbled on the very lip of a precipice, over which he would have fallen, in his troubled visions,

but for the tangled underwood that bristled around it. The platform whereon he stood seemed about fifty feet from the bottom of the ravine. The broken streams of moonlight illuminating portions of the chasm, showed him immediately beneath those from whom the sacred song proceeded. A numerous group of men, women, and children, was collected around an aged man, in whose silver locks and venerable features, he recognized a brother of the persecuted creed—the same in whose hospitality he confided for support and shelter during his intended stay at St. Omer. As his soul responded to the pious and affecting strains of the humble worshippers, he could not help feeling both grieved and indignant, that the followers of the pure and primitive Christian faith should be compelled by monkish tyranny to offer the sacrifice of the contrite heart at an hour and in a situation more appropriate to acts of guilt than of devotion. “Yet it is well,” he ejaculated,—“it is well that there is even in the wilderness, a place where the ark of God may rest unapproached by the profane.” The thought had scarcely crossed his brain, when a person who had been stationed on the look out, hastily approached, and gave the alarm to the assembled Calvinists.

“Away! away! my brethren!” shouted the watcher, “the enemies of the Lord are at hand—a Benedictine and a band of troopers are riding down the ravine!”

The meeting began instantaneously to disperse in wild dismay. The women and children crossed the hollow and disappeared among the trees. The men, after



vainly endeavouring to prevail upon their aged pastor to seek safety in flight, rallied around him, resolved at every hazard to shield him from injury or capture—promising, however, at his injunction, to abstain from all needless recrimination, and to resist only when provoked to the uttermost. The moment, however, was at hand, when the long-oppressed Calvinists of the Netherlands found courage to rise against their oppressors. Galled beyond endurance by the contumely and injury they suffered from the dominant church, and almost excluded from the pale of social life by their conscientious opposition to the dogmas of popery, they saw their powerful oppressors invested with the splendours of the Romish ritual, offering up their prayers in gorgeous temples, while they who worshipped the same deity, but according to the forms of a purer and more self-denying faith, were deprived even of the poorest tabernacle, and were necessitated to perform the service of God in woods and solitudes remote from human habitation. Hitherto—although with the sense of wrong rankling in their hearts, and zeal, bordering on frenzy, inflaming their minds,—stimulated unceasingly by enthusiastic preachers—strong in numerical force, and doubly formidable from a knowledge of that strength, joined to the complete assurance of mutual fidelity to their cause and to each other—hitherto—saith our Chronicle—these persecuted Christians were alike destitute of organization and design. But there was among them a fermenting spirit which, like a powder magazine, waited but the contact of a spark to burst forth in wide

and terrible combustion. This fiery agency was now at hand, in the person of him whose singular dream has been narrated, and who was styled Baldwin of Antwerp; although certain Romish Chroniclers have not scrupled to assert that Peregrine La Grange, the daring and eloquent reformer of Valenciennes, was the first to give that impulse to the outraged Calvinists, which in less than a week accomplished the destruction of four hundred churches, and spread consternation throughout Catholic Europe.

L——a, better known to his sect as Baldwin the Preacher, was one of four brothers, the offspring of a bigotted Spaniard, who had married a widow of Antwerp, possessed of some wealth. The widow was a secret but warm convert to Protestantism, and notwithstanding the fear of her husband and the Catholic authorities, she determined to prepare, by suitable precepts, the minds of her sons for the profitable reception of those tenets which she alone believed to be religion “pure and undefiled.” The Spaniard was equally solicitous to rear his boys in devout submission to the mandates of the mother church; and for this purpose he took advantage of their ardent disposition for music, and placed them as choristers in the cathedral of Antwerp, where youths derived the benefit of general instruction, and were initiated into matters both of faith and discipline. To counteract the effects of this noviciate, the zealous mother omitted no opportunity of impressing upon their susceptible memories, such portions of Holy Writ as would, she piously hoped, produce





a blessed fruitage when they had attained maturity. The demise of her husband, when Baldwin her eldest son had attained his nineteenth year, enabled her to prosecute her favourite object more openly and effectively. The three younger brothers, eager for change, and wearied no doubt of their monotonous duties at the cathedral, readily acceded to her proposal, that they should privately depart from Antwerp, and proceed to the famous Protestant university of Wittenberg in Germany, where, having sufficient means, she promised to maintain them as students for several years. She did not, however, consider it expedient to make a similar offer to her first-born. Three years before his father's death, Baldwin had been expelled the band of choristers for disobedience and repeated irregularities. Under parental sanction, he had entered a Spanish squadron of horse, a service for which he was well qualified, by dauntless courage, united to great activity and muscular strength. But even the latitude of military licence did not tolerate the turbulent recklessness which he continued to manifest; during a term of three years, his disregard of duty drew upon him frequent punishment, and having incurred suspicion of heresy by the free expression of his contempt for image-worship, which he had imbibed from his mother, he was denounced to the ecclesiastical authorities at Brussels, and only evaded the danger by profiting from a timely notice, and escaping in disguise to Antwerp. In that city his mother concealed him in some houses which she owned in an obscure quarter, buildings apparently

untenanted, but in fact the occasional asylum of fugitive Calvinist divines, and the midnight resort of their followers for the purposes of devotion. The strenuous endeavours made for his apprehension as a deserter and a heretic, compelled Baldwin to remain in that seclusion for several months. Dwelling in the same apartments and in constant communion with two preachers, distinguished for their oratorical energy, and their uncalculating fervour in disseminating their opinions, his worldly spirit at length yielded to their attempts to wean him from the evil of his ways. His sanguine temperament, always in extremes, soon carried him from the sober profession of piety to the habits of an ascetic, and eventually, his days and nights were almost wholly given up to religious observances and acts of self-mortification. By the intense perusal of the Scriptures he became at last so expert in the recollection and application of biblical language, that he deemed himself set apart and qualified to go forth as a teacher of the reformed doctrines. Bent on pursuing a career which, in his altered frame, he contemplated as the noblest allotted to man, he decided on abandoning his place of refuge, be the consequences what they might. It has been said that the suddenness of his conversion created some doubt of his sincerity in the minds of his instructors, who entertaining a fear that his understanding was not altogether cleared of the tares of superstition, would have persuaded him to procrastinate his entrance upon that important office, to which he maintained he had an especial call. But he was not of a character

to be easily swayed from his resolves upon any occasion, and much less when he imagined himself acting in accordance to the dictates of the divine spirit. After he had disguised his features by transforming a naturally fair complexion into a gipsy brown, he quitted his retreat, and under the name of Baldwin the Preacher, became celebrated throughout the Low Countries, as a powerful labourer in the vineyard of Protestantism. Several of the itinerant Calvinist ministers were seized and executed by the Spanish authorities, but the intrepid Baldwin pursued his vocation for some years without fear or trembling. He was on his way to address the brethren at St. Omer, when, as our Chronicle hath already related, he was benighted and overcome by slumber in the forest.

Rapt in the spirit of his dream, and conceiving himself directly commissioned by Heaven to uplift his hand and overturn the idols of Romish worship, he watched with breathless interest the stirring scene below, and determined by some deed of violence, to compromise the Calvinists of St. Omer, and then by an impassioned appeal to obtain their co-operation in the attack upon church-images, which he had long and deeply meditated. In the mean time the congregation, in number about three hundred, retired across the hollow, and posted themselves beyond a rivulet at the foot of an abrupt acclivity overgrown with trees and underwood. Their aged pastor took his stand upon a large stone elevated above the margin of the brook. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his flock, he was fixed upon retaining his

position and vindicating their right to assemble to celebrate the ordinances of God.

The echoing tramp of horses and harness now rolled down the valley, and in a few seconds appeared a portly Dominican riding on a Spanish jennet and followed by twenty troopers, armed with swords and carbines, and mounted upon unwieldy Flemish chargers. Baldwin anticipating an affray, hastily collected a pile of stones, and prepared to assist his brethren in their approaching peril. It was soon apparent to him, that the Benedictine had received intelligence of the meeting, and had come with the intention of dispersing it, and arresting the preacher. "Dog of a heretic!" exclaimed the friar, as he halted, and faced the unshrinking minister, "Yield thyself to the authority of the only true church; and you, ye canting knaves and idle artizans, tarry another instant at your peril—hence, to your homes and to your trades!"

"Pass on thy way, unrighteous monk," sternly answered the old man, "persecute not those who for conscience sake have met to worship in the wilderness."

"Down with the blasphemer!" shouted the impetuous friar to his armed followers, who had drawn up in line along the lower bank of the stream,—“seize the arch-heretic—bind his hands behind him, and drive him on before you to St. Omer. If he, or any of his crew resist, lay on and spare not!"

The troopers drew their long swords and spurred their sluggish chargers into the stream, when suddenly a ponderous stone hurled by a sure and powerful arm,



smote the Benedictine above the ear, and drove him senseless from his saddle. The Calvinists, who, in crossing the rivulet, had provided themselves with pebbles, had carefully noted the advantages of their position, and were collected in a compact mass around their preacher. Many a nervous arm was already raised to fling its missile at the advancing soldiers, when the headlong fall of the Benedictine friar caused both parties to pause in amazement. The troopers perceiving the blood stream from a large wound on the father's head, conjectured that the blow had been dealt by some one in the crowd, and were about to spur forward to a sanguinary charge, when their career was again arrested by a shout which rang out like a bugle-call from the cliff in the rear. In mute astonishment all looked upward and beheld, on the verge of the opposite rock, the preacher Baldwin, whose tall figure, uplifted hand, flowing mantle, and the point he occupied, gave him an appearance of super-human height and bulk. With a voice like the roll of distant thunder he addressed them,—

“Up, ye men of Artois! and grapple fearlessly with the shedders of innocent blood. The days of trouble are at hand, when ye shall wrestle with armed men in the passes, but the Lord shall deliver you from the sons of Belial,—and ye shall spoil the spoilers who have so long answered your supplications with mockery and scorn. Turn then my brethren upon your enemies, and smite them to the death as Moses smote the Egyptian. Now is the time, ye chosen ones! Be like unto the strong man who broke the bonds of the uncircumcised,

when the spirit of the Lord was upon him. Sever the bridles of these harnessed Philistines, and heap stones upon their heads that it may be a memorial of the curse that has afflicted Israel ! ”

The troopers who were gazing bewildered at the colossal apparition on the cliff, were hardly aware of their danger till the bridles of most of them were cut by the long Flemish knives of the Calvinists. The others hastily wheeling about, spurred their heavy horses out of the brook, and drawing up along the bank, began to unslung and load their carbines, cursing the careless confidence of the Benedictine, who, anticipating no resistance from the hitherto passive Protestants, had assured them that twenty dragoons with their swords would rout all the heretics in Artois. The operation of loading the imperfectly constructed fire-arms of that period was a slow process, and the rapid succession of missiles which Baldwin poured down upon them, was effectually aided by the congregation, who retreating through the brushwood, had taken shelter behind the broad stems of the forest-trees that grew upon the slope. From this vantage ground they made such good use of the ammunition collected from the stream, that in a few minutes all the troopers whose bridles had been cut, were thrown by their bruised and furious horses, and lay prostrate, bleeding, and helpless, in their cumbrous armour ; while their comrades observing their ill fortune, after firing some random and ineffectual shots, gave up the contest, and quickly disappeared on the road to St. Omer. Baldwin now rushed down the woody slope he

had ascended a few hours before, and gaining a hollow road, at some distance from the scene of action, encountered a stray horse which had belonged to one of the discomfited troopers. Seizing the bridle, he hastily knotted the severed reins, and vaulted into the saddle like one accustomed to back a war horse. Plunging into the gorge of the ravine at a headlong gallop, he relaxed not his speed until arrived opposite the Calvinists, when he checked his charger with a force and suddenness that threw the huge animal on its haunches. It was a sight to stir the imagination, when the horse, having recovered his equilibrium, stood quivering in every limb, while his athletic rider, whose vivid eyes and stern and swarthy visage gleamed in the moonlight, elevated his commanding figure to its full height, and addressed the wondering Protestants in tones and language which pealed like the blast of a trumpet in the ears of men by nature impetuous and impatient of wrong, and goaded into fury and desperation by the sleepless malignity of their persecutors.

“How long, ye men of Artois,” he began—“how long will ye bow the neck to these crafty shavelings—these worshippers of golden calves—these sensual revellers in the broth of abomination? Do they not trample you under foot, and laugh your sufferings to scorn? Do they not wrest from your children their inheritance, and imprison, torture, banish, and butcher, for their pastime, the chosen ones of the Lamb? Have not mockery and insult—captivity and death—the dungeon and the gibbet been dealt out to us for years with

an unsparing hand ; and shall we not turn upon our task-masters, and repay them in the measure which they have meted unto us ? Arise ye, my brethren—arise ye in the strength of the Lord ! Gird up your loins for the fight : the downfall of the oppressors, and the exaltation of the saints are at hand. The blood of our martyred ministers calls for vengeance at the throne of the Most High. The hour of retribution has come, and the fury of the Lord shall go forth as a consuming fire, and utterly destroy the workers of iniquity. Up, then, and be doing, my brethren ; it is Jehovah's service. Let us fall upon the shrines and the altars, the carved work, the devices of cunning craftsmen—let us fall upon them, and crush them as the mighty hammer crusheth the fragments of the stubborn rock ! Up, ye men of Artois—up, and be doing ! Sweep the land like the whirlwind ; put away the sin from Israel ; give to the flames the carved and molten images—the dumb idols, which are the inventions of carnal-minded monks, the followers of the father of lies. Through me, his servant, the Lord of Hosts doth summon you to execute his will. Barter the sickle and the pruning-hook for the sword and the axe ; and by your deeds shall the Mighty one of Jacob lay waste the temples of visible gods, and establish in the groves and high places of Baal, the name and the glory of Him who sitteth on a throne ‘not made with hands eternal in the Heavens.’ ”

Flushed by the recent successful conflict, the preacher's auditors were powerfully excited by his passionate

appeal. His unexpected appearance, the depth and fullness of his voice, the wild energy of his looks and gestures, and the prophetic character of his diction, seemed to invest him with the dignity of an inspired missionary. With a simultaneous shout of triumph they hailed him as their leader—one especially commissioned by the Almighty to accomplish their deliverance. The train was now fired, and the flame was soon seen spreading far and wide.

Directed by Baldwin, the Protestants secured the arms and horses of the fallen troopers, and immediately commenced their march towards Ypres in West Flanders, where they had a numerous connexion, waiting but the bidding of a chief to rise and shake off the heavy yoke of the Romish hierarchy. Sending forward a well-mounted messenger to apprise his friends in Ypres of their approach, Baldwin and his party followed with rapid strides, and in an hour reached the entrance of a large village or *bourg*, about four leagues north-east of St. Omer. Here the re-building of some ruinous houses enabled them to provide themselves with the ladders, ropes, hammers, and axes of the absent workmen. Proceeding immediately to the church, they forced an entrance by hewing the doors into fragments. Favoured by the brilliant moonlight, they made such effective use of their implements, that in half an hour every altar was defaced, every image overthrown and broken up, and every picture slashed with knives and trodden to the earth. The chapel of an adjacent Cistercian convent was desolated with similar dispatch. After this the

Iconoclasts, encouraged by the accession of nearly all the male Protestants in the village, determined to proceed at once and by rapid marches to Ypres, and there to strike a blow that should rouse all their Flemish brethren into active revolt against that superstition to which the swarm of idle monks and grasping priests owed their wealth and influence. At the gates of Ypres the Calvinists, whose numbers had rapidly increased during their progress, experienced no effective opposition from the slender garrison, who were probably well affected towards their cause. They immediately forced an entrance into the cathedral, raised ladders against the walls, and hurled down images and paintings, which, with the pulpit, choirs, and chancel, were destroyed or defaced by axes. Every altar was stripped of its adornments, and the gold and silver vessels were purloined by a band of thieves, smugglers, sailors, and prostitutes, who had joined the insurgents. Thus did scenes of riot, which originated in the inordinate but well-intentioned demonstrations of religious enthusiasm, speedily lead to the gratification of the basest passions. From the cathedral the furious multitude proceeded in detachments to the richest convents, and everywhere the church ornaments, the gold and silver candlesticks, the costly votive offerings, were stolen, while the refectories and wine-cellars of the monks were forced open, and made the scenes of drunkenness and distraction, to which the city authorities could apply no preventive measures. Many of the more respectable inhabitants were intimidated by the number and audacity of the Calvinists and their auxili-

aries, while others were secret adherents to the reformed creed, but wanted courage to avow their defection from the Romish church.

Intelligence of the successful attempt upon the cathedral and churches of Ypres spread with the speed of lightning throughout Flanders and Holland. Similar outrages were immediately attempted and accomplished at Lille, Oudenarde, Menin, Commines, and other places. At Antwerp, where a multitude of strangers had been attracted by the festival of the Assumption of St. Mary, a degree of agitation prevailed which boded a near and terrible explosion. Meanwhile Baldwin had dispatched from Oudenarde his emissaries to Valenciennes, Tournay, Mechlin, Bois-le-duc, and Breda, but all farther excitement was then superfluous. The iconoclastic spirit had gone forth like a pestilence, and in Flanders and Brabant alone four hundred churches were defaced and stripped of images and pictures in the short period of five days. To realize, however, the heavenly promise of his vision was still the primary object and darling purpose of the resolute Baldwin. Conceiving that the dense population and numerous Protestants of Antwerp were become fully ripe for his purpose, he proceeded with a chosen band of unsparing zealots to his native city, determined to fulfil without delay the solemn vow he had made to cleanse its magnificent cathedral from the abominations of idolatry. His tall, erect, military figure being well known at Antwerp, he trusted not entirely to the tawny colouring with which he had stained his complexion. Assuming the

smock frock, the broad-brimmed hat, and the clownish stooping gait of a peasant, he crossed the Scheldt, and passed the gate unobserved. His companions entered the city without difficulty, it being at the time when a multitude of strangers were flocking to the festival of the Virgin.

Baldwin soon ascertained that many of these strangers were Calvinists, who had been actively engaged in destroying the church images of South Flanders, and were now determined, like himself, to irritate the numerous Protestants of Antwerp to an attack upon its richly decorated cathedral and churches. The spirit-stirring language of the enthusiastic preacher, at a nocturnal meeting of the leading image-breakers, imparted to all present his own sanguine hopes of success; but the well-known vigilance and energy of the Prince of Orange, who was then in Antwerp, imposed upon these daring reformers the necessity of a more cautious approach to their object, than they had observed since their success at Ypres. On the following day, however, the Prince was summoned by the Princess Regent to attend a council at Brussels, and his departure was the signal for action. The heat, which had so long been smouldering beneath the surface, now burst into flame. The famous rallying cry of "Long live the Geusen,"\* resounded each moment more loudly throughout the

\* Geusen, from the French *Gueux*, or beggars, a term of contempt bestowed by De Berlaimont, a minister of the Princess Regent of the Low Countries, upon the members of the Flemish confederacy of 1566, and immediately adopted by the chiefs of the League as the title of their party.



city. The enemies of Spain and Popery assembled in tumultuous bands, and not many hours after the Prince's departure, a skirmish took place in the cathedral between a party of inveterate image-haters and some equally stubborn Romanists; the latter having been irritated beyond the limits of patience by the scoffing looks and gestures of the reformers, during the festive procession of the Virgin around the cathedral.

On the following day there was an appearance of mysterious activity, a busy interchange of low-breathed communications, among persons obviously no other way connected than by mutual privity to a concerted principle of action, indicating the execution of some bold and formidable design. Towards the evening, groups of men, who seemed to regard each other as parties to one common movement, assembled in the cathedral. These were the confederated Iconoclasts, who had mustered in great force, bearing offensive weapons and instruments of dilapidation concealed beneath their cloaks. As their numbers increased, the Roman Catholics, already intimidated by alarming accounts of riot and destruction, began to withdraw from the church. The few who lingered behind were put to flight by the cry of "long live the Geusen!" uttered by Baldwin, who was there as the leader of the image-breakers, at the highest pitch of his stentorian voice. The moment his adherents found themselves in undisturbed possession of the stately edifice, they called upon him to give out a psalm, one of the new melodies interdicted by the government. Mounting an altar, he acceded to their desire, and

during the singing of the following lines from the CXV. psalm, they attacked the image of the Virgin, keeping time to the cadences of the music as they disfigured it with swords, knives, and axes. At the close of the psalmody, they perfected their work by knocking off its head.

“But wherefore should the Heathen say,  
 ‘Where is their God now gone?’  
 But our God in the heavens is  
 What pleased him he hath done.

“Their idols silver are and gold,  
 Work of men’s hands they be  
 Mouths have they but they do not speak,  
 Eyes but they do not see.

“Ears have they but they do not hear,  
 Noses but savour not;  
 Hands, feet, but handle not nor walk,  
 Nor speak they through their throat.

“Like them their makers are, and all  
 On them their trust that build.  
 O Israel, trust thou in the Lord,  
 He is thine help and shield.

“O Aaron’s house trust in the Lord,  
 Their help and shield is he;  
 Ye that fear God trust in the Lord,  
 Their help and shield he’ll be.”

The report of these lawless proceedings had drawn a crowd of thieves and vagabonds to the cathedral for the purpose of plunder, and the demolition of the luckless image was hailed by them as a signal to outdo the operations of the Calvinists themselves in the work of spoliation. A troop of abandoned women seizing the

large consecrated tapers from the altar, led them on to the perpetration of deeds of violence and rapine, which no plea of provocation could justify or palliate. Their indiscriminating fury did not confine itself to the ornaments which came under the charge of being symbols of superstition. The magnificent organ, one of the finest specimens of organ-building in Europe, was hewed and hammered into fragments. The numerous images were dashed to pieces, and the sixty-six altars, with vases of rarest beauty, and many valuable paintings, injured or destroyed. A crucified Christ in wood, as large as life, and celebrated for the exquisite character of the workmanship, was pulled down with ropes and cloven with axes, while the two thieves were spared. These outrages were succeeded by others still more extravagant. The host was thrown on the ground and trodden under foot; the sacred oil was employed to rub the shoes of the rioters, and the sacramental wine on the altars was drunk to the health of the Guesen. The very graves were opened, the bodies taken out and stripped of rings and ornaments, then tossed about and trampled on in derision and contempt. This enormous and revolting devastation was accomplished with singular rapidity, and with so much method, as to lead Vandervynct, an historian of the time, to ascribe it to the supernatural agency of demons. Notwithstanding the darkness that prevailed in many parts of the vast edifice, and the peril to which the image-breakers were exposed, while standing upon lofty ladders, or from the fall of heavy figures of wood and stone on the pavement, no accident fatal to

life or limb occurred. Though numerous tapers were lighted on the altars, no man appeared to recognize another, nor was a single individual of all concerned subsequently identified. Thus did a few hours suffice to destroy the labours and accumulations of centuries; to annihilate many valuable works of art, important manuscripts, and public records; and to deface and ruin the whole interior of a temple, which, excepting St. Peter's at Rome, yielded to none throughout the Christian world in magnitude and splendour.

The Roman Catholics loudly complained that the Calvinists had hired the perpetrators of these multiplied outrages, but all the leading and respectable Protestants indignantly repelled the imputation, and vainly exerted themselves to stay the progress of the rioters, who, regardless of both parties, and increasing hourly in numbers, proceeded to sack and desecrate by torch-light, the other churches and convents of Antwerp. In all the latter, the wine-cellars were forced and plundered, and the terrified inmates, dreading insult and even murder from the intoxicated and infuriated multitude, abandoned their hitherto peaceful homes, and sought concealment in the dwellings of friends and relatives. During the night no attempt was made to check the terrible progress of the image-breakers. The more opulent of the burghers were sensible that a great majority of the middle and labouring classes were favourable to church-reform; and, fearing the encounter of an overwhelming multitude, ventured not to quit their houses until daylight, when, discovering from their





windows the small number and bad equipment of the spoilers, they appeared well armed before their doors, and assembling in competent force, successively seized and closed all the city-gates save one, through which the Iconoclasts, who had left no church in Antwerp unvisited or unrifled, issued in quest of farther occupation.

Some of the more enterprising were despatched to various cities in Brabant, but the majority, headed by Baldwin, hastened towards Ghent, where the magistrates and leading burghers, who had received prompt intelligence of the devastation at Antwerp, awaited their arrival in trembling apprehension. Having good reason to doubt the adherence of the people and slender garrison to the established authorities, the heads of the town advised the Romish clergy to remove their valuables into the citadel. Ere this was well accomplished, the image-breakers entered the suburbs. Here, however, Baldwin made them halt, and being desirous to prevent the excesses which had disgraced their cause at Antwerp, he entered into a negociation with the chief burghers, and while he demanded free entrance into the churches for the avowed purpose of destroying the pictures and images, he proposed that this peremptory service should be performed in presence of the municipal authorities. The magistrates, dreading the open hostility of the numerous Protestants in Ghent, submitted to the lesser evil, and appointed officers to superintend the destruction of the images, which was speedily accomplished in the numerous churches of that great city.

Meanwhile, the Princess Regent, terrified by the

unexampled audacity and triumphant progress of the insurgents, had summoned to her aid and counsel the Prince of Orange, and the leading nobles of Holland, Flanders and Brabant. Many of these, notwithstanding their being active members of the well-known confederation of the Guesen, did not hesitate to proceed instantly to Brussels, and to offer in good faith their prompt assistance to check the widely extending mischief. The Prince of Orange marched with a detachment of chosen troops to Antwerp, where a few active partizans of Baldwin were seized and executed; while others, whose guilt was not so clearly evident, were variously punished. Count Egmont, though disqualified by his mild and generous nature for the administration of unsparing justice, hastened with a military force to Ghent, and arrived there so unexpectedly, that several of the leading Iconoclasts and their predatory allies were seized, convicted, and immediately punished with death. Baldwin, with his usual good fortune, escaped from a convent chapel, where he was superintending the demolition of its ornaments. Soon as the rush of Egmont's cavalry reached his ear, he quitted the chapel by the convent door, as the soldiers entered from the street. While endeavouring to collect his thoughts and fix his resolution, he reached the cloisters of the monastery, and found there only an aged Franciscan, whose stature so much resembled his own, as to suggest the hope that, if disguised in his frock and cowl, he could pass the city-gate undiscovered, and soon evade all pursuit. Seizing the terrified old man by the shoulders, he



gave him a dislocating shake and bade him unfrock without delay. The poor monk, dismayed at the wild aspect and furious gestures of his athletic assailant, complied as quickly as his trembling limbs would permit, and Baldwin, after effectually concealing his remarkable features and person in his ample drapery, returned to the street, assumed the infirm step and stooping posture of old age, passed the gate unchallenged, and would have cleared the suburb without detection, had he not encountered there a brother-monk of the one he had stripped. The Franciscan accosted him, discovered the imposture, and, recognizing an active leader of the image-breakers, claimed the assistance of some passing troopers, to whom Baldwin, being unarmed and encumbered by his heavy clothing, quietly surrendered. The soldiers, having shut up their prisoner for present security in the church of an adjacent convent, proceeded on their round through the suburb, leaving two of their number to guard him until their return.

The sentinels, after parading the church-nave for some time in growing impatience for the return of their comrades, determined to keep guard in the porch, which afforded a view of the street, and observing that the door communicating with the convent was strongly barred within, and that the few windows in the building were far above the prisoner's reach, they left him without any apprehension of his escape. Baldwin, however, fully sensible that within another hour he should be identified and shot, determined to leave no means of effecting his liberation untried, and availed himself of

the now declining daylight, to approach the altar and survey an oval window above it, which had for some time attracted his attention. All the other windows were on the side of the church adjoining the street, but this oval opened upon the convent-garden, a tree in which threw one of its branches athwart the lattice. He felt that if he could but gain that recess, the slender and rusty bars which crossed the window would easily be removed, and the friendly tree would enable him to reach the ground in safety. Thus reasoning, he hastily stepped upon the altar, but found with dismay that by no effort could he bring even his finger tips within several feet of the oval. While glancing anxiously around the chapel for materials to aid his ascent, he distinguished a deep voice, and one he thought he had heard before, parleying with the sentinels in the porch. Jumping quickly from the altar, he had time only to sit down on a chair before it, when the door was opened and a stalwart Benedictine, whose features were partially concealed by his hood, approached within a few paces of the captive.

“ Unhappy man ! ” he began, in a voice which made Baldwin start with emotion, “ know’st thou that Count Egmont has ordered every leader of the fanatics to instant execution. Repent then, while yet a span of life remains to thee ! and hasten, by a sincere return to the bosom of the only true church, to flee from the black and everlasting doom so justly due to thine atrocities.”

To this pious adjuration the prisoner paid no attention. His eyes were intently fixed upon the oval

window, and his thoughts upon the means of escape. Headlong and impassioned in the pursuit of novel and stirring objects, his imagination had been dazzled by the glory of giving the first impulse to the Iconoclasts, but he was not yet devoted enough to rush on martyrdom, without an effort to save his still youthful life. Concealing his features with his hand, he turned round to the monk, but instead of answering the appeal, he surveyed his tall person through his open fingers, and then glanced eagerly at the space between the altar and the window above it. He repeated this scrutiny several times, and in a voice which made the Benedictine start in his turn, he thus addressed him, discovering his features as he began to speak.

“Dominick! the first-born of thy eldest brother, even Baldwin, who saved his uncle’s life at Ypres, when struggling for existence with the men of St. Omer, now begs that uncle to rescue him from a felon’s death. Thou art a tall and a strong man,—on thy shoulders I could reach that oval window above the altar, and flee my prison and my doom.”

“Base apostate!” exclaimed the Benedictine, with fiery indignation,—“had I known thee in the throng at Ypres, I would not have accepted safety from the hands of an arch-heretic. Again, I tell thee, thou art on the very brink of eternal punishment. Speed thee, Baldwin! kneel, confess, repent, and daily will I put up masses for thy sinful soul!”

I did not thus condition with thee, uncle Dominick,” answered Baldwin, reproachfully, “when although

a stripling and a feeble swimmer, I saw thee sinking in the unpitying waters of the Scheldt !”

“ Baldwin,” said the already relenting priest to his once favourite nephew,—“ thou art still young enough for active atonement. Pledge thyself by all that is most sacred to abandon for ever those God-forsaken image-breakers, and to accompany me to Rome, whither I am going on a special mission from my superior at Bruges. On this condition, and no other, will I assist thee to fly the punishment so near at hand. I am stricken in years, but I retain enough of the vigour of my younger days to be unto thee, as thou sayest, a ladder of escape.”

Prompted by the love of existence, which grew stronger as the peril of death approached, Baldwin did not long hesitate to give the required pledge, but promised to meet his uncle a week later, at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Benedictine then mounted the altar, turned his face to the wall, and firmly grasped the mouldings of a picture-frame, the painting in which had been defaced by the image-breakers. The picture-frame assisted the active Baldwin to reach and stand upon his uncle’s ample shoulders ; and when thus elevated, his elbows were on a level with the ledge formed by the window recess, in a wall of great thickness. Finding, as he had anticipated, the iron bars enfeebled with rust, he readily bent and forced them from their sockets. The window-frame soon yielded to his efforts, and consisting of small pieces of coloured glass firmly bedded in lead, it fell outwards with little noise upon the soft mould of the convent garden. Laying hold of the external edge

of the recess, Baldwin now drew himself up into the oval, whence, after allowing his uncle time to quit the chapel and disappear, he was enabled to grasp the arm of a huge pear-tree. Cautiously transferring his person from the oval to the tree, he descended from branch to branch, dropped safely upon a bed of vegetables, and would have escaped unperceived over the wall adjoining the river, had not his feet come in loud collision with the oval window. The crashing of the glass was heard by the monks, who hurried to the windows of the refectory. Seeing the prisoner in the garden, they gave the alarm, and while some ran to tell the guard, others rushed into the garden in pursuit.

In the interval Baldwin had succeeded in mounting the lofty wall, but observing that if he jumped thence he should be caught in another and smaller inclosure, whence flight would be more difficult, he hastily threw his monk's frock on the branches of a tree, hoping that, in the imperfect light, it would mislead his pursuers. Then jumping down again into the garden, he concealed himself awhile behind a well-trimmed hedge-row of evergreens, and while listening from this secret stand to the movements of his enemies, he heard several shots fired at his Franciscan robe, and surprise expressed that the bullets did not bring him down. Distinguishing other voices approaching outside, he began to fear that he should be intercepted, and although the darkness was not yet sufficient to screen his motions, he quitted his hiding place, and by the aid of a tree remounted the wall at a point where the waters of the

Scheldt undulated within a short distance of its base. He did not, however, quit the garden unobserved. While preparing to drop, a bullet whistled by his ear, and accelerated his descent. He reached the ground without injury, but in an instant found himself in the grasp of several troopers, who had been summoned by the sentinels to their assistance. The intrepid Baldwin, who, since his perilous adventure with his uncle Dominick, had become a vigorous and expert swimmer, paused a few seconds in apparent submission to his captors. Observing that the men were dismounted troopers, and loaded with cumbrous back and breast armour, he measured with rapid glance his distance from the river—then exerting his enormous strength of limb, he shook off the relaxing grasp of his heavy-armed opponents, reached with a single bound the margin of the Scheldt, and in a second was hidden beneath its waters. Diving under a boat at anchor in the stream, he was effectually screened from the random shots of his pursuers, and soon reached the opposite shore; thus escaping signal perils by land and water, clearing walls and fences, monks and troopers, and the broad waves of the Scheldt to boot, with a facility and good fortune which seemed to realize, in some measure, his singular dream in the forest of St. Omer.

Of his subsequent fate few particulars reached his family, by whom these incidents were communicated to our Chronicler. It appeared, however, that he accompanied his uncle Dominick to Rome, where the enthusiast, captivated by the sublime festival music per-

formed in the splendid churches of the Eternal City, recanted his errors, and eventually died in France a monk of the rigid order of La Trappe. His name, most courteous reader, saith our authority, cannot be revealed unto thee, for it is the name of three worthy pastors of the Dutch Lutheran church, to wit, his three brothers. The youngest of these exemplary men supplied the materials for this portion of the Chronicle, conditioning only the substitution of another name than that of his house, or the suppression of all but the initials.

## THE WAX FIGURE.

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Through silent churchyards, and o'er misty wolds,  
 By meteor gleams, so long I've stalked with fancy,  
 That even the sun robed in beatitude  
 Glares on me like a ghost.

THE NUN OF HEIDELBERG.

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ON a fine evening in September, 179—, two college-friends met in Nuremberg, after an interval of several years, at the Koenig von Preussen, the head-quarters of the Prussian recruiting party, an old-fashioned hotel, the gable-end front of which was richly studded with the picturesque and elaborate carvings of the sixteenth century, and which the curious traveller may still discover, opposite the south-west angle of the majestic Dom-kirche, or cathedral of that venerable city.

The older of the two friends, Leopold Baron S., of an ancient family in Brandenburg, was a captain in the service of his Prussian majesty. He was a young man of lively temperament, of daring courage, and no little indignant that he was doomed for six months or longer, to the irksome and, to his generous spirit, degrading duties of the Prussian recruiting service. Recollecting, however, soon after he received his order for immediate



departure, that he had a favourite college-companion resident within two hours' ride of Nuremburg, he left his pleasant quarters at Berlin somewhat reconciled to an appointment, the lucrative nature of which, in mercenary hands, made him an object of envy to brother officers of more calculating habits.

The morning after his arrival at Nuremburg he despatched a messenger to apprise his friend, Theodore V. Walden, of his vicinity, and the same evening found them in social converse over a bottle of Rhine wine, in the antique but cheerful apartment occupied by the youthful captain in the Koenig von Preussen. A few years of garrison duty at Magdeburg and Berlin had wrought a striking change in the appearance and bearing of the baron. The same period passed in seclusion and study amidst the romantic scenery of his fine estate near Nuremburg, had caused no perceptible difference in Theodore, who gazed with surprize at his friend's martial exterior, and wild freedom of manner. The lively officer rallied his diffident companion on the classic elegance and fastidious refinement of his language and deportment. An hour of unrestrained communion sufficed to convince the more acute and observant soldier, that his friend was still the same bashful, retiring, and sentimental youth he had known at the university, and that his more recent studies had been confined to poetry and romance. It was evident also that his solitary habits had made him a day-dreamer, one prone to indulge in morbid longings after some nameless and indefinable happiness; some good incon-

sistent with human infirmity. When questioned by Leopold concerning the civic beauties, and whether he had discovered one among them worthy to become the mistress of his fine estate, he answered, that although not wanting in external graces and attractions, nor even in good temper and good intentions, the young ladies of Nuremburg were miserably deficient in the graces of sentiment; trifling in conversation, and devoted to public amusements and dress.

With a deep sigh, he added, that he had never yet seen a woman at all approaching his standard of female excellence—in short they were all, so far as his experience extended, destitute of that exquisite sensibility, that faculty of deep and unalterable attachment, which he thought indispensable to happiness in married life. The captain, who had listened with constrained gravity to Theodore's lamentations, could no longer control his countenance, and indulged in a burst of merriment which jarred painfully upon the nerves of the refined and sensitive idealist. "Excuse me, my dear Walden!" he began, when he had subdued his laughter,—“excuse me if I answer you in the words of Sancho Panza. ‘You want better bread than is made of wheat.’ In short, you should marry a *lusus naturæ*, for according to your own showing nothing human will content you. But hold!” continued he, after a brief pause of recollection, “if I mistake not, I saw this very morning, a young lady in that rickety old mansion over the way, whom you may venture to marry in half an hour. She is as silent and sentimental as you please—and will fix

her beautiful dark blue eyes on yours, and exchange with you the mute eloquence of looks by the hour—ay, by the week or month, if you desire it. Come along with me, my dear fellow!” he exclaimed, starting from his chair,—“I know her guardian, and will insure you a particular introduction in five minutes.”

Theodore, who began to suspect the waggish disposition of his friend, followed him, doubting and yet credulous, across the street into the spacious entrance of an old mansion usually appropriated to exhibitions of painting and other public purposes. The vestibule, gloomy even at mid-day, was now, at the approach of night, illuminated with lamps, which threw a strong light upon the figure of the Swiss door-keeper, a tall man, in gold-laced apparel, and wielding a silver-headed cane, nearly as tall as himself. Instead, however, of asking their business, the man silently fixed his large eyes upon them, and remained motionless as a statue.

While Theodore was gazing at him in surprise, he heard some one approaching; and, looking round, beheld with amazement not unmingled with alarm, another man at his elbow, the very counterpart of the Swiss in features, stature, and costume.

This *doublette* of the dumb door-keeper was equally taciturn, and rivetted a pair of large unmeaning blue eyes upon the bewildered Theodore, who was retreating in terror towards the door, when he was stopped by the loud laugh of his friend. The truth began to break in upon his perplexed faculties; with returning courage he again approached the two still motionless

Janitors, and discovered that the one he had first seen was—a *wax figure*, admirably modelled from the original, who now made his bow, apologized for his practical joke, and begged they would honour his incomparable exhibition of wax figures with their presence.

Theodore, however, upon whom the conviction flashed, that the silent sentimental fair one was no other than one of the models within, declined seeing the exhibition that evening, but promised to view it the following morning. In haste and obvious agitation, he seized his friend's arm, and led, or rather forced him to retire. When they had returned to the hotel, Leopold, who feared that he had carried his joke too far, began to explain and apologize, but was interrupted by a counter apology from Theodore for withdrawing him so abruptly from the exhibition. "To confess the truth," he continued, "I have an involuntary horror of wax figures by lamp-light, which throws a tint so ghastly upon their stiff and lifeless features, that they appear to me like so many corpses in a catacomb, and the abominable odour of the wax strengthens the illusion. I had, moreover, a strange and painful adventure last year at a similar exhibition in Vienna, which still haunts my dreams, and may account to you for my agitation at the sudden appearance of the door-keeper's double, and my reluctance to encounter his collection at this hour.

"I had been prevailed upon by our fellow-student Carlsberg, to accompany him as far as Vienna on his way to Italy, in quest of relief from a pulmonary dis-

order. We arrived late in the evening, and finding that we had half an hour to spare before supper, determined to view a collection of wax-figures then exhibiting on the ground-floor of our hotel. As we entered, the proprietor, expecting no more company, had extinguished most of the lights, and to save time and the trouble of relighting them, we requested him to take a taper in each hand and show us the best models in his collection.

“ After viewing the elder and the younger Brutus, Cæsar, Louis XIV., Robespierre, and many other ancient and modern notables, and laughing at the ludicrous effect produced by the *bizarre* grouping and distribution of the historical characters, we followed our *cicerone*, an intelligent Italian, into a small inner room, covered with black cloth, and containing a single, but exquisite figure, which the proprietor told us was the gem of his collection, and modelled by himself after the well-known portrait by Guido, in the Barberini palace, of the unfortunate Beatrice Cenci, convicted and executed for the murder of her father.

“ My companion, who was an imaginative youth, besides a poet and in delicate health, was strangely excited by the contemplation of the innocent and lovely features of this noble-minded woman. ‘ Surely,’ said he, addressing the Italian, ‘ to judge from that pure and guileless countenance, papal justice must have been guilty of deliberate murder?’

“ ‘ *E possibile, Signor,*’ answered the Italian, with a shrug, ‘ ’tis said in Rome, that she was condemned by

his Holiness, that he might confiscate with better grace the large property of the Cenci family.'

"Carlsberg shook his head, as he continued :—' You must be an able artist to have wrought so perfect a facsimile of Guido's beautiful picture. Would to heaven,' he added, with a deep sigh, ' that you had power to rekindle the departed soul, again to irradiate those angelic features with life and motion ! '

" ' You are by no means the first to utter that wish,' answered the Italian, with a smile. ' 'Twas but last week I had a visitor who expressed the same. He gazed at the features of this model until his face grew pale, and his limbs trembled—"I always feel," said he, "a strange and unaccountable terror when I gaze long upon the picture or statue of any one whose death has been violent and untimely; more especially when the original has died on the scaffold. Indeed," he added, "I cannot divest myself of a belief that the souls of those who have thus died, linger near their semblances, and even partially re-animate them at the earnest wish of the beholder."'

"Exhausted by long travelling, and impatient for food and rest, I regarded this strange story of the proprietor as one of his customary *conchetti*, uttered daily to amuse or excite his visitors. My companion, however, was differently affected. He took one of the lights from the proprietor, and continued to gaze with intense interest at the beautiful model. 'Beware, Carlsberg!' I said, 'of touching that image of one who died on the scaffold. The slightest pressure from that cold hand of wax would suffice to turn your brain.'

“ At this moment the Italian was summoned to the outer room. I followed him to look once more at a group of figures which had awakened my curiosity, and before a minute had elapsed I was startled by a scream and a noise like that caused by a heavy fall. A suspicion of the truth flashed upon me. Deploring my untimely jest, I hastened back into the inner room, and found my invalid friend prostrate and senseless at the feet of Beatrice Cenci; and by the light of his still burning taper, I beheld one of her hands broken off and lying on the floor. With the assistance of the Italian I conveyed Carlsberg up stairs. He was in a deep swoon, and required medical aid for some days before his delicate constitution recovered from the effects of this singular delusion. He subsequently told me, that as he gazed on the fair face of Beatrice, and recollected the strange anecdote related by the Italian, he thought he could perceive the hues of life reddening in slow diffusion beneath the waxen surface. He fancied, too, that the eyes displayed a humid lustre he had not before observed. Strongly excited by what he had heard, he yielded to an irresistible impulse, and gently grasped the delicately moulded hand, which, to his indescribable horror, returned the pressure.

“ He did not hesitate to acknowledge that it was a mere phantasy, growing out of distempered sensibility and infirm health; but I observed with deep regret that his constitution had received a severe shock, and my last accounts of him from Naples give me but slender hopes of his recovery.”

The lively, but kind-hearted soldier admitted that his friend had given a valid reason for declining to view the wax-figures by lamp-light ; but, before they retired for the night, he exacted a promise that Theodore should, on the ensuing day, accompany him to the exhibition.

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“ In truth, my good Theodore,” said the captain, as they were surveying the wax-figures on the following morning, “ your horrible story about Beatrice Cenci’s model haunts me strangely, and my fingers tingle with inclination to shake hands with every pretty girl of wax in this heterogeneous collection.”

“ But where is the surpassing fair one,” inquired Theodore, smiling, “ you recommended to me last night for a wife ? ”

“ Look around you,” responded Leopold, “ and you will find her. I may safely leave the discovery to the natural magic of your own sympathies,” he added, turning away to glance at a group of ladies then entering the apartment. Some minutes had elapsed before he thought of rejoining Theodore, whom he discovered in the inner exhibition room, intently contemplating a female figure of singular loveliness in form and features, reclining with pensive aspect in a chair, holding a book in her hand, and displaying, not only in the elegance of her Greek costume, but in grace of attitude and benign intelligence of feature, a woman of rank and intellectual refinement.

Theodore was so lost in admiration of the fascinating object, that he did not discover his volatile friend look-







ing over his shoulder, until he was roused from his abstraction by a hearty laugh. "Ha! ha! Theodore!" said Leopold, "caught by Jove! and doubtless ready to marry her in half an hour. See you not how the hues of life are stealing, as you gaze, beneath those cheeks of wax. Mark, too, the humid and growing lustre of those dark blue orbs—but, beware! beware of the icy hand—touch it, and you die!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the disconcerted Theodore, "I am not so far gone in romance as poor Carlsberg, nor do I believe in ghosts; but I can discern in that face of wax, graces such as I never yet beheld in living woman. Precisely such a combination of feature and expression as this, have I sought for years, and the maiden I would marry must possess just those radiant eyes and magnificent eye-brows, that lofty intelligence of forehead, that angelic purity of character about the lips. By heavens! Leopold! Raphael himself never copied or composed so perfect a combination of human features!"

Regardless of the laughing soldier, Theodore continued long to gaze with flushed cheeks and growing emotion at the fair object of his admiration, when suddenly starting, as if struck by some inspiring fancy, he exclaimed,—“I must know, and instantly, Leopold! whether the original of this enchanting object still lives. Her, and no other, if attainable, will I marry—and to judge from her costume, which is the fashion of the day, she may be living and unwedded.”

Darting out of the room with an animation foreign

to his former habits, he soon returned leading, or rather dragging, the proprietor of the collection along with him to the model. "Tell me," said he, impatiently, "does the original of that figure exist, and where is she to be found?"

The Italian, surprised at his vehemence, and, Leopold thought, somewhat alarmed, told Theodore that all the figures without the names affixed were, like the one before him, merely compositions.

"This divine countenance a composition!" warmly answered Theodore, "impossible! what human artist could invest a lump of wax with such natural grace, such refined sensibility, and elevation of character!"

"Signor!" answered the Italian with a shrug, "I must admit that you are a *connoisseur*, but I cannot help you to the lady's name. I bought this figure of a stranger, and I have no knowledge of the original."

The disappointed Theodore again turned to gaze upon the model, while Leopold, who suspected that the Italian knew more about the figure than he liked to acknowledge, drew him aside and offered him a *Louis d'or* for revealing the lady's name and residence. The man hesitated, but after wistfully eyeing the gold for a few seconds, he whispered, "My good Sir! between ourselves, the lady was born in France: I bought this model of a French artist, and at so low a price, that I could not help suspecting he had stolen it."

Theodore, who now approached them, overhearing the last sentence, eagerly sought further explanation.

In reply to his urgent cross-questioning, the Italian acknowledged that the Frenchman told him he had brought the figure from Alsace, and he had understood from him that the original had lived in or near Strasbourg, and was called Julie de Lindore, or some similar name."—

"*Had* lived, and *was* called," ejaculated Theodore, turning pale with apprehension. "Does she not live? or is she married?"

"Alas, Signor!" replied the Italian, with rising shoulders and eyebrows, "'tis a sad story. The Frenchman told me that the lady had been arrested by the Committee of Public Safety, and that in less than a week she was condemned and guillotined."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the shuddering Theodore, "how could the monsters destroy a creature so perfect. Surely the pure and sacred innocence which beams from every feature of that angel-face would have softened the heart of a tiger!"

Hastily seizing the arm of Leopold, he quitted the exhibition; but ere he reached the street-door, he turned back to ask the Italian whether he would sell the model, paid without hesitation the high price named by the crafty proprietor, and saw the figure safely conveyed to his apartment in his friend's hotel.

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On the ensuing morning Leopold, who had been out early on duties connected with the recruiting ser-

vice, was no little surprised on his return to find the following note from Theodore on his breakfast table.

“ Pardon me, my dear friend, that I quit you thus abruptly, for a reason too, which your more worldly notions may deem romantic, and, too probably, absurd.

“ I cannot, however, divest myself of a helief that the Italian’s information concerning the original of that beauteous model I leave to your friendly care, is wholly or partially a fiction. As the costume, however, is French, and the French book in her hand was printed at Strasburg, I am disposed to believe the lovely original a native of Alsace, and I have determined to enter France at all risks, and to explore that province in quest of the incomparable woman whose resemblance has laid so strong a hold upon my imagination, that I have already ceased to contend with the feeling.

“ Again, Leopold, I beseech you to pardon my abrupt departure, and to believe me, not the less,

“ Your sincerely attached friend,

“ THEODORE.”

The first impulse of Leopold, on perusing this farewell note, was anger at the romantic absurdity of Theodore in thus hazarding liberty, and even life, by entering France during the period of revolutionary excitement, when a foreigner unskilled in worldly tact, was exposed to hourly and imminent peril. Recollecting, however, the peculiar habits and character of his sentimental friend, his irritation rapidly subsided, and he determined to seek relief from the irksome and often painful duties of his appointment, by frequenting the numerous and highly-polished circle of French emigrants then resident in Nuremburg. But to one long accustomed to the life and public amusements of the Prussian capital,

the quiet city of Nuremburg was a dull abode. The months rolled heavily by, and winter arrived and passed without bringing any stirring intelligence to Leopold, when on a sunny morning in March, his spirits were unexpectedly cheered by the arrival of a short note from Theodore, announcing his marriage, and requesting his company that day to dinner at Waldenhain.

In ten minutes or less the delighted baron was on horseback, and riding full speed to the estate of his friend, who met him on the threshold of his mansion, no longer the pale and languid youth he had seen the previous September, but in firm and ruddy health, his sparkling eye and elastic step indicating that a favourable change had also taken place in his habits and feelings.

After a cordial greeting the friends entered the parlour, and Leopold, directing an impatient and searching glance for the bride, besought an introduction without delay to the matchless original of the wax-figure, "for" he added, "to judge from your radiant looks, I will not suppose you the husband of any other woman."

"She is gone," said Theodore, "to see her mother in the neighbourhood, and will return in an hour, which I will employ in giving you some detail of my adventures since we separated. I succeeded in obtaining a passport from the French minister at M., and proceeded immediately to Strasburg, where I passed a fortnight in fruitless inquiries after a family named Lindore. The reign of terror still prevailed, the most distinguished families had emigrated, the men in power were principally strangers, and my inquiries were not

only attended with imminent peril, but at length involved me in difficulties which compelled me to leave the city abruptly and in disguise. I continued my search for some time in various parts of Alsace, but everywhere encountered the same hazards and impediments. At length I determined to retrace my steps to Germany, and to explore those districts most frequented by the unfortunate emigrants. To this object I devoted three months without success, and returned about five weeks since, discouraged and exhausted, to Waldenhain, where my presence was imperatively required for some days before I could proceed to your quarters in Nuremburg. On the morning after my arrival, I strolled in a melancholy mood through the park to a small demesne separated from my property by a fine grove of beech. On this demesne are a beautiful garden and a large pool of water, which had been a favorite resort of mine in early youth, and in which I had narrowly escaped death, from falling out of a boat. I entered the garden and proceeded immediately to the margin of the pool, where I stood for some time gazing on its smooth and glassy surface. When reminded by the now shattered skiff of my former peril, I was weak enough to regret that I had not found an early grave in those still waters, and thereby been spared the severe trials and disappointments attendant on sensibilities acute as mine. While thus intently gazing on the placid element, and lost in painful reminiscences of my fruitless endeavours to find the original of that lovely model, I suddenly beheld the form and features ever present to my fancy, distinctly



reflected in the pool below. My first impulse was to plunge in and grasp the beauteous shadow ere it faded from my view, when I discovered that some one was standing at my elbow, and looking up I saw with inexpressible wonder and delight—the living image of the wax-figure.

“For some moments my astonishment deprived me of all power of speech or motion; and before I had regained even partial self-possession, the unknown fair one gracefully apologized for her approach, saying, that her curiosity had been excited by my long and earnest gaze upon the water.

“Still too much embarrassed to speak rationally, I replied that she herself had been the cause of my looking so steadfastly upon the pond. Immediately conscious, however, of the blunder, I added, in reply to her request for an explanation, that it should ere long be given, and solicited her indulgence for the delay.

“I discovered in the course of our conversation that she was the daughter of a lady who had recently hired the cottage on this secluded park. Finding it impossible to moderate the ardour of my looks and deportment so soon after this enchanting and unhopd for discovery, I acknowledged myself the owner of the next estate, obtained permission to pay my respects to her mother and herself the ensuing day, retreated with the best grace I could assume, and reached home in a state of ecstasy bordering on delirium.

“On the following morning, at an hour somewhat earlier than fashion sanctions, I called upon my new neigh-

hours, and after a caution from the younger to make no allusion to the French revolution, was introduced to her mother, a lady under fifty, who had once been as lovely as her daughter, but was evidently out of health and spirits, and in a state of highly nervous excitement. The language and bearing of both indicated refined education and the habits of good society. Of their previous history they said nothing, and I rather inferred than understood that they had sustained a great reverse of fortune, and had sought a home in that sequestered valley, with a view to retirement and economy. The young lady was called Julia by her mother, and so far the name corresponded with that mentioned by the Italian; neither of them, however, mentioned any surname, and the name of Melzdal, by which they were known in the village, was, as I subsequently heard, an assumed one. You will readily believe, Leopold, that I neglected no opportunity of cultivating the society and the affection of the incomparable Julia. I soon discovered, that although in stronger health, and possessing greater energy of character than her mother, she was equally preyed upon by some secret and heavy affliction, and shunned all mention of the French revolution. More than once I surprised her in tears, which she explained by allusions to the loss of near relatives. I observed, too, with surprise, that her favourite walk was to the village cemetery, and that she was in the habit of passing some portion of every day amidst the rustic memorials of the dead. Gradually, however, the settled grief which seemed to sit heavily on her young

heart, appeared to yield to my restrained but unceasing endeavours to win her good opinion. The rosy hues of health began to blend with the pure white of her clear and delicate complexion, and with returning cheerfulness she became more communicative on all subjects, excepting her previous history. I passed some hours each day in her society, and yet I never had enough of it, so bewitching was her modesty and sensibility, so varied her intelligence, so eloquent her language, whether in French or German, in both of which she discoursed with rare facility and elegance. In short, after a fortnight of daily intercourse, I found her so far above, and so widely different from every woman I had seen, so pure in sentiment, so elegant in manners, so firm in moral and religious principle, that although still unacquainted with her family and previous condition, I no longer hesitated. Conceiving that my daily and protracted visits had been equal to six months' acquaintance, under circumstances less favourable to frequent intercourse; believing, too, that I read approval in the mother's eyes, and no disapprobation in those of the daughter, I ventured to approach my object, by relating to Julia my discovery and purchase of the wax figure at Nuremburg, the instant and indelible impression it had made upon me, and my fruitless search for the original in France and Germany. I observed that she turned pale and trembled when I first mentioned the wax-figure. Not daring to encounter her eyes, as I approached the avowal of my sudden and unconquerable passion, I proceeded without looking at her, and with returning self-

possession. When, however, I began to detail the perils I had encountered amidst the savage revolutionists of Alsace, I was interrupted by Julia, who suddenly seized my arm, and, before I could prevent it, fell senseless on the ground. I raised and carried her to a garden bench by the pond, and soon succeeded in restoring her to animation, by throwing water on her face. Soon as she had recovered the power of speech and self-possession, she frankly acknowledged that she was not insensible to my strong and flattering regard for one whose family connexions and previous life were unknown to me, and must remain so until her mother's morbid apprehensions of discovery by French spies had subsided; or until the anxiously expected arrival of her brother from Paris, would enable them to choose a residence farther removed than that they occupied, from the rapidly increasing influence of the French government. If, however, I would wait her brother's arrival, and could obtain his and her mother's consent to our union, her own would probably not be withheld. A delay of some months, too, would afford to each party a better knowledge of the other, and a better sanction for the sacred and enduring bond of marriage. Meanwhile she implored me to conceal from her drooping and terrified parent, my knowledge that they were French emigrants from Alsace, and patiently to await the course of events—above all, to avoid any mention of her mother and herself in Nuremberg, where the Burgomasters were intimidated by the rapid progress of the French armies, and wanted power to protect the unhappy fugitives, who had sought an asylum within their narrow territory.

“With grateful rapture I thanked her for this ingenuous and flattering acknowledgment of her prepossession, and did not hesitate to promise unlimited compliance with her wishes, and deference to her mother’s impaired health and spirits. But before three days had elapsed, I discovered that my promise to submit to such indefinite delay had far exceeded my powers of performance, and anew I pressed my suit with a persevering fervour, which she resisted for some time, but at length yielded her reluctant consent, that I should apply for her mother’s approval of our early nuptials—on condition that I should not distress her invalid parent, by inquiries concerning their original condition, and that I and the clergyman only should witness the signature of her real name to the marriage contract. It is sufficient to add, that her mother, in precarious health, and anxious to see her daughter’s future happiness and support secured by marriage, yielded to my urgent pleadings, and in another week I became the happy husband of the most perfect and lovely of women. I should have introduced my friend Leopold to my Julia soon after, or indeed before our union, had not she, who seems to partake of her mother’s exaggerated terrors of discovery by French spies, exacted a promise that I would not reveal my altered situation even to you; nor have I, without great difficulty, obtained this morning a remission in your favour only.”

Leopold, volatile by habit, but by no means destitute of sound judgment, had listened attentively to his friend’s narrative, and, when it was concluded, he

gravely shook his head. "By all that's mystical! Theodore," he began, "you were predestined to become a hero of romance—but you must excuse me if I add," continued he, smiling, "that you must have possessed more than heroic courage, to marry a lady of unknown name and family—apparently a proscribed fugitive—afraid to acknowledge her marriage with a man of your figure, rank, and fortune—and to crown all, addicted to daily rambles and meditations amongst the tombs; to say nothing of her close resemblance to one who has been decapitated. In truth, Sir Knight! you had done well to pause ere you tied yourself for life to so mysterious, and, I must add, suspicious a fair one. You had better have taken my advice, and married the wax figure."

In reply to this attack, his friend, too happy to feel offended, took from his bosom the miniature portrait of his bride, and held it out to Leopold, as abundant refutation of his ungallant misgivings. The young Prussian gazed for some time in silent admiration on the beautiful countenance, to which the painter had conveyed a charm irresistibly potent—a life and character far beyond the power of the modeller in wax—and at length he acknowledged, that he must have been more than a hero, indeed more than human, who could have contended against the witchery of such a face and form, and the soft lustre of the most captivating eyes he had ever beheld.

At this moment a servant entered with a note for Theodore, who read it with such obvious and rising

agitation, that Leopold approached him in alarm, and took the paper offered to him by his friend, ere he fell back almost senseless on his chair. The contents ran thus :—

“Farewell, my beloved husband, for, I trust, a short period only—a pressing danger allows me barely time to say, that circumstances beyond our control compel me and my poor mother to instant flight. Seek not our retreat—beware of making our absence public, and confide, I beseech you, in the love and truth of your own, your tenderly affectionate

“JULIA.”

In vain did Leopold exhaust all his powers of reasoning and consolation to reconcile his unhappy friend to this sudden and singular calamity. In vain, too, did he offer his own active assistance, and that of his recruiting myrmidons, to scour the surrounding country in pursuit of the fugitives. Theodore declared his intention to yield implicit obedience to his wife's intreaty, that he would refrain from all attempts to discover her retreat; and Leopold, to whom it was evident that solitude and the mournful luxury of musing would yield more relief to the bereaved husband than any efforts of his own to divert his thoughts, took leave of him, after exacting a promise that he would visit him at Nuremburg, on the next or the following day.

On the day but one after the strange disappearance of Julia and her mother, the sympathizing Leopold was endeavouring to relieve his depressed spirits by viewing from his window the bustle in the street below, when he saw a travelling carriage draw up to

the hotel, and Walden alight from it. "What news, Theodore!" exclaimed Leopold, as he anxiously endeavoured to discover in his friend's face some indication of better intelligence than he anticipated. "News!" answered Theodore, mournfully,—“Alas! my good Leopold, I have heard tidings of the lovely woman I married, so strange and horrible, that my brain is on fire—I have lost all power of thought and action, and I come to you for aid and counsel in a dilemma which has no parallel in the fictions of romance.—Hear, and believe me if you can.

“This morning, after my return from a third visit to the deserted residence of Julia's mother, I was alone in my parlour, revolving bitter thoughts, and all but determined to go in quest of my beloved fugitive, when I was informed that a French gentleman requested to see me on urgent business. Indisposed to see any one, I declined his visit, but was induced by his persevering intreaties to admit him. He was attired in black, and a man about forty, tall, pallid, and of an appearance not unprepossessing. He announced himself by the name of Delorme, and soon as the servant had left the room, he addressed me in French, with evident emotion, and a singular solemnity of manner.

“‘I believe, Sir, you have recently married.’ This abrupt inquiry disconcerted and pained me inexpressibly: he observed it, and continued. ‘To prevent all misconceptions, will you have the goodness to inform me if these are the features of the lady you have mar-



ried?’ While thus speaking, he held out to me a medallion portrait, at the sight of which I recoiled, and immediately felt for the miniature of Julia given to me by her mother, so perfectly was the portrait he displayed the *fac-simile* of mine. They were, indeed, evidently painted by the same hand. At length I answered his question in the affirmative. He then inquired if he could be permitted to see the lady, and with such visible emotion, that I answered somewhat coldly, if not sternly, that she was absent on a visit, and not expected for some time.

“‘In consequence of information,’ he continued, ‘that she had been seen in the vicinity of Nuremburg, I have travelled from Lorraine purposely to discover her retreat—after a long search in every village around Nuremburg I did discover it—I saw her twice from a distance, but I had not courage to approach and speak to her—I have since accidentally discovered her marriage to you—and I take the liberty of inquiring if the name of the lady was Julia de Lindorf?’

“‘Lindorf?’ I exclaimed in surprise and alarm.—I could not utter another word. This was the name subscribed by Julia to our marriage contract, and its close affinity to the name attributed by the Italian to the executed original of the wax figure, had strangely disturbed me when I saw it on the parchment. And how could this man have heard a name revealed only to me? It was obvious that he had formerly known her, and I gazed upon my strange visitor with new and painful curiosity.

“ ‘Your emotion, Sir,’ he resumed, ‘ betrays to me that I am not in error, and to remove all farther doubt, I beg you will inform me whether the handwriting of this manuscript is known to you,’ he continued, unfolding a paper containing some French verses, written in the elegant, but peculiar and Italianized character of my wife’s hand.

“ ‘I could not but acknowledge the identity of the writing.

“ ‘Sir!’ said he, with melancholy gravity, ‘ the frankness of your reply gives you a claim to unreserved communication from me, on a subject of deep importance to your present and future happiness. Before, however, I arrive at a strange and awful conclusion, I must lead to it by some introductory remarks. Ten years back I was a reckless unbeliever in the possibility that disembodied spirits could revisit this world. I became, however, well acquainted with the celebrated Cagliostro, and was more than once admitted to a private exhibition of his extraordinary powers. What I beheld I cannot now detail. It is sufficient to acknowledge that my unbelief, if not subdued, was materially shaken by what I saw and heard during my intercourse with that extraordinary man, and now, if seeing is believing, I have within the last week attained a settled conviction, that departed spirits are permitted, for mysterious purposes, to revisit this earth. I trust, Sir, that I have said enough to prepare you in some measure for the startling intelligence, that you are married to one who died last August on the scaffold!’

“ Prone as I have been from early youth, to draw romantic conclusions from uncommon appearances—excited too by a sleepless night, by intense anxiety, by disturbing recollections of the Italian’s information, that Julia de Lindorf had been guillotined, and of my wife’s singular propensity, even since her marriage, to linger daily in the church-yard,—still this Frenchman’s story was far too monstrous for any modification of belief in the last *decennium* of the eighteenth century. Yet I must acknowledge there was something so appalling in the oracular solemnity of the stranger’s manner, in the livid paleness of his countenance, and the deep black in which his tall emaciated figure was apparelled, that I began to regard him as one far less earthly than my beloved and loving Julia. In short, this mysterious visitor, and his horrible story, affected my already exhausted spirits so powerfully, that I gasped for breath, and was unable to utter a word in reply. For some time I surveyed him in speechless consternation, but at length my horror yielded to a rising sense of indignation, which restored the power of utterance—

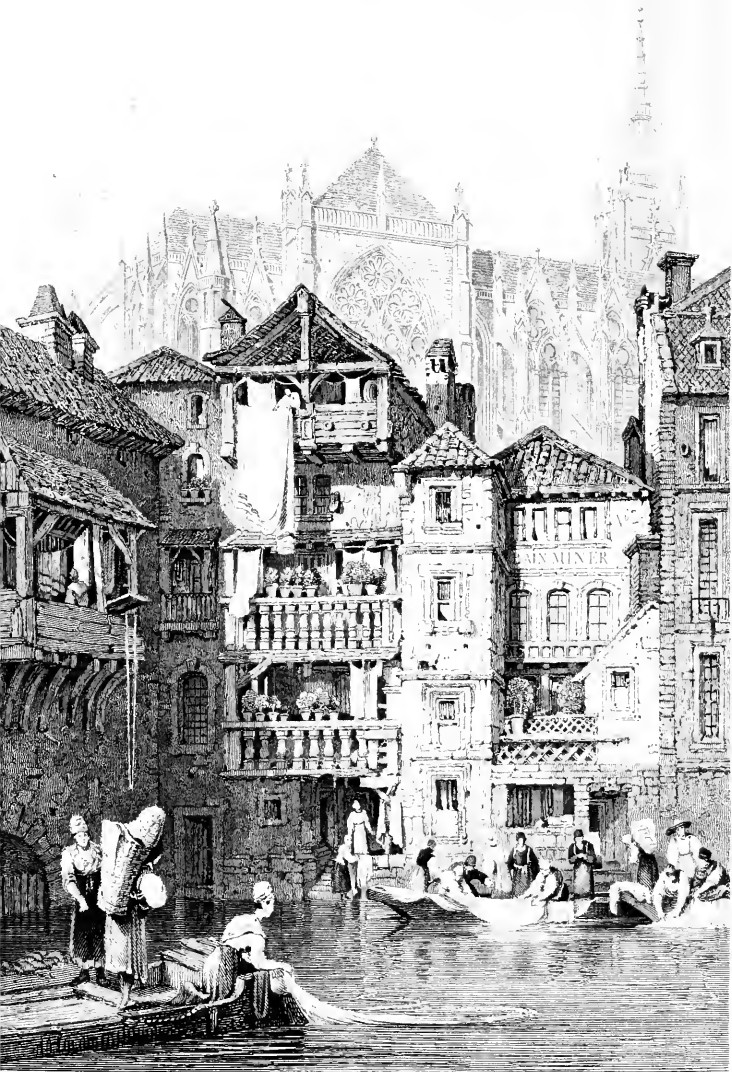
“ ‘What!’ I vehemently exclaimed, ‘that beautiful creature, with life beating in every pulse, and love glowing in every feature—a re-embodied spirit? Impossible!’

“ The stranger sighed deeply, shrugged his shoulders, and mournfully replied—

“ ‘If I thought you sufficiently composed to listen to me without injurious emotion, I would relate to you the tragic incidents which brought the peerless Julia to an untimely death.’

“ ‘Proceed, Sir!’ I answered, ‘without further preface—after hearing what I *have* heard, I may safely listen to *any thing*.’

“ ‘You are doubtless aware,’ he began, ‘that the revolutionary hurricane, which drove such numbers of Frenchmen from their native land, compelled many of those who remained to seek a temporary or permanent change of residence. Amongst the latter was the father of Julia de Lindorf, a man of fortune and long residence in Strasburg, which he quitted when the movements of the people became formidable to all men of mark and opulence, and sought a retreat upon an estate he possessed about half a league from Metz. In this ancient capital of Lorrain, I inherited considerable property. I had formerly known M. de Lindorf in Strasburg, and soon as I heard that he had fixed his residence at his country seat near Metz, I renewed the acquaintance, became a frequent visitor at his house, and a fervent admirer of his matchless daughter. My wealth and personal consideration recommended me to her parents, who persuaded Julia to receive my visits as a lover, and eventually I obtained her consent to become my wife, as soon as the popular effervescence, which we then considered but a temporary evil, should have subsided. Although I had the consent of Julia to become mine, I was not vain enough to deceive myself with a hope that she loved me. At that period I was not destitute of personal advantages, but I was beyond the age at which I could reasonably expect to win the affections of a young and very attractive woman. She had not





then, however, seen any man she liked better, and, like thousands of her sex in France, she was persuaded by the parents she dearly loved, to consent to what we term a "*mariage de raison.*" Meanwhile the revolution, far from subsiding, assumed a more violent and bloody character. Throughout the provinces, as well as in Paris, the ears of those in power were open to accusations, however atrocious and clandestine. Upon the slight ground of anonymous evidence by the post from Strasburg, Citizen Lindorf was arrested, and brought before the Committee of Public Safety, of which in an evil hour I had become one, with a view to protect my person and fortune, and without reflecting that I was deficient in that moral courage and self command, essential to make the security I then sought available. I found myself compelled to act in concert with bloodthirsty men, who regarded me with jealousy and suspicion, and who sought to compromise me with a view to the confiscation and easy acquisition of my extensive possessions. Thus critically circumstanced, I was compelled to join in their unjust and murderous condemnation of the worthy Citizen Lindorf, whom no evidence of mine could have saved, and who was, alas! hurried to the scaffold. But a trial, far more appalling, still awaited me. Madame de Lindorf, anticipating the worst, had sold her patrimonial inheritance in Strasburg, some months before this sad event, and remitted the value to the bank of Hamburg. This disposal of her property was unknown, I thought, except to myself, her husband, and daughter. The sale, however, transpired, and gave

rise to suspicions that she had in her hands a considerable sum in specie. Immediately after the execution of her husband, and while the wife and daughter were sinking under the weight of this sudden and tremendous calamity, a domiciliary visit was ordered, and on the ensuing night, these helpless females were summoned by a band of armed ruffians, to deliver up their letters and papers, and on inspection at the bureau of those belonging to Julia, three letters were discovered, addressed by Charlotte Corday to Madame de Lindorf, who, I verily believe, knew that heroic woman only by public report. On this fabricated evidence, however, orders for the arrest and trial of the mother and daughter were issued. At my suggestion they had made preparations for flight, immediately after the execution of my lamented friend. I had strongly urged the necessity of their separation to lessen the danger of their being discovered; the mother succeeded in reaching Germany, but the ill-fated Julia was discovered in the garb of a peasant at the farm of one of her father's tenants, by all of whom the family was much beloved. Believing that their disguise, and the passes I had procured for them, would secure their safe departure from France, I felt comparatively easy as to my own fate. Judge then of my surprise and horror, when the following day I was myself summoned before the tribune, and saw my betrothed brought up for trial, which, at that bloody period, implied certain condemnation to death. Too soon was I apprised of the treacherous object of the cruel judges in summoning me. I was confronted with the accused, on



suspicion of having procured for her the fabricated pass found on her person. To be "even suspected of being suspicious," as the revolutionists phrased it, was enough to put my life in hazard. To confess the truth would have been to sacrifice myself without any benefit to the prisoner. In a moment of cowardice, for which I shall never cease to reproach myself, I denied the charge. The accused was now called upon to say, whether I had directly or indirectly conveyed to her the pass—and never shall I forget the dignified contempt with which the noble-minded Julia replied:—"The citizen Delorme has answered your question."

"Again the blood-thirsty members of the tribunal fixed their searching looks upon me. Words cannot describe my terror at that critical moment. Cold drops of perspiration oozed from my forehead—I lost all self-possession, and another second would have betrayed me, when suddenly a loud and growing tumult was heard in the street before the tribune. The sentinels were disarmed and driven into the hall, by a numerous band of armed peasantry, the tenants and neighbours of the Lindorf family.

"The extensive charities and conciliating manners of Madame de Lindorf and her daughter, during their annual summer residence on the estate near Metz, had so much endeared them to their tenants, that the intelligence of Julia's capture and inevitable trial, had caused an immediate assemblage of the grateful peasants and their neighbours, who had occupied every avenue to the tribunal, and loudly demanded the liberation of the

accused. Now was the time for me to act with decision and effect. The judges trembled on their seats—their guards and myrmidons had been seized by the rustics, while attempting to escape. Had I been gifted with common resolution, I might have saved myself and Julia, by denouncing the judges, and claiming the protection of the people for both. But my accursed cowardice allowed the precious moment to escape. The members of the tribunal regained courage and confidence—blinded the simple peasants by assuring them that Julia was no prisoner but a witness, and that she should be liberated so soon as her evidence had been obtained, on the trial of a prisoner accused of grave offences against the republic. The credulous peasantry, satisfied with this assurance, speedily dispersed; Julia was committed to the custody of the *concierge*, and conveyed to prison by a passage communicating with the tribune. I was permitted to return home; but I soon observed that I was under the *surveillance* of spies, and that the escape, which my cowardly alarms suggested, was impracticable.

“ ‘ After this trying scene, I passed two wretched days and sleepless nights, in mortal apprehension of some approaching catastrophe, and my worst forebodings were too soon realized. Late in the evening of the second day, I was again summoned before the tribune. On my arrival there, I was conducted through the passage leading to the prison, to an inner-court, in which was kept that formidable instrument of revolutionary punishment, the guillotine, and thence it was rolled out on wheels

when required for public executions. The revolutionary fanatics who had usurped the administration of justice were all present—the gloomy court was lighted by torches, and the executioner, who was a stranger, and, as I subsequently heard, had been procured from Strasburg to conceal the savage purpose of the authorities of Metz, was evidently preparing for the decapitation of a prisoner. I saw that I was closely watched by the cruel men who sought my destruction, and I shuddered with prophetic horror of that terrible event which was now at hand. Soon I heard the sound of approaching and heavy footsteps; the prison door was opened, and two men appeared supporting the senseless form of my beloved Julia de Lindorf. She was in the same peasant garb I had seen on her examination before the tribune; and her remarkably luxuriant tresses swept the ground as her beautiful and well-remembered figure was dragged across the court, and placed under the fatal axe. At this excruciating moment every eye was fixed upon me, in expectation, probably, that I should, like a lover and a man, rush forward and attempt to save her life by denouncing myself. Would to Heaven I had done it, or that I had fallen dead on the spot! but, alas! my miserable love of life prevailed. I gazed upon the dreadful scene with nameless horror, but I spoke not—the signal was given—the axe fell—and the innocent head of the woman I adored rolled from the scaffold. I still hear the sound of its fall; a sound that will haunt me for ever and ever!

“Here the stranger groaned aloud, burst into passionate

weeping, and covered his face with his hands. Horror-struck by this appalling narrative, and indignant at the base and unmanly conduct he had acknowledged, I started from my chair, strode along the room for some time in uncontrollable agitation, and at length sat down exhausted; but as far from him as the extent of the room would permit. Then, desiring him to wait my return, I hastily quitted the house, and endeavoured to regain a more tranquil state of feeling, in a secluded avenue of the park. On a cooler retrospection of this strange narrative, it appeared to me abundantly obvious, that this Frenchman was either an impostor or a madman. Conscious, at the same time, that my own judgment was too unsettled to get at the truth by cross-examination, I instantly resolved to request his company to Nuremberg, there to solicit your co-operation in my endeavours to solve this agonizing mystery. He is now waiting our summons in the carriage below, and soon as you have cross-questioned him, I will immediately proceed in search of the beloved wife, whom this crazy Frenchman still pronounces a re-embodied spirit."

Whether insane or not on this topic, on every other the stranger was so rational and consistent, during a long conversation with the two young men, and produced documentary evidence and introductory letters of such unquestionable respectability, that they ceased to interrogate him, and for some time looked alternately upon the Frenchman and upon each other, in silent consternation.

The idea suddenly occurred to Leopold, that Julia

and her mother had seen Delorme lurking about the cottage; and that their horror at the sight of one who had joined in the condemnation of M. de Lindorf, or their apprehensions that he meditated a forcible attempt to carry the young lady back to France, had caused such ungovernable terror, as to induce instant flight to a safer asylum, where they would probably remain until they had received intelligence of his departure.

Without further consideration of this puzzling question, he determined to send the hateful disturber of his friend's happiness to such a distance from Nuremburg, and to such custody, as would render his return for some months an impossibility. Finding, too, on inquiry from Delorme, that after effecting the sale of some part of his property, he had quitted France for ever, and intended to reside in Nuremburg, Leopold concluded to forward him as a recruit, with a party of men on the point of setting off for Magdeburg. With true military despatch he made such effective arrangements, that the unsuspecting Frenchman was kidnapped the following night, and compelled to proceed at day-break with a supply of recruits to northern Germany; provided, however, with a letter from Leopold to a brother officer of rank at Magdeburg, which procured him every practicable mitigation of his condition, and his dismissal in three months as unfit for the service. This frolic of the young officer was concealed from Theodore. But he soon became aware of the Frenchman's departure from the city, and at his friend's suggestion returned to Waldenhain, with a lively expectation that

his spectre-bride would ere long appear, and solve the otherwise utterly inexplicable narrative of Delorme.

A month rolled by in slow and painful suspense, relieved only by occasional visits from Leopold, and daily walks to the cottage of Madame de Lindorf. When there, he passed no small portion of his time in listlessly poring on the smooth surface of the pond, and impatient longings for the re-appearance of the exquisite features he had seen there some weeks before.

At length his persevering visits to the farm were rewarded by the sudden appearance of his Julia's beloved image in the water. It was at a time when he was ruminating in deep perplexity upon the marvellous tale of Delorme, and so much agitated by his vivid recollection of its horrible catastrophe, that when his wife approached him with open arms and evident delight, he started back in consternation, as if from some unearthly object. Julia, heart-struck by this seeming avoidance of her cordial greeting, let fall her arms, and burst into tears, but was instantly undeceived by the warm embrace of her enraptured husband, to whom, before they rejoined her mother in the cottage, she accounted for her past reserve and late departure. After detailing her early life, in terms essentially corresponding with the narrative of Delorme, until the day appointed for her secret execution, she thus proceeded:—

“ The *concierge* of the prison and his assistant were brothers, and, happily for me, the sons of an aged widow, a tenant of my lamented father's. The old age and poverty of this worthy matron had been cheered and

supported by my mother for many years ; and her sons, however hardened in some respects by their official duties, proved themselves not deficient in filial devotion, by their endeavours to save me from the dreadful doom which they well knew awaited me. Amongst the numerous prisoners in their custody was a young woman who closely resembled me in person, and in the colour and luxuriant growth of her hair. She had been rapidly sinking for some days under the bereavement of several near relations by the guillotine, and died the night before the evening appointed to usher me to the scaffold. The *concierge*, who had apprized me of his intentions to save me if possible, bade me exchange my rustic attire for the garb of his Strasburg chamber-maid. He then told me that he intended to dress out the body of the deceased female in my peasant costume, to conceal her features by tossing over them the long unbraided hair, to drag her, assisted by his brother, to the guillotine, and to tell the judges she had fainted as they removed her from the cell. To aid the deception, he resolved also to light the inner court very imperfectly, and to place the torches close to the members of the tribune, leaving the guillotine in comparative obscurity. That this benevolent stratagem succeeded, you have evidence, my dear husband, before you,—and a few words will now suffice to inform you how I escaped from unhappy France, and rejoined my mother, according to our appointment, in Nuremberg. It was not until near midnight, when the moon was down, and the streets in nearly total darkness, that the *concierge* ventured to

attempt my deliverance. Dressed in the clothes of his wife, with a basket under my arm, and a close-drawn bonnet to conceal features well known to many in Metz, I left the prison with the brother of the *concierge*, who unlocked the gate, and told the sentinel that I was his wife, going out to procure some medicines for the children. My companion led me through several streets, and by a circuitous route to the city cathedral, and there bade me wait in the deep gloom of the porch until he returned. A long hour, which appeared to me a dreary night, did I pass there in deadly suspense, and this suspense became an agony of terror when I heard the approaching tramp of a numerous body of men, preceded by several torches, carried by persons on horseback. After an earnest prayer for the divine protection, I threw the skirt of my dark dress over my head, and crouched down on the ground in the farthest corner of the porch,—where, with a palpitating heart, I listened to the tumultuous march and boisterous discourse of a detachment of military, sent, as I conjectured, from Strasburg, in consequence of the attack upon the tribunal by my 'poor father's tenants and neighbours, for I heard my family name uttered with execration. The last of the line of soldiers had passed by, I began to breathe more freely, and ere long my guide appeared. Requesting me to take his arm, he crossed the street, descended the steps of a cellar, dimly lighted by a single lamp, and in which I observed several baskets packed with linen. Lighting a small lantern and bidding me follow him without apprehension, he conducted me



through a long and low passage which opened upon the river. I followed him down several steps into a small boat, partially overlaid with planking, under which he desired me to conceal myself. Then covering the planks and the entrance to my hiding-place with baskets of linen, intended for some country washer-woman, he put on one of the blue linen frocks worn by the peasants of Lorraine and Alsace, took the oars and plied them so vigorously and yet silently, that we escaped all notice from the sentinels, and reached his mother's house, about half a league from Metz. Here I remained until rejoined by Pierre Dumas, an old and faithful retainer of the family, by whose assistance I reached the Rhine, crossed it at midnight, and arrived without injury at Nuremburg, where I found my mother in declining health, and so unsettled in mind by the sudden and calamitous fate of my excellent father, and apprehensions for my brother, that I was induced to seek shelter in the secluded vale of Waldenhain, in the hope of giving her an increased sense of security from the French spies, who she fancied were ever haunting her footsteps. This apprehension at last seized me also, my Theodore. Long dwelt upon, it was always present to us both, and became, I fear, a partial modification of insanity, deeply rooted, and unremoveable, except by a total change of scene and circumstance. Walking one day with my mother towards the cemetery, in which, since my father's death, I had found a morbid gratification, my mother distinctly saw Delorme and another Frenchman enter the church. She had unfortunately observed in the Nurem-

burg Gazette of the preceding day, some details of the capture of several French emigrants of rank, by a party of marauders, within ten leagues of the city. The sight of Delorme was so hateful and terrible to us both, for reasons you shall learn more in detail hereafter, that you will not wonder, I think, if, when the day after we saw him looking at us through the cottage-window, we lost all presence of mind, and believed him an agent of the Republic, supported perhaps, by a concealed party of French soldiers, who might, if we fled to Waldenhain, destroy your house and endanger your valuable life. Surely, Theodore, when thus alarmed,—haunted too for months by a nervous apprehension, that the cowardly Delorme would, if he could find our retreat, take us forcibly back to France, and compel me by some new act of Republican legislation to become his wife, you will cease to wonder that I yielded to my terrified mother's agony, and consented to fly with her to a sheep farm in the Western mountains, while we sent our faithful Pierre to whom the person of Delorme was well known, to keep guard at Nuremberg, and inform us when he was assured of his departure, that we might return without delay. So much has my mother dreaded a discovery, that she would not even permit me to write to you, lest by some means my letter might betray our retreat."

It was evident to Theodore from this narration, and the explanatory details that followed it, that the sudden arrest and execution of Lindorf, and the trying scenes and perils which his wife and daughter had undergone

after his death, had induced in the mind of both a diseased and constant feeling of peril and of pursuit, which, on the clandestine approaches of Delorme, had overpowered all control, and occasioned their instant flight.

Such instances of mental infirmity, in connexion with some painful and deeply-rooted recollection of the bloody scenes of 1793, were not infrequent among the unfortunate female emigrants, and it is well known that the terrors of that dismal year in Paris, were the immediate cause of numerous cases of insanity, especially amongst women, young and old.

A few days after this happy reunion, Leopold received a summons from his commanding officer to join his regiment at Berlin. About the same period a letter from Frederick Lindorf announced his escape and safe arrival in England. Thus released from any necessity to remain in Nuremburg, the ladies gladly acceded to Leopold's invitation, and proposed an immediate removal to the less perilous locality of the Prussian capital. Theodore, to whom an eminent physician had recommended for Julia and her mother a total change of air, scene, and circumstance,—as the only remedy for their disorganized temperament, speedily followed his friend to Berlin, hired a good house there for twelve months, and entered largely into the society and public amusements of the animated city. The beneficial effects were speedily apparent in the improved health, both moral and physical, of Madame de Lindorf and her daughter. Theodore, also, by frequent collision with intelligent

society, rubbed off his sentimentality, but he retained through life his romantic purity of heart and purpose, and cherished his admirable partner with such devoted and enthusiastic affection, that she sometimes sportively told him it would be impossible for her to feel jealous of any one, save *her own wax-figure!*

## THE COTTAGE OF KOSWARA.

A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

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Are there not friendly ministers abroad ;  
 Seraphic forms ; bright messengers of love ;  
 Who, when the good are perilled to the death,  
 Appear with hope upon their heavenly wings,  
 To solace and to save ? Yea, such there are.

THE RED TOWER.

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NOT very far from the beautiful village of Tokay, there rises a lofty hill covered with vines, which yield the delicious nectar of *Hegy-alla*.\* The vines wind round enormous stones, intermingling with the ivy and the honeysuckle, and clamber up a grim massive tower, which topples in picturesque grandeur on the verge of the hill. The oak and the pine have driven their roots slowly but irresistibly into the fissures of the ruined pile, which yawns upon the passing traveller, threatening every moment to bury him in its fall. This tower is the only remnant of the once magnificent castle of Jaromirz, a gloomy monument of the feudal power and atrocity of its lords. Fifteen skeletons may still be

\* The best Tokay.

seen in its dungeon, in their frightful collars and leg and arm-irons, as if they had there lived and died, hideously grinning at the intruding stranger.

About four hundred years ago, and long before the reign of the Huniades, the haughty counts of Jaromirz held rule over this castle and the appertaining territory. Three thousand serfs acknowledged their supremacy, and twenty-five knights owed their fair estates to their vassalage. The fiercest of these warriors trembled at the frown of the old count, for implacable and deadly was his enmity. No song, no harp, no laughter, ever resounded within his halls. For twenty years woman had not crossed his threshold; the stillness that encircled him was only interrupted by the clattering of spurs, the clanging of sabres, and the neighing of horses.

It was on the first of May, in the year 1306, that fifty noblemen, as many knights, and twice as many squires, had assembled from the vast plains of Upper Hungary, to celebrate the return of Count Stephen Jaromirz. A hundred boars, and thrice that number of stags, had been slaughtered in the great hunt which the old count had given in honour of the unexpected return of his son, the greatest heir in the most powerful empire of eastern Christendom. Of the guests, only the lord magnates enjoyed the honour, according to the custom of the country, of being admitted to the same table with their noble entertainers. The knights dined in a second hall; in a third their squires; and six different tables (the larger in size the humbler those who were to occupy them) were spread in the halls of the menials.

The noble magnates sat round the festive board, which was loaded with the sumptuous fare of baronial hospitality. A boar entire, boiled in milk, graced the upper end; a stag dressed in vinegar and French oil, the lower. There were swans, and herons, and falcons, covered with the costliest spices to whet the appetite. Behind each of the illustrious guests stood two pages; one holding a large silver knife and fork, the other a goblet sparkling with Tokay.

Joy-exciting as the sumptuous entertainment was, there presided a heavy spirit over the assembly. Scarcely a word was spoken; a hollow murmur creeping at intervals through the vast banquetting-hall, not unlike the voice of a distant tempest, was all that was heard. When the noble guests had sat for about an hour, the aged host arose, and elevating the *pockall*, or golden goblet, gave the toast,—“Death to the assassins, and revenge, bloody revenge!”

“Death,” repeated the guests, imitating his gesture,—“death to the race of Naples!”

Bowing deeply round, the old count emptied the *pockall*, and set it upon his plate, a sign that the banquet was at an end.

Of all the members of the illustrious party, the young Count Jaromirz had been the most melancholy. The habitual sternness of his countrymen, but seldom relieved by a smile, was gaiety compared with the deep gloom which overspread his manly and beautiful countenance. Much cause had he for sadness. He had returned from Naples, conveying the tidings of the murder

of the King of both Sicilies, the brother of the King of Hungary, the friend of his bosom. He was come with the call of revenge to his king and countrymen, and with them he was to return to the lovely but treacherous Naples. The table was no sooner deserted, than Count Stephen hastened to the court yard, and throwing himself on his horse, dashed into the forest, which stretched from the base of the hill down to the banks of the Theiss. Under the quiet shade of Jaromirz' oak he hoped to find repose.

But hark ! what sound was that close to his side amidst the underwood ? It was the growl of a gigantic boar, wounded in yesterday's hunt. The animal raised its head ; its eyes flashed furiously, and retreat was too late. The savage beast was rushing upon Stephen, whose Damascus blade made but a feeble impression upon its grizzled and matted hide. A moment longer, and the hope of the house of Jaromirz, the pride of his country would fall beneath its tusks.

"Stephen !" said a soft, child-like voice, and a javelin, darted from unseen hands, pierced the animal to the heart.

"Stephen," repeated the same soft voice, "follow !"

A light silvery cloud arose and flitted swiftly through the mazes of the forest. It brightened as he advanced, and then melted into three blue stars that sparkled before him, and receded into a grotto, the entrance of which was supported by four massy columns of granite.

"Follow !" continued the voice—and "follow my son !" echoed another voice, which resounded from the interior of the grotto.



The youth paused. Fiery and threatening glances darted from shapeless monsters crawling on the ground, but the child-like voice again exhorting him to follow, he obeyed. He glided rapidly through a corridor hewn in the rock, the surface of which sparkled in the blue light like the starry vault of heaven. Ever as he advanced the corridor became wider, and the walls of greater altitude, and all at once a flood of light streamed towards him. He stood before a portal of dazzling whiteness: six lofty columns of snowy marble supported a gorgeous architrave composed of sapphires and rubies.

“Follow!” cried the voice in a louder tone.

“Not before I know whither my steps are to lead.”

“Our mistress waits for you,” returned three voices, issuing from the blue stars, which enlarged and melted into as many ethereal forms, arrayed in radiant robes of white; their girdles glittered with costly sapphires, their tresses in curls long and beautiful depended to their feet, on which were sandals flaming with gems. Their buoyant forms floated in air.

“Where am I?” exclaimed the youth.

The fairies laid their fingers on their lips; the portal flew wide open, and they entered with him. Celestial harmony gave him welcome; but no musicians were to be seen; ambrosial odours perfumed the air; his eyelids involuntarily drooped; his senses became spell-bound; and he was borne unconsciously along.

When he recovered from the delicious trance, he found himself in a spacious saloon, which softly swung to and fro in this subterranean paradise. It was an

octagon, the columns of which were, strange to say, of the purest water — its roof of the same material; the walls and ceiling seemed one immense diamond. In the centre was a basin wrought in virgin gold, and luminous with precious stones. The richest odours of every zone, the blossoms and flowers of the most distant climes perfumed the air. Upon an ottoman, the frame of which was of coral and gold, reclined a female, whose dazzling loveliness alone appeared superior to the unearthly charms of her abode. A wreath of laurel cinctured her forehead; a robe of ethereal blue undulated around her; pearls of surpassing beauty were disposed in clusters through her hair; an *agraffe*, formed of a single diamond, clasped her girdle.

The youth stood in respectful silence before the splendid vision.

“Why has Stephen Jaromirz forgotten the cottage of Koswara?” said the reclining figure, with royal dignity.

“Not forgotten, august lady.—It is only four times twenty-four hours since I returned from Naples.”

“Jaromirz! Thou must follow thy king and thy brother lords, to whom thou hast brought the message of the murder of a scion of the royal house of Hungary. In two hours the trumpet will sound and the beacons burn, to summon the avengers before Buda’s walls. In six times twenty-four hours, fifty thousand Hungarians will speed on their swift horses to avenge the death of their sovereign’s brother. The Count of Jaromirz, the descendant of the great Bela, must not stay

behind. Few are the hours, send thy vassals to Buda, and be at the cottage of Koswara when the sun reaches the meridian."

A burst of music pealed on his ears, a silvery cloud hovered before him, he felt himself uplifted by an invisible power; and ere he was aware, he found himself by the side of his neighing charger. Thoughtful he vaulted into the saddle, and galloped towards the castle of his sires. As he issued from the forest he beheld the seven lights flaming on the battlements of his seven towers, summoning the vassals and warriors to the service of the sword and the axe.

"Has Count Stephen Jaromirz forgotten the duties of a noble entertainer toward his guests? Why has he absented himself?" said the haughty father, when the son entered the hall, where the magnates were assembled in grave deliberation.

"The loss of a dear and royal friend, it is humbly hoped, may serve as my excuse," replied Stephen, reverently. He passed that night with the grim company, who separated on the morning to put themselves at the head of their warriors.

Count Stephen was awakened by the clashing of swords and the clattering of spurs. Twenty-five knights and a thousand horsemen were assembled before the castle, awaiting the arrival of their lords.

Father and son mounted their chargers and rode down the valley. The knights and warriors alighted and uncovered their heads. The old count drew his sword, the hilt of which was fashioned in the form of a cross.

He lifted it high, and said in a solemn tone — “Receive, my son, this sword, the blade of which was wrested from the Sultan of the Saracens ; the hilt from the King of Bulgaria. Receive it, and along with it the oath of allegiance and fidelity from our vassals.” Each of the knights now advanced, knelt down, laid his right hand on the cross hilt, and swore in his own name and the names of his followers, to defend the young lord to the last gasp of his breath. When the twenty-five knights had made their declaration, the chaplain of the castle extended his hands and gave them his *benedicite*.

“Remember, Stephen Jaromirz,” said his father, “the unstained honour of our house,” were the old count’s last words. He laid his hands on the head of his kneeling son, then turned round, and rode swiftly back to the castle, followed by his attendants.

Count Stephen, at the head of his vassals, moved towards the forest ; but when the road turned from Tokay towards Buda, he struck into a bye-path which led into the interior of the vast Carpak forest, leaving his gallant troop under the command of the loyal Sir Andreas Uorimir. On a hill of a conical form, the base of which was washed by the stately Danube, stood the cottage of Koswara, hidden to the traveller’s eye by a clump of enormous oaks and limes, which spread their gnarled branches over the roof and walls. Grecian art had constructed the cottage—Eastern magnificence had decorated its four apartments. Its walls were of red Carpathian marble, its tapestry from Damascus, its carpets from Persia, and its silks from the Indies. Into the last and most se-

cluded chamber, the young count was led by the maiden who stood waiting for him at the entrance.

“Stephen!” said a voice, whose sound thrilled through the inmost recesses of his heart, “I have waited long, long years for thy arrival.”

“Duty to a royal friend held me fast at Naples.”

“Only friendship?”

A shower of brilliant light suddenly illumined the room, and the youth saw himself standing before the vision of the preceding day; she had risen from the ottoman.

“Jaromirz, beware of the holy man—beware of the nearest blood of thy fathers. Thou lovest a high, but a dangerous prize. She whom thou lovest is condemned to die. At this moment her death doom is pronounced.”

“Matilda die!” exclaimed the youth.

“Jaromirz, thy king dreads thee; he has won thy father’s and thy mother’s brother.”

“Impossible!”

“Thou hast never beheld the face of thy mother, of the Countess Borozin. She died in the dungeon.”

“In the dungeon? And who has dared——”

“Thy father. Thou wast not two hours old when he was called upon, by the voice of his country, to lead an army against its enemies. He vanquished them, and was wounded. During his lingering illness, he was seized by the demon of jealousy. Thy mother was imprisoned in the central tower, with all her servants, maids, and pages. Next to her was chained to the cold dampy wall, he whom thy father’s dark soul suspected. He and

she, with thirteen of her menials, were starved to death. Twenty years have not quenched the fire of revenge which burns in the bosom of thy uncle, and he has sworn to inflict a deadly wound on thy father's heart. Jaromirz ! know'st thou who it is that speaks to thee ? It is Lida."

" Lida !" exclaimed the youth, sinking on his knee.

" Yes ;" said the august form, " it is Lida, whom thou see'st before thee ; the unfortunate daughter of king Bela, whom the pious zeal of her father forced into the nunnery he had founded. Alas ! under the veil trembled the fruit of love. The child was saved—I died. But I now exist as the guardian genius of my house, of my fair Hungary, of my proud and noble people. To-day thou hast attained thy twenty-first year. Jaromirz, take this."—She beckoned him to approach, and hung a gold chain with three acorns round his neck. " When thy need is greatest, then call Lida. When the sword hangs over thy head, then put these golden acorns into the mouth of Lida's palfrey. Farewell ; when the full moon has shone six times over — "

She hesitated ; the next moment she was swathed in a light silvery cloud, and blended with ether. The neighing of his impatient charger aroused Stephen from his musing, and admonished him of the necessity of speed.

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Ten thousand tents whitened the plain, where now the royal borough of Pesth runs out into wide and magnificent streets and squares. Amidst, and above them,

arose the pavilion of the king, covered with purple cloth. On its top waved the banner of Hungary, with the standards of Dalmatia, Croatia, Bulgaria, and many other kingdoms that obeyed the sceptre of Lewis the Great. From the tents of the magnates waved the banners of their houses, and before their entrance were posted their guards.

The nobles had assembled before the royal pavilion, and the Lord Palatine entered it, to announce that they were waiting. Immediately its folds opened, and the king stepped forth, looking pale and ghastly. Ever since he had heard of the cruel murder of his brother, he had not tasted anything, except consecrated bread and wine. Silent and dark, he mounted his charger; after him the magnates, according to their rank, then the knights and their attendant warriors. Having formed his army into order of battle, the king opened a military council. Few and vindictive were his words. After him spoke the archbishop, the high priest of the kingdom. When the grey prelate had concluded, the lord magnates declared war against the queen of Naples and her associates.

They moved on this long and weary march into the distant Italian kingdom; the earth groaned under the hoofs of their horses; the peasant fled from his cottage; the citizen abandoned his peaceful dwelling. On the thirty-third day after they had quitted the frontiers, of Hungary, the avengers entered the capital of the Neapolitan dominions.

Far from the horrors of war and dire revenge, arises a little island, beautifully looming over the bright waters

that bathe voluptuous Naples. It has been the retreat of many Roman emperors; the delightful sanctuary of their banished empresses and love-sick daughters. Towards this island a light gondola was seen gliding. In it were three persons, shrouded in coarse black cloaks, surmounted by caps carefully drawn over their heads and faces. The powerful strokes of the rowers; their weary glances at the three masks; the anxious gaze of the latter towards the port of San Carlos, showed that they were on a secret and a dangerous expedition. The gondola now touched land; two of the passengers stepped on shore, and paced quickly through a thicket of orange and lemon trees. They halted before the gate of a magnificent villa, looked warily round, and tapped thrice at the door. It opened; a black face peeped out, and one of the men whispered a few words, and then they hurried through the marble hall into the interior.

“ You here, Count Jaromirz !” said a gentle, but lofty voice, “ the bloody work of your countrymen sounds even to peaceful Capreae.”

“ I am come, beloved Matilda, to save you. The gondola is waiting—we must fly.”

“ Must fly—leave Naples for barbarous Hungary !—Never !”

“ Matilda, you are doomed to die; one hour longer and you are lost.”

“ The king is generous.”

“ He has taken the sacrament not to spare the bride of the son of Jaromirz,—Matilda, in the name of love !—



the castle of Jaromirz is strong; in six months the doom may be revoked; what the king has spoken, may be annulled by the assembled magnates."

"I will follow thee; but not before I am thy lawful wife."

"I have provided for that."

The count opened the door. "Come, reverend father," said he to a follower, unbuttoning the cloak, and drawing the cap from his face,—“be brief.”

"Must I then go!" exclaimed the princess, in answer to the question of the chaplain of Jaromirz, who demanded whether she would follow her husband in good and in evil, in weal and in wo.

"Even so," said the priest.

She sighed; the ceremony was ended; the cap of the priest was quickly thrown over the beautiful princess, and the party quitted the villa and entered the gondola.

The king of Hungary was seated on the throne of both Sicilies. At the right side of the monarch sat the primate--on his left the archbishop,—a step lower, the palatine of the kingdom. Round the throne stood the magnates, their heads covered with their black fur caps. A stir in the assembly aroused the attention of the sombre monarch, and of his grey counsellor the archbishop. They looked up, and Count Jaromirz entered, taking his place next to the palatine.

"Count Jaromirz, of Jaromirz!" said the archbishop, "our gracious liege, and the illustrious magnates here assembled, have chosen you as president of the court which is to judge Matilda of Anjou."

At this moment a messenger announced that the princess had disappeared.

The brow of the king darkened. "Let it be known," said he, "we offer a thousand gold crowns to him, who brings the fugitive before us, dead or alive! A thousand crowns more to him who reveals the name of those who have assisted in this treasonable escape!"

Another hour elapsed in grave consultation, when a knight entered the hall and advanced towards the archbishop.

"Most illustrious and revered father," said he, "two men, muffled in coarse cloaks, have carried off the fugitive. The accusers are before the gate. They say that the princess has been carried off by Hungarians. They say further, that they are of high rank."

"Let them be brought before the judges," said the archbishop.

"They are low-born, most reverend father," said the knight, respectfully.

"The royal presence, and that of the magnates, must not be disgraced by serfs," observed the Count Palatine.

"And yet," said the king, "if one of those illustrious magnates should have forgotten himself so far—let us descend;" and so saying, he proceeded, followed by the nobles, to the court-yard. In the midst arose the scaffold still smoking from the blood of the victims who had fallen sacrifices to the relentless vengeance of the monarch. At a sign from the archbishop, the two men were brought before their judges. They were

dressed in a homely garb, and a mark at their leathern collars bespoke them to be gondoliers.

“By whose aid has the princess escaped?” demanded the archbishop.

“By the aid of your people.”

“Wretch! thy blood be upon thee if thou canst not prove what thy tongue dares to utter!”

The keen glance of the boatman stole warily and searchingly round the assembly; it fixed on the young Count Jaromirz. Creeping forward, he knelt down, thrust his hand into his bosom, and extracted a golden tassel. Without uttering a word, he laid his hand with the tassel on the right foot of Count Jaromirz. “It is wanting here,” pointing to the boot. “My own hand cut it off.”

The foot of the magnate had scarcely been touched, when a knight drew his sabre, and severed with a single stroke the head of the daring accuser from his body. So great was the power of the lords of the kingdom, and so worthless was deemed the life of a low-born man, that not a word of disapprobation was heard.

“Lord Archbishop and Count Palatine,” said a young count, turning to the magnates, “Since when has one of the magnates been confronted with a base slave, and judged by his witnessing? I demand the instant death of this wretch,” pointing to the second gondolier.

Without uttering a single word, the Count Palatine beckoned,—the death cloak was thrown over the man, and in a few seconds his head rolled at the side of his slaughtered companion.

But the glance of the king, and of his confidants, the Lord Archbishop and the Count Palatine, hung long and keenly on Jaromirz, in whose train there was a Moor of the most delicate form, and of the most beautiful proportions, and who never left the side of his master.

Many were the rumours which ran through the army. Some said the young count had forgotten himself so far as to wait upon the black heathen; some, that they had heard him speaking and singing in a foreign tongue, and in tones which were deemed super-human; some whispered that the Moor never tasted food—all agreed that the count was bewitched, for he sought no more the company of his brother lords, and even the royal *audientice* were neglected by him.

After two months of bloody retribution, King Lewis returned with his army into Hungary. On the same field, which had witnessed the array six months before, ten thousand tents were again seen pitched. But now, on the side of the sovereign's tent, arose two others. From the top of the one waved the sacred banner of St. Stephen, with the standard of the see of Rome; from the second, the bloody ensign of the sacred tribunal. Both were open. In the centre of the first stood the altar, before which the high-priest chanted the solemn mass for the soul of the murdered king. Around knelt Lewis, with his consort, and, in wide ranges behind him, the devout magnates.

When the last sounds of the solemn dirge had died away, the prostrate multitude arose, and the monarch,

with the great officers of the kingdom, moved toward the second tent.

A deep ominous silence reigned throughout the vast assembly, when the herald announced that the lords were summoned to arraign one of their compeers.

“Lord Magnate, Jaromirz! Count of Jaromirz!” exclaimed the same herald, “I arrest thee of high treason!”

A murmur of surprise ran through the camp, which grew louder and louder: till the clang of thousands of sabres resounded on every side.

“Count Jaromirz!” said the archbishop, “Your guilt lies bare. Where is the royal maiden, whose escape from the merited vengeance of our dread liege you have assisted?”

The court was silent.

“Unworthy would it be of a Jaromirz to tell an untruth—Stephen Jaromirz! thy father’s brother, has spared you that shame.” He beckoned, and Matilda stood before the throne, dressed in female garments—pale, but beautiful.

“Hapless daughter of the murderous queen, thou must die!” said the stern judge.

“If it be guilt to be descended of a long line of kings, then I am guilty, but my conscience accuses me of no crime.”

“What has tempted thee to forget the royal descent so far as to disguise thyself in the garb of a slave? What has brought thee to assume the complexion of the heathenish and accursed race, which dwells amid the scorching sands of Africa?”

“Your cruelty,” said the princess. The judge threw a black veil over her face, and beckoned to the attendants of the sacred tribunal, who, with drawn swords, conducted her to the royal barge. No sooner had she entered, than the boat shot across the Danube.

“Jaromirz,” continued the archbishop, “you have violated the sentence pronounced by the king in full diet. You have disobeyed the royal orders. You have led the enemy into the kingdom. Lord magnates, what is his doom?”

“Death!” muttered many voices.

The herald advanced towards the count, took the sword he had received from his father, and directing it towards the ground, broke it into pieces.

“Lord magnate, as thy sword is broken, so thy head will be severed from thy body, before the sun goes down.”

The youth looked proudly round; but before he could utter a word, the death-mark had fallen over his head, and he was led through the tents to a second barge, which received him as his beloved had been received.

Sorrow and gloom presided over the banquet which was given to the returned magnates, before their separation. The house of Jaromirz was great, and the noblest revered it as descended from the glorious Bela. But the old count had many enemies, and of them the king was the greatest, for insecure was his throne as long as a scion of the ancient race lived. He had won the brother of the aged count, and of his wife, by the

promise that the royal inheritance should be divided among them. Great however were their fears, lest their prisoner should be rescued by the vassals of the house of Jaromirz and its friends. Three thousand men were posted in the fortress, and on the gates and walls, and near the drawbridge, to defend it against a sudden assault.

The night-watch had already sounded midnight, when a body of armed men were heard marching secretly towards the avenue leading to the draw-bridge of the castle. They advanced with drawn swords, jumped into the moat, and climbed up the other side. Fifty of the most daring had reached already the foot of the wall. Ten threw themselves down, on whom ten others mounted; on these again ten, till the uppermost had touched the parapet. But what was that? a hurrah! a war-shout! Hundreds rushed upon the valiant band, and they were precipitated down, crushed to pieces by the tremendous fall. In vain did they again attempt it. There was not a moment to be lost.

The hill on which the castle stood, terminated on the northern side in high precipitous cliffs. Perhaps that side had been left unguarded? Among the warriors of the house of Jaromirz, were Carpathian mountaineers, accustomed to hunt the boar in alpine recesses. Try, valiant mountaineers, save your noble leader. The first death-bell sounded from the middle tower, when instantly the gates of the hold were thrown open, and from the interior a strong body of warriors was seen issuing, with their swords drawn, and in their midst Count Jaromirz. He walked slowly and firmly to the

open space before the royal residence. The sun was then rising behind the vine-clad hills below Buda, and the eastern turrets of the castle were already glittering in his golden rays. A few minutes more, and they would gain the central dome, and then the last moment of his earthly existence was at hand. He now had reached the platform on which the scaffold was erected. It was hung with black cloth, and sustained two blocks, on which lay two axes. Four steps led to the one destined for him, and six to that where his royal bride was to die. Before him spread the city of Buda with its hundred spires and domes. Farther down the extended Danube rolled in sombre majesty past the walls of the city. His eye caught the tents, still pitched upon the plain; then turned with a sad expression in the direction of his father's domain. The unyielding sire stood before his imagination.—Mother he had none. He had never seen her, never reposed on her bosom. In the cottage of Koswara he had spent his childhood; his youth had passed in the castle of Jaromirz, in the midst of humble serfs and boisterous knights. But he had lived and loved three years—he had gained the affections of the peerless Matilda.—She was betrothed to him before the infatuated Johanna murdered her husband, and with him her own happiness. He, the noblest, the richest of the magnates, second only to the king, was to bleed under the hand of the executioner. The thought lay heavy upon his heart. His step became less firm as he approached the scaffold.

From the opposite side there came, with faltering



gait, she for whom he was going to suffer—the daughter of Naples. Her hands grasped a golden crucifix, on which her eye was intently fixed. Her soul seemed already dwelling on the joys of a better world. She listened with solemn attention to the pious exhortations of the attendant bishop.

A loud cry burst from the lips of Count Stephen, at this grievous sight. Pushing his guards aside, he flung himself into the midst of the princess's funeral train, seizing her with the force of despair. As he strained her in his embrace, a long and deep hurrah re-echoed from the northern side of the castle. The clashing of swords was heard. "Forward, guards!" cried the judge, and the terrible bands advanced to separate the lovers.

Once more Jaromirz pressed his beloved to his bosom, enfolded her once more with the arms of love, when something grated against his breast. He felt—he looked—he saw the three golden acorns.

Louder and louder became the cries; nearer and nearer pressed his friends and followers; but innumerable swords were raised to oppose them. Two knights now laid hands on the count to separate him from the princess.

"Lida! O, Lida! Lida!" exclaimed he; and scarcely were the words uttered, when a light blue silvery cloud descended, covering him and his bride, and a charger stood before them white as fresh-fallen snow. No saddle profaned the back of the fairy steed. A housing of silver cloth, fastened with golden clasps, covered its

body. No bridle restrained its career, but from the eyes gleamed a fire which bespoke more than human understanding. It bowed its head, sank down on its knees, and almost forced Jaromirz and the princess on its back. Again it turned its head, its glance sought the golden acorns. The youth was motionless. Snapping at the chain and acorns, it tore them from his bosom. A neighing sound, a stamping noise, was all that was heard. The light silvery cloud arose, and horse and riders disappeared.

The vassals of the house of Jaromirz had gained the court-yard; they had broken the chains of the draw-bridge, which came rattling down, and had rushed over it in thousands to the rescue of their favourite leader. When they reached the platform on which the scaffold was erected, they found only the warriors, and judges, and executioners, who stood aghast, crossing themselves, and looking up into the blue vault of heaven.

## THE BLACK GATE OF TREVES.

A FRAGMENT FROM A STUDENT'S JOURNAL.

*Brakenbury.*---Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?  
*Clarence.*---O, I have passed a miserable night!

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN, after five years' absence, I returned home in 179— from a northern university, I had lost little of that disposition to the romantic and adventurous, that characterised my boyhood; a disposition I attribute to the unfailing delight with which I had pored for years over the still alluring pages of the Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe. At one-and-twenty, my vivid and creative fancy continued to invest every unusual incident with the colouring of romance, and every individual of mysterious origin, or eccentric habits, was to me an object of ceaseless speculation and inquiry.

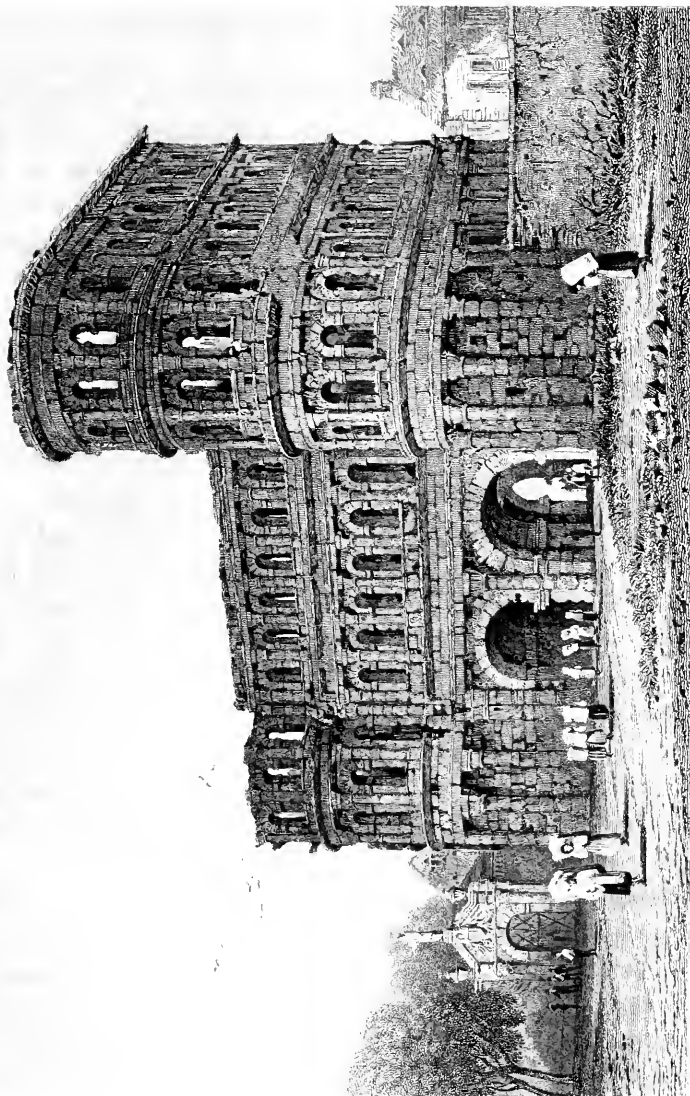
On my way to Trieste, where my father had long been settled as a merchant, I passed several days with the family of a fellow-student, in the city of Treves. This fine old city was the Augusta Trevirorum of the Romans, who erected here many noble edifices,

baths, and an amphitheatre, of which few traces are discoverable ; also the palace-like structure, which yet remains, called, from its colour and its portal, the *Porta Nigra*, or Black Gate of Treves. This massive ruin, the largest and noblest specimen of Roman architecture remaining in Germany, was to me an object of intense interest and gratification. It was distinctly visible from my friend's abode, and I was never wearied of contemplating its bold and lofty outlines. I examined the interior daily ; lingering with classical enjoyment on the rich friezes, arabesques, and other adornments of ancient days, while my fertile imagination conjured up the mail-clad forms of the Roman emperors and chieftains who erst had revelled in these rich and stately halls.

During my short stay in Treves, I had a strange adventure, which, although trivial in its consequences to myself, laid a strong hold of my imagination, and long after haunted my visions.

I had walked out one afternoon to the village of Igel, a few miles from Treves, to view that picturesque relic of Roman art, called the *Igelstein*, a lofty sepulchral edifice, which covers the remains of the *Secundine* family.\* It was dusk as I reached the suburbs, when, passing near the hospital, I saw coming out of the door leading to the lunatic ward, an old man, whose appearance powerfully excited my curiosity. In person he was tall, thin, and stooping. His hair, still long and abundant, was perfectly white ; his garb was not ragged, but so mean as to denote circumstances

\* See the Title-page—Vignette.





allied to poverty. He carried a basket in one hand, while a stick in the other was employed to assist his slow and feeble progress. Conceiving him to be the near and indigent relative of some unhappy maniac in the house of wo I was then approaching, I had predetermined to give him a florin; but when I overtook him and saw his face, I started back in amazement, and the florin dropped from my fingers, unheeded both by myself and the old man, who gave me a look I shall never forget, and passed on. Never had I beheld a countenance so appalling—so fearful a blending of insanity and melancholy—so wild—so pallid—so pitifully destitute of human semblance. When first I glanced at his features, the expression was that of deep and settled misery, but when he beheld me, his eyes shot fire, and every nerve and muscle beneath the skin of his emaciated face began to writhe and quiver, as if under intense excitement. When I recovered my self-possession, he had passed the angle of a wall and disappeared. Impelled by irresistible curiosity, I darted forward, again caught a view of him, and followed him unobserved until, to my great surprise, I saw him knock at the door of one of the hovels which were then supported against the massive walls of the Black Gate, and which have since been removed. Soon the door opened, the tall figure of the old man stooped to enter, and the door was immediately closed and bolted. The light was too imperfect to enable me to distinguish any object accurately at the distance of twenty or thirty yards, and yet I could not divest myself of a belief

that I had seen a long, emaciated, and naked arm extended, when the door was opened. I approached the hut and listened; but all was silent, and I returned to my friend's house pondering over this mysterious being, and his strange abode, both of which were well suited to supply with palatable food my craving appetite for romantic incident.

On my arrival at my friend's house, I described to his father the extraordinary appearance of the white-headed old man, who could not but be well known in Treves, and inquired who he was. "It can be no other," replied my host, "than Durbach, the misanthrope, who, notwithstanding his white hair, is not fifty. You saw him, doubtless, between the lunatic hospital and the Black Gate. He is never seen out of his hovel until evening, when he goes daily at a stated hour, to see his wife, whose insanity has been pronounced by all our physicians to be incurable."

I further heard, in reply to my numerous inquiries, that this Durbach had arrived in Treves from Northern Germany, about fifteen years since, with his wife and a boy of eight years old. Even then he appeared to have some secret sorrow. His wife was eminently lovely, but was soon understood to be subject to occasional aberration of mind. The boy, too, was unlike all other boys in his appearance and habits. Tall for his age, emaciated, like the father; and always silent and moody, or at times ferocious, he shunned the society of his fellows. His propensities were already modifications of insanity; to toy sand playthings he was indifferent,



but he was often seen to amuse himself for hours with dead animals, and loved to bask in the sun with as many dead dogs and cats around him, as he could collect; to attend funerals and pilfer human bones in the cemetery. Thus he lived, or rather vegetated, until the age of sixteen; he was now a tall, thin and pallid, but active youth, and totally uneducated. His father's settled melancholy, his mother's increasing malady, and his own fierce untractable disposition, rendered it impossible to bring him under any effective control. At length the arrival and exhibition of an equestrian troop appeared to breathe into him a new soul. Attached to this troop of itinerants was a gipsy girl, called the "Egyptian Wonder," of great personal attractions, and an expert rider and rope dancer. For the first time young Durbach was now heard to express himself in connected language. His unhappy parents, rejoicing in this improvement, opposed not his frequent visits to the circus, and it was not until after his sudden and final disappearance from Treves, five years since, that they heard he had been some time in training for an equestrian, and had eloped with the handsome gipsy, to the great mortification of the manager, who had mainly depended on her talents and attractions for the support of his troop.

The consequence of this event was a brain fever to the truant youth's mother, who, with an enduring love and patience, of which mothers only are capable, had, through many years of misery, sought to soothe and cherish her unhappy and supposed idiot-boy. She

recovered bodily health, but her reason had fled for ever. Her husband, who was apparently not destitute of resources, had procured for her a comfortable apartment in the hospital, and after her removal thither never failed to pay her a daily visit.

There was something at once mysterious and pathetic in this narrative, which affected me indescribably, and prompted me to follow and watch the proceedings of the afflicted Durbach, with, I hope, a better feeling than curiosity.

I saw him proceed at dusk every evening to the hospital, where he remained half an hour, and returned to his dreary abode under the ruin. I had observed that he never entered without knocking, and that the door was soon opened from within. Fully convinced that the old man was not, as generally supposed, the sole inhabitant of the hovel, my love of the mysterious suggested many romantic solutions of this problem, and I concealed myself one evening behind the angle of the hut in hopes of making farther discoveries. When Durbach arrived, he gave, as usual, three taps with his stick; soon I distinguished some one approaching with hasty strides. I heard the door open, and leaning cautiously forward, I obtained a momentary glimpse of a naked and emaciated arm, but whether belonging to man or woman I could not ascertain, as the figure was shrouded in darkness. The door was suddenly closed—I heard a person descend a staircase with rapid footfall, and soon after I could distinguish the slow and languid steps of the old man ascending to the upper floor. I waited an

hour in the vicinity of the ruin—I saw a light in the upper-room, but no sound of human life was perceptible, and I reluctantly turned my steps homeward.

My friend was at the theatre, his father and mother were engaged at whist with two neighbours; pleading fatigue, I wished them good night, and retired to my bed-room, not however to sleep, but to enjoy in a cool dressing-gown, at my window, the luxury of musing upon the mysterious companion of Durbach, and of gazing upon the mighty ruin which towered above his hovel. The moon shone brightly on the venerable pile; the architectural details were less distinct than by daylight, but the mass and the outlines had gained in importance, and stood out in bolder magnificence.

The commodious sofa on which I was reclining, and the delicious freshness of the night-breeze, gradually overcame my disinclination to sleep; I was insensibly lulled into slumber, and had slept I knew not how long, when I was suddenly roused by the shrill cry of a watchman beneath my window. Starting from the sofa, I looked out into the moon-lit space before the house. The Black Gate, as usual, soon fixed all my attention; the hut of Durbach was in deep shadow, and yet I thought I could distinguish the remarkable figure of its owner emerging from the door. Surprised to see him go out at a time so unusual, I gazed intently upon him as he approached. I was not mistaken; he passed slowly before the house, and turned the angle of a street leading to the hospital. A sudden thought flashed upon me. Why not avail myself of his absence

to explore the mysteries of his abode, and ascertain who was his companion? Quitting my bed-room, I cautiously descended the stairs, unbarred the house door, and soon found myself beneath the massive ruin. The door of the hut was closed and fastened; recollecting, however, the "Open Sesame," which had been so promptly answered by the mysterious personage with the naked arm, I mustered resolution to knock three times on the door with my knuckle. I thought I heard a low groaning or muttering sound, and then clearly distinguished the noise of approaching footsteps. The door was opened—I saw the long and skinny arm; and, glancing upward, beheld a tall, emaciated, half naked figure, which, without uttering a word, turned round and disappeared in the darkness. Soon I heard steps descending a ladder or staircase, into the cellar; determined to pursue the adventure, I cautiously advanced into the hovel and let go the door, which closed instantly as if impelled by a spring, and made me start with terror. For a moment I fancied myself caught in a trap, and my liberty or even my life in peril. Speedily shaking off this panic, I explored my way with extended hands in quest of some place of concealment, wherein I could observe the proceedings of the singular old man, and his still more mysterious inmate. I soon discovered a wide chimney covered with a door or fire-board: into this dark and breezy recess I crept, and impatiently awaited the return of Durbach. In about half an hour or less, I heard him tap thrice on the door. I now began to fear that this

second arrival would lead to explanation and discovery. The summons, however, was answered as mine had been, by a strange murmur from the cellar, followed by the appearance of the tall figure, of which I could distinguish only a faint outline from my hiding-place. The door was opened as before, without a greeting on either side; the stranger strode across the room—I heard him descend according to custom, and soon after the old man slowly retired into the room above.

Gently raising the fire-board, I looked out, and listened attentively. Below me all was still; above I noted the old man pacing slowly across the floor for some minutes, after which the hut became silent as the grave. What should I do? was now the question. Follow the old man, or explore my way to the mysterious inmate of the cellar? Still undecided, I noiselessly emerged from my concealment, and approached the stairs with stealthy steps, feeling my way with caution, lest I should betray my presence by stumbling over some article of furniture. I now observed a faint light, or rather the reflection of a light, on the wall behind the staircase; on closer investigation I remarked that the light issued from an open trap door, beneath which I discovered a long step ladder. For some moments I paused, fearful of detection: my curiosity, however, sharpened by the anticipation of some strange and romantic incident, overcame my alarm, and I cautiously descended. The deep cellar in which I found myself was small, and separated from an inner vault by a glass door, through which

issued the light I had observed upon the wall above. Looking through the glass, I beheld with indescribable amazement, a room or hall of spacious dimensions, lighted by a single, but brilliant lamp, pendant from a ceiling decorated with classical mouldings, richly gilt and coloured; while on the walls, painted in compartments and surrounding borders, I distinguished, with increasing surprise, the richest arabesque designs. Antique masks—grotesque animals and insects—cameos—vases—trophies—shields—weapons—satyrs—syrens, and foliage, were plainly discernible; the colouring fresh as if painted yesterday, and the drawings far surpassing in design and execution the vestiges of old Roman art I had so often admired in the upper apartments of this majestic ruin. The furniture of this chamber consisted of a bed, a chest of drawers, table, chairs, and, opposite to me, a large mirror, before which stood a tall and horribly emaciated man, apparently busy at his toilette. About his long and spectral figure hung some threadbare garments which had formerly perhaps been fitted to it. His linen was gray with age and the want of washing; and although the sight was saddening, I could not help smiling as this apparently insane personage began to comb forward his long straggling black hair over his forehead, and carefully curl it with papers. He next washed his hands, drew over them a pair of ragged ruffles, and put on a pair of dirty gloves. Then taking the papers out of his hair, he went to the chest of drawers, took out a short Spanish cloak bedecked with tarnished

lace, and threw it over his shoulder. He was now completely equipped, and gazed at his face and person with evident delight, in the large mirror, which revealed to me all his looks and gestures with painful fidelity, so horrible was the vivid play of his muscles, which seemed to bound convulsively beneath the tightly drawn skin of his thin and livid countenance. Suddenly the expression underwent a total change. His eyes were lighted up with intense and maniacal brightness; his blue lips contracted into a horrible smile, and the muscles of his hollow cheeks quivered with strong inward excitement. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, or rather shouted, "now I am decked out as she loved to see me!" and turning away from the mirror, he proceeded with stately and measured steps towards a large niche or alcove, covered with a black curtain, which I had not before observed. Touching a spring with his finger, the curtain flew up as quickly as the drop-scene of a theatre; and I beheld with new amazement, an open coffin or sarcophagus of glass, resembling somewhat the glass coffins of the saints in Roman churches, and containing the body of a female, the hands of which were crossed over the bosom: more I could not discern from the distance at which I stood, and I wanted courage to approach for nearer inspection.

"Good evening, my beloved!" began the maniac, with a strange affectation in his tones and gestures, which, however ludicrous, made my blood run cold. "Here I am again, dearest!" he continued; "true to

the hour of meeting, Zeineb! No envious gazer sees us, my beloved. Come then, open thy arms and embrace me, as thou wert wont."

Raising the coffin-lid, he leaned over the corpse, and kissed the cheeks and lips of the dead with an ardent fondness which made me shudder; and my rising horror at this extraordinary spectacle so far overcame my caution, that I could not suppress an ejaculation loud enough to catch the ear of the maniac. Hastily turning round he espied me through the glass door, and without betraying any surprise, he advanced towards me with a fixed but vacant look; and from his first words I inferred that he was not unaccustomed to be thus disturbed, which gave me courage to stand my ground, and await the issue of this strange adventure, come what might.

"Ah! Is it you, father?" he exclaimed, opening the glass door. Come in, old man, you were ever a kind father, and we have no secrets for you. Come nearer, old man, and my Zeineb shall kiss your hand," he continued, seizing with his long bony fingers, my reluctant hand, and drawing me near to the glass coffin. "This is Zeineb," he resumed,—"*my* Zeineb—the Egyptian wonder!" Here he paused; his eyes apparently directed towards the coffin, but with a vacant stare which showed his mind was wandering, and gave me an opportunity to gaze uninterruptedly on the extraordinary figure in the coffin. The corpse was in a state of wonderful preservation. The complexion was still that of a brunette, and must, during life, have



been of the dark hue peculiar to the gipsy tribe. The nose, mouth, and half opened eyes were also cast in the peculiar mould of that mysterious race of itinerants. Long and waving tresses of raven black hair flowed over and below the shoulders; while the full and well formed bosom, the round and beautifully moulded arms, displayed to my wondering gaze the apparent firmness and elasticity of life itself. The small hands and round tapering fingers folded across the breast, were of such singular beauty, that I could have kissed them; the lips were still red, and the half expanded dark eyes fringed with long lashes completed the illusion. Surely, I thought, this cannot be death, but sleep, and I gazed at this perfect face and form, until I forgot that I stood before a corpse, and but three feet removed from a maniac. I gazed indeed until I became almost crazy myself with admiration, until I could no longer withstand an impulse to touch the beautiful arm, and ascertain if life still glowed within. Advancing a step nearer, I hastily touched and pressed the exquisite limb with a finger, and as hastily withdrew it, for alas! the pressure left a deep indent in the cold mass of flesh, which proved that no warm pulses beat beneath, and no vital power remained within to efface the mark I had left on the surface. Before I had time, however, to pursue these reflections, I was startled by a sudden and violent gesture of my companion, who seemed to awaken as if from a dream.

“Old man, begone!” he exclaimed, with fiercely rolling eyes, and with a contraction of his limbs and

muscles like that of a tiger about to spring, "know'st thou not 'tis sacrilege to touch my Zeineb? begone, or I will strangle thee!" I did not wait a farther summons to depart, but, fixing my eyes keenly on his motions, I retreated backwards as expeditiously as my shaking limbs would permit. As I approached the door I saw him again lean over the corpse, and fix his lips on those of his dead Egyptian. Sick, and shuddering with involuntary loathing, I stumbled when near the glass partition, and fell against it with a violence which, while it opened the door, broke the glass with a loud report and roused the maniac. Rising hastily from the coffin, he advanced some steps with a settled fierceness in his gaze which boded no good. I saw him put his hand in his bosom, draw forth a glittering weapon, and dart forward. Happily I was now without the glass door, which I pushed against him to arrest his progress. I found the step-ladder, crawled up it on all-fours, and in deadly terror explored my way through the darkness to the door of the hovel. Here, however, a formidable obstacle awaited me. The door was fastened I knew not how, and probably by a spring-lock. While vainly attempting to open it, I heard my pursuer on the ladder, I fancied even that he was breathing closer behind me—nay, that I felt the point of his dagger in my back. Rendered powerful by despair, I struck my foot with violence against the door—the pannel, old and frail, yielded to the shock—the aperture appeared large enough, and with difficulty I crawled, or rather forced my way through it. When

I had regained my feet, I found myself in darkness. The moon had disappeared, and the obscurity was so dense that I could not see a foot in advance, nor, in the fear and confusion of the moment, could I even guess the direction of my friend's house. The maniac was at the door behind me, I heard him draw a bolt, and feeling that I had not a moment to lose, I plunged forward through the darkness—too late, however, to evade the keen sight of my pursuer. Too soon his rapid step in close chace assailed my ear. I could not see him, but I *felt* that he gained upon me—I heard his loud and horrid menaces—I heard too the loud beat of my heart, as in deadly terror I strained every nerve to escape from certain death. Vain was the effort. He caught the skirt of my long dressing-gown—arrested my progress, and closed upon me. Turning round I saw the flash of his eyes, the upraising of his glittering dagger to stab me to the heart—I felt the point pass between my ribs, and fell senseless and bleeding on the pavement.

What time had elapsed I know not, but I was roused by the sudden blast of a trumpet. I thought that I had expired under the mortal stab of the maniac, and that the awful sound which recalled me to consciousness, was the last trumpet summoning the dead and the living to judgment. Suddenly I felt myself lifted under each arm, and opening my eyes, I beheld by the light of their lanterns the bluff and weather-beaten faces of two old watchmen, one of whom, I was informed, had discovered me lying on

the pavement, and had brought another watchman by a blast of his horn to assist him in carrying me home. Happily I was not many yards from my friend's house. Giving the watchmen a florin each for their trouble, I returned unperceived into my apartments, too much excited, however, to enjoy repose, and fearfully conscious that a habit of walking in my sleep, to which as a child and boy I had been addicted, was not eradicated by the non-occurrence for several years of this perilous propensity.

A severe cold and feverish pulse that confined me for a time, were the consequence of my nocturnal expedition to the ruin; where it was ascertained, by inquiry from old Durbach, that some one had thrice knocked loudly at his door soon after midnight.

Passing through Treves some years subsequently, I heard from my friend's father, that the wife of Durbach had died in the hospital, and that the morning after her decease the bodies of the old man and his idiot son were taken out of the Moselle.

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

" Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

CHILDE HAROLD.

" AND what do you say, doctor?" demanded the Countess Z——y, waving her hand to an extremely interesting young man, who had just joined the company in the saloon, and beckoning him to her side.

" Here," she continued, " we have been disputing with Frederic for the last fifteen minutes, and we are still at the same point with which we started,—revolving in a circle, as you philosophers would say."

" May I presume to ask the point in dispute?" demanded the youth.

" Why it is a little abstruse, and I doubt whether I should be able to put it into precise language; however I shall try."

" I am all attention," said the doctor.

“We are disputing whence the fearful increase of infidelity arises, the decline of belief, and of the efficacy of the Christian religion. My nephew ascribes it to the perverse blindness of our ecclesiastics; to their reluctance in proceeding with the spirit of the age. He says they are ever bent upon inculcating doctrines which have no foundation whatsoever in the Gospel, but are the excrescences of a barbarous age. I affirm that this infidelity arises from our alleged enlightenment; that half enlightening, I mean, of the middle and lower classes, which ends in knowing something of the wrong side, without taking the pains of investigating the right, or which, in the very pride of this dangerous demi-knowledge, scoffs at farther inquiry and information.”

The countess paused for a moment. “You will allow doctor,” continued she, “that a well-informed man, a reflecting being, a philosopher even, will always be at heart and in practice a good Christian. Indeed, I cannot conceive how a mind which has weighed the doctrines of revelation, studied their principles, and compared their effects on practical life—I cannot conceive how such a mind can become sceptical.”

“And,” interjected the count, “as, comparatively speaking, the number of really enlightened is so very limited; as there are but few who have the will and the capacity to penetrate the depths of Christian philosophy, it follows naturally that the rest should profit little by the crude dogmas which are palmed upon them by our blind and bigotted priesthood.”

“You are right, count,” said the doctor, “and your

ladyship is right too ; for it not only requires understanding to enter into the spirit of Christianity, but time and a solemn preparation of the mind, and there are few who have both leisure and inclination to retire fully into the contemplation of that sublime theme. Our present age no doubt favours superficiality, from which infidelity springs as the natural consequence. Our wants are so very numerous, our comforts have become so luxurious, as almost to render human life nothing more than an endeavour to satisfy them ; and the man whose soul is ingrossed by the solitudes of a life of luxury, will scarcely pause to reflect on the ultimate end of his being. There is, however, a remedy for this evil."

" And that ?" demanded the count and countess "is"—

" Early impressions. I have ever observed that proper principles sown in the infantine bosom, have withstood the tempests of time and the turmoil of the world. They cleave to the soil through good and through evil ; the chaff, the earthly dross, passes away—truth and purity are ever abiding. They are like the precious metal, which comes forth in its virgin beauty from the ordeal of the furnace. ' Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' It is by early impressions that man is fortified in his struggle with the temptations that beset his course. I have experienced this"—

The doctor paused ; a tear glittered in his eye.

" Yes," said he, " these lessons of my boyhood fixed me permanently in what I value as my highest consolation, religious belief."

“And will you not favour us with the story of those impressions, doctor?” said the beautiful Countess P—y.

“They are but melancholy, and I am afraid they would cast a cloud over this happy circle.”

“A tear shed for the hapless, is a luxury to the good,” said the countess.

The doctor’s eye dwelt for a moment on the fair speaker, and he then began.

“I was yet a child, and had not passed my sixth year. My parents were poor, very poor. My father was a schoolmaster of D——b in the kingdom of Galicia, in Austrian Poland. Of six children I was the youngest, a pert favourite of my father’s. He was an excellent violin player, and as often as the lord of the domain came to reside in his mansion, he was called to head the band of musicians who assembled to celebrate the joyous occasion.

“On one of these festival times I was permitted to go with him. Dressed in my Sunday’s best, I was gaily scampering before him, full of anticipation, and glowing with desire to look at the earthly grandeur of ‘my lord,’ who I verily believed was the greatest man in the world; for the director of the domain never mentioned his name, otherwise than coupled with the epithet of ‘our most gracious lord,’ and my father, on his part, never accosted the director without holding his hat in his hand. Often do I remember that important personage, and the crowd of peasants on a court-day; and how they stood with their hats between their teeth, their heads bent downward like culprits doomed to the rope,



and their chins reposing on their huge waistcoat buttons. With what a reverential awe did they consider this *locum tenens* of the 'most gracious lord!' My mother, while dressing me, had intimated that I might even see the dread potentate himself, and my heart fluttered and beat within me at the mere thought of the possibility of meeting looks, of which a single indignant one might doom me for weeks to come to captivity in the village stocks.

"The occasion for which my father was summoned was an unusual one. It was the festival of the birthday of the baron's only daughter, a lady whose image, after sixteen years of active life, stands before my imagination as fresh as ever. No wonder that then she appeared to me to be an angel. Whether the somewhat coarse figures to which my eye had been accustomed, formed too striking a contrast with the slender and graceful form of Lady Luitgardis, or whether her subsequent kindness has shed around her memory the halo that now dazzles me, it would be difficult to say. Probably, however, it was the united superiority of her moral and personal charms, which made so deep and lasting an impression upon my early susceptibility.

"My father of course was not admitted into the presence of the baronial circle. He, however, was well provided for in the servants' hall, or as it is called in my native country, 'the house-officer's table;' and I not being even qualified for admission there, strolled with a cake in my pocket into the castle garden, the gates of which I found open.

“How it happened that I ventured into these forbidden precincts, I do not yet know. The garden was only for the high-born family, and it would never have entered my little brain to trespass on the aristocratic property, though it was only a mile distant from my father’s house; in so sacred an estimation was everything held that belonged to my lord’s estate. The youth had not then lived, who could have said before his fifteenth year how that earthly paradise, that flowery wilderness looked. When past this age, there was a chance of being admitted in the usual turn of weekly villainage, as a day-labourer, whose duty it was to keep the walks clear, and to prune the shrubs.

“The windings of the park were many and extremely intricate, and I strayed and strolled so long, gaping, and admiring the various indigenous and exotic trees and plants, that I was at length entirely lost. There can scarcely be a feeling more disagreeably poignant to a child, than that which attends such a discovery. No sooner was I seized with this soul-stirring alarm, than I ran about seeking for an outlet from the leafy labyrinth. My terror increased with my perplexity, and the idea began to creep over my fancy, that there might not be an outlet at all from these walks and windings. My cake was gone long ago; I was hungry, tired, terrified. Bitterly blaming my curiosity, I sat down in despair, till at length exhaustion overcame my anxiety and fears, and I fell asleep.

“I slept, I believe, for some hours, when a soft hand awakened me. I opened my eyes, and before me stood

as I imagined, an angel. It was the beautiful Luitgardis, the queen of the festival. My first thought was to escape—but where? was the second; my father, who, kind as he was, had too much of the pedagogue in him to spare the rod, was the third.

“I began to cry; the young lady took me by the hand, and enquired in the mildest tone the cause of my tears. I told all—my father, the lost way, hunger. She elicited who my parents were, and bade me to weep no more. She was not alone; a youth as fair and tall as our native pine, stood at her side. She spoke with him long, and many were their words; his eyes were fixed on her’s; his ears caught every word she uttered. Children are attentive; they are indeed most ingenuous spies upon their elders. Though I had never before seen either of the bright couple, had never yet heard the word love in my short life, yet I saw, I felt—I may say I knew the relation in which they stood to each other. They were not brother and sister, that was plain; I had brothers and sisters, but they did not look at each other as these did. Their looks were not so soft, not so fixed, not so tender. They walked slowly, and they bade me to run before, but not away from them. When we reached the large square in front of the castle, intersected with alleys of orange and lemon trees, standing in large baskets, the young lady told me that if I liked it and behaved well, I should in future stay at the castle. I kissed her hands, and galloped off delighted.

“My father received me with a most ominous expression of face, and the words, ‘well, you shall have it at

home!' But who could describe his astonishment, when shortly after he was called before the baron, who in the most condescending terms announced to him, that to gratify the whim of his daughter, as he expressed himself, I should stay in the castle, under her especial protection. My poor father stood astonished and confounded at this unexpected manifestation of his great lord's good will; he could only bow, and answer in a tone almost broken with joy, 'too much honour, most gracious lord, too much condescension for an humble varlet. And if thou,' added he, turning to me, after the baron had graciously dismissed us, 'if thou shouldst ever misbehave, then take care not to show me thy face again.' Many were the lessons impressed on this occasion on my memory, and I remember distinctly the stately cane with brass button, which he brandished over my head, as if to give weight to the multifarious laws which he, in his anxiety for my weal and our family's honour, thought fit to promulgate.

"From this time Lady Luitgardis became my counsellor and guardian. Under the same hedge of cherries and vines where I lay sleeping, scarcely five paces distant, she had received and returned the vows of faithful love. To hallow the sacred hour by rendering a fellow-being happy, she had proposed to Baron Rudolph, the youth of her heart, to educate the little slumberer, and he had hailed her amiable fancy with tears of delight.

"At the time of which I speak, the first year of the present century, our father-land was a wide military camp. The victorious Corsican had returned from the

Nile. Our soldiers were again hastening to the same fields, which had been so profusely strewn with the bones of their fellow combatants, in a cause and for a house and family to which they were strangers. In the chief town of the county in which our village was situated, the staff of a regiment of lancers had been stationed. They were now all gone, however, with the exception of a squadron which had remained as a reserve, in order to forward the reinforcements to the regiment. The old baron was an enthusiastic admirer of military life; had been a distinguished commander himself: the officers of the squadron had, therefore, been invited to assist in celebrating the birthday of the young lady.

“The officers of the cavalry of my native country consist, with but few exceptions, of noblemen, the middle and lower classes of my fellow citizens not being able to sustain the expenses inevitable on this service. The gallant deportment of the youthful military guests, their splendid uniforms, and, above all, a certain earnestness of look, no doubt arising from the consciousness of their soon being called to scenes of another description, gave to the whole assembly so strange a tone, as did not fail to strike me even then, though but a passive spectator. I remember that no sooner had I looked down into the saloon, where the splendid group was assembled, than I perceived that the gaiety was in a great measure altered, I knew not why, into something like sadness. They were about to combat the great leader, against whom they had invariably been unsuccessful; the leader whom they honoured and

loved, from whom they expected they knew not yet what, whom alone they dreaded as an enemy, to whose name a magic spell seemed to be attached. They did not expect to be victorious; this they confessed.

“The table was spread in the high-vaulted and richly decorated saloon of the castle, adorned with the portraits of bygone warriors and statesmen of the baronial race. Above one of the two principal entrances was the orchestra. I stood at the side of my father, looking down upon the guests as they sat round the festive board. I had been gazing well nigh an hour, when the baron rose from his chair, and raising his golden goblet, spoke a few words with a loud voice. The words were cheered with the sound of trumpets, but, in the midst, the breath of the musicians seemed to fail, and the sound to die away. A cry broke from the lips of the beautiful Luitgardis, who fell down in a swoon, and was borne off by her attendants almost lifeless.

“The baron, in the heat of enthusiastic patriotism, had given the toast, ‘Prosperity to your arms, and those of your fellow combatants; destruction to your enemies!’ and he had added, ‘if I were but young, I would myself march against the foe. No man of honour, capable of bearing a blade, will stay at home.’ These ill-timed words had, I understood at a later period, scarcely been uttered, before Baron Rudolph arose, and stretching forth his hand to the *chef d’escadron*, offered himself as a volunteer. As such he had been embraced by the whole corps of officers, who greeted him as their brother.

“Early the next morning a terrible-looking Uhlan

made his appearance at the castle. He had been sent by the commander of the *escadron*, to drill the young baron in the military exercise.

“It would be difficult to do full justice to the grim face of Corporal Moor. It was literally carved into a most hideous relief. A cross cut from his brow downwards was made memorable by a scar, that lay like a coil of cable between his left cheek and eye, and a second coursed athwart his forehead. The damage he himself principally regretted, was the loss of his favourite moustache. On the most conspicuous part of his upper lip not a single hair would grow; it was a space nearly an inch in width, most precipitately stitched together by an awkward surgeon. It was always with a grin that he spoke of this deformity, but he never failed to add, ‘I have salted that dog from mutilating any more mustachios.’ Grim as Corporal Moor was, I soon contracted a sort of friendship for him. I brought him beer to the servants’ hall, of which he was extremely fond, and he permitted me, certainly the greatest proof of good will ever exhibited by an old corporal of cavalry, to ride on his horse, and told me of the fifteen battles, and skirmishes, and frays innumerable, in which he had been engaged. For these services he had been advanced a step, and had received the gold medal, a sure proof of valour.

“Corporal Moor had, as I remember, another singularity. As long as Baron Rudolph was in his military costume, no matter whether in the castle, on the common, or at the head quarters of the squadron, he thought

himself authorized to reprimand him *en maitre*; but the exercise once over, Corporal Moor knew again his becoming place, dined with the house-officers, and a truer-hearted man I have seldom met.

“Thus a fortnight had passed. The young volunteer, who was an excellent horseman, and a good fencer, had finished his lessons. The latter days he had spent almost exclusively at head quarters, but the night time was his own.

“One evening he came home dressed in officers’ uniform, after having been advanced to the rank of lieutenant; I ran to meet him, admiring the costly dress. He raised me upon his horse, a tear glittered in his eye.—The squadron had received marching orders. It was a sad, sad night. Rudolph had come to the castle to espouse the baron’s daughter, and thus fulfil a compact made between the families many years before. A thoughtless word now was to separate the youthful pair, and to impel the only son of an ancient house into the battle field! The old baron sat musing and melancholy without speaking a single word. Now and then a tear would steal down his aged cheek, as he glanced at the lovers, and then he would seize and shake the hand of Rudolph with a feverish grasp.

“It was midnight when the young officer left the castle to join his brethren in arms, and to spend at least one night among them before their march. Bitter must have been the hour of separation to the lovers, for the next morning the eyelids of Lady Luitgardis were red and swollen from incessant weeping. She was per-



suaded that she would never again see her Rudolph in this world. To catch at least once more a glimpse of him, she insisted on being present at the march of the squadron.

“The long war during which more than fifty murderous battles had been fought, had considerably thinned the population, and the last resource of the country was now ranged around the banner. As the officers were young noblemen of high rank and great fortune, so were the privates, with but few exceptions, farmers’ sons of respectability. It was the heart’s-blood of the land that was to flow so profusely. There were not to be seen, as usual on such occasions, crowds of curious, laughing, and merry spectators, knots of buyers and sellers, of young men and girls, loaded with cakes, and wine, and brandy bottles. No, we had the heart-sickening sight of mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers hanging on the arms of the soldiers. My brother too was among them, he kissed first his mother, and then every one of us. Baron Rudolph stood with his fellow officers round the carriage of the family, into the box of which I had been allowed to smuggle myself. He could not speak a single word. Sometimes he made attempts at utterance, but in vain. His eye seemed glazed over. The officers, after a few words with the baron, had turned away, in order not to disturb the last precious moments of a virtuous love, which had excited so general, and so deep a sympathy. But already the trumpet sounded, at first in three single blasts, and then changing into the quick cavalry march ; and now the son tore himself from

the embraces of his parent, the brother from those of his sister; poor Baron Rudolph shook once more the hand of his father-in-law, the action was wild and feverish, kissed that of his lady, and then her pale drooping cheek, and vaulted into the saddle.

“I am not very fond of soldiers—these two edged weapons of a barbarous system, cutting against friend and foe; yet I have always felt a great predilection for the lancers, the troops of my native country, and I doubt whether there exists a corps in any of the European armies, more gallant before the enemy, more attractive and humane at home. When the twenty-four trumpets gave the signal for the march, and the lances with their yellow and black silk flags waved in the fresh morning breeze; when the four hundred warriors rode gracefully past the carriages of the noble families who were come to witness the march of their countrymen; when the crowd of mothers and sisters wished and wept their heart-rending, half-choked farewells, then it was as if the better part of our existence were gone.

“Here let me pause.—There occurs now a blank in my memory between the interval of the marching of the squadron, and the return of the regiment. This period is filled up by the indistinct remembrance of those numberless traits, which such an angelic being as Luitgardis has woven into my early existence. Ever since the departure of Baron Rudolph, she had watched over me with the eye of a tender sister. What I am, I owe entirely to her. I was educated with her younger brother, and enjoyed the lessons of his governor; and when afterwards

she was taken from amongst us, her father sacredly fulfilled the promise given to her on her death-bed.— It was he who sent me to the classical schools, and afterwards to the university.

“ We heard nothing for months from the army, there being not a single newspaper in the country. Rumours alone were whispered, and these were various and contradictory. A report had spread, that a tremendous battle had been fought, that the enemy were already defeated, had been reinforced by the arrival of fresh troops under a distinguished general—that the battle had been renewed, and that victory had again turned her back on our standard. There was a mystery in this report, an anxiety to conceal, which harrowed the souls of the people. The secret came out at last, and the truth was revealed in a fearful guise. Not six months had elapsed before the return of the regiment into its former quarters was announced.

“ The tidings of the conclusion of peace were received with apathy by the people, their confidence in the durability of its blessings being shaken by the suddenness with which it had been concluded, and the hurry with which the reserve troops were marched into their cantonments, evidently for the purpose of being recruited. The day was announced, when the reserve division would return to B——. The baron had resisted for a long time the solicitations of Lady Luitgardis to witness the arrival of the corps, but he was obliged to yield, and the family drove to the town. The streets were filled to overflowing with thousands, who had come with throb-

bing bosoms. To describe the anxiety so clearly depicted on the faces of the scarcely breathing multitude, would be utterly impossible. After a long and weary hour the well known black and yellow silk flags appeared fluttering on the height that crowned the broad flat on which B—— is situated.

“ ‘ They are coming ! they are coming ! ’ ejaculated hundreds, in a low murmuring tone, as if afraid to give a voice to hopes which might be disappointed. The vanguard had crossed the bridge, had passed through the crowd. Our eyes were fixed on them, when suddenly the piercing cries of some girls were heard ‘ *no, it is not our regiment !* ’ The troops indeed had the uniform and the colours of the regiment M——d, but the men were not the same. File had arrived after file—a whole squadron had passed—the second and last was rapidly coming on, and no familiar faces had yet appeared. There was, I remember it well, a sudden murmur—a stupor, a shudder which ran through the spectators, as the horsemen passed and passed, all of them strangers. At last one face came, which awakened recollection. It was Moor, who rode gallantly at the head of his troop as captain. He saluted the baron’s family in respectful silence, and then turned away. The old baron could command himself no longer.

“ ‘ Moor ! ’ exclaimed he with vehemence, ‘ where is the reserve squadron ? ’

“ ‘ This is all that remains of it, ’ replied the veteran.

“ ‘ And our friends ? ’ cried the baron.—‘ Count R.— Captain E. ? ’

“ He dared not pronounce the name of Rudolph.

“The captain pointed with his sword toward Heaven, ‘gone! gone!’ said he.

“‘And Rudolph?’ shrieked Luitgardis.

“‘Fallen,’ answered the veteran, passing his hand across his rugged brow.

“‘And are they all gone?’ muttered the baron, folding his hands.

“‘All lie buried on the field of Marengo, and I remain, to bring you their farewells!’

“The division had literally been cut to pieces to a man, and the troops who were now entering the town, had been taken from the remains of other corps, to serve as a nucleus for the formation of the regiment. It was a dismal, an agonizing scene. The dreadful certainty had fallen so abruptly, so unexpectedly, so overwhelmingly, that people could not even weep. An indistinct moaning was all that was heard from the thousands of sufferers.

“And Luitgardis? The baron and his family had expected nothing short of a swoon or a delirium; for her love was deeply rooted—was interwoven with her whole existence. Their worst apprehensions might have been confirmed, if the calamitous stroke had been less terrible. Had Baron Rudolph been torn from her side, or perished by a sudden decree of Providence, then it would probably have overpowered her. But here the wo was associated with ideas so grand, with bereavement so universal. The horror of the multitude in beholding strange faces, the despair depicted in the countenances of fathers, mothers, sisters, and brides, spoke so sublimely, that not a word,

not a tear escaped the hapless Luitgardis. Her father and aunt pressed round her. I dropt down on my knee before her, kissed her hand, and begged her not to cry. My childish fears were superfluons. With a serene mildness she looked up to Heaven, an object of surprise to all who beheld her. And thus she continued, collected, placid and resigned. But never did the roses again blossom on her cheeks. From that hour they were supplanted by the pallid hues of death. The blast of desolation had for ever nipped the fairest flower of our land. When, a fortnight afterwards, an invitation was sent to the castle, requesting the attendance of the noble family at the solemn requiem, to be celebrated for the souls of the fallen warriors, Lady Luitgardis insisted upon being present at the mournful ceremony.

“The principal church of B—— is an immense structure, piled up in the main square, and built in the mixed Gothic and Italian style. In the middle of this colossal edifice was raised the imposing catafall, hung with black, decorated with the colours and insignia of the regiment, and surrounded and studded with four hundred lighted wax tapers, the number of the departed brave.

“My native country is a land of music. The town, in which the regiment was stationed, was proud to have given birth to some distinguished composers. On this occasion the musicians came from afar to offer their assistance at the solemnity. They had procured the greatest composer’s\* last and greatest work, his Re-

\* Mozart.

quiem, and it was to be performed for the first time in these parts.

“ You have heard, my noble friends, often and repeatedly, this divine achievement of musical genius, which teaches us in so moving a language, that every thing beneath the sun is mortal, and that man is to bloom again in a future state. I was then a child, my mind could not appreciate the beauties of the music. The swelling sound of the organ, the melancholy tones of the serpent, the muffled blasts of the horn, passed unheeded by me and by the assembled auditory. The minds of the latter were too deeply absorbed in the bereavement they had sustained. But when the trumpets sounded the Resurrection—when the voices of fifty singers broke out into the final chorus, that most awful of all death songs; when the *dies iræ dies illa* burst forth from a hundred lips, and swung up into the lofty vault of the temple, then the whole multitude was aroused, and looked around terror-struck, and turned toward the choir, whence rushed that terrible tide of sound.

“ I felt my lips quiver; a shudder ran over me, and catching the hand of Lady Luitgardis, I asked what this was.

“ ‘ Thus,’ said she, ‘ the angel of the resurrection will awaken us on, and for, the day of judgment.

“ I listened again, and the voice of my earthly angel, which poured forth glory to God and goodwill to his creatures, united to the countless precepts that I derived from the pure-minded maiden, worked them-

selves in my heart with such tenacity, as ever afterwards to rise spontaneously to arrest the wanderings of a proud and wayward spirit.

“ My mind has since become matured — my views have grown more distinct. I have dissected the human body, have speculated on the seat of the human soul, have attempted the quadrature of the circle, have read Spinoza and the Materialists, have graduated in philosophy and mathematics, in medicine and surgery ; but if there be an internal voice, an unseen monitor to reprove and direct us—the impressions derived from the holy ministering of a virtuous and resigned maiden, despite the subtleties of metaphysicians, the coldness of mathematicians, the earthly expositions of anatomists, and more than all, the vain suggestions of my own imagination, have kept me unshaken in my belief of the great doctrines of the Christian faith.”

“ And Lady Luitgardis ? ” inquired the Countess Z——y, in a tone scarcely audible.

“ She, the author of what I am,” was the answer, “ was three months afterwards united with her Rudolph. A cenotaph marks the spot where they had vowed each other eternal fidelity, and tells their mournful tale.”

The young man paused ; his eye fixed in deep reverie on the setting sun, then shedding its last glorious beams over the magnificent landscape, on which vernal nature had just laid her earliest colouring. The vineyards on the sweep of hills, the thousands of clustering cherry-trees, glittered like immense masses of fluid gold. To the left arose the royal castle of P——g in bold relief,



with its shining towers and battlements ; and far away to the west the mountains of benighted Austria. The curfew bells from the neighbouring villages pealed their Ave Maria toll, and the measured song of the boatmen on the Danube chimed in with the serene evening hour. The company had been sitting for a long while without speaking a single word ; at last the Countess P—y arose, approached the doctor, and pressing his hand warmly, said,—

“ I thank you for this story—for the insight it has given into the human heart. I thank you for having strengthened my deep persuasion of the certainty and fitness of all that has been revealed, to guide the soul in its aspirations after another and a better world.”

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And whither hath he gone who told this tale of his experience? He was indeed good and noble—too good for a sphere like this. He had, in his twenty-second year, become one of the chief ornaments of two celebrated universities, and was yet simple and innocent as prattling childhood. Unhappily, while in his native country, and in the house of his friend and protector, Count Z—y, he had joined the Polish association. His extraordinary powers of mind had pointed him out as a dangerous enemy. He had become a mark to the suspicions of a tyrant. Assassins followed him to the Austrian capital. On the 19th of June, 18—, three weeks after his return from the castle of —, he was found murdered in one of the sequestered walks of the Prater of Vienna, and breathed his last in the arms of a friend.

## THE SPY.

A Tale of the Siege of Dresden, in 1813.

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To pay the measure of their country's wrong,  
The old wax youthful, and the feeble strong.

LAMBERT.

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IT was my painful lot to pass the memorable year of 1813 in Dresden, and to behold all the calamities which that ill-fated city experienced from the arrival of Davoust with 12,000 men, on the 12th of March, to the capitulation of Gouvion St. Cyr with 30,000 men on the 11th of November.

I was a native of Dresden, and still a young man; but had travelled much, and for some years practised surgery at St. Petersburg. Disliking, however, the climate and the people, I quitted Russia in the autumn of 1812, determined to pass the remainder of my days in that most delightful of all German cities, the Saxon capital; a spot endeared to me by a thousand pleasant associations and recollections of its sunny climate and picturesque environs; its majestic river and noble bridge of sixteen arches; its splendid palaces and gardens; its

comprehensive library and superb galleries of pictures and statues: the only distinguished collection in Europe spared by the rapacious and picture-loving Napoleon, and which has long obtained for Dresden the well-merited appellation of "the German Florence."

Early in the Spring of 1813, I became painfully apprehensive that my native city was doomed to become the grand pivot of Napoleon's struggle for the sovereignty of Europe, and the event soon justified my worst forebodings; while the long and effective resistance of the French armies proved the consummate judgment of their leader in selecting Dresden as the centre of his military operations. The possession of the strong fortresses of Torgau, Wittenberg, and Magdeburg, gave him the command of the Elbe, and enabled him to advance or retreat at pleasure, on either or both sides of the river. The Saxon metropolis, populous, and abounding in provisions drawn from a fertile vicinity, offered long-enduring resources to his armies, and hospitals for his sick and wounded; while the commanding and strongly fortified positions of Pirna, Lilienstein, Königstein, and Stolpen, in its environs, formed an entrenched and capacious camp for his numerous forces, whence he could at pleasure detach large bodies of troops against Prague, Berlin, and Breslau.

To return, however, to my personal narrative:—the immediate consequence of the terrible conflicts near Bautzen in May, was the arrival of 20,000 wounded in Dresden, for whom my professional aid was put in immediate requisition. The slightly wounded and

the sick were quartered on the citizens; the city became an immense hospital, and the numerous patients were tended as well as the daily sinking resources of the inhabitants would permit, but in the regular hospitals, which afforded very inadequate accommodation for the great number of badly wounded men, the mass of human suffering was horrible—too horrible indeed for description.

The house in which I resided, or rather slept, (for my pressing duties at the hospitals allowed me little respite,) commanded from its upper rooms a view of the bridge and of the vine-covered hills beyond the Elbe. It was one of those antique, gable-end houses, so common throughout Germany, and the roof contained several attics, the highest of which was occupied by an aged man, who got a scanty support by fishing in the river, while his daughter Meta, a girl of eighteen, whose manner and look indicated mental imbecility, was employed by my compassionate landlord to wait upon his lodgers. The father and daughter had been only a few months in Dresden. Their history was unknown, but it was understood, or rather conjectured, that they had originally sustained a better rank in life, and that some terrible and sudden calamity had affected the reason of the daughter, without, however, disabling her from attending to the light duties required of her by the kind-hearted landlord.

There was a mystery about this girl which all my professional sagacity and worldly knowledge failed to unravel. I had occasionally spoken to her when she

brought up my breakfast, and for a time her childish answers, and the unmeaning smile upon her lips, satisfied my, then, pre-occupied attention that her intellects were unsound. She was attired in the coarse and unbecoming garb of a Saxon peasant. Ere long, however, I discovered that her form, features, and general deportment were not those of peasant life. Her person was slender, above the middle size, and, as far as her clumsy apparel would enable me to discern its proportions, elegantly formed. Her voice was soft and musical, and her features, when not disguised by her silly smile, were intelligent and pleasing, but cast, I thought, in a foreign mould, resembling somewhat the Asiatic character of the female countenance in the district of Moscow. It was obvious from her accent and peculiar idioms that she was no native of Germany, while they betrayed also to a close observer that she possessed, or had possessed, a refinement far above her apparent condition. There was less appearance of a former rank above his actual station about the old man she called her father, whose coarse and ample clothing, suited to his calling as a fisherman, entirely shrouded his tall and robust person, while his long matted hair and bushy beard, both silvered with advanced age, as effectually veiled his features. He was dumb, or affected to be so, and the only sounds he ever uttered resembled the low muttering or distant growling of a wild beast. He soon became well known in Dresden by the name of Old Peter, the dumb fisherman. The French soldiery, with reckless

levity, gave him the honours of canonization, and always hailed him, as they passed, by the name of *St. Pierre, le Pêcheur*.

My professional attentions to the old man during a short illness, evidently won upon the daughter's feelings. From that time she paid more solicitous attention to me than to any other of my host's lodgers; but all my endeavours to draw from her some account of her original situation were fruitless. The vacant smile indeed disappeared when I addressed her; her look became downcast or wandering; a brighter glow suffused her clear and delicate complexion; and on one occasion, when, with looks and tones which betokened a deep interest in her welfare, I questioned her about her home and parentage, she burst into tears, covered her face with both hands, and hastily quitted the apartment.

Insensibly the charms and graces of this unknown—and to every eye but mine—imbecile girl, laid a hold upon my sympathies, which served to beguile my toilsome duties in the hospitals during the terrible summer and more terrible autumn of 1813. The events of the ever memorable siege of Dresden are too recent and too well known to require detail: I shall proceed, therefore, at once to the crisis of my narrative. In the beginning of November the allied armies had invested in great force every approach to the city, and the remaining French troops, about 30,000 men, under Marshal St. Cyr and the Count de Lobau, were now inclosed within the immediate, but still formidable,

defences of Dresden, which, being cut off by the besiegers from all communication with the country, was exposed to great privations, and was, indeed, almost destitute of provisions, fuel, and medicines.

On the night of the 5th of November, about ten o'clock, I quitted a coffee-room with a friend, and proceeded homeward. Passing the palace of Count Bruhl, then occupied by the Commander in Chief, Gouvion St. Cyr, our attention was caught by an unusual glare of light in the saloons, and an audible bustle in the vestibule. While pausing to gaze and listen we were joined by a friend, who told us in a whisper that the Marshal had just held a grand council of war. He had heard, he added, from a friend in the palace, that a sortie of 12,000 men would take place that night, and probably an hour before day-break. After long discussion of the possible results, we agreed, with lightened hearts, that the attempt would be baffled by the vigilance of the besiegers, and eventually accomplish our deliverance from the curse of French occupation.

Too much excited to sleep, I determined to remain within a prudent distance of head-quarters, and await the event. I had not long to linger in suspense. Soon after the church clocks had struck twelve, I heard a low rumbling sound reverberating through the deep silence of the deserted streets, and from the dark angle in which I was placed, I beheld several pieces of artillery, with powder waggons, the wheels of each carefully covered with straw, pass slowly by to-

wards the bridge. Taking a shorter road through narrow passages, and favoured by the darkness, I gained the centre of the bridge, where an arch, blown up in the spring by Davonst, had been replaced by strong oak planks, flanked on each side by lofty pallisades. Drawing my cloak tightly around me, I extended myself on the pavement within one of the recesses, to escape observation. While thus waiting the arrival of the artillery, I suddenly heard some ponderous body strike the pallisades, and distinguished the sound of voices from beneath the bridge. The intense darkness of a November night, and the loud rush of a north-wester through the battlements, prevented me from discovering the cause of these strange occurrences; but when the artillery, already on the bridge, had passed, and the deep rumbling of the cannon had ceased to distract my attention, I looked and listened attentively for a recurrence of the mysterious sounds beneath the planking, and was no little surprised and alarmed when I saw one of the oak planks close to me slowly raised. At this moment, the storm having somewhat dispersed the heavy clouds, the pale rays of a new moon, piercing through the drift, fell upon the spot, and with amazement I beheld rising, as through a trap-door, the tall figure of my fellow-lodger, the father of the interesting Meta.

Soon as he had gained the surface of the wood-work, some one beneath handed to him a long white pole or fishing-rod, which, after carefully replacing the plank, he extended over the parapet, and stood mo-







tionless in the attitude of a person fishing with rod and line. At this moment my listening ear distinguished the heavy and measured tread of a body of armed men at the city end of the bridge, and the flickering moon-light flashed upon the arms of the French van-guard. Shrouded by a dark blue cloak and the deep shadow beneath the parapet, I gazed with a beating heart upon a battalion which passed me in profound silence. When the front rank reached the planking, the old man began to sing in his dumb fashion, and held out his cap with one hand as if for alms, while the other supported his fishing-rod.

“*Ah ! voila St. Pierre qui veut pêcher !*” exclaimed a grenadier. Another in the following rank, halting for a second, said,—“*Ah ça ! mon ami ! Je t’aiderai à pêcher ! Tenez !*” and threw a coin into the cap of the old man, who thanked him in tones which resembled the howling of a wolf rather than a human voice. Several officers and many soldiers, as they passed, threw their contributions into the cap, and each donation was acknowledged in the same unintelligible howl. At length, a well-mounted officer of rank, in whom I recognized the Count de Lobau, approached so near the ancient beggar, that I expected every moment to see him trampled under the hoofs of the fiery charger. Fixing his hat more firmly on his head, the count turned hastily to an aid-de-camp, and in a stern voice, exclaimed,—“Who is that man, Larive ?”

The group of mounted officers behind him reined

in their impatient steeds, and I began to tremble for my own safety as well as for that of my fellow-lodger, when, to my inexpressible relief, a black-bearded veteran sapper, marching with shouldered axe out of the ranks, carelessly answered,—“ ’Tis only a poor dumb maniac, well known in Dresden. They call him “ St. Peter the Fisherman.”

The Marshal and his suite proceeded, and the battalions continued to defile over the bridge, not, however, with the bounding step and *gaieté de cœur* displayed by the the French soldiery in the brighter days of Napoleon, but in unbroken silence and evident discouragement.

The passage of about 10,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 200 baggage-waggons, necessarily occupied a considerable time ; at length, however, the last of the rear-guard quitted the bridge, the heavy tread of men and horses died away in the distance, and my attention was again solely occupied by the old fisherman, who suddenly leaned his rod against the parapet, withdrew a wooden peg which secured the planking, and hastily removed the same plank he had raised before. Kneeling down, and applying his face to the aperture, the dumb man exclaimed, to my infinite amazement, in good Russian,—“ Katinka ! Katiuka ! is all ready ? ”

“ Yes, grandfather ! there is a fish on every hook,” answered a shrill voice from beneath, in the same language. Starting up, the old man seized and raised his fishing-rod, which by the increasing moonlight I now saw was no rod, but a stout pole of great

length. Instead, however, of fish, I observed three small, but well-lighted lanterns, attached to as many cords of different lengths, forming, when the pole was placed by the fisherman in a perpendicular position, a signal or beacon of three equi-distant lights. Supporting the end of the pole on the parapet, he remained motionless until he saw a brilliant rocket rush into the air from an elevation at some distance beyond the Elbe. This rejoinder was followed by numerous rockets and fire-beacons, which blazed up in rapid succession along the hills of Meissen, filling the atmosphere with vivid coruscations, which were reflected in long and flaming lines on the ruffled waters of the Elbe. Starting on my feet at this extraordinary spectacle, I saw the old man some paces beyond the planking, whirling in apparent ecstasy his heavy pole and its pendant lamps above his head until the lights were extinguished by the rapid motion. Availing myself of his absence, I approached the aperture, when I stopped short in breathless surprise as I beheld slowly emerging from the trap, the head, arms, and figure of a woman, from whose dripping hair and apparel the water streamed upon the boards, while her wet clothes clinging closely to her person, betrayed the contours of an exquisitely-proportioned figure.

The storm was now fast subsiding, and the moon, shining brightly in an unclouded quarter of the sky, enabled me to discern her features. Gracious Heaven! it was my lovely and mysterious Meta, whom I beheld

in this strange condition. "In the name of wonder! Meta," I exclaimed, "what brings you here?" Without uttering a word in reply, she abruptly seized my arm, and with incredible force dragged me some distance along the bridge towards the city.

"*Pour l'amour de Jésus! Wolmar!*" she whispered in pure French, and with energetic intonation,— "Utter not a word, and quit the bridge, or you are lost.— See, see, dear Wolmar! my best and only friend! the fierce old man is replacing the plank,— away! away! begone, or he will murder thee!"

Had she been a stranger to me, I could not have resolved to leave this shivering girl in such a pitiable condition; and I now for the first time felt all the force of my attachment to her. Taking off my cloak, I threw it around her; meanwhile the fisherman was still watching the rockets thrown up by the besiegers on the hills beyond Grossenhayn. "There they go!" he shouted, "eight—nine—ten—eleven thousand of those incarnate devils—those murderous incendiaries! Rush down upon them, my valiant countrymen! Lay on, and spare not! Avenge the fires of Moscow! Avenge the cruel massacre of my son, and my son's son—my wife and daughters! Lay on, lay on, and spare not, in the name of God, and St. Andrew!"

Tossing his lanterns into the river, he now strode towards us with a speed and vigour wonderful at his advanced age; when, suddenly perceiving me, he angrily exclaimed in Russian, — "Katinka! unhappy girl! Who is that man? why speak to him? we shall be

betrayed and shot before noon. But hold," he continued through his clenched teeth, "there is yet a way and a will!"

Raising his heavy pole, he darted forward, and, with all his great bodily strength, levelled a blow at me which would assuredly have fractured my skull, had not his grand-daughter sprung forward, and by a sudden push against his arm given another direction to the ponderous weapon, which was broken to splinters on the pavement, while he who wielded it was thrown upon his knees.

"*Allons! Allons!*" was now heard from numerous voices near the other end of the bridge, along with the tramp of cavalry, and the loud rolling of gun-carriages. It was the detachment of Count de Lobau defeated on the Drachenberg, and returning, after the discovery that the Russians were on the alert, and had occupied all the mountain passes. It was the next day rumoured in Dresden that the besiegers were apprised of the intended sortie by Russian spies secreted in the city. To return, however, to my own critical situation.—I saw there was not a moment to lose. The courageous girl who had thus saved my life, exhausted by the effort, and by long exposure in a boat, to the wet and cold of a stormy November night, had fallen senseless at my feet. Taking up the precious burthen in my arms, I told the old man to fly for his life, and hastened towards the city with a speed which would not allow me to observe whether he had followed my advice, but which soon placed me and my beloved Meta

in security. Avoiding every sentinel, and passing through unfrequented streets, I reached the retired house of a maternal aunt, who had often been a resource to me in hours of need. With ready kindness the old lady surrendered her warm bed to the still unconscious maiden. I prescribed what was needful to restore her, and anxiously watched her recovery; but it would have required more than human skill to prevent the fever which followed the excitement and bodily fatigue of that memorable night.

Returning the following noon to my lodgings, I found my worthy landlord pale and trembling in his parlour. With a voice interrupted by strong emotion, he told me that Meta had disappeared, and that he had seen her aged parent leave the palace of Marshal St. Cyr, escorted by a numerous guard, which conducted him to the bridge. Thither he had followed and seen the poor dumb creature.

Further details were checked by a gush of tears, but I could too well infer the sad catastrophe.

Happily I succeeded in concealing the untimely end of her only surviving relative from the lovely orphan, until she had been some weeks my wife.

Since the auspicious day which made her mine for life, many years have gone by; but never has she for a moment given me cause to regret, that I confided my honour and my happiness to the keeping of a *Russian Spy*.



## THE VINTNER'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF THE FREE CITY OF FRANKFORT  
ON THE MAINE.

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'Tis true, old man, thy rigour may dam up  
The ardent current of the youthful blood ;  
But when affection's onward course is stopped,  
It swells to agony the aching heart ;  
And wildly bursting all impediment,  
Displays its strength in desolation.

LOVE'S VICTIM.

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It was on a calm and cheerful October evening, in the year 1684, when Master Rupert, chief of the guild of vintners in and about the free imperial city of Frankfort, stood before the door of his stately house, towards which the syndic and counsellor of the mint, Master Sigismund Bunsen, came walking, with the intent and purpose of taking his exercise on the Pflingstweide. As the senator approached, with the measured step of authority, Master Rupert applied his hand to his leathern cap — this being then the stuff appropriated to the head-gear of citizens of his rank — and when the worshipful syndic had approached within speaking distance, Master Rupert held the said cap in his hands, profoundly bowing at the same time.

“ Will your worship not condescend,” said the burgher in a deferential tone, “ to pass over the threshold of my humble dwelling, and allow me to profit by your sage discourses and sayings for half-an-hour ?”

“ With all my heart,” responded the syndic ; “ albeit I had purposed to exercise my limbs and body by taking a refreshing walk on the Pflingstweide.”

Master Rupert, bowing a second time, led the way through the door, richly adorned with brass, and carved into fantastical devices, towards a vestibule, against which hung a slab in a small frame, admonishing the guests, in quaint and pithy verses, to cleanse their shoes ere they proceeded farther. This vestibule they crossed to enter a large apartment, furnished with a variety of costly utensils, and decorated with an antique beaufet, in which silver tankards and spoons were glittering in all their bright array.

“ Hedwigis !” called Master Rupert—“ Hedwigis !” he repeated. The door opened, and Hedwigis, the only daughter of Master Rupert, advanced to learn her father’s will.

Have you, reader, ever been in Germany, in that unassuming, generous, frank, and hospitable country, whose towns, grey with age, and mossy from the lapse of centuries, speak to you with eloquent tongues of former grandeur and present abasement ? Have you seen its magnificent monuments of ancient art, and devout perseverance, and departed greatness ? If you have surveyed them, you may, with some help of

your imagination, be able to call before your fancy the men and the women who lived amidst these monuments—the grey father of the family, with his silver-clasped Bible before him, and his household attentively listening to the divine word; and the vigorous and manly sons, the chaste and beautiful daughters, all of them obedient, virtuous, home-loving, and happy.

You may have dwelt, too, on the sweet German faces, so cunningly depicted by their celebrated countryman, Albert Durer—those tender images of virgins arrayed in celestial mildness, and in humility, such as beseemeth creatures of clay,—with that saintly complexion on which roses seem just to have breathed their most ethereal hues—the lightly-parted purple lips—the humid eyes, so bashfully seeking the ground, radiant with sublime emotions, and half veiled by silken eyelashes—the tresses so carefully woven;—such a lovely image of beauty and chastity was Hedwigis, who made her entrance through the door, first respectfully curtsying to the syndic, and then taking his hand to kiss it, as was the fashion of the age.

The sunken eyes of the old worshipful counsellor brightened up visibly, and his ashen cheeks coloured, not unlike the trunk of a decaying tree, on which the last rays of the setting sun are beaming. After having suffered his hand to be saluted, he imprinted a kiss on the maiden's forehead.

“Yes,” said he, “yes, Master Rupert, you are a man well provided for, rich and respected; but the noblest gift which the giver of all good hath showered upon you,

is your daughter Hedwigis. Even we, reverend in years and in office, even we cannot withdraw our eyes from the beautiful child. Why then should we marvel if the young men turn almost crazy about her, and beleaguer her on every side, when going to church and out of church; in the streets and before your windows; yes, Master Rupert, well may you choose your son-in-law from amongst the best of the city."

The face of Master Rupert contracted, and his forehead wrinkled into deep furrows: he ordered his daughter abruptly to furnish a bottle of the forty-eight Hochheimer, and when she had turned her back, he said with an air of reserve—

"Most worshipful counsellor, it is true that my child is endowed with great external beauty; and it is no less true, that heaven has made me rich; but how can you speak of these things before the maiden? And as for the best son-in-law in the city——"

The counsellor was going to reply, when Hedwigis re-entered with a flagon of Hochheimer, and two green glass goblets, on which oak leaves were chased. Master Rupert at the same time rose, to draw from the centre of the room a ponderous table, the feet of which were curiously carved. The maiden having placed the flagon and the goblets on the board, retired. Scarcely had the pair taken their seats before the table, when a rap at the vestibule announced a third guest.

"Blessed be the day," said Master Rupert, rising and advancing towards the new-comer, "which brings my excellent and noble patron within my walls! Be

welcome, most excellent and noble Knight and Doctor de Brummenstein !”

And so saying, he rolled a third arm-chair, with heavy and high back, towards the table, and relieving the doctor of his barret and his gold-headed cane, begged him to be seated.

Hedwigris again made her appearance with another tumbler, which she placed on the table, and curtsying, she kissed the hand of the doctor, which he returned by saluting her on the forehead.

“*Der juchtett,*” said the doctor, smiling as he elevated the tumbler to his lips, “that’s true forty-eight !” To this his companions assented ; and in a short time the three old men became quite frank and jocular.

Doctor Vogt de Brummenstein was a vivacious, merry knight of the old school. He told some of his best stories of the times that were gone by, at which Master Rupert laughed so heartily, that he was necessitated to use his arms after the fashion of a hoop, to support the rotund preponderance of flesh which he owed to good living. The tears actually coursed from beneath his grey brows, and even the grave counsellor and syndic forgot himself and his dignity ; but when Hedwigris entered, carrying a clean and shining basket under her arm, and a snow-white table-cloth and napkins in her hand, and when she began to cover the table, and to place the inviting dishes which her head maid held ready,—and when farther, she blushing and timidly excused herself, that the time was so short, and that she could

not appropriately and adequately receive such noble and worshipful guests, and that they must pardon any lack of suitable entertainment ; then could neither of the old gentlemen longer find words to express what passed within them. They sat as if in profound amazement. Master Rupert himself, his hands folded on his ample front, smiled complacently when the doctor took the maiden by the hand, and looking her tenderly in the face, said, "O charming child ! O good and excellent daughter !" and then kissing her thrice on the forehead, thoughtful and mute, resumed his seat to drink her health with the worshipful counsellor.

"Master Rupert !" said the doctor, after a long pause, "you really cannot thank heaven sufficiently for having given you this inestimable treasure. She will bring you one day to great honours—for who would not wish to be your son-in-law ?"

"Just what I have told you, Master Rupert," said the counsellor ; "I behold already in spirit, the sweet Hedwigis the bride of a distinguished patrician."

"Dear, worshipful, and excellent Sirs," said Master Rupert, good-humouredly, "you talk of a thing I never yet dreamed of. My Hedwigis has just passed her eighteenth year, and a young damsel like her ought not even to think of marrying. I leave these matters to Him above, who ruleth all for the best ; but what I am sure of, is, that neither a patrician nor a nobleman, will ever have my daughter ; but a vintner, one who is a citizen of our free and imperial city,—always provided that my daughter do but like him."

The doctor and the syndic regarded each other with expressive looks, when the former said :

“ Then your daughter is not to marry above her rank ? ”

“ Heaven forefend,” returned Master Rupert.

“ But,” said the doctor, “ if a worthy artist, or even a senator, should choose Hedwigis, what would you say ? ”

“ My young friend,” replied Master Rupert, “ my young friend,” repeated he, throwing himself back into his leathern chair, “ would I say—show me the wine you have raised, and ranged in your cellars, and signed and marked, unsulphured and pure, like that before us, and dated year after year, that there can be no mistake ; if he could not satisfy me in these particulars, I would advise him forthwith to go and to seek his fortune elsewhere.”

“ Yet if the youth should say,” continued the doctor, “ I cannot show you my cellars, but I can show you statues which have sprung from under my chisel, or paintings which have started into life upon the canvass, by the force of my imagination—or magnificent vaults and columns, which have arisen at my bidding, and under my direction—what would you answer then, master Rupert ? Eh ? ”

“ Ah, most excellent Sir,” replied the vintner, in an impatient tone, “ what trouble you take about vain and idle things ! Once and for all my son-in-law must be of my profession, which, of all handicrafts and callings, I hold to be the most worthy. Do you think

it enough to gather the grape, and to pour the juice into the barrels and hogsheads? O gracious Sirs! Look at this wine—this noble wine! Behold its strength, and its flavour, and its purity, so easy to be borne, and yet so pregnant with most rare incitement—”

“*Recreans corpus et animum,*” said the doctor.

“O Sirs,” continued Master Rupert, “my heart laughs within me, when I look at my well-filled wine-caves, and enter them on a wintry evening, with a couple of friends or patrons, such as you are, my respected guests. What would become of them, if my son-in-law were an artist, a painter, a sculptor, or a senator?”

“But,” said the doctor, “if now on a fine evening, such as we have to-day, a gentle knight, on a proud courser, with well-appointed attendants, should halt before your house, and demand Hedwigis as his wife?”

“Ah! Ah!” exclaimed Master Rupert, with something like grumbling—“Then would I run, and bolt doors and windows, and cry out ‘Pass on! Pass on! Sir Knight—my flower does not blossom for your garden! No doubt my wine-caves would be acceptable to your palate, and my golden batzens to your purse, and you might be inclined to take my Hedwigis into the bargain; but pass on, pass on!’”

The doctor paused—his cheeks coloured, and he rejoined in an almost sullen tone, “Well, Master Rupert, if this knight should be my own son, who you know is besides a citizen of this free imperial city, and



a doctor graduated at the celebrated university of Leyden, would you also shut the door before his nose ?”

“ By no means, my worthy Sir,” said Master Rupert, “ I would open the door, and my house would be at his disposal, but as to what concerns Hedwigis, ‘ if heaven,’ would I say, ‘ had made your noble excellency \* a vintner instead of a knight and a doctor, then I would willingly adopt you as my son-in-law !’ — but why talk of things which never can happen ? Look, Sirs, our glasses are standing filled these twenty minutes. Suffer me to drink to the health of your learned and excellent son.”

The three seized their glasses, and Doctor de Brummenstein with a smile said, “ you are well aware, Master Rupert, that all that has passed has only been said in convivial jesting, for it would be a great folly to suppose that my son, a Knight of the Holy Roman Empire, and a Doctor graduate of the celebrated university of Leyden, should so far forget his illustrious birth and expectations as to marry beneath his rank— *salvo respectu* for your virtuous daughter. But you might have answered me, Master Rupert, in a more friendly vein.”

“ Ah, most gracious Sir, would I could have done so, but do not think it foolish pride in me, for albeit I am the first vintner in this our ancient city—the most renowned of the empire, and in the Rhinegau and the Mainegau—yet I know to esteem and to venerate my superiors ; and I think it but right to observe, that I have spoken with due regard to the sovereign mandate

\* Doctors of Medicine were, in the sixteenth century, styled thus in many parts of Germany.

of our Lord and Emperor Maximilian—whose soul may God take into his holy keeping—which mandate sayeth, ‘that no burgher, nor daughter of a burgher, shall marry above his or her condition, rank, estate,’ and so forth.”

The doctor made no answer, but strove to conceal his dissatisfaction, and to assume a serene countenance, and the counsellor directed his discourse to the next election in the senate; but it was easy to be seen that the harmony between the three old men had received a slight shock. The doctor seized his barret, and thanking the vintner for his hospitable reception, left the house in not quite so good a humour as he had entered it.

Master Rupert looked somewhat chagrined at the hasty retreat of the knight.

“I do not know,” said he, in a little, and after many prefatory hems, “I do not know what the old gentleman aimed at, with his strange talk. I have not offended him, I hope.”

“My dear Master Rupert,” said the counsellor, “you are a discreet and a pious man, and you do very well to hold in due reverence your craft and your daughter, but this reverence ought not to pass into fastidious and idle words, these being contrary to Christian humility. Now, the illustrious and excellent knight must have found himself hurt at the supposition that his son, one of the most valiant and learned youths, and well provided with worldly riches, and who might claim the hand of any baroness in the empire, that this

said young knight was coveting your wine-caves and your golden batzens ; now, had you said, ‘my noble and learned Sir, if the case forsooth should happen; that your son should prefer his suit to my daughter, in that case such an honour would be a thing for which I am quite unprepared;’ then the good knight would have kept his good humour and returned home with it. ’

“ Spare not thy rebuke, worshipful Sir,” said Master Rupert ; “ but may heaven forgive me if I could speak otherwise, when the knight began to talk so idly.”

“ And then the singularity, ” continued the senator, “ not to give your daughter to any one except a vintner. To the dispenser of all good gifts, you said you would leave the well-being of the damsel, and to this very Providence you oppose yourself, which opposing may cause much heart-burning to you and to your child. No, Master Rupert, renounce these foolish determinations, they are unbecoming a Christian.”

“ Most worshipful Sir, ” returned the vintner, “ I perceive well I have done wrong, not to tell you, in the beginning, every thing. You think it, no doubt, stubborn and head-strong pride, which made me speak as I did ; alas ! it is a secret, and most marvellous injunction, which I received at my Hedwigis’ birth, that forces me adopt this course. If you allow me, I will impart it to you.—There is still a bottle of fifty-four Johannisberger,” said he, replenishing the glasses. “ You know, ” he continued, in an under voice, folding his hands piously above his girdle, “ that the very

day when Hedwigis was born, three hours after her birth, my good old grandmother died. She was then deaf and dumb, and blind, having attained her hundredth and third year. We were just going to receive the minister coming to christen our child, when suddenly a shrill and loud cry resounded from the chamber where my grandmother was lying. All of us started horror-stricken; I ran into the room, and beheld the old woman moving towards us at a steady pace, and asking after the new-born babe. I followed the nurse, took the infant from her, and returned to my grandmother. She spread out her arms and received the child, and pressed three kisses on her forehead, and began, to my astonishment, to sing, with a clear, distinct voice—

‘ From below—from below—  
From on high—from on high—  
Beautiful blossom !  
Cometh that which shall bless thee,  
When the eve shall possess thee,  
And shrine thy white bosom.’

When she had finished these words, she crossed the child, and naming it Hedwigis, after herself, prayed fervently over it. Then she returned to her couch, and when I looked after her she was dead ! ”

“ That’s a marvellous story, indeed ; ” said the syndic, “ but what has this prophecy to do with a vintner as your son-in-law, and the bridegroom of Hedwigis ? ”

“ Your worship,” said Master Rupert, “ I wonder your sagacity is unable to penetrate it. Can there be.

any thing clearer? Does not the juice spring into the grape from below—viz. from the earth? Does not the fertilizing rain come from on high? Is the wine not deposited in the cave?”

“My good Master Rupert,” said the counsellor, “you explain in your own whimsical manner the mystical verse of your grandmother; I, for my part, cannot see the accuracy of your interpretation. I think, on the contrary, that you ought to leave the whole to Providence, instead of forming any rash resolves.”

“And I think,” said Master Rupert, “that my son-in-law must be a vintner.”

The counsellor almost lost his patience at the strange obstinacy of his host, but he restrained himself, and rising, said, “It waxeth late, Master Rupert, let us give over drinking.”—After having spoken these words, he shook the right hand of the vintner, and grasping his cane, stalked out of the house at a regulated solemnity of movement befitting the station and character of a worshipful syndic and counsellor of the mint.

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The sun was setting, and his golden rays shed a brilliant fire over the flourishing city of Frankfort, and the circumjacent country, which on every side was resonant with laughter and rustic gambols, and exhilarating music, for the Mainegau was celebrating the vintage, and old and young participated in the sports of the festive scene. Men and women gaily dressed and crowned with flower-garlands—children carolling, while they carried buckets and baskets—and musicians playing merry tunes

on cymbals and other care-dispelling instruments, ran and leaped, and danced and frolicked, like Grecian Bacchimals. It was a holiday, or rather a holy week for city and country. On a vine-crested knoll, which overlooked on the right the soft-winding Maine—opposite the town of Aschaffenburg—and on the left the ancient and imperial city of Frankfort, there stood a youth dressed in a black velvet *mantilla*, of Spanish cut and fashion, with similar nethercloths and golden buckles on his shoes, and a velvet barret on his head, gazing thoughtfully into the distance. He held in his hand some flowers and herbs, the latter of which he carefully deposited in a book, which he carried under his cloak.

“My son!” said a voice behind him.

The youth turned, and laid his hands in those of the Doctor and Knight de Brummenstein. “My son!” repeated the father, “*utendum est ætate: cito pede præterit ætas.*—Thou hast been lost these eight days to me, to thyself, and to the world.”

“Alas!” said the youth, and his eye glanced over into a vineyard whence loud and joyous music resounded.

“Let us see Master Rupert and his lovely daughter, though the old man refuse thee as a son-in-law,” said the father.

The evening star brightened more and more as they advanced towards the vineyard of Master Rupert, whose retainers were singing and dancing all the while they carried huge casks into the outhouse of the wine-cave, the master vintner in the midst of them admiring

nistering encouragement and reproof, and enjoying the animated scene. As they neared, the old man lifted his cap reverentially, and Hedwigis issued from the out-house, and kissed the hand of the old knight.

A tear started in the eyes of the youth at the sight of the beautiful maiden. He wished to speak, but only inarticulate tones escaped him. The damsel blushed, and was agitated in her turn, and retired again behind her father.

And while the servitors of Master Rupert hurried the vats and casks and buckets into the out-house, and while the vintner controlled and directed their proceedings, a band of youngsters raised their voices and chanted a pleasant song of Master Trauenlob the minstrel.

“ Now comes so merry the vintage time,  
 The cymbals ring, and the village bells chime ;  
 And away to the vineyard with morning's prime  
     Does the beautiful Ernestine hie ;  
 In holiday garments is she clad,  
 Yet the heart of the maiden is far from glad,  
 And she singeth a song with a burthen sad—  
     “ Without thee, my love, I shall die ! ”

O wealthy's the lord of the vineyard I ween,  
 And his only child is the fair Ernestine ;  
 He will give her a dower befitting a queen  
     If his choice she'll be guided by ;—  
 He tells her she's ever his darling care,  
 Of a gallant young knight he bids her beware,  
 She speaks not, but carols her pensive air—  
     “ Without thee, my love, I shall die ! ”

The grapes are gather'd—the vintagers gone ;  
 Ernestine sits in her chamber alone ;—  
 The rose from her delicate cheek has flown—  
     All heavily does she sigh ;

At last there comes in a leech's guise,  
A gay young knight, who to sooth her tries,  
He offers a ring, and the maid replies—  
“Without thee, my love, I must die !”

As often as they arrived at the burthen of the song, the young Adolph de Brummenstein murmured—

“Without thee, my love, I must die !”

and tears again crowded to his eyes.

The sun had long set, the fresh night-breeze swept keenly from the mountains and forests of Hanau, creeping over hill and dale, when Doctor de Brummenstein remarked, “And Master Rupert, do you not think it safer to return with your tender daughter to your house, than to expose yourself and her to the bitter blast of evening ?”

Adolph, his son, awoke from his stupor. His eyes had been rivetted on Hedwigis, to whom he had spoken in broken whispers, which she acknowledged with down-cast looks and blushes, it not being then the fashion to give amatory answers to young gallants.

“It does not befit a master vintner,” said the old man, “to leave his fellows before the work is done, still less when such distinguished guests are present.”

“Hedwigis !” said the young doctor, “do you remember the time when we played together, and when you came to our house every day, and when you were like a child with my mother ?”

“I have still the little flower-basket,” said the maiden in a faltering tone, “which the noble lady, your mother,



gave to me." She hesitated and coloured, and cast her eyes downwards, as if she had said too much. The father of the youth began to feel chilly, and seizing the arm of his son, he bade farewell to Master Rupert and his daughter, whom he recommended to take care of the effects of the atmosphere.

And day after day, and evening after evening, the young and noble Doctor de Brummenstein came to the knoll opposite Aschaffenburg ; but his heart was heavy, for Hedwigis avoided him more and more, and Master Rupert looked gloomy and repulsive, muttering,—“Should not have thought that the young knight would forget himself so far. If I had known that, I would have shut my door in his face.” And the young knight went home more melancholy than ever, and with many a pang torturing his bosom.

On the morning of the seventh day after the beginning of the vintage in the Mainegau, Hedwigis sat in her little closet, her hands folded on her lap, her head sunk on her bosom, her spindle lying on the floor. She still heard resounding in her ears the melancholy cadence,

“Without thee, my love, I must die !”

and mingled with it she distinguished too the stern declaration of her father, and saw the accomplished and captivating Adolph, turning in sadness down the knoll towards the gate. Softly, as if afraid of herself, she repeated, “Without thee, my love, I must die !” and the tears glistened in her eyes, and deep sighs heaved her breast.

Her father entered, and told her that she must prepare for the vintage in the Rhinegau, and accompany his people—for Master Rupert had a second vineyard in Hochheim, and a third in Rudesheim. He did not look at his daughter, nor did he see her weeping. As her father left the room, she heaved another sigh, again dwelling on the words, “Without thee, my love, I must die!” Her nurse, Anna Maria, entered the chamber, and Hedwigis, to conceal her tears from the woman, told her of her father’s command, and that she must instantly prepare for the journey.

“Ah!” said the nurse; “beloved Hedwigis, will the noble knight go along with you?”

“In the name of heaven, Anna Maria, what do you say?”

“My dear Hedwigis, do not cry out as if you did not understand me. One must really have no eyes, and be blind, not to see that the young and handsome knight De Brummenstein, is violently in love with you.”

“Anna Maria! Anna Maria!” said Hedwigis, concealing her face with her hand, “I must leave you if you speak thus.”

“Dear me,” said the nurse; “look thee—can’st thou deny that the young knight follows thee day and night—can’st thou deny it? How his words tremble on his tongue; how his pale cheeks are suffused with blushes, when he turns his eye to thee; how sweet and lovely and humble he looks, as if to beg a glance from thee. Oh, my daughter, is not that a great honour! Rich and learned as he is, and inherit, as he will, his uncle’s

castle on the Rhine, just above our vineyard.—We shall be his liege people then.”

While Anna Maria prattled thus, tears began to glide fast down the cheeks of her darling. She arose and turned towards the window. No sooner had she looked down into the street than she sobbed aloud. The nurse was frightened: a knight on horseback was coming up the street, followed by two richly-dressed retainers, all of them in their travelling accoutrements. The knight glanced up towards the window, and raising his bonnet, bowed profoundly. He was very pale, and the expression of his countenance was settled melancholy. Hedwigis could restrain herself no longer; she sobbed louder and louder, ever and anon murmuring the burthen of the vintagers' song—

“ Without thee, my love, I must die ! ”

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“ Cease tormenting me,” said the doctor; “ do you not see that I am engaged ? ”

“ Yes,” said the old woman, “ and while you are engaged, my dear child may and must die.”

“ *Tum quarta elapsa hora et aqua incandescente, eundem iterum injicies pulverem.* ”—And so saying, the doctor threw into a vase which stood over a gridiron, two spoonsful of brown powder; and after having mixed it with a white unguent, he continued, as before, to peruse a scroll. The old woman groaned.

The doctor was a young and handsome man, to

judge from the flaxen curls which clustered round his neck and shoulders, and the symmetrical proportions of his manly shape ; but he wore a mask, which concealed his features. His head drooped upon his chest, while he continued to read.

“ And she lies in a death-swoon,” said the woman ; “ and even Doctor de Brummenstein has given her up. Three days and three nights she has lain in the castle of the Knight of Brummenstein, and not a morsel yet has crossed her lips ; and not a word, except a line of some foolish song—

‘ Without thee, my love, I must die ! ’ ”

The doctor started—“ Die, woman, sayest thou ?—die ? It is yet better than death.” And again he relapsed into a reverie ; but suddenly springing up, he hastened to the gridiron, and pouring the chemical preparation (a bluish syrup, exhaling a sweet odour) into a flagon, he took his mantle and barret, and said, “ Now, woman, I will follow thee.” With these words he left the room of the chief hostelry of Bingen, where the great doctor of Leyden had sojourned for the last forty-eight hours.

The road from the town of Bingen to the castle of Rheinfels is long and weary and difficult, but the doctor travelled with the rapidity of one journeying on a business of life and death. After many hours he reached the bank opposite the castle, and the ferryman took him into his boat. The doctor was silent all the while.

Only now and then a snatch of the vintage song escaped him,

‘Without thee, my love, I must die!’

The doctor arrived before the draw-bridge of the castle, seized a silver horn, which hung from his neck, and gave a violent blast. The signal was answered from the tower, and instantly an armed servant came to reconnoitre through the grated window of the outwork. After a brief delay, admission was vouchsafed. The doctor passed through the court-yard, and up the stairs into the mazes of the building, like one intimately acquainted with its interior. He entered a hall, in which he found a number of persons standing and sitting in profound silence.

A man in a velvet *mantilla*, with a golden chain round his breast, advanced towards him.

“Alas!” said he, “are you the great doctor from Leyden? I am afraid it is too late. There is little hope. She is dying!”

“*Ægrotat animo magis quam corpore,*” muttered the masked doctor, in a solemn voice. Without adding a word more, he opened a door in the hall, and entered a room dimly lighted. It was the apartment of the sick. The first speaker followed him, with a man dressed in the garb of a citizen, sobbing aloud. The doctor approached the window, and pointing to it, made a sign to open it. Then he opened, in the same still, mysterious manner, the curtains of the bed, on which was stretched the patient—a beautiful maiden, pale as the moon. The ravages of illness had scarcely touched

her celestial traits. The doctor hung over her for an instant, and then raised her arm, and laid his finger on her pulse. A slight tremulousness was still perceptible.

“Leave the room,” said the doctor. “Our spirits must meet freely, that they may understand each other.”

With heart-rending moans both the men retired.

“Hedwigis!” said the doctor.

The form moved, a slight agitation crept over the pale limbs—her head shook—a scarcely perceptible blush seemed to tinge her cheeks.

“Hedwigis!” said the doctor, in a still softer tone.

The fair form again moved. She turned her head, she opened her eyes, she looked as if bewildered. “Whence are these sounds? ‘Without thee, my love,’ she added, in accents scarcely audible, ‘I must die!’”

“Hedwigis!” said the doctor, a third time, “awake, it is thy Adolph!”

She elevated her head, but it sank again exhausted. She lay like a statue of marble.

“Hedwigis! Every remedy has failed except one—will you take it from the hands of him who is faithful even unto death?”

The damsel gave no answer.

“Hedwigis, your heart is breaking.—One hour more, and you are lost to me for ever!”

“Better lost to thee than be disobedient to my father. O noble knight, why do you come to the sick bed of a daughter of sorrow?” Her lips closed, and a bluish hue overspread them.

“As you are determined to die,” said her lover, “I will at least have the consolation of alleviating your

death. Take this"—and he raised her head, and poured into her mouth the draught which he had prepared.

"It is sweet,—sweet as life," said the maiden, and a dim haze shot across her face, and her head dropt again on the pillow.

"Thou wilt sleep, my angel—softly wilt thou sleep, and heavenly dreams will descend upon thee!" Thus saying, he pressed his lip to her damp forehead, then left the room, and departed from the castle.

Scarcely had ten minutes elapsed, when the patient became so weak and exhausted, that the chaplain of the castle was once more called, with a view to comfort the dying in her last moments. It was a piteous sight to behold the sweet maiden listening to the fervent orisons, and gradually sinking into that slumber, from which there is no awakening. All the bystanders shed tears, but none more than the burgher her father. Master Rupert insisted that her remains should be conveyed to her native city, to be interred in the family vault of St. Vitus, where the members of his house had been interred for centuries.

It was on All Souls' day of the year 1684, that the remains of the beautiful Hedwigris entered within the gates of Frankfort, borne by twelve virgins, dressed in white, with chaplets of flowers on their heads; twelve more strewed flowers before the bier, as it slowly advanced through the mourning multitude. The senate, with its burgomaster and the whole city's council and the patricians, followed, for Master Rupert and his daughter were revered, not only on account of the vint-

ner's wealth, but because of their piety, which never suffered the hungry to go from the door without a proof of their charity ; in short, the whole city was in deep affliction at the loss of its fairest ornament. As the procession approached the church, the wailing became louder and louder, and the lofty vaults resounded with the lamentation of women and children, who had lost a benefactress in the maiden.

A form shrouded in a dark cloak, evidently profoundly affected by what was going on, was seen leaning in a corner of the middle aisle. Many passed by the mourner, but all of them turned away, for there seemed something desperate in his sorrow. The church emptied gradually, and the silvery rays of the moon began to gleam through the high painted windows, and still the mourner remained, but the sobs that appeared to rend his frame had become indistinct and scarcely perceptible.

The clock struck twelve from the high steeple of St. Vitus, when the man arose and stepped towards the spot on which the coffin containing the body of Hedwigis rested, awaiting interment the next morning.

“ *Misericordia!* ” exclaimed the sexton Arnulph, who sat watching the body. “ *Misericordia*, a ghost ! a ghost !—all good spirits praise the Lord ! ”

“ Be silent, Arnulph ! ” said the muffled unknown ; “ Great is the power of the Spirit. Through weak hands the Lord performs his wonders.”

“ Holy St. Vitus, come to the assistance of thy servant ! ” exclaimed the sexton, crossing himself and turning to evade the grasp of the masked intruder.



“ Listen,” said the latter ; “ Listen to me, and obey my bidding on your life. Round the corner of the Synagogue of the Jews, there thou wilt find a stone—the bloody stone—under that stone there is a bottle. Go and fetch it, I charge thee as thou would’st do an act acceptable to heaven !”

The sexton replied not, but without reverting his face, hurried out of the church, the heavy gates of which he left open in terror.

“ *Jurat ire sub umbra,*” said the mask, advancing towards the sarcophagus, from which he tore the red covering, and raised the body of the maiden.

Two muffled females, dressed in black cloaks, approached at the same time, and received from the stranger’s hands the precious burden. When he had replaced the cloth and the flowers, they left the church.

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In the same vestibule of Master Rupert, with which our readers were made acquainted in the commencement of this narrative, the syndic and counsellor Bunsen, and Master Rupert, had been secluded for more than two hours. Sighs and groans had been heard in the first hour ; then followed exclamations of doubt and distrust, and finally, of wonder and amazement.

“ Nay, most worshipful Sir !” said Master Rupert, “ and you do really not mock a poor old childless man—and there are, in truth, instances of persons having been buried alive?—and do you think it possible that my Hedwigis—?”

“ I may now tell you the whole, Master Rupert,” said the counsellor.—“ When your daughter was seized with a violent cold and fever consequent thereupon—when the erudite Knight and Doctor Von Brummenstein offered his castle for her better reception, (and yet the sickness grew in spite of all possible care,) then you imagined but little that this sickness of the lovely child came not from exposure to the evening dews of the Rhine, but from a latent mental sickness, which was consuming life. Master Rupert!—Master Rupert!” said the syndic, threatening him with his fingers, “ your fatal perversion of prophecies—your sinful obstinacy—” (Master Rupert heard the reproach with the deepest humility.) “ Well,” continued the syndic, “ there was no help; she was dying of a breaking heart. One man alone could aid her, but he was prevented from approaching her, partly by your obstinacy, partly by the rules which interdict unmarried doctors from visiting the sick bed of maidens; but he overcame these obstacles. It is to the noble and excellent Knight and Doctor Adolph Von Brummenstein that you owe your daughter’s life. As the living coals are preserved from dying by the covering sheet of ashes, so he, by a soporific draught, detained the spark of life, which would else have been extinguished. Do you remember the masked doctor?”

“ Adolph Von Brummenstein!” exclaimed Master Rupert. “ But is my child really alive, and where is she?”

“ Her nurse and my sister have carried her from the

cold church to her room. There we shall find her," said the syndic.

The old man hastened to the damsel's chamber, where they found Hedwigis pale and weak, but restored to life, and smiling like the angel of peace.

"And where is the young knight, her preserver?" enquired Master Rupert.

"The lover of Hedwigis is here," responded the youth, who had been impatiently standing in the corridor.

"From below, from below,  
From on high, from on high,  
Beautiful blossom!  
Cometh that which shall bless thee,  
When the cave shall possess thee,  
And shrine thy white bosom!"

sang Master Rudolph, seizing the hand of the delighted Adolph, and placing it in that of Hedwigis.

The next day, instead of the funeral, they celebrated the wedding. And all the city of Frankfort assisted at the festival, and whole hogsheads of Hochheimer flowed on the occasion. And the old praised the virtuous Hedwigis, who preferred dying to disobeying her father; and the young spared not their plaudits to the bridegroom, who had redeemed the brightest jewel of the city from the cave of death.

# THE PRIMA DONNA.

## A Tale of Music.

IN FRAGMENTS, FROM THE UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCES  
OF AN AMATEUR.

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### PART I.—COMO, 177—.

Where steps of purest marble meet the wave;  
Where, through the trellises and corridors,  
Soft music came as from Armida's palace,  
Breathing enchantment o'er the woods, the waters.

ROGERS.

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THE Italian poet apostrophizes the spring as the “Gioventu dell’ anno.” In Italy, however, the fact is otherwise; and from the generally mild temperature of the winters, the inhabitants are hardly conscious of the transition from winter to spring. The true spring-time of the year in Italy, is after the first rains in autumn, when all nature awakens refreshed from the long sleep of a burning summer. The vegetable world arrays itself in a new mantle of vivid green, and the relaxed fibres of animal life, braced by a purer atmosphere, regain their wonted vigour and elasticity. Then it is that all who possess the means, abandon the shady

streets and cool saloons of Italian cities, and hasten to enjoy the *villeggiatura* in the environs, or in the small and rural towns so numerous throughout Italy.

I had passed the hot summer of 177—, in Milan, where an enthusiastic fondness for vocal music, and the various attractions of the superb and then admirably conducted opera-house, had induced me to linger for a period far exceeding my original intention, and to delay from day to day my proposed *villeggiatura* at a friend's villa on the lake of Como. My regular attendance at La Scala had made me acquainted with many of the performers; but a congenial gaiety and thoughtlessness of character had drawn me into closer intimacy with the first tenor-singer, a handsome and still young-looking man, of four-and-thirty, and well known to the musical world under his assumed name of M——i, but whom I purpose to call Romanelli, his mother's name, which he preferred to the fictitious one before mentioned. In his youth and early manhood, he had been a chorister at St. Peter's, and had undergone precisely that kind of discipline in singing the long-drawn notes of Palestrina and Allegri, which subsequently made him, in the opinion of all sound judges, the best singer of his time. His voice, originally, by his own confession, of limited range and power, had been expanded and matured by the admirable training of the Italian schools, into wide compass, severe purity of tone, and great facility of execution. He exercised, indeed, an equal and absolute control over every note; and, whether high or low, loud or subdued, his tones were always beautifully

round and true. He possessed also the rare faculty of clearly articulating with every note its proper syllable; making, at the same time, each separate letter distinctly audible. But these merits were, according to his notions, merely mechanical; and within the reach of any one possessing a good ear, a tolerable voice, and enduring powers of application. The peculiar excellence of Romanelli was in impassioned music: his recitativo, in scenes of strong excitement, was declamation of the highest order; and not only was his emphasis rhetorically just, but his attitudes and his action were so perfectly dramatic, so fraught with poetry and fire, that not a few of his female auditors trembled as they looked and listened.

In the lessons with which I was favoured by this highly gifted singer, he inculcated a lofty contempt for all decorations not absolutely essential to the subject. With a masterly perception of his art, he employed, but sparingly, the legitimate graces of melody; pronouncing even these, mere tinsel and embroidery—the resource of falsetto singers, and weak lungs. The pure gold of music, he contended, was discoverable only in long notes, well sustained and true; swelling, sinking, or melting into others. He thought that genuine music could never vary in its character; and that its proper aim and end were to charm the ear, and at the same time to impress the sense and pathos of the words so deeply on the soul of the auditor, as to make him unconscious that they were conveyed through a musical medium. Such was the effect, he maintained, of the ancient *Mi-*

*serere* of Allegri, as performed annually in the Sixtine chapel; of the modern German music of Handel, Gluck, Hasse, Graun, and Bach; and of the works of the great Neapolitan composers, Jomelli, Leo, Traetta, Majo, and Pergolesi; so little known out of Italy, and yet so remarkable for the variety and beauty of their compositions.

In serious and impassioned music, I will here remark, these masters are indeed mighty, but only when their conceptions are embodied by intelligent singers of pure taste and fine organ. Without this advantage, their choicest notes are mere skeletons; and the difficulty of finding voices able to invest them with flesh and colour, light and shade, will readily explain the large remuneration bestowed upon singers of the highest order. Pacchiarotti, who could melt an audience into tears, received for the performance of a night, five times more than Sarti or Paesiello could obtain for the composition of an entire opera.

So long, however, as the public will be satisfied with ill-taught singers who can run up and down twenty semi-tones in a breath, but cannot accomplish one round and perfect note equalling in length the whole twenty, so long will the noble operas of the German and Neapolitan masters remain on the shelf; while modern composers, who adapt their notes to the limited powers or personal convenience of particular singers, will exclude all genuine music from the stage.

To return to my friend Romanelli. Such was the

man, who, at sunrise one fine morning in September, burst into my chamber, singing the popular air of—

“Viva, viva, la Freseura!  
Viva la Villeggiatura!”

Then, with a dramatic sweep of his long arm, he tossed the bed-clothes into a corner of the room, and exclaimed—

“*Caro mio!* My carriage is at the door, and my steeds are as impatient as their master. Up, then, with a bound, don your best apparel, and off with me to Como!

‘There to inhale the breezes of the lake,  
To cool our wine-flasks in its dark blue waves,  
And lie at length beneath the white arcades  
Of Odesealehi, . . . . .  
Quaffing the Tuscan grape.’

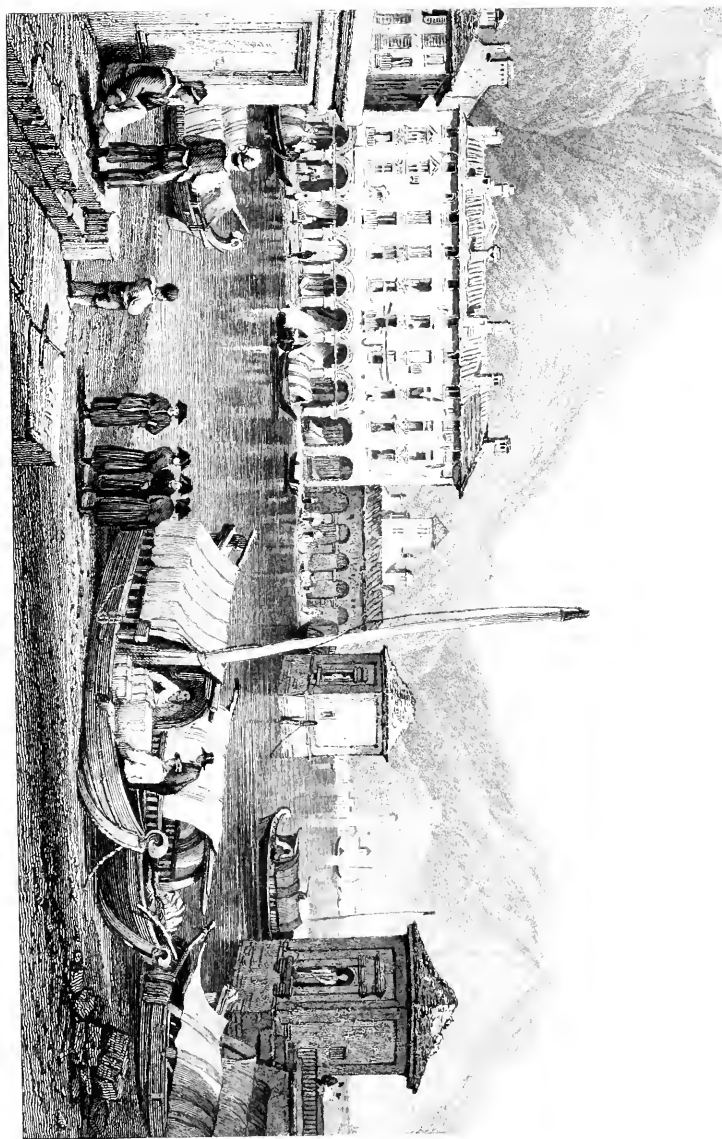
“There, too, you shall hear such a voice as never yet was heard within La Scala. But mark me well, Enrico!” he proceeded with tragic seriousness—

‘If, while you listen to the soaring swell,  
And melting cadence of that angel’s voice,  
You dare to cast one look, or heave one sigh  
Of love . . . . Your life shall answer it!’

“*Badinage* apart,” continued the lively Italian, who, when in the vein, was an *improvisatore*—“Valeria Ga——i, the daughter of an opulent citizen of Milan, has just returned with her music-loving father from a tour to Venice and Southern Italy. In Naples, it was my happy lot to meet her often in private society;







and although she was then not seventeen, never did I behold a more lovely woman—never did I hear a female voice in which force and sweetness were so finely blended—a voice so exquisitely true, and modulations so impassioned. For the good of the human race she ought to go upon the stage, and I will stir heaven and earth to make her a Prima Donna.”

Romanelli had touched the right chord—I well knew his consummate judgment, and my impatience to see and hear this musical phenomenon, gave a spring to every movement. In ten minutes I was apparelled for the journey; two more sufficed to pack a light portmanteau, and in a few seconds the fiery steeds of Romanelli were careering through the streets of Milan. A rapid drive of four hours conveyed us into the pleasant valley and flat-roofed city of Como, where, instead of proceeding to my friend's villa in the vicinity, I complied with the urgent request of my companion, that I would share his lodgings in a cheerful quarter of the suburb of Vico, near the gardens of the Odescalchi palace, in which stood the venerable elm, mentioned in the letters of the younger Pliny. Here our domestic arrangements were soon completed, and we proceeded to the picturesque little harbour of Como, where my companion, stepping into a boat, begged I would amuse myself until his return from the not distant villa of Valeria's father, and his light gondola, plied by two able rowers, darted with bird-like speed across the miniature sea-port, and disappeared round the angle of the barrier. I passed some hours in wandering through the streets of this

ancient city, surveying its walls and towers, its noble cathedral of white marble, and the most striking of a dozen minor churches. To one, however, accustomed to the stir and magnitude of Milan, the quiet city of Como held out few attractions, even in the season of *villeggiatura*, and after a second stroll through every leading street, and a third look-out for Romanelli at the harbour, I determined to toil my way up the flank of the cube-like hill, crowned by the ruins of the once formidable citadel. I reached the summit about half an hour before sunset, and, forgetting all sense of fatigue, paused in rapturous delight at the immense landscape. It was, indeed, a sight of splendour. The sun's broad disk, now near the western hills, threw a golden radiance over the long line of waters; the white sails of numerous barks and lighter vessels were glancing in the sun-beams; and the white arcades of the numerous villas along the undulating shore, glittered like gems beneath the chestnut groves, and bending rocks, which margin this most lovely of Italian lakes.

“How beautiful the evening! how rich the landscape!” exclaimed in English a voice above me. Gazing upward in surprise, I beheld a man in priestly garb, seated on a lofty fragment of the ruined fortress, and recognized the urbane features and winning smile of Father Egan, an Irish priest, whom I had often met in Milan, and formerly known in Spain, and who had, like myself, been attracted to Italy by an unconquerable appetite for musical gratification, to which he added a fine taste for the paintings of the Italian schools. “Look,

my son!" he continued, "at the fiery edges of that glorious cloud, immoveable in a serene sky! Observe the interchanging tints of flame and crimson on its edge and surface, and say if thou could'st not almost fancy it the Shekinah of Holy Writ. Were I a landscape painter, I would only paint sunsets; they are the poetry of nature: and yet how poor the boasted colouring of Titian and Claude, when compared with the golden radiance of earth, sea, and sky, in this heavenly climate!"

I was just in a mood to enjoy the conversation of the enthusiastic and sincerely devout Irishman, and remained with him until the last streak of red had disappeared in the west, and the stars began to drop faint streams of light upon the dark waters beneath. Quitting our lofty stand, we left the ruins, and had made some progress down the hill, when the low and mellow chime of a convent bell struck our musical ears. We paused by tacit consent, to hear the inmates of a nunnery in the glen beneath, chant the evening service to the Virgin, and soon the hymn swelled out in solemn and affecting harmony through the stillness of night.

I have ever loved the devotional singing of women. Their religion is not the growth of controversy—it is deeply rooted in their sensibilities; and their performance of sacred music, if less accurate and powerful than that of male singers, is far more prayerful and heaven-devoted. Every note is a supplication, and from the depth of their hearts.

I left the worthy priest at the gate of the Benedictines, where he was a guest, and hastened to my dwell-

ing in the suburbs ; but Romanelli had not arrived, nor did he make his appearance before midnight, when, with looks indicating some strong inward emotion, he abruptly entered.

“ Enrico !” he exclaimed, “ this night will decide my fate for life, and against me if you withhold your prompt assistance. You shall hear and judge.—For twelve months I have loved Valeria Ga——i ; for half that time she has been affianced to me, with her own and her father’s consent ; and now this faithless old man, regardless alike of his own honour, and of his daughter’s affections, which are irrevocably mine, listens to the proposals of a needy Sicilian duke, whose aim is not the jewel, but the gold which shrines it.

“ The time is too pressing for details, Enrico. Valeria, indignant at her father’s conduct, has consented to be mine this very night. Go, if you love me, and seek a priest, while I return to scale the garden wall, and bring away the captive fair one.”

Presuming upon my consent, he left the room and the house, before I had time to consider the responsibility thus hastily imposed upon me. I was a young man, and had no clear impression of the respective claims and duties existing between fathers and daughters. I had known Romanelli some months, and I believed him a man of honour and principle, addicted to no vice but gambling, certainly, however, not a slave to this propensity, and professing to follow it only for purposes of relaxation and temporary excitement. I knew also that he played prudently and successfully. Believ-

ing, too, the tale he told me, I proceeded without delay to the Benedictine monastery, in quest of Father Egan, who had not retired for the night. I did not explain my object, but prevailed upon him to accompany me, on a matter of grave and pressing import, to my lodging. Not knowing when to expect the return of Romanelli from his adventurous expedition, I placed two flasks of Monte Pulciano on the table, and imparted to the good-natured priest the critical situation of the lovers, and my wish that he would unite them, before the early mass, in one of the lateral chapels of the Benedictine church. The music-loving father was evidently desirous to gratify not only me, his fellow countryman, but also the noble singer, to whose private concerts he had been often admitted. He hesitated, nevertheless, from prudential motives, and, I have since thought, from a better knowledge of Romanelli's character than I possessed. The weather, however, was sultry, Father Egan was a thirsty Irishman, and by the time we had uncorked the third bottle, all his scruples and all my hesitation had vanished. Meanwhile the night was far advanced, and Romanelli appeared not. At length, soon after five, and when our apprehensions of some catastrophe had nearly subdued the cheering influence of the fourth bottle, my friend and his Valeria arrived. Her figure was so disguised in a large mantle, that I could only distinguish the tall and majestic outline: her countenance, however, from which Romanelli removed a thick veil as she advanced, had beauties and peculiarities more easily felt than described. She had

the fair complexion and redundant locks of shining auburn, often observed in northern Italy, but not the mild blue eye which usually accompanies a fair-haired woman. Her large well opened orbs were of the dark and radiant tincture peculiar to Rome and Naples; her eye-brows well defined, her forehead commanding, the nose long, straight, and delicately formed, the mouth closed and serious, but femininely beautiful, and the smile melancholy, yet of singular power and fascination. The combined expression of these striking features indicated a mind of a lofty order, and a decision of character above her age. It was no time, however, to draw characteristic inferences. Tears, natural to youth and sensibility, on so trying an occasion, dimmed the lustre of her beautiful eyes, when Romanelli, with proud delight, introduced me and the father; then, hearing from us that the Benedictine church was already open for the early mass, he replaced the veil, begged Father Egan and myself to precede them to the chapel, and followed at some distance with his trembling bride. The church doors were opened at five, but as the early mass began only at six, the ceremony was accomplished without interruption. Father Egan retired, with substantial proofs of Romanelli's generosity, to his cell in the adjoining convent, where, as a visitor and a favourite, his absence escaped all comment, while I accompanied the wedded pair to the appointed spot, and found Romanelli's carriage waiting our arrival. It was his intention to proceed through Domo d'Ossola to Switzerland—from thence to Paris; and his youthful driver,



a sprightly Swiss lad of sixteen, cracked his whip with delight, when he heard the direction of his master's journey.

Valeria raised her veil to bid me adieu, but a burst of tears prevented all utterance. Still trembling and irresolute, she lingered a few seconds in silent sadness, then, with a tearful smile, gave her hand to Romanelli, and stepped with graceful lightness into the carriage. The happy husband followed, and, throwing his arm round the waist of his weeping bride, pressed her to his heart with grateful rapture. I closed the carriage-door, shouted "God bless you both!" and gave the signal. The driver cracked his whip—the impatient horses, spurning the ground beneath them, struck fire as they flew along the stony pavement, and I—stood for ten minutes musing where they left me. I felt a strange emotion stealing over me, my heart swelled as if it would burst its bounds, and my breathing was prolonged into deep sighs. Why did I linger thus, and muse, and sigh! Reader, I was just one-and-twenty, fond of music, and—an Irishman! How then could I help sighing for *such a companion—on such a journey!*

## THE PRIMA DONNA.

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### PART II.—PADUA, 179—.

And behold! a new star, of exceeding brightness, arose in the firmament of music,  
and his name was—Mozart.

HEINSE.

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WHEN on my way to Venice, in the autumn of 179— I was compelled, by an accident to my travelling carriage, to pass a few days in Padua—*la dotta*, the richest of Italian cities in professors and all other implements of learning, but poor in students, and most dull and vacant for a compulsory abode of several days. Being wearied of tables d'hôte, I engaged a private room at the hotel where the vetturino had left me at the comfortless hour of six in the morning, and after a vain attempt to sleep, and a late breakfast, I sallied forth at noon to observe the architectural ornaments of this ancient seat of the muses. Of the ninety-six churches, (for of thus many telleth the local guide) that of Santa Justina exhibits more elegance and purity of design, than any church in northern Italy; but the most re-





markable object in Padua is that enormous rhomboid, the ancient Salone, or town-hall, probably the largest hall in Europe unsupported by pillars. A more detailed description of these and other edificial wonders of Padua, belongs not, however, to the personal narrative of an itinerant, who prefers the notes of Mozart and Beethoven, to the classic elevations of Palladio. Quitting the Ionic aisles of Santa Justina, I entered the contiguous piazza called the Prato della Valle, one of the most spacious and elegant public walks in Europe, and which occupies the site of the old Roman Campus Martius. While gazing at the eighty statues, more or less, which surround the Prato, I saw two ladies, closely veiled, enter the church I had quitted, and was so much captivated by their fine persons and graceful motion, that I involuntarily followed them. Passing out of the church, however, at the opposite door, they walked towards the Piazza Salone, where they paused for a few seconds, at the shop of a jeweller, and proceeded at a more rapid pace through the picturesque and busy place of San Antonio. Here, while hastening through the low arcades, they were stopped by a religious procession and its attendant crowd of idlers. At this moment I overtook them, and, during the pause, I found an opportunity to gaze at them unobserved. Their veils were of a texture which precluded any satisfactory examination of their features, but I could distinguish that the eyes of the younger lady were large, dark, and of unusual lustre, even in Italy. The eyes of the other were, however, hardly distinguishable, and sunk so

deeply in the head, as to suggest to one well accustomed as I was to carnival mummery, that she wore a mask. There was something too in the configuration of her tall and majestic person, which called up some vague reminiscence that I had seen her before, and while busily taxing my memory for a clew to time and place, I slipped off the low step of the arcade into the piazza, stumbled over a basket of melons, and, before I could regain my feet, and make my peace with the vociferous fruit-woman, the procession had moved on, and the ladies had disappeared. After a vain attempt to discover them in the adjoining streets, I prolonged my walk, until warned by a growing appetite to return to the hotel. Here I dined alone, finished a bottle of Euganean wine, not unworthy of a better climate, fell fast asleep, and was dreaming of the mysterious lady in the mask, when I was suddenly roused by the opening and shutting of many doors, accompanied with a loud crash of instrumental music. Rubbing my eyes to ascertain that I was indeed awake, I listened attentively and with increasing surprise, to the tuning of violins, violoncellos, and double bases; to the clashing of cymbals, and the shrill notes of flutes and clarionettes, interrupted by the trampling of many feet, the sound of many voices, and shouts of "The house is filling fast!" "The overture will begin directly!"

While still doubting the evidence of my senses, and tempted to believe it all a dream, I saw the bell-pull within reach, and gave it an impulse which brought up a waiter in double-quick time.—"In Heaven's name,

what means all this hurly-burly? Is there to be a concert in the hotel to-night?"

"The signor is perhaps not aware that this house communicates with the theatre. The door opposite to this opens into a small corridor, from which the signor may enter into the strangers' box, reserved expressly for the use of this hotel."

"Hah! what say you—the strangers' box, and belonging to this hotel?"

"*Eccellenza, si!* The opera will be the Don Juan of the great Mozart. The box is well placed, holds only three persons, and the admission, if agreeable to the signor, can be charged in the bill."

He pronounced the last words as I stepped into the box; for, at the magic name of Don Juan, I had started from my chair, and found my way in a few seconds through the corridor. The house was well proportioned and large enough; the pit and boxes well filled; and the overture was so well played as to excite an expectation that the singers would not be unworthy to enact this master-piece of the immortal Mozart. I had attended the earliest representations of this opera of all operas at Vienna; but there the joyous spirit and flowing elocution of Don Juan were injured by being conveyed in a language loaded with consonants, well enough suited to tragedy or serious drama, but fatal to comedy; and of course incompatible with the rapid and buoyant utterance expected from the reckless, gay, and spirited voluptuary. Indeed I have always felt that no language but Italian could well realize the glorious conception of the great Raffaele of music.

To all who can feel the moral power and purpose of Mozart's music, his Don Juan exhibits an awful conflict between the perverse will and the unalterable destiny of the wicked man, who worketh his own destruction. Sated with worldly pleasures, yet still pursuing them, the reckless libertine bounds along the glossy but slender crust which covers a bottomless abyss. To the voluptuary the closing scene holds out a picture of the day of judgment ; and the appalling music which attends the entrance of the colossal spectre strikes upon the diseased conscience like the sound of the last trumpet.

The magnificent and stirring overture I can never hear without a degree of emotion bordering on terror. This masterly composition is to me an epitome of the whole opera. The solemn andante prepares the listener for scenes of trial and terror ; while the loud and riotous notes in the allegro tell of the banquet and the wine-cup, and sound like the vain efforts of a voluptuary to stifle the low but ceaseless voice of his guilty conscience. The loud and stormy close of the overture portrays the struggle of human nature with unknown and supernatural powers, which close in upon and destroy their victim. Shading my eyes, that I might embody more clearly the design of the great composer, I shuddered at the horrid picture presented to my inward vision, when suddenly the tempest ceased, the bell rang, and the curtain rose.

Freezing and fretting in the cool night air, Leporello advances, and sings his grumbling but most pleasant and dramatic song of *Notte e giorno faticar* ; and now Don



Juan rushes on the stage, followed by Donna Anna, holding the end of his rich mantle, and singing with indignant and intense emotion her *Non sperar se non m'uccidi!*—What melting and impassioned tones! and what a woman was the singer!—Too much of dignity, perhaps, in her person and bearing for so youthful a character: but what a fine head! and what magnificent eyes, with love, hatred, anger and despair darting from them successively, like electric flashes! while her fair bosom heaved with passion, and her unbound tresses floated in rich profusion over her swan-like neck and finely formed shoulders. And now the music, which accompanied the struggle between the injured lady and the heartless voluptuary, became a stirring tumult of sounds; from which at times flashed out notes like the yells of fiends, cheering the reckless Don Juan in his mad career. At this moment I obtained for the first time a front view of Donna Anna's features; in which I recognized with unutterable amazement the lineaments of Valeria Ga——i, as I saw her by the light of sunrise on the morning of her marriage and elopement with Romanelli:—the same singular and yet beautiful anomaly of features and complexion; the commanding forehead, shaded by luxuriant tresses of the richest auburn; the large, full, dark, and radiant eyes; the delicate complexion; the feminine and lovely mouth and chin.—But then the age and stature were so widely different. The lovely actress before me was shorter by at least half the head;—her smooth and rounded features were those of eighteen; and full twenty years had passed

since that eventful night at Como. The resemblance, however, excepting stature, was so perfect and striking, that I yielded to an instantaneous conviction that this Donna Anna could be no other than the child of Valeria: and as such I would have challenged her amidst the assembled population of Italy. As I gazed upon her dignity of mien, her graceful form, and eyes of dark and melancholy lustre, I thought of her angelic mother; and, for the thousand and first time, I repented me bitterly, that in the headlong levity of youth I had been so readily instrumental to a marriage, which had blighted the happiness and caused the untimely death of an amiable and high-minded woman. Romanelli had never returned to Italy since his marriage. During his twelve months' abode at Paris, where he and his equally gifted wife were eminently successful, my intercourse by letter with both had been copious and uninterrupted. I had especially delighted in the letters with which I was occasionally favoured by Valeria, so fraught were they with candour and intelligence, and displaying a mind of exalted purity and rectitude; but, within a very few months after her marriage, rarely alluding to her husband, and tinged with a sadness which boded no good. From another correspondent in Paris I sought intelligence of Romanelli, and heard with deep sorrow that his disposition to gambling had there rapidly matured into a vice, and was indulged to an excess which estranged him from home, and undermined the health and peace of his unfortunate wife. A few months later I received further information from the same quarter, that

Romanelli, detected in dishonourable practices at the gaming-table, had abruptly quitted Paris for Madrid; and early the following year I received a letter from Romanelli himself, dated Lisbon, and conveying the heart-rending intelligence that his wife had died on the Spanish frontier, in consequence of long exposure to a snow-storm while crossing the Pyrenees. To this letter, written, I thought, with heartless brevity, I never replied; nor did I again hear of the unworthy writer, except through occasional notices of him in newspapers, which spoke of him as a gambler and a libertine, accompanied by a profligate French marchioness, who had followed him from Paris to Madrid. From Lisbon he had proceeded to London, but finding his pure style of singing Italian, above the comprehension of the opera-goers of the time, he quitted England in disgust, and accepted an engagement at Stuttgard, where the taste and spirit of his performance in the *ûne* operas of Jomelli, was understood and rewarded. Here, however, as elsewhere, his inveterate love of gambling, and the detection of his dishonourable practices, involved him in a murderous brawl. He effected his escape, and from that period seemed to have disappeared from human society; but from a traveller's description of an able tenor-singer he had heard at St. Petersburg, named Gua—a, I suspected that this Italian was no other than Romanelli; and my object in going from Rome to Venice, was to see and hear a singer named Gua—a, whose highly dramatic personification of Mozart's Don Juan, at Vienna, had been the theme of much discus-

sion in the musical coteries of the Eternal City. For some time I was so deeply absorbed by self-reproach and painful retrospection, that I forgot the scene before me, and heard not even the despairing accents of Don Ottavio and Donna Anna, in that most pathetic and saddening of all duets—*Ma qual mai s'offre, o Dei! spettacolo funesto agli occhi miei*—nor could I again fix my attention on the scene until the entrance of Donna Elvira, suitably enacted by a woman of faded beauty and meagre figure. While listening with returning interest to her energetic complaints of the faithless Don Juan, and laughing at the droll sympathy of Leporello, who tells her that she talks like a printed book—“*parla come un libro stampato*”—I fancied that I heard some one enter the box. Mortified at this interruption, and dreading the necessity of listening to the common-place of some heartless connoisseur, I determined to appear unconscious of the intruder's presence, and was soon so deeply absorbed in the interest of the scene, that I forgot I was not alone until the close of the first act. Leaning back against the bench above mine, I thought I heard the gentle rustling of silk drapery, and the low breathing of some one immediately behind me. Beginning to suspect the presence of a woman; perhaps young, or beautiful, or interesting—and to me a pleasing woman of *any* age has always been an object of interest—I turned round, and beheld—Donna Anna, attired exactly as I had seen her on the stage, and looking at me with the dark and lustrous eyes of the well-remembered Valeria Ga——i. Words

cannot describe my astonishment. Starting on my feet, and doubtless looking superlatively foolish, I stammered I know not what. In a country, however, so conversational as Italy, I felt the necessity of entering into discourse with my lovely companion ; but could only utter the silly question, “ How is it, Donna Anna, that I see you in this box ? ”

With an arch, but fascinating smile, and in the purest Tuscan, she told me that this was not her first appearance there that evening, that she had apartments in the hotel, and preferred the quiet seclusion of the “ strangers’ box,” to the noise and hurry behind the scenes. I pretend not, after the lapse of many years, to detail the interesting dialogue which ensued. It is sufficient for this section of my “ Reminiscences,” to say that, after some preliminary explanation on my part, she acknowledged herself the daughter of Valeria Ga——i, who had not perished on the Pyrenees, but was then in the hotel, and although strictly incognito, would probably admit one of whom she had often spoken with regard.

The signal bell now sounded from the stage, and Donna Anna, whose professional appellation, she told me, was Camilla B——i, hastily left the box, and, to my great annoyance, her fascinating presence was replaced by the person of a loquacious but gentlemanly Parisian, just arrived in the hotel from Venice, and more disposed to hear himself talk than to listen to the music of the master-mind, whose depths few Frenchmen can fathom. Finding it impossible to fix my attention upon the opera, I availed myself of the opportunity to

obtain some information concerning the admired singer then at Venice, and was somewhat startled when I heard that Gua——a, with a young and beautiful wife, had been his fellow passengers in the boat from Venice, and would appear on the following evening as Don Juan and Donna Anna, in which characters they had been eminently successful at St. Petersburg and Vienna. He farther told me that Gua——a was but imperfectly recovered from the effects of a dangerous wound he had received in a quarrel at a notorious tavern under St. Mark's arcade in Venice, and was, in his opinion, unable to sustain a part so arduous and exhausting as the Don Juan of Mozart. Having ascertained that Gua——a and his young wife were actually in the hotel, I began to apprehend a critical rencontre. Hastily quitting the box, I returned to my apartment, and addressed a note to Valeria, under cover to Camilla, apprizing her of the arrival of a singer in the hotel, whom I believed to be Romanelli, and requesting an immediate interview. Soon after the close of the opera had restored Camilla to her mother, I received by the waiter a summons to the apartments of the Signora B——i. I followed him through a long corridor to a remote part of the capacious hotel, and into an anti-room, where I was speedily joined by Camilla, and conducted to the presence of her injured mother, in whom I instantly recognized the tall and majestic figure, whose mask had so strongly excited my curiosity in the Piazza di San Antonio. Although somewhat emaciated in person, and paled by time and sorrow, her fine countenance

had lost little of its peculiar beauty, and her still abundant hair displayed the same bright auburn as her daughter's.

Our meeting was affecting to both. For some time Valeria was too much agitated to bid me welcome; and as I gazed in silent sorrow at her wasted form and pallid features, I felt my face redden with inward wrath at the wretch who could abandon such a woman. At a signal from her mother Camilla retired, and soon Valeria regained sufficient composure to tell me the calamities of her married life, and to explain the mystery of her supposed death. The narrative was long and painful, but my record of its leading incidents shall be brief as possible.

At Paris, Romanelli, who was certainly not deficient in kind dispositions, but wanting in that masculine firmness of principle, without which the best intentions are of little value, soon fell into the snares of those accomplished sharpers, who may be found in high and low life in every European capital. By these men his gambling propensities were fanned into a devouring flame, which destroyed every good feeling in his nature. Too soon his nights were in great measure passed at the gaming table, and his mornings wasted at the toilettes of the meretricious women of rank, who degraded the court of France. Valeria, estimating his affection by her own, confiding in his honour, and absorbed in the studies essential to ensure success in her profession, for some time implicitly believed the reasons he assigned for such frequent and untimely absence. At length the fatal

truth became too obvious for concealment, and the unfortunate wife felt the heart-rending conviction that she had no longer any hold upon the affections of a man, for whom her love had become fervent and indestructible as a religious feeling. It has been often said by moralists and axiom-makers, that the flame of love will expire if not fanned by both its votaries. With men or women of constitutional vivacity, it may be so; they are prone to change, and rarely capable of permanent attachment. Individuals, however, of thinking and serious habits, rarely love but once; and such an one was the high-minded Valeria. Although not seventeen when Romanelli first sought her affections, they were not won without the most pointed, exclusive, and enduring devotion; they were never given to another, and only alienated from him by the deliberate and savage cruelty I am about to detail. The growing embarrassments and tainted character of Romanelli compelled him to leave Paris abruptly and secretly. Intending to seek engagements at Madrid and Lisbon, he travelled towards the Spanish frontier with a speed ill-suited to the impaired health of his drooping wife. Pausing at Bayonne, he repaired as usual to a gambling tavern, and, in a quarrel, inflicted a fatal wound upon a fellow-gambler. At that period passports were not required by travellers in France, which enabled him to elude the police, and reach, by a circuitous route, the frontier. Reposing at a small town on the French territory, Valeria, to whom the cause of their sudden departure from Bayonne had not been explained, saw on the table à placard detailing the



catastrophe at Bayonne, and offering a reward for the apprehension of the unknown criminal, an Italian, whose person was accurately described. Sinking with grief and terror, she held out the placard in silence to her husband, who, conscious that he had lost all claim to her affection, and fearing possibly that she would betray him, said nothing in reply, but threw at her a look of savage and ominous menace, and from that moment treated her with heartless and undisguised hostility. Ordering mules, instead of horses, he sent forward his luggage by a carrier, and departed with his ill-fated wife. On the following day, under the pretext of a shorter course, he deviated from the beaten road, and ascended a sheep track leading to higher levels of that mountainous district. It was late in the autumn, and before noon, the dark and lowering cloud, through which they were now advancing, made it difficult for them to distinguish their path along the brink of a fearful precipice which yawned below them.

At this critical moment they were overtaken by a snow storm. The wind rushed down upon them in fearful gusts through the mountain ravines, the sagacious mules refused to advance, and the exhausted travellers were compelled to dismount and seek for shelter under the cliffs, which in some places projected over the narrow ledge on which they had been proceeding. The fall of snow was now so dense, that with great difficulty they discovered a shallow cavern, barely deep enough to shelter them from the pelting storm, and here the exhausted Valeria, benumbed with long

exposure to the piercing cold, yielded to an irresistible drowsiness, and fell into deep slumber. Romanelli well knew that sleep, under these circumstances, was the sleep of death; but, as the event proved, he made no effort to save her, and proceeded as a widower to Madrid, where he was soon joined by a fascinating and dissolute Parisian female of rank and wealth, and doubtless by preconcerted arrangement.

To return, however, to Valeria—she was awakened from her perilous slumber by a burning sensation, and opening her eyes, beheld a man and a stranger diligently rubbing her face and hands with snow. He was a Spanish shepherd, whose dog had discovered this unfortunate victim of a cruel husband. Seeing that his benevolent exertions had thus far succeeded, he raised the benumbed and helpless Valeria in his arms, and carried her to his hut, where the prompt and skilful attentions of his wife gradually restored the patient to strength and consciousness. With the assistance of the shepherd, and of a few pieces of gold in her purse, she proceeded to Barcelona, obtained a passage by sea to Genoa, and arrived without further difficulty at Milan, where she found a temporary home with a married cousin, and in a few months became the happy mother of an infant girl, to whom she determined to devote her future life. Her father, however, forgave not her elopement, and at his death left her but a scanty life-income; thus compelling her to train her Camilla for the stage, on which, however, she had herself never appeared since her first and successful engagement at Paris.

Such, in substance, was the narrative of this much injured woman. She avoided all subsequent comments on the base and cruel conduct of Romanelli, but I soon discovered that she was well aware, not only that he and Gua—a were the same individual, but of his recent marriage at Vienna, and his engagement to perform the following evening. She intimated, that to avoid recognition by him in the streets of Padua, she availed herself of a practice not uncommon in Italy, and wore a mask beneath her veil when she went to mass. It was, nevertheless, her intention to witness from the “strangers’ box” her daughter’s first appearance in the character of Donna Elvira, which she had undertaken to oblige the manager.

Observing that Valeria was exhausted by her long narrative, I arose to depart; and after promising, at her request, to engage, in my own name, the “strangers’ box” for the ensuing evening, I returned to my apartment.

## THE PRIMA DONNA.

## THE FINALE.

## PART III.—PADUA.

Trema, trema, scelerato!  
 Odi il tuon della vendetta!  
 Sul tuo capo in questo giorno,  
 Il suo fulmine cadrà.

DON JUAN.

*Brava! bravissima!* re-echoed through the house when Donna Elvira had sung her first solo—*Ah chi mi dice mai*—with exquisite taste and feeling. Camilla was too youthful and lovely to *look* the part of the forsaken Donna, but in the more energetic scenes her dignity of mien and person, and the indignant flash which blazed out of her magnificent black eyes were so imposing, that Romanelli, who had been visibly and greatly startled, when she appeared, at her extraordinary resemblance to his first wife, could not regain entire self-possession until the commencement of the finale in the first act. Although some years beyond fifty, his appearance, by artificial light, was still sufficiently youthful for the part of Don Juan, and the rich costume of the magnificent Spaniard relieved his fine,

but, to my vision, languid features, and displayed advantageously his still imposing and graceful person.

Valeria, without her mask, but closely veiled, sat on the bench behind me. Unable to conjecture how she might be affected by the appearance of the man she had once so entirely loved, I had forborne to look at her. At the pathetic passage, however, of *Lascia, o cara! la rimembranza amara*, in the heart-rending duet between Ottavio and Donna Anna, after her father's death by the sword of Don Juan, I heard behind me a sigh so deep and emphatic that I involuntarily looked round, and, through the partially open veil of Valeria, I saw her expressive eyes fixed, with compassionate interest, upon the lovely and innocent features of the blue-eyed Austrian, who, doubtless, thought herself the only wife of the admired and graceful Gua—a.

From time to time, as the plot was developed, I ventured to address some critical remarks to my companion; but she seemed almost unconscious of my presence, and her replies were so little apposite, or coherent, that I ceased to interrupt her. Soon, however, I observed from the sudden movement of her drapery, that she started when Don Juan began to address the silly Zerlina, with the seductive line of *La ci darem la mano*—in that highly dramatic duet. Turning round again as if to speak to her, I saw her pallid cheeks suddenly suffused with the dark red hue of intense emotion, and as suddenly resume their wonted paleness. Her eyes, too, were now intently fixed upon the stage, and fraught with a meaning which I was anxious but unable to interpret. Their large full orbs, always dark

and radiant, appeared to me to become *darker* as she gazed with a startling fixedness of look upon the gay and guilty Don Juan. . At the close of the duet, I saw that her fine forehead was gathered into broad lines, and her firmly compressed lips gave an air of masculine decision to her striking features. Suddenly she arose from the bench, and without a word or look of explanation, quitted the box; leaving me in a state of perplexity, not unmingled with alarm, when I thought of the peculiar expression of her countenance, and recollected that the dark eyes of the southern Italians deepen with their wrath. I was not acquainted with the secret recesses of Valeria's character—I knew her to possess fortitude and energy above her sex, and in Italy these attributes are often accompanied by a proud, and, under strong provocation, a vindictive spirit.

Wearied at length with conjectures, I fixed my attention upon the opera, and especially upon Romanelli, who now appeared to me under the influence of some potent cordial, so suddenly did he throw off the languor and debility occasioned by his wound, and his terror at the remarkable features and dramatic energies of Camilla. When the finale of the first act began, he entered fully into the spirit of his character, and played the gay and heartless libertine to the life. And now began the delightful terzetto of the three masks, Otavio, Donna Anna, and Donna Elvira. No one appeared to find any difference between the Elvira who then appeared, and the one who had preceded her;—but *to me* the distinction was instantaneously perceptible. The ample drapery and the mask could not conceal

from me the loftier stature, and the deeper, richer voice of Camilla's mother. A light flashed upon me, and my quickened pulses told me that some strange collision was at hand.

The three masks retired, the scene rose, and displayed a numerous assemblage preparing for the festive dance.

The light streamed from abundant tapers; menials, in gay apparel, were dispensing copious refreshments; Don Juan was the master of these rustic revels; and the universal joy was unrestrained. Romanelli had regained his wonted energy and animation. He appeared even to revel in a part which was, indeed, the reflex of his own character and habits. With all the fire and vigour of five-and-twenty, he bounded through the dance, and sought to animate and blind his guests, while he again endeavoured to decoy into his snare the giddy Zerlina. At length he succeeds in separating her from her friends and lover; not, however, unobserved by the jealous Masetto, whose fury excites his friends to assist him in the pursuit of Zerlina, and their treacherous host is followed and discovered by the enraged peasants. With ready wit the reckless master drags forth Leporello, and threatens him with instant death for having carried off the peasant maiden. But at this moment the three masked figures enter, and, with menacing gestures, interfere to save the unfortunate valet. And now Donna Elvira advances before the others, uttering in tones of thrilling emphasis and power, the fearful denunciation—

“ L'empio crede con tal frode di nasconder l'impietà! ”

Her mask falls, and Romanelli, who had started with terror at the peculiar and well-remembered tones of Valeria, uttered a scream, or rather yell of horror, when he encountered the rivetted gaze and bloodless features of one risen from the dead—of one whom he had for twenty years thought buried beneath the everlasting snows of the Pyrenees, and who now suddenly appeared to menace him with the awful punishment due to his long career of crime.

Exhausted by dramatic efforts far beyond his strength, he shrunk appalled beneath the withering—and, to his fevered fancy, unearthly—gaze of the pallid image before him. He seemed himself to have become a statue, so fixed his attitude, so wax-like and inanimate his look. At length, perplexed almost to madness—doubting, and yet dreading the evidence of his senses—a sudden faintness came over him, and he grasped, with frantic clutch, a table near him for support; but it was too late for earthly aid. His pale features became suddenly darkened with a rushing tide of blood; the veins of his throat and temples started into sharp relief; he staggered, and fell upon the stage—*a corpse*.

The performers, who had gazed upon him and the unknown actress with breathless astonishment, now screamed with horror. The whole audience arose in tumult and dismay; the curtain fell; and the finale of the first act was the end of Romanelli, and the end of the opera.



## THE SIEGE OF PRAGUE.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF THE "THIRTY YEARS' WAR."

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Arouse ye stout burghers—arouse ere too late,  
 Your friends are far off and the foe's at the gate—  
 If ye grasp not your blades and be doing, I trow—  
 Ere the sun lights your steeples your heads shall lie low.

MARTIN SAGUE.

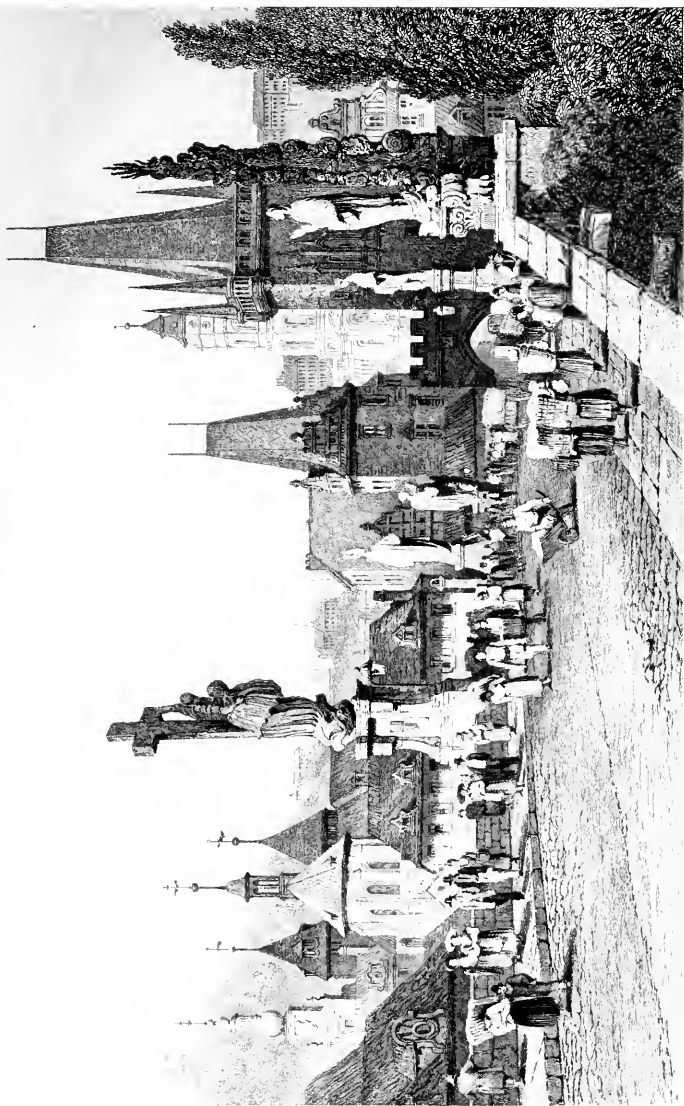
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THE ancient seat of Bohemian royalty, as the traveller pauses when passing over its picturesque bridge, has a character of higher antiquity, of more regal and imposing grandeur, than any other metropolis or city in Germany and Flanders. To the admirer of the Gothic architecture of the middle ages, the aspect of Prague is more impressive than that of Rome itself.

This remarkable city, which rises from both sides of its broad and noble river, and covers the flanks and summits of several hills, occupies so large a surface, as to be indefensible except by an army.

On the right bank of the Moldau is the eminence called the Wissherad, on which once stood the castellated palace of the ancient kings and dukes of Bohemia, razed to the ground in the great rebellion, by the fierce

disciples of John Huss. On this side, also, are the two large divisions of Prague, called the Old city and the New, both of considerable extent, and surmounted by the towers, domes, and spires of innumerable churches and convents. The Hradschin or Castle Hill, and the contiguous hills of Strahöv and Laurentius, are on the left bank of the Moldau, and that portion of Prague called the Lesser city, covers the slopes of these hills down to the river, which is here spanned by the most picturesque bridge in Europe, strongly built of square-hewn stones, stained with the rich hues of antiquity, and adorned with eight-and-twenty large statues of saints, time-worn and rudely chiselled. These venerable-looking images stand upon the battlements, while a lofty crucifix rises in the centre of this truly majestic structure. At each end of the bridge, which connects the Lesser with the Old and New cities, is a strong tower with an arch, through which is the carriage entrance. These towers are adorned with the city arms, and with the elaborate carvings of the remote period when they were built, and are strongly fortified to defend or impede the passage over the broad waters of the Moldau. The Lesser city is distinguished by the vast and stately royal palace which rises on the summit of the Hradschin, but is overtopped by the tower and dome of the fine old Gothic cathedral of St. Veit. Most of the huge and decaying edifices of the ancient Bohemian nobles are in the Lesser city, and amongst them the forsaken, but still magnificent palace of the ambitious and princely Wallenstein, who purchased and destroyed a hundred dwellings to obtain a site for his





house and gardens. Here, within lofty walls which precluded all view of the grounds from the adjacent buildings, he erected, with royal taste and splendour, the garden-saloon; an immense hall, with one end resting upon a colonnade, and the other extremity opening to the garden. The walls are adorned with paintings in fresco. Here too he planned and completed an immense aviary, consisting of columns connected by iron network, and inclosing birds of all kinds, colours, and zones, attainable at the period. This aviary was planted with trees, refreshed by fountains, and the pillars and adjacent wall were adorned with artificial stalactites, in imitation of the grottos of Italy. The immense saloon in the palace occupies an elevation of two floors. Fresco-paintings, still wonderfully bright, enrich the lofty ceiling, and in the time of Wallenstein, the walls of this vast saloon glittered with gold. The ambitious Duke of Friedland was attended by sixty pages in state-apparel of blue and red, (the colours of Wallenstein,) superbly embroidered; countless attendants, numerous officers of his guard, and even chamberlains wearing golden keys like those of the German emperor, thronged the endless range of richly decorated apartments, through which visitors were ushered to the audience-chamber of the powerful and aspiring chieftain.

To return to the general view of this interesting city; such, as above described, is its present appearance; and such, in every prominent feature, was its aspect during the great war of the Reformation, which began in Bohemia, and desolated Germany for thirty

years. This protracted and terrible contest had ceased to be a war of religious opinion long before its termination. It had degenerated into an ordinary struggle of mercenary chieftains for power and plunder. The Swedes, who, under the immortal Gustavus, were esteemed the saviours of the purified religion of Luther, had become common robbers and oppressors under the reckless generals of Christina, who established military colonies in the heart of Germany, and enriched themselves by the systematic and barbarous spoliation of the unfortunate inhabitants. A considerable Swedish force had thus for a time taken root in Bavaria, under the command of General Wrangel, and a strong detachment from this corps had penetrated into Bohemia under the control of Count Königsmark, who established himself at Eger, after having ravaged and plundered the adjacent country.

The thirtieth year of the war had commenced, when a disappointed and vindictive Bohemian nobleman, named Odowalsky, who had attained the rank of colonel in the Imperial service, and had been dismissed in consequence of a severe wound in his right arm, proposed to the Swedish generals to attempt the capture of Prague by a sudden attack during the night. He was a man of brilliant courage, of consummate address, well acquainted with the approaches, the localities, and resources of Prague. His descriptions of the palaces and the wealth of the Bohemian nobles tempted the cupidity of Königsmark, who, after some distrustful consideration, entered into his views, and promised him high rank and reward should

the plan to surprise the important capital of Bohemia succeed through his agency. Odowalsky now assumed the German name of Streitberg, and appeared in the Swedish camp and in Swedish uniform, while from Eger he made excursions in various disguises to Prague, where he endeavoured to gain over to the Swedish party the Protestant malcontents, who were but imperfectly reconciled to the mild sway of the successor of Ferdinand II. While Odowalsky was thus employed in maturing plans for the capture and devastation of the metropolis of his native country, Königsmark occupied the fortress of Pilsen, where he waited only the arrival of a reinforcement from Eger of two regiments of cavalry to make the proposed attempt.

It was a fine night in the last week of July. The aged Count Martinitz, High-Burg-Graf of Bohemia, gave a princely entertainment in the Hradschin palace to all the nobility of Prague. A sumptuous banquet ushered in the festivities of the evening. Then followed a splendid ball, and the grand old hall seemed to rejoice in the presence of the brave and the beautiful, whose elastic steps scarcely invaded the slumber of its echoes, and whose gay and many-coloured drapery imparted a picturesque relief to the solemn devices of Gothic architecture. The whole was terminated by a brilliant display of fireworks. The aristocracy of those days did not prolong their carousals to the matin hours of their modern representatives, and Count Martinitz and his guests separated about midnight ; he, prodigal of thanks for the honour they had conferred, they all smiles and

acknowledgments for the pleasure they had received. And amidst these parting salutations of the noble host and his friends, others were exchanged of a less formal character; the whispered adieus of young and ardent lovers, who lightened the regrets of separation by many and many a vow to meet upon the morn.

But there were engines at work to produce within the walls of the sleeping city, scenes far different from those that had given so much contentment to the visitors of the High-Burg-Graf. This was the night appointed by Königsmark for the Swedish attack on Prague. He had been apprized of the intended festivities by Odowalsky, and concluded that, on such an occasion, the nobles and military were likely to revel in security, and to leave the fortified approaches in comparative defencelessness.

The music had ceased—the company had retired—the countless lamps and tapers were extinguished—the pleasure-wearied inmates of the High-Burg-Graf's palace, as well as the inhabitants of the adjacent Lesser City, were all buried in profound repose—and it was advancing toward the first hour of the morning, when the Swedes, who had so timed their march, reached the environs of the Hradschin. Here the cavalry halted; while the infantry, under the command of Odowalsky and a Swedish colonel, silently approached a breach in the wall, which was guarded by a party of soldiers, previously corrupted by the traitorous Bohemian. Admitted through this opening, they gained, undetected, the Hradschin square, and hastened to obtain posses-



sion of the Strahöv gate, for the purpose of admitting the cavalry. The guard at this important post were faithful to their trust, and fired on the Swedes, when they gave no answer to their challenge. But this slender band was soon cut to pieces by the assailants, with the exception of two persons: one of whom, an ensign, named Przychowsky, hurried toward the bridge as fast as a dangerous wound would permit, with a view to rouse the Old city to a sense of its imminent peril. In the meantime, the Strahöv gate was hewn and battered into fragments; and Königsmark, with his troopers, entered and drew up in the palace square. Hence he instantly despatched Odowalsky, and a body of picked troops, with orders to occupy the bridge, and secure a passage into the Old city for the soldiers then engaged in making a lodgement in the royal palace, and in firing at such of the alarmed population as ventured to show themselves even at a window.

Odowalsky and his men promptly obeyed these instructions, and pushed forward, dealing death on those terrified citizens who happened to appear on their course. Their career was arrested for a time, in the open place called the Ring of the Lesser city. There, a party of Imperialists had rallied, and, although much inferior in numerical force, maintained an obstinate defence that seasonably favoured the object of Przychowsky, who continued to stagger onward, almost fainting from loss of blood. At length he gained the bridge-tower; but as he passed through the archway, he heard the Swedes marching in double quick time down the street of the

Jesuits, leading directly to the *tete-du-pont*. With redoubled efforts, and a fervent invocation of the stone saints he passed upon the battlements; the brave and patriotic ensign attained the centre of the bridge just as the enemy arrived at the first tower. Bullets whistled around him—the tramp of the foe sounded nearer and nearer—feeling that in a single moment all would be lost or gained, he summoned his whole remaining energies—sprang forward—reached the archway—tottered into the guard-house—called out to the sentinels “Save the Old city—the Swedes are on the bridge!”—and fell senseless at their feet.

The city guards had heard the firing in the Hradschin and the Lesser city, but attributed the reports to the discharges of fire-works in the palace gardens. The tower gate was now closed, well manned, and so ably defended, that Odowalsky was obliged to retreat; nor during a siege of many months could the Swedes, though superior in artillery, discipline, and numbers, prevail against the heroic resolution displayed by the nobles, garrison, and citizens of Prague, in defence of their ancient metropolis.

The gallant High-Burg-Graf, though a veteran of seventy years, fought with youthful courage against an overwhelming force. He was wounded and taken prisoner in the Hradschin palace. The Lesser city and the royal and other palaces on that side the river were ransacked and plundered. The Swedish leaders occupied the most distinguished houses during the term of several months, employed in besieging the Old and New

cities, which sustained and repulsed various trying assaults. Affairs at last began to look unfavourably for the besiegers. Odowalsky was shot in leading a storming party. The Imperial troops were approaching in considerable strength to raise the siege, and the Swedes, wearied and harassed by the indefatigable hardihood of the citizens, and disheartened by this intelligence, withdrew during the night. The Imperialists appeared shortly afterwards, and in a few months, a war, which for thirty years had made Germany a field of ruin and blood, was finally brought to a close.

The gallant man to whom Prague owed so much, recovered of his wounds, to be rewarded by the merited honour and admiration of his sovereign and his country. He rose to distinction in his profession, and those who may choose to consult the annals of a subsequent period, will find that the name of Przychowsky ranks among the brightest in the historical records of Bohemia.

## THE CONSCRIPT.

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O the day of our bridal I knew would never come,  
 When loud they blew the trumpet, and deep they beat the drum  
 To the kind words of my true love, I answered, "wo is me!  
 For a bloody sleep in foreign lands I felt his fate would be.

THE MOUNTAIN MAIL.

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AT the time when a fortunate conqueror, from the throne to which Victory had raised him, gave laws to obedient nations, and at the period when Spanish firmness began to break the chains of military despotism, Camillo, a youth of Turin, was called to run the career of arms. From the dreaded urn containing the names of the Turinese youth, his name was drawn amongst the first. His father, who possessed a small house in Turin, and a vineyard opposite to Moncalieri, had given all his little wealth, and had even plunged himself in debt, to save his eldest son from the perils of war by sending a substitute to gather cypress or laurels in his stead. He could not renew the sacrifice for his second son, without involving his family in utter ruin. Camillo would not relinquish the hope that he might not be forced to carry arms, because the then existing laws exempted any one who had a brother already with the

army, and he expected, through the influence of friends and of gold, to avoid the necessity of marching with the soldiers. Relying on this expectation, he had devoted himself to the sciences, and the day was approaching on which he hoped to obtain the honours of learning in the University of Turin. But the military laws becoming more rigid, as new victims were required for insatiable war, his dreams of forensic eminence, and peaceful enjoyment, were painfully broken. He had a maternal uncle, a rich merchant, who loved him, but who loving still more devotedly the wealth he had amassed during a life of labour and privation, could not consent to expend the sum necessary for procuring a substitute to serve in his place; Camillo, therefore, was compelled to enter the bloody lists of Mars. He grieved for himself, for, although naturally brave, he wished rather to be crowned with the olive than the laurel, and to form in peace the pride and support of his family; but he grieved still more for his cousin Adelaide, a charming and virtuous girl, to whom he had plighted his faith.

The trumpet had given the signal for departure, and already Camillo, with his haversack on his shoulder, journeyed along with his companions to Moncenisio. It was at this time the custom of the conscripts of the Po, to leave Turin to the sound of martial instruments, in order that their inspiring notes might drown the sighs of relatives and friends on parting with those they loved, and inflame with generous ardour the youthful soldiers. The military music accompanied them till their arrival at the Tesoriera, about a mile distant from

the city. In this place was an inn, where the troops rested to take some refreshment, and to bid a last adieu to mothers—sisters—lovers.

Camillo arrived at the Tesoriera, accompanied by his uncle, who had chosen the moment of separation from his nephew, to part with a dozen gold pieces; putting them into his hand, he intimated his intention to order one to be paid to him every month during his continuance with the army.

Here also Camillo found his affectionate Adelaide; her mother, ignorant of the ties that united the young people, had yielded to the intreaties of her daughter to repair thither, to give a last farewell to her cousin. Camillo and his uncle, Adelaide and her mother, seated on the terrace overlooking the vale of Rivoli, partook of a sorrowful repast. Although a good appetite is seldom wanting in youth, yet the old people alone did justice to the simple fare, and to the wine of Asti. When the repast was finished, the new soldiers prepared to depart, and Camillo tenderly embraced his uncle, who tried to conceal his sorrow; then turning to Adelaide, who stood in speechless grief, he endeavoured to console her, and suppressed the expression of his own sufferings that he might not increase the bitterness of hers. Adelaide suddenly extended her hand, and burst into tears. The mother, aware for the first time of her attachment, repented of having brought her thither; but the old uncle was affected by the moving scene, which raised to his recollection the days of his youth, when his good Lucia wept as he set out for Nice,

dreading the whirlwinds of the Col di Tende, and entreating him not to venture on the faithless sea.

The troops were now collected in the principal street, and the banner was displayed; Camillo, with moistened eyes, and in broken accents, said, "we must part—may happiness be your portion—grief alone is mine." Then taking the hand of his cousin, and pressing it to his breast with all the ardour of a first love, "Adelaide," said he, "I must leave you; I shall no longer hear that voice which rendered me blessed. Ah! think sometimes of him who loved you devotedly. Adelaide, you weep; leave tears to me who hoped to spend my life in adoring one so dear and so true. Adieu! adieu for the last time; an internal voice tells me I shall never see you more!"

Grief choked his utterance. Adelaide, unable to reply, fell half fainting into the arms of her mother, who was also overcome with sorrow, nor could the uncle refrain from participating in their emotions. He intended at his death to leave his property to be divided amongst the sons of his sister, as he had no children of his own. His love of money did not interfere with this generous purpose; it was not an early feeling, but was occasioned by the difficulty with which he had accumulated his wealth. Turning to the mother of Adelaide, he said,—“Imprudent woman, how could you leave inexperienced youth to form these engagements? You knew that even if Camillo had not been drawn for the conscription, he was not in a situation to marry.”

“I am not imprudent,” replied the mother, “I thought they loved only as cousins.”

“Well, well,” replied the uncle, “time presses; some resolution must be taken. Answer me; if I interfere in this matter, are you willing to give your daughter to Camillo?”

“Adelaide,” replied the mother proudly, “has thirty thousand livres for her portion. She has received a liberal education; she is still young. However, as I see her so much in love, and reduced to such distress, I am at a loss what resolution to take; I will therefore leave it to you to decide on our future plans.”

Then bending over her still inanimate girl, whose countenance was pale as the lily, “Adelaide, take courage,” said she, “Camillo is an enterprising youth; he will become an officer, and in time”—

“An officer—in time,” interrupted the uncle, “the marriage must not be so long delayed, for I wish to caress their children before I die. With money one can do any thing, and money shall not be wanting. Yes, Camillo, I will purchase your discharge; at Lyons you will find a letter which the post will convey there before you. Come then, fair Adelaide, do not kill yourself with grief, since your mother consents. Give me your hand, and your’s, Camillo; I here join them, and may you live happily together. Leave me to accomplish this. *Bravissima*, my daughter! What virtue there is in the word matrimony to bring a young girl out of a swoon. You shall live with me; I will cherish you as my child, and I declare Camillo my heir. Come, Camillo, now that every thing is settled, stay no longer the corporal stamps his feet impatiently; your com-



panions are already far on their way to Rivoli. Say no more, but set out. And you, comrade," said he, turning to the corporal, "take care of this good youth," and at the same time he slipped two crowns into the corporal's hand.

Camillo and Adelaide were mute from excess of happiness; at length the youth broke silence, saying, "Adieu my beloved, but not for the last time," and placing a ring on her finger, he imprinted a kiss on her cheek. He then turned to his uncle to express his gratitude, but he answered bluntly,—“Away with you; do you wish to be taken up as a deserter? At Lyons you will find what is necessary, and the marriage feast shall be celebrated in this very place. But why do you stand there like a post? away—quick—dispatch!”

Camillo set out—his feet carried him onward, but his heart remained behind. He looked back every instant; and first with his voice, then with his hand, and at last by waving his handkerchief, he repeated his adieus until his figure was lost in the distance.

On his arrival at Lyons, he found a letter from his uncle, containing a draft for a large sum on the house of Bodin and Company. With this money he hoped to purchase his release. It was his only means of escape, and was a way which often proved successful. He joined at Auxerre, the regiment to which he was appointed, but he found the commander so immoveably attached to duty, as to resist the influence of all-powerful gold. From Auxerre he passed with his corps into Portugal; where, on account of his valour and pru-

dence, he was promoted to the rank of serjeant. A year after, Marshal Jourdan raised him to a lieutenancy, on occasion of a successful assault, in which the young Italian was the first to mount the walls of a bravely-defended fortress. Another action procured him the post of captain of cavalry. In this manner he rose rapidly; but without being able to obtain his discharge, either by artifice or money. At length he was slightly wounded in the battle of Salamanca; and meeting with a surgeon, for whom the sight of his gold had a special attraction, means were taken to pass off the wound as of a serious nature, and he obtained his discharge after having borne arms for three years. A few days after the battle he had written to his uncle, and to Adelaide, telling them of his wound, and expressing a hope of being able to procure his final liberation. In this communication he expressed himself vaguely, as he was unwilling to trust a matter of so much importance to a letter, the seal of which would not be much respected by the agents of the government. After having succeeded in his endeavours, which were brought to a conclusion in a few days, he did not write again, wishing to be himself the bearer of the happy tidings.

Camillo had repassed the Pyrenees, and was about to enter the French territory, when, on the margin of the Bidassoa, he was robbed by a band of Spanish guerillas, who stripped him of his baggage, and carried him to a cavern near the summit of a steep mountain, where he lived some weeks in a state bordering on despair, expecting every day to perish by the hands of the bri-

gands. Meanwhile, the guerillas, being about to remove to a distant haunt, and unwilling to take the trouble of guarding their unhappy prisoner, had already raised the knife to his throat, when an exclamation uttered by him in his native dialect, miraculously saved his life.

The captain of the band was a Sardinian, who had formerly carried arms in Piedmont; and who, in spite of his cruelty, still preserved a great affection for the beautiful country where he had passed the better part of his days. He withdrew the stiletto from Camillo's breast, entered into conversation with him, and on learning the name of his family, recollected that a member of it had once rendered him an important service. Sympathy and gratitude inclined the mountain marauder to mercy—the youth of the prisoner affected him, and the story of his attachment drew a sigh from his obdurate heart, as memory recalled the hours of youth and love. He swore that he would, with his own hand, cut the throat of any one who offered to injure his countryman; but he was unable to prevail on his rapacious companions to restore the property of which they had deprived him. The following evening the captain conducted him to the advanced post of the French; and from thence Camillo repaired to Bayonne, where the correspondent of his Lyons banker resided, to whom he had transmitted money from Spain. Here he was supplied with clothes, and gold; and throwing himself into a carriage, he pursued his journey homeward, without meeting any unpleasant adventure.

On leaving his fierce captors, Camillo dreaded that

his long silence would make his love and his kindred apprehend that some misfortune had befallen him; but not intending to remain more than two days at Bayonne, he deemed it useless to write, as he would arrive in Italy more speedily than the courier.

He travelled with rapidity, and without remaining more than a quarter of an hour in the inn of Moncenisio to recover from his extreme fatigue, he pursued his route to the pleasant city in which he had first seen the light. On reaching Turin he repaired to his paternal abode, but he found it inhabited by strangers, and learnt that his father now lived in a house on the hill. Not wishing to disturb his uncle, as it was near midnight, an hour in which, in this city, so different in this respect from all others in Italy, the poppies of Morpheus are scattered on every eye-lid, he entered an obscure house of entertainment, where he passed the night. At dawn of morning, his first thought was to go and embrace his generous uncle. His heart beat as he anticipated the joyful reception which awaited him; but he became still more agitated as he pictured to himself the delight of his Adelaide at his unexpected appearance.

The habitation of his uncle was situated at the bottom of the principal street, which, embellished with magnificent porticos, commanded a distant view of the Alps. In a state of pleasing agitation, Camillo traversed *la piazza del Comune*, called the herb market. He then ascended the site where, in childhood, he had seen the tower crowned on the top with the symbolical bull—

descended by the long, narrow, and gloomy way of the Dora, and arrived at *la piazza del Castello*, which the munificence of the princes of Savoy has embellished with a piazza more splendid than any that adorns the proudest capital. It was now September, and he paused to breathe the cool and pure air that descended from the neighbouring mountains, and to admire the celestial blue of the sky, the softness of which made his return to his country still more delightful to him.

The place on which he stood was surrounded by lofty and spacious porticos, of which those that are situated between *la Via Nuova* and *la Via del Po*, are called porticos of the fair, from the many shops, rich in merchandise and splendidly adorned, and which may be said to form a miniature representation of the *Palais Royale*. Proceeding beneath these porticos, he threw his eyes around inquiringly on every side, for to him who returns after several years absence to his country, as to the traveller who approaches for the first time a desired land, every object has particular attractions. Camillo had reached the place where these porticos join *la Via del Po*, when a black tapestry attached to the door of a house fixed his attention.

It is the custom in Turin, when any one dies, to hang on the door of the house a piece of black carpet, to which is affixed a paper, bearing the name of the departed, and recommending his or her soul to the prayers of those who pass by. At the sight of this tapestry, a cold shudder pervaded Camillo's whole frame. He advanced, as if drawn by an irresistible fascination, and on

the paper he read these words. "Pray for the soul of Adelaide G——!" As feels the peasant, who, at the roaring of the summer storm, kneels in the rustic temple, and supplicates the Virgin to protect the grain of the field which supports his young family, and in the same moment witnesses the ruin of his hopes—so was Camillo stunned when he perused this writing. Feeling his strength deserting him, he supported himself against an adjoining column. A ray of hope for an instant illumined his soul. Adelaide, from her birth, had always lived near the citadel, in a house which her mother rented from one of her relations, thus, perhaps, his alarm was occasioned by a similarity of name, as it was a common one amongst the daughters of Turin. But quickly died his hopes—his heart told him they were vain. He impetuously ascended the stair—a door stood half open—he entered. What a mournful scene presented itself to his eyes! The mother of Adelaide had been removed to the house of one of her sisters, from the effects of a strange compassion, which prohibits us from rendering the last duties to the dead, and from embracing the inanimate remains of those we have cherished in our hearts. In a corner of the first chamber was Margherita, the old and faithful servant, who, at the sight of Camillo, burst into a flood of tears, and deep sobs stifled her voice. In the hall were two old women, who either did not observe the intruder, or took no notice of him, believing him to be one of the family. At the bottom of the hall, the door of a chamber stood open, in which lay the maiden's remains. Two priests

in white vestments, and with lighted tapers, chanted the prayers for the dead. Camillo entered the funereal chamber, knelt at the foot of the bier, and repeated the prayers invoking the divine mercy.

At length the priests prepared to depart; the women, to whom was committed the care of the deceased, retired to commune with them, and Camillo found himself alone, near the coffin of her whom he had come to conduct to the altar—blooming in youth—a beloved and happy bride. A garland of white roses, emblem of virgin innocence, encircled her ebon tresses, and her uncovered hands, crossed on her bosom, pressed the symbol of redemption. He touched these hands, which appeared white as the rays of the moon reflected in the stream, and their coldness scarcely surpassed the icy chill that had seized upon his heart. With a voice hoarse from grief, he said, “Light of my life, my only hope, what a welcome is this! Where are the embraces which should have crowned our nuptials? I return with the swiftness of light from the camp; I return full of joy to take thee to my bosom; and I find thee in the grasp of death! Adelaide, Adelaide, art thou for ever lost to me? No; thou art mine, although the hues of life begin to fade from thy countenance. Yes, thou art mine, although thou art no longer in this world of sorrow. My love, I follow thee. Yes, thou art mine, and this bier shall be the altar on which I shall swear to thee everlasting fidelity. My constancy shall be superior to fate, and I shall be faithful to thee even in death. Adelaide, my spouse, receive the nuptial kiss, and let the

flame of my love vanquish the coldness of the tomb.' Thus, saying this, he imprinted a kiss on her pale lips.

Wishing to preserve some relic of his lost love, and having no instrument with which to sever a lock of her dark tresses, to treasure in his breast, he plucked a rose from the garland that circled her pale brow. This rose he hid in his bosom with jealous care, nor would he have exchanged it for the richest pearl of the Persian sea. At this moment one of the females entered the chamber, and was surprised on seeing a stranger close to the bier. Camillo murmured some words of excuse, and observing that he disturbed her in her duties to the dead, he threw once more a look of distraction on his departed love, and rushed from the house of mourning. On leaving the desolate dwelling, the broken-spirited youth mechanically took the way to his uncle's; and the old man pressed to his heart the beloved nephew whom he believed to have died of the wound received in battle. To the inquiries and caresses of his rejoicing relative, Camillo gave no other return than convulsive movements, sighs, and exclamations—"She is dead!"

"And you, unhappy boy," said the uncle, "you conducted her to the tomb."

"What do I hear!" cried Camillo, scarcely able to articulate.

The old man then related to him the affliction of Adelaide at the news of his wound, and her belief that it would prove mortal. "'His final liberation,' she said, 'I expect not; he will be released by death alone.'" In this melancholy idea she was confirmed, by not re-



ceiving any letters, or hearing any intelligence respecting him; and gradually she became persuaded that the grave had closed over him. One night she alarmed the house with a mournful cry, her mother hastened to her bed, and Adelaide, taking her hand, said, 'Have you seen him? he left me only this moment.' 'You dream, my good Adelaide,' said the mother, 'open your eyes—recollect yourself—it is night—there is no one in the house but Margherita, and myself. You have fancied that you have seen something in your sleep.'

“‘Sleep!—I was as much awake as I am now. He came,’ she added; ‘never did I see him look so beautiful! He seated himself beside my bed, and regarded me with a smile that made me tremble from excess of joy. Then, taking me by the hand, he said, “Do you see this wound?” and opening his breast, he displayed a deep scar. “Adelaide, I come to take my last leave of thee. This is the last time I am permitted to see thee on earth; thy devotion to the Virgin has procured for me this signal favour. Before rendering my spirit to heaven, it has been permitted me to espouse thee. My beloved, are you willing to become my spouse?” I consented, divided between joy and grief, and he added, “Thou art mine then, in time and in eternity. I put on thy finger the nuptial ring. Adelaide, I must now leave thee.—Prepare soon to join me.—Our bridal feast will be celebrated in the sepulchre.” On saying this he disappeared, and I continued to call on him, till you, my mother, came to me. I knew not if I really saw him in person, or if it was the shade of my lost Camillo; but it

is certain that I have seen him, that I have spoken to him with these lips. No, it was no dream—no delirium. I swear it to you, by the terrors of the night, and if you do not believe my oath, this ring will prove the truth ;’ and the paleness of her countenance was succeeded by an ardent glow which seemed to consume her.

“ The mother, naturally timid and superstitious, was astonished and disturbed by this recital, and the stories of spectres she had heard in her childhood, came to her recollection ; but what was her surprise, when looking at Adelaide’s hand she saw on her finger the ring which Camillo had given her in the moment of parting, and which for two months she had believed to be lost.”

The uncle here paused to wipe the tears from his eyes, and pressing the hand of his nephew, who appeared as if in a dream, he thus terminated his story. “ In vain the confessor told Adelaide, that although the church did not condemn the belief in apparitions, yet she ought to look on her vision as the creation of a distempered fancy. All was useless, and from that day, persuaded of your death, and abandoned by every hope, the unhappy girl rapidly declined, and yesterday, with your beloved name on her lips, she went to seek you in heaven.”

The obsequies, at which Camillo wished to be present, were to be celebrated that evening. The funeral train was preceded by a number of orphans, dressed, according to ancient custom, in blue vestments, the head covered, the bosom and the arms clothed in white. After these came the hapless children who owed their support to public charity, and who had never uttered the sweet

name of father. They carried lighted tapers, and sang the penitential psalms. Then followed the bier, borne by four young girls, clad in snow-white habits. The body lay with the face uncovered; and a smile so sweet hovered on the lifeless lips, that, as she was borne past the assembled people, they exclaimed with a loud voice, "She is blessed!"—After the coffin came several friends and neighbours, carrying lighted torches and closing the funeral procession, which was followed by a great concourse of the people, telling their beads with a loud voice. The mournful train slowly proceeded; the lights which broke the darkness of the evening, the mournful songs prolonged under the spacious arches of the porticos, the virgins who carried a virgin to the inexorable tomb—every thing conspired to plunge the soul in a profound melancholy. But who can paint the grief of Camillo, while assisting in the sad solemnity?—He followed, at a distance, the procession to the church, where the funeral train stopped; he entered the temple, and, kneeling near the bier, poured forth his fervent orisons. So abstracted was he in grief, that he was several times told that the church was to be closed, and that he must depart, ere he could understand and obey the mandate.

The next day the uncle repaired to the place where Camillo lodged, and found him in a burning fever. The care of a good physician, who passed many hours at the couch of the invalid, and who applied his remedies more to the mind than to the body, at length restored him to consciousness. His father and brother had come from Moncalieri to console him; but neither their presence,

nor the friendship of his uncle, who bestowed on him a fortune of five hundred pistoles a year, could alleviate his grief for the loss of his adored. Being now restored to health, he one evening approached a cemetery near the gate of the palace, situated in the midst of a rural and secluded region, intersected by rapid streams. The cemetery was a square edifice, with porticos inside, and encircled by high and white walls. On the front were many passages from Holy Writ, which spoke with striking and sublime eloquence of the resurrection, the last judgment, and an eternity of happiness and of wo. Camillo passed under the deserted arches, and exclaiming "Here rests in the sleep of eternal peace the bride who was prized beyond the world!" quitted the sad retreat.

The snowy summit of Monte Rosa already hid the flaming disk of the sun; and the moon arose majestically behind the hill of Superga, where the ashes of the Sabine kings repose in marble arches in the vaults of a temple worthy of the triumph which it was designed to commemorate. Not wishing to return to the city in the agony of spirit in which he found himself, Camillo followed the lonely path that runs by the wooded banks of the Dora, and passed beyond the suburb which takes its name from this stream. The murmuring of the river below, shrouded in its stony bed, the solitary star of night rising from behind the sepulchre of the kings, the autumnal wind rushing from the precipices of Musinetto,—all were in unison with the grief of the lover. He proceeded till he arrived at the mills of the city, and he called to mind how often, in the first days of spring, he

had strolled there with Adelaide and her mother. In the fantastic forms which the silver rays of the moon presented, as they fell on every surrounding object, he thought he discerned through his tears the image of his lost one, arrayed in vestments white as the upturned leaf of the willow. He moved a few paces, and soon discovered that it was the creation of his disordered fancy. Unable to bear the thought of being for ever bereaved of the only being who appeared worthy of his affection, and reproaching himself also for having by his imprudence hastened her death, the oppression of his mind became so intolerable, that he deliberated on voluntarily abandoning a world which could no longer afford him happiness. His eyes fell on the rapid stream, rushing furiously onward in its winding and precipitous course. "Why longer delay?" he exclaimed, and already he approached to plunge into the vortex of the angry waves, when a thought, the offspring of a generous mind, checked this desperate resolve. Such a death appeared to be ignoble and unworthy of his love. "Whilst all Europe," said he, "offers an arena for combat, and every clod of earth is stained with the blood of the brave who have fallen in battle, shall I terminate my days like the wretch who is covered with infamy?" Leaving the place which inspired such evil thoughts, he returned to the city and applied himself to a more noble design.

It happened at this time that a regiment of cavalry was in progress of being raised in Turin, in which those officers who had left the army, were invited again to

take arms. Camillo resisted the prayers of his friends ; comforted, as well as he could, his father and uncle, and placed himself under the pinions of the powerful eagle. War raged fiercely in the north ; the youth joined the camp, and performed deeds of shining valour ; but in vain he sought death amidst a shower of bullets. It was not in the field of fame, but in the gloomy precincts of an hospital, that death seized him for his prey. The military registers shew, that the epidemic disease with which the French army was afflicted on its return from Germany, after the total defeat at Leipsic, destroyed more lives than the bayonets of the foe. The malady attacked Camillo, and the assistance of skilful physicians could not preserve his life. In the hospital of Magonza, he expired in the arms of a friend, who braved the horrors of the contagion, to receive the last breath of him who had saved him from the lance which a Cossack was on the point of thrusting into his breast. To this friend, faithful in adversity, the dying Camillo consigned the dearest and most valued of his possessions—an ornament of gold, shaped like a heart, which hung from a black ribbon and rested on his breast.

“ Place this with me in the grave !” were his latest words. His friend rendered to his ashes the last sad duties, and obeyed his farewell injunction ; but before depositing the ornament in the sepulchre, he opened it, and found that it contained some leaves of a white rose. They were the leaves of the rose which Camillo had plucked from the funeral garland of his beloved.

## THE ROSE OF ROUEN.

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Look where he comes ! not poppy, nor mandragora,  
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

OTHELLO.

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ADELINE ST. AUBIN was an orphan, and the want of parental guardianship was peculiarly trying to a girl like her, for she had received from nature a face and person unrivalled in Normandy. Youth and beauty are attractions always dangerous, frequently fatal to their possessors. It is not the most worthy that most successfully aspire to win their smiles. The voice of the deceiver is too often the sweetest, and therefore is the warning of parental experience necessary to protect the maiden in her innocence from cherishing a serpent in her bosom. Adeline—the interesting Adeline—the “Rose of Rouen,” as she was called in her native city on account of her fine complexion, had, it is true, friends and relatives—but what friend or relative can atone for the loss of a father and mother ?

She looked as if she needed the counsel of a parent. She was sitting in deep thought at the close of a July

evening, in the recess of a window in the house of her amiable sister, in the ancient city of Rouen. Her work had glided out of her fingers, which hung down relaxed, and she was so rapt in reflection, that she did not hear the entrance of her little nephew and niece, until startled by their voices at her side.

“We have had such a long walk, and are so glad to be home again—we are so tired!”

“You must to-bed early, and sleep off the fatigue,” said Adeline, patting the glowing cheeks of her prattling favourites.

“Dear aunt Adeline,” said Marie, climbing upon her lap, “don’t talk of bed, but tell us the remainder of the story about Blue Beard to-night.—Ah do!”

“I will, Marie,” said Adeline, passing her delicate fingers through the child’s curly hair, “if you promise not to be frightened in the dark—and if Charles will sit quietly on the footstool, until mamma comes back to tea.”

“But it is only a story like the fairy tales?” rejoined the little girl inquiringly.—“There are no men with such ugly blue beards now—are there, aunt?”

“It is nothing but a nursery tale, child,” replied the aunt, “there are no such cruel monsters in the world we live in. But listen.—‘There was once a man who lived in a great castle’—hark—some one knocks.—Should it be the Baron de Gavray, you shall hear the remainder of the story to-morrow.”

Placing Marie upon the ground, Adeline hastened to the window to see who was at the door. “How I dislike that baron,” grumbled Charles to his sympathizing



sister; "he always comes to disturb aunt Adeline, just as we are nicely seated in the evening, listening to her tales."

"Good evening, Ma belle Scheherazade!" exclaimed the baron, entering the room, and kissing the hand of Adeline; "I dare say that you and the children were deep in the 'Thousand-and-one Nights,' when I knocked at the door. Do not let my arrival interrupt you. How gladly would I sit at your feet by little Charles, and let your sweet voice transport me from a common-place world to a paradise of wonders."

Retaining her hand, he accompanied these words with a gentle pressure, which called a richer glow into the ever-rosy cheek of the ingenuous maiden, who, hastily eluding his grasp, quitted the apartment under the pretext of ordering tea.

"And what story has aunt Adeline been telling you this evening, Marie?" asked the baron, as he attempted to place the child upon his knee.

"None at all!" answered Marie pettishly, and struggling to escape from him. "You came just as she was going to tell us the tale of Blue Beard."

"That was the man who killed so many wives;" added Charles, in explanation, "but it is only a story. There are no such cruel monsters in the world now, aunt Adeline says."

At this moment Adeline returned, followed by the servant with lights. "Good Heaven!" she exclaimed, in tones of lively interest, "how pale you look, baron! I fear you are not well this evening."

“ I have suffered all day from head-ache,” he replied, shading his eyes with his hand, as if oppressed by the sudden light. Adeline immediately removed the candles to a side-table, and the baron resumed.

“ I hope your sister is well. Has she no intelligence yet from Captain Duval ? ”

“ Alas ! none ; ” replied Adeline. “ I fear his ship is greatly out of time.”

“ How trying to an affectionate wife,” said the baron, in tones of sympathy, “ to remain for weeks in such harrowing suspense. I shall truly rejoice at his safe and early return, for I have long wished an introduction to one connected with you by so near a tie. But I doubt whether a Breton wolf-hunter will be a welcome guest to a man of commercial habits and feelings.”

Adeline felt all the force of the searching look which accompanied these significant words: blushing deeply, she abruptly turned the conversation, and made some not very coherent remarks upon the profession and peculiarities of seamen. She admired them in the relations of husband and father, and thought that their blunt and peremptory manners were redeemed by the genuine and enduring warmth of their affections.

“ Their affections are notoriously both warm and comprehensive ; ” replied the baron, with a sarcastic smile. “ Captain Duval is, I doubt not, an honourable exception, but how many West-Indian traders, who have foundered at sea, have been mourned for by wives and children on both sides of the Atlantic ? ”

“Trifle not with a subject so awful as death,” answered Adeline, gravely. “The recent gale has made me and my sister perhaps too sensitive on this point, and you are probably not aware how prone the families of nautical men are to a superstitious belief in dreams and omens. I dare say you will laugh when I tell you, that since Captain Duval has been out of time, I have every morning dreaded to hear my sister say that she had dreamt of his shipwreck. Such a dream, at this period, would be the herald of some catastrophe.”

“You are a charming visionary, but I should rather infer that such a dream had been very naturally induced by the late gale, and the anxiety of the dreamer.”

“And do you really condemn all belief in omens, as the growth of superstition?”

“Indeed, I must acknowledge that I do,” replied the baron.

“Then, Baron de Gavray!” resumed Adeline, with a smile on her dimpled cheek, “beware of these warnings, for to an unbeliever like you, they will inevitably occur.”

“I have not a grain of the imaginative in my composition,” replied the baron, more seriously; “and am of course insensible to impressions of this nature; nevertheless, as mere poetry, these delusions are not without their charm, and when we have no better subject for discussion, I will amuse you with some awful narratives, gleaned during my travels in Germany and Italy.”

“I shall claim your promise, baron! but I bid you

beware of resolving your tales of the supernatural into common-place machinery: for instance, explaining away delightfully mysterious sounds in a Gothic chamber at midnight, by the racing of rats and mice behind the arras. Nothing less than real downright superhuman agency will satisfy me."

"I could tell you, for instance, fearful accounts of double-goers, and one in which I was personally concerned. Some of my domestics at the Castle de Gavray, firmly believe that I have appeared in two places at the same instant."

"Surely, baron!" exclaimed the imaginative fair-one, "surely you are not serious!"

At this moment the door opened, and Madame Duval entered the room; but the ready smile which met her boy and girl, vanished when she beheld the baron in conversation with her sister, and her cold reception gave unequivocal evidence that he was no welcome guest. Adeline was sensibly hurt by this obvious token of discouragement, and endeavoured by diligent attention to the tea-table, to conceal her embarrassment and mortification. The reserve of Madame Duval soon, however, yielded to the baron's endeavours to draw her into conversation. His fine person and engaging address were assisted by colloquial powers of no common order, and the icy coldness of the hostess insensibly melted into temporary cordiality.

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Louis de Gavray was the only son of a Breton nobleman, whose originally large estate had been wasted and encumbered by a long career of extravagance, and frequent absence from home. The baroness, a portionless and thoughtless, but eminently beautiful Neapolitan, had ably seconded his prodigality; and when, after a residence of some years in Italy, the increasing embarrassments of her husband compelled him to retire for life to his secluded castle in Brittany, she sought in an interchange of luxurious entertainments with the neighbouring landholders, a compensation for the hardships and annoyances of an uncongenial climate.

Her son, a handsome youth of twenty, and the idol of his weak and unreflecting mother, obtained through her influence his father's permission to visit the principal courts of Europe before his final return to Brittany. On various pretexts he had contrived to protract his travels for several years, when intelligence of his mother's death reached him amidst the revels of the carnival at Venice. It was accompanied by a pressing summons from his father to hasten homeward, a mandate enforced by intimations of his pecuniary difficulties, and utter inability to meet any longer his son's expenditure. The unexpected decease of his mother, and the urgent injunctions of his desolate and now aged father, roused the long dormant feelings of Louis de Gavray,

who reluctantly bade adieu to the delights of Italy, and hastened to his less attractive home.

To repair the tottering fortunes of his family, the old baron had projected a marriage between his son and the only child of an untitled, but opulent land-proprietor. She was a lovely and not unaccomplished girl, but too diffident and artless to captivate a man fully conscious of his personal advantages, and long accustomed to the undisguised and meretricious allurements of Italian beauty. Recoiling with aversion from his father's proposal, he frankly declared his unqualified antipathy to the frigid females of his native province, and his wish to obtain, through the influence of his maternal uncle, a commission in the Royal Guards at Naples. When apprized by his father that his encumbered estate had ceased to yield an income, and that the utter destitution of both would be the consequence of his refusal, he requested a week for consideration, and, before its close, declared with a good grace that he would accède to his parent's wishes. The affections of the simple and untutored Breton girl were easily won. The fine person of De Gavray, his knowledge of the world and of human nature, even his utter indifference to the woman he sought, accelerated his conquest, and in a few weeks after his arrival at the family chateau, she became his wife. The death of her father, a few months later, enabled him to release the ancestral lands from every incumbrance, and to indulge his passion for high play, and his taste for lavish and splendid hospitality. During the three years that followed his marriage, he lost

successively his father and his wife, and with a view to relieve his saddened spirits, he had been some time resident in Rouen, at the opening of our narrative. Baron De Gavray was still in the prime of life, and possessed great personal advantages. He had inherited the lofty and imposing figure of his father, while from his mother he had derived the Grecian profile, and regular harmony of features, which distinguish Neapolitan beauty. His forehead was ample and finely moulded; his eyes, of the deepest black, were large, full, and brilliant, but emitted no rays of habitual kindness; his nose was long and straight; his mouth well formed, but always strongly compressed, as if to conceal, or subdue, some inward emotion. His satirical and occasionally sinister smile, curved his lips only, while the upper cheek and glittering eye betrayed no simultaneous sympathy. His dark brows were prominent and strongly marked; his complexion was the pale olive tint of Southern Italy; and his beard, of raven black and vigorous growth, gave to his lower cheek and chin a tint of blue, which was especially observable for several hours after he had made his toilette. There was, on all ordinary occasions, an habitual and assured composure, a superb self-possession in his deportment, and an evident reliance on his own resources, remarkable in so young a man, and attainable only by early and incessant collision with the experienced and the worldly, but which accorded well with his majestic person, and with the heroic cast of his features. To common observers the striking lineaments of the baron were of that inscrutable character, which de-

lies all attempts to peruse its meaning; but to those better acquainted with the workings of human nature, there was that in his closed lips and restless eye, which betokened some deeply-seated source of disquietude.

On his arrival in Rouen he had hired the first floor of a large house occupied by the guardian of Adeline, an eminent physician, who introduced him to Madame Duval. Although but six months a widower when he first saw Adeline, he was early fascinated by her beauty and intelligence, and still more by the expressive eyes and native grace and vivacity which distinguished her advantageously from the crowd of provincial belles. In family connexion she was below his level, but she had the preferable recommendations of beauty, fortune, education, and refinement. In short, she appeared to him admirably suited to cheer the gloomy halls of his old mansion in Brittany. He determined to make her his wife, in defiance of her sister's marked discouragement of his addresses; and, as the reader has doubtless conjectured, had already made considerable progress in her affections.

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A few days after the baron's visit, described in the preceding pages, Adeline and her sister were sitting at work near the window, when De Gavray walked by the



house, and greeted them in passing. "That young nobleman," began Madame Duval, "is certainly handsome, and well skilled in the arts of conversation, but much greater powers of fascination would never reconcile me to the serpent glitter of his dark eyes, and the forced convulsive smile which so often disfigures him. Nor can I approve of his obvious wish to form another engagement, before his deceased wife has been twelve months in her grave. It is well known that his ruined fortunes were repaired by her large property, and it is more than rumoured that he was a harsh and cruel husband. You must excuse, my dear sister, a remark prompted only by my warm affection for you, but I cannot conceive how a girl of your delicacy can for a moment tolerate the addresses of this man. To me, the workings of his eyes and lips are tokens of a diseased conscience; his character is, to say the least, equivocal; and surely that veneration for the established decencies of life, which is enshrined in the heart of woman, should bid you recoil with antipathy from one who so unfeelingly tramples on the memory of his departed wife."

"Indeed, sister," replied the agitated Adeline, gazing intently on her needle-work, "I can assure you, that I feel all the force of this objection, which has, in truth, repeatedly occurred to me; yet, when the baron is present, there is a persuasiveness in his voice and language which beguiles my better judgment. I agree with you that his intention to marry again has been prematurely developed, but you must allow me to discredit the

rumours of his unkindness to the late baroness. On this head he has been sufficiently candid. He has, indeed, acknowledged to me his indifference to a woman too uneducated to interest either his affections or his understanding. He married her with extreme repugnance, and only in compliance with the intreaties of his infirm and aged father, whose last years were cheered by a sacrifice which restored the family estate to its integrity. He has intimated that his married life was embittered by the unhappy temper and groundless jealousy of his wife, whose fortune, he added, had been too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of that happiness which he might have enjoyed with a more intellectual woman. In common justice, sister, you must acquit of mercenary motives a son capable of such self-devotion; nor can you reasonably doubt that he will be an excellent husband to a woman of kindred taste and feelings."

"And yet, Adeline," replied Madame Duval, "he is known to be a man of profuse habits, and has been seen more than once at a notorious gambling house. Residing, too, under your guardian's roof, he has doubtless heard from him that your fortune is considerable."

"Indeed, sister," retorted Adeline, piqued by the inuendo, "this is not your wonted liberality; nor are you justified in thus straining inferences from unfounded and malicious rumours. I cannot withhold my esteem from a man who has sacrificed his felicity to his sense of filial duty; nor will I, without better evidence of his unworthiness, relinquish my belief, that he is as noble in mind as he is in form and feature."

“I am not wont to speak harshly of any one, without good reason,” answered Madame Duval, mournfully ; “nor can you doubt the deep interest I take in your welfare. But, whatever you may eventually determine, let me beseech you to delay any engagement with the baron until the arrival of my husband, who has correspondents in Brittany, and can readily procure accurate evidence of his character, and especially with regard to his reported unkindness to his deceased lady.”

“I am of age,” replied Adeline, coolly, “and will consult only God and my own heart, in a matter so personal and important.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Doctor Monier, the guardian of Adeline. The garrulous old man told them all the news of the day, and concluded by saying, that his opulent lodger, Baron De Gavray, was going to leave Rouen the next morning. “But what is the matter with my pretty ward,” he continued, “what mean these pale cheeks and down-cast eyes ; and this indifference about all worldly goods,” he added, taking from her open work-box some promissory notes of Captain Duval, for the amount of her maternal property, which, with the consent of her guardian, had been invested in his West Indian concerns. “I should not wonder to hear some day that you had twisted up these important vouchers into *papillotes*.”

His ward could not utter a word in reply, but sat with tearful eyes, reflecting on the sudden and unaccountable neglect of De Gavray, who had not called for several days, and was, she now heard, on the eve of

departure from the city. Madame Duval accounted for her sister's too visible emotion, by attributing it to indisposition, and advised her to leave these important documents in the safer custody of her guardian; "For the interest now due," she added, "you must have patience. You know how I am circumstanced during the prolonged absence of Captain Duval."

"A month sooner or later," said the doctor, "is no object between sisters; and the interest of Adeline's paternal fortune is more than she can expend in single life."

Madame Duval now designedly turned the conversation upon De Gavray, and inquired the reason of his sudden departure, while Adeline listened in silent and deep attention.

"Indeed," replied the doctor, "his motive is a riddle to me. He is a fine, liberal-minded fellow, but odd—very odd; and strangely fanciful. For the last three nights, in consequence of some repairs in my apartment, I have slept in a room adjoining his; and, only think, my dear Madame! about midnight he starts out of bed, and paces up and down, muttering incoherent words and phrases, from which I could collect nothing but the frequent exclamation of 'My poor wife!' 'Tis sheer folly for so young a man to indulge these vain regrets, and in my opinion the best remedy for such fancies would be to take a second wife."

"Perhaps, doctor! he has given you a commission to find him one?" said Madame Duval, with a searching look.

“No, my dear lady!” answered the doctor, good humouredly, “such commissions are quite out of my way.”

“I have understood,” resumed Madame Duval, “that his first wife died suddenly?”

“I have never questioned him on a subject so painful,” replied the doctor, “but I have collected from his voluntary allusions to her death, that, although it was accelerated by a fall down stairs, she had been for many months in an incurable decline. He told me, too, that he had been accused of neglect, and even of inhumanity, to the wife who had enriched him, but that he had traced these unjust aspersions to her relatives, who were disappointed of any pecuniary remembrance in her will. I have heard from a certain acquaintance of the baron’s, that he is much addicted to field sports, and fond of convivial intercourse with his neighbours. He is a young man, and a man of the world, and doubtless often left his invalid wife to solitary and unpleasant reflections; but that he ever treated her with deliberate unkindness. I will not believe. I have for six months been almost daily in his society, and I think him incapable of conduct so base and ungenerous.”

The doctor withdrew, and Madame Duval, after a brief pause, returned to the subject. “The baron has found out the doctor’s weak side,” said she, “and has made a valuable friend of him. I suspect, however, that this sudden departure will prove a fiction. You must prepare yourself for a moving farewell, followed by as moving a declaration of everlasting love. Promise me,

however, my dearest sister!" continued she, with supplicating earnestness, "that you will postpone your decision a single week. Within that time my husband will arrive, and obtain from some of his Breton acquaintances, intelligence which will either clear this unaccountable baron from every stain, or develop his real colours."

"I will not pledge myself, sister," said Adeline firmly, "to one so blinded as you are by prejudice or delusion. Because the baron wants a courtier's smile, and disregards the more trivial graces of social life, you read a stern and cruel temper in his features; while to me their serious cast indicates a thinking and high-minded man. You suspect a sinister and artful purpose, where an unprejudiced observer would only discover delicate and obvious approaches to a legitimate object. You fancy even the remorse of a criminal, where, in common sense and justice, you should discern the honourable self-reproaches of an over-sensitive conscience."

"I implore you, dearest sister!" exclaimed Madame Duval, while her eyes filled with tears; "I conjure you by the last words of our sainted mother, to delay your determination only three days!"

Adeline started at the strong emotion which accompanied this solemn appeal to her feelings, and was on the point of giving the required pledge, when the door opened, and De Gavray entered the apartment. "Pardon me, ladies," said he, observing their embarrassment, "if I intrude unseasonably."

Madame Duval acknowledged his presence by an incli-

nation of the head, but said nothing in reply; Adeline had been so strongly excited by her sister's solemn adjuration, that she was unable to utter a word. The baron paused some moments for an answer, and the colour of his dark eyes deepened as he proceeded: "I have been for some time too sensible, Madame Duval, that I am no welcome guest under your roof; nor should I have presumed to trespass this morning, were I not on the point of returning to Brittany, where my presence is essential. Before, however, I take my leave of you for ever, may I request a private interview with Mademoiselle St. Aubin, for a few minutes only?"

"My sister has no reservations from me," replied Madame Duval, with visible uneasiness.

"You must excuse me, sister," said Adeline blushing, "if I assent to the baron's wish; it would be unkind and unreasonable to refuse it."

"Be it so then!" exclaimed her sister, in a voice quivering with emotion; "but forget not, I beseech you," she added in a whisper, "the warning which our mother addressed to you on her death bed."

Adeline turned pale as she listened, and leaned back, almost fainting, in her chair.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed De Gavray, "what means this overwhelming emotion? Does then Mademoiselle St. Aubin repent already her assent to my last request?"

"My agitation," replied Adeline, recovering herself, "springs from circumstances which occurred before your arrival, but which I cannot at present communi-

cate. You do me injustice, however, when you suppose me reluctant to see you without a witness. At the same time, I know not why you should object to my sister's presence."

"Is it possible," exclaimed the baron, "that you can wonder at my fervent wish to see one, whose good opinion is dearer to me than life, without the intervention of a prejudiced and hostile relative?"

"I do not altogether comprehend you, baron!" replied the embarrassed girl, "but I can assure you that the prejudices of others cannot shake my good opinion of you."

"And yet," answered the suitor, in low and subdued tones, "I deserve not a boon so precious as your esteem. I am not altogether what you suppose, and, although incapable of premeditated guilt, my life has not been free from vice and error, the recollection of which too often embitters my existence."

"Where is the man who can boast that he is free from all offence? Your conscience is too sensitive, baron. But why not seek some friend of tried discretion? Unbosom to him the tale of your errors, and your wounded spirit will find healing in his sympathy. Or, better still, seek the consolations of religion, and you will find them. To the weary in heart there is no relief so pure and permanent."

"Until of late," replied the baron, in tones of rising and emphatic earnestness, "I have dared to flatter myself that I had found a friend in you strong-minded enough to comprehend me, and kind-hearted enough to



feel for and pity me : but the illusion is at an end, and I must struggle onward through life, a sad and solitary man, corroded by self-reproach, abandoned to misery !”

“ Indeed, you do me great injustice,” exclaimed Adeline, while tears started to her eyes, and her bosom heaved with compassionate regard. “ Believe me, De Gavray ! I feel deeply interested in your happiness.”

“ And yet I fear,” he resumed, “ that even *your* thus kindly proffered sympathy will not abide so terrible a test ; I feel, however,” he continued, while his underlip trembled with suppressed emotion, “ that a full confession of my unworthiness is now indispensable. There are trying moments, Adeline, in wedded life, and especially in ill-assorted and unhappy marriages. Had I been a kinder and more grateful husband—had I never yielded to sudden and fatal impulses—my poor wife had still been alive and happy ; but,” he added, as he grasped with vehemence the maiden’s shaking hand, “ I could not love her—I was ever cold and negligent—and, when stung to madness by her cureless jealousy, I was even impetuous, and—in short—*I destroyed her !*”

At this dreadful avowal, uttered in a voice which deepened, as he concluded, into a smothered and almost inaudible whisper, the terrified Adeline fell back in her chair, pale and insensible. Some minutes elapsed before her recovery, when, finding herself supported by De Gavray, who had saved her from sinking to the ground, she started in new terror from his arms, and tottered towards the door.

“ I implore you,” he exclaimed, as he followed and

arrested her steps ; “ I implore you, by all that is sacred, to hear me out ! How could you so strangely misconceive my meaning ? Do not the natural affections, when chilled and blighted, prey upon life as surely, if not as rapidly, as steel or poison ? Trust me, dearest Adeline, I was never deliberately cruel to my unfortunate wife, —I denied her no indulgence, but I could not feign a passion which I never felt, and my obvious indifference proved fatal to the health and peace of a woman, whose only fault was a teasing jealousy, which grew out of the singular and overpowering strength of her attachment to me. Had I better understood the nature of this tyrant passion, I should have made a more grateful return ; but, until enslaved by you, I never felt the terrible dominion of impassioned feelings, nor knew the full extent of my ingratitude. If, however, unceasing and acute remorse, if misery, little short of martyrdom, can atone for my criminal indifference to the happiness of my poor wife, my atonement has been ample indeed ! ”

Adeline was inexpressibly relieved by this explanation ; and the ardent avowal of attachment which it included, dyed her cheek with crimson, and restored to her fine eyes their wonted lustre.

“ Strange reasoner ! ” she replied, in glowing confusion ; “ why will you torment yourself with such diseased and visionary fancies ? Why exaggerate into crime the absence of feelings which come not at our bidding ? ”

“ I shall never obtain my own forgiveness,” replied the baron, as he took her not reluctant hand ; “ and without your sympathy, I shall utterly despair of feli-

city ; but could I prevail upon the most amiable of her sex to share my home and fortune, and to embellish with her love my future life, I should be blest indeed."

Adeline's firmness had been so much shaken by this trying scene, that she stood for some moments in silent and growing agitation. At length her emotion overcame her, and reclining her head on the shoulder of her admirer, she whispered in broken accents ; " My tears must answer for me ; I have no words ! "

The enraptured baron understood all his happiness. Folding the blushing beauty in his embrace, he soon extorted a full confession of her regard for him, and a pledge that she would become his bride. Suddenly, however, the solemn request of her sister, that she would delay her final decision for three days, flashed upon her memory, and along with it the awful recollection of her mother's last injunction.

" You have surprised me into premature acknowledgments," said she, suddenly turning pale. " Leave me, I beseech you ! Three days hence I shall be better prepared to enter into conclusive arrangements."

" Three days ? " exclaimed the baron with vehemence ; " impossible, my adored ! In less than three days, or never, you will be mine. Hear me," continued he, observing her indignant astonishment ; " In forty-eight hours, at latest, Captain Duval will arrive in Rouen, and will oppose our union by every means in his power. He is, at this moment, in Havre-de-Grace, where an urgent letter from his wife has for some time been waiting his arrival."

“ And how did you procure this intelligence ? ”

“ From an agent of mine at Havre ; I received an express from him at midnight, stating that your brother-in-law was detained by pressing business, but that he might possibly reach Rouen to-morrow night. Should our marriage be delayed beyond to-morrow morning, your friends will ring the changes upon the absurd rumours circulated by the disappointed relatives of my late wife, until your belief in my integrity is shaken, and my last hope of happiness in this world blighted for ever.”

“ Indeed, De Gavray,” replied Adeline, in much perplexity, “ you do my sister and her husband great injustice. They may be prejudiced against you ; but they are not inaccessible to conviction ; and how easy to establish that conviction by the evidence of your own servants ! ”

“ Nothing would be easier ; but unfortunately, your relatives have private and personal motives to oppose your marriage. The deranged affairs, and heavy losses of Captain Duval in the West Indies, are no secret out of his family circle, and you may suppose how inconvenient it would be to him at this moment to restore your maternal fortune, which, I learn from Dr. Monier, has been for some years intrusted to him. The too probable diminution of your dowry I regard with pleasure, because it will afford to my beloved, additional evidence that my affection for her is pure and disinterested.”

“ Noble De Gavray ! ” exclaimed the fair enthusiast,

yielding to the sudden impulses of her generous and confiding nature; "how can I ever reward an attachment so exalted and so flattering! I now see, too clearly, through the unworthy conspiracy of which I was to have been the victim. I have for some time had reason to suspect the derangement of Captain Duval's affairs, and, with your permission, I will resign to my sister and her children, whatever may remain of my maternal fortune. The larger portion of my property is safe, and at my uncontrolled disposal. You possess my entire regard, my unbounded confidence; and if you still think it expedient that our marriage should precede the arrival of my brother-in-law, I will not hesitate to meet you at the altar."

"My kindest and best, you make me the happiest of men!" exclaimed the baron, as he strained the timid maid in his embrace. "Make your sister acquainted with your irrevocable determination; but beware of informing her that you are apprized of the captain's arrival. I shall hasten to procure the license, and claim, early to-morrow, my enchanting bride."

He quitted the apartment in haste, and Adeline, to whom, on retrospection, this eventful interview appeared like a dream, did not for some time observe that he had placed a diamond ring upon her finger. While she was gazing on the sparkling gem, in gratified surprise, her sister entered, and started with dismay when she beheld the brilliant ring, and the confusion of the conscious and blushing wearer.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, in tones of sorrow, "is then

the mischief I so much dreaded already accomplished? Has the serpent-tongue of that wily noble, ensnared my only and long-cherished sister? Has he really won your consent to marry him? Mistaken, unhappy girl! Return that fatal present to the dark and fearful donor. In mercy, Adeline, listen to a sister so much your senior in experience and age. Or, if you doubt my greater worldly knowledge, trust to the prophetic warnings of my affection for you, to that unerring instinct which is often superior to wisdom, and which was given by Providence to the innocent and weak, for their security against the wicked. Had not this plausible stranger beguiled you by his flatteries, you would shrink as I do from the fearful knitting of his brows; the quick and subtle glances of his eye; and that incessant working of his teeth and lips, all of which betray a consciousness of guilt; or, at least, a fierce, imperious spirit, from which every woman should recoil with terror. I adjure you, sister, by the memory of our pious mother, by all your hopes of bliss in a better world, to pause before you place yourself irredeemably in the power of this man; for, assuredly, he hath a devil in him. Again, and on my knees, I intreat you to return that ring, and suspend your final decision!"

"Never, sister!" firmly answered Adeline, who had listened with growing indignation to these invectives against the object of her choice. "My affections and my judgment tell me that I have found the path to happiness, and that my union with this noble-minded man, has been opposed by the narrow views of calculating

relatives. I little thought that my mother's warning, to beware of the one I loved best, would ever apply to my dearest family connexions. But enough, and too much, on this painful subject. I am irrevocably engaged to the baron, and I must request that you will cease to vilify him whom I shall to-morrow accompany to the altar."

"*To-morrow*, say you?" exclaimed her weeping sister. "Alas! this master of artifice has succeeded in making you distrustful even of your nearest relatives. And will you really sacrifice your best and oldest friends to an acquaintance of yesterday? Is your resolution to marry him to-morrow unalterably fixed?"

"I am a free agent, sister. The baron is obliged to return immediately to Brittany, and I am determined to avoid all unpleasant altercation with Captain Duval, by suffering the marriage to take place before his arrival."

"Then may God in his infinite mercy bless and protect my beloved girl!" said Madame Duval, tenderly embracing her; "and may you never have cause to remember my well-intended warning. Forget, I intreat you, my hostility to this alliance, and allow me to prove to you, by the celebration of your marriage under my roof, that my regard for you is undiminished."

"Now you are again my own kind sister," said Adeline, warmly returning her embrace; "but I own your opposition to my union is mysterious and perplexing."

“The die is cast, and you shall not hear another word of disapprobation,” replied Madame Duval, with an affectionate, but melancholy smile, as she left the room to commence her preparations for the ensuing day.

After her departure, Adeline retired in deep thought to the solitude of her chamber. There she passed in review the happy years she had lived under the roof of Captain Duval; and her lively recollection of the uniform kindness she had experienced from him and her sister, began to dispel her belief that the tenacious opposition to her marriage had grown out of mercenary calculations. For a time she busied her mind in vainly seeking to explain circumstances so contradictory; but this war of her opinions soon yielded to the charm with which her creative fancy had for months invested the fervent attentions of the handsome De Gavray. With the inconsistency of early enthusiasm, she overlooked the difficulty of reconciling his bitter regrets, his romantic and inordinate self-reproaches, for sins of omission towards his deceased wife, with his travelled and worldly experience, and his undisguised avowal, that the imaginative and romantic formed no part of his character. She recollected nothing but the graces of his person, his high and princely carriage, and the noble disinterestedness of his sentiments; and she dwelt with renewed delight upon the assurance, so enchanting to a youthful heart, that she was the only woman he had ever loved. She measured his attachment by her own; and felt that any diminution of their mutual regard was impossible.



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After a night of waking dreams and broken slumbers, the maiden rose with the sun, arrayed her lovely form in a robe of white satin, and, after some hours of anxious self-communion, descended, with a palpitating bosom, into the parlour, where she found the baron with a license and a notary. De Gavray had not forgotten, on this occasion, to display his fine person to the best advantage. Hitherto Adeline had never seen him out of deep mourning ; but he now appeared before her admiring sight in an elegant court dress. His dark and restless eyes blazed with intolerable lustre, and his language was flowing and eloquent with passion ; but his lips, when silent, were compressed as usual ; and his manner indicated rather an elated and joyous spirit, than that cherished and sacred consciousness of happiness, which characterized every look and gesture of the object of his regard.

During the ceremony, the baron did not for a moment lose his consummate self-possession, nor did his countenance betray any emotion deeper than exhilaration ; while the tearful Adeline, who felt all the solemnity of her situation, could with difficulty command voice enough to utter the responses.

An excursion into the country, and the duties of the toilette, filled up the interval to dinner, after which the numerous guests invited by Madame Duval, were seated

in joyous converse around the table, when a vehicle and four post-horses drove rapidly to the door, and in a few seconds Captain Duval entered the room.

The pleasure expressed by his friends and neighbours at his sudden arrival, was speedily converted into wondering silence and dismay, when they discovered his undisguised disapprobation of the marriage. Finding, however, that his intended opposition was rendered fruitless by the event of the morning, the captain resumed at once his habitual good humour and self-control, congratulated the baron with a sailor's frankness, and, opening his pocket-book, presented to him, in government securities, the maternal fortune of the bride. Then, turning to the astonished Adeline, he expressed, with all a father's feeling, his fervent wishes for her happiness in wedded life, and requested her acceptance of five-hundred louis d'or, as a token of regard, which he could well afford.

"I was not a poor man," he observed, "when I last sailed for the West Indies, and, thank God! the voyage, although long, has been prosperous beyond my hopes. Henceforward I will enjoy life in the bosom of my family. As to this marriage," said he, cordially grasping the hand of De Gavray, "I certainly think that I had a fair right to be consulted, but as the knot is tied, the wedding-feast shall be as merry as wine, music, and dancing can make it; and while I and the baron drink to our better acquaintance, do you, Madame, send for the best band of music in Rouen."

Ere long the guests were summoned to the ball-room,





by the stirring harmony of a well appointed orchestra, and every countenance, save those of the bride and her sister, beamed with festive gaiety. In vain did Adeline exert herself to maintain a tranquil deportment. The anxiously accelerated arrival of her brother-in-law, the irresistible evidence of his wealth, and the generous hospitality evinced by him and her sister towards the baron, overwhelmed her with mingled feelings of perplexity, remorse, and sadness, which yielded not until the bridegroom, in an interval between the dances, insensibly drew her thoughts from the past to the future, by portraying, in poetical and glowing colours, the enjoyments of domestic life, and well-assorted marriage. While thus engaged in a window recess, the bride was suddenly attacked by her little niece and nephew. Marie climbed upon her lap, while Charles planted himself at her feet, and both began to plead earnestly for the conclusion of the tale of Blue Beard, before her departure with the naughty baron, who was going to carry her away. Unable to resist their entreaties, Adeline resumed the story, when Marie, whose sparkling eyes had been fixed for some time on the bridegroom, suddenly exclaimed ; “ Only look, aunt ! Baron De Gavray has got a blue beard ! Do look at his chin ! It is quite blue ! ”

“ You mean black, my love,” said the baron, patting the little girl’s head. “ All dark beards look blue after shaving, and as I shaved my chin quite smooth again, just before dinner, I think you ought to give me a kiss on your aunt Adeline’s wedding-day.”

“ No, no, no ! you are Blue Beard ! ” screamed the

little girl, in evident terror, as she made her escape from the recess.

“What nonsense!” exclaimed Charles, very knowingly, “Blue Beard is nothing but a nursery tale. There are no such wicked men now.”

Suddenly the baron rose from his chair; and, applying his handkerchief to his face, begged Adeline to excuse him. “The dancing and the heat of the room,” he said, “had made his nose bleed,” and hastily quitting the recess, he left the apartment. The bride, shocked and alarmed by the sudden and ghastly paleness of his countenance, immediately followed, and found him in the parlour below, which he was pacing with hasty and disordered steps.

“Dearest Louis!” said she, as she observed that his nose had not been bleeding; “I fear that you are more seriously indisposed than you acknowledge.”

For some moments he returned no answer, but his working lips, and the lowering of his bushy brows, gave tokens of the struggle within. “Why torture me with inquiries, Adeline?” he at length exclaimed. “Did you not remark how cruelly those little imps of mischief probed the rankling wound I bear with me for life?—the recollection that my want of feeling destroyed the health and comfort of an affectionate wife.”

“Dear, conscientious De Gavray,” said the sympathizing Adeline, “why will you embitter our present happiness, by dwelling upon long past and involuntary faults?—Believe me, could the amiable departed one look down upon us from a better world, or could her sainted

spirit appear to us in this, she would confirm and bless our union."

"Beware, my girl, tempt not the dead!" exclaimed the still excited baron, in low and smothered tones, as he looked around him. "What dreaming nonsense I am talking," he continued, as, wiping the big drops of perspiration from his forehead, he again paced the apartment. "I feel that you are right, my beloved, when you say that we are all at times the slaves of superstition. Notwithstanding my settled disbelief of the supernatural, I must acknowledge that there are moments when my heated imagination gets the better of my judgment. Just now, I fancied, as I left the ball-room, that I beheld the pallid face and wasted form of my poor Josephine amongst the dancers, and even that she pointed at me in warning, or in menace, her long, emaciated fingers. However," he added, with a more successful rally of his spirits, "I am determined that henceforward neither the living nor the dead shall disturb our tranquillity."

Encircling with his arm her slender waist, he led his bride into the ball-room, where they joined the throng of waltzers, and whirled in giddy self-oblivion until summoned to supper, which was laid out with festal elegance and profusion, in a spacious saloon on the ground-floor. The room was lighted up with noon-day brilliancy, and through the uncurtained windows the guests discovered, from the radiance reflected on the waters of the river, that the whole front of Captain Duval's house was blazing with lamps, while the

full moon shone brightly through the large bow-window, immediately opposite to which the bride and bridegroom were seated, at the end of a long table. After an hour of convivial enjoyment, the clock of a neighbouring church struck twelve, and the trumpeter of the band was ordered by the host to sound a call to his guests, who promptly filled their glasses to the health of the wedded pair. At this moment the eyes of the baron accidentally fell upon a large and snow-white cake which graced the centre of the table, and on which the pastrycook had embroidered, in coloured sugar-work, the day of the month.

“Powers above!” exclaimed he aloud, “is to-day the twentieth?”

“Surely, baron,” observed Madame Duval, who sat near him, “you ought to know the date of this memorable day, at least, as well as the confectioner?”

The baron appeared unconscious that he was spoken to, and while the trumpet rang, and the guests drank to the bride and bridegroom with enthusiastic cheers, his features suddenly became fixed and pale as marble, his widely-opened eyes glared fearfully upon the opposite window, and the glass in his trembling hand knocked audibly against the table. The bride, observing this strange emotion, followed the direction of his glance, and started with horror as she discovered the thin and pallid features of a woman looking through one of the window panes. She closed her eyes for a moment in shuddering apprehension, and looked again—but the face had disappeared. At this instant the watchman



called the midnight hour, and the baron started at the sound with such vehemence, that his chair shook under him. "Did you see that pale face at the window, Adeline?" he whispered; "*she died a year ago—at this very hour!*"

"Baron De Gavray!" cried the captain, from the other end of the table, "we have drunk to the health and happiness of yourself and bride, and we are all waiting for thanks and a speech. Trumpeter! give them another blast!" he shouted, observing the baron's absence; "they seem too happy to listen to what I say."

"Collect yourself, my dearest!" whispered the baron to his bride, endeavouring to rouse his disordered senses, "'Twas nothing but fancy."

Rising with a bumper-glass in his hand, he thanked the company with a good grace for their kind wishes, and was raising the wine to his lips, when his eyes again encountered the appalling object in the window. The glass fell from his shaking hand, and the red wine streamed over the snow-white table-cloth. Apologizing hastily to the lady of the mansion, he filled a massive goblet to the brim, swallowed eagerly the whole contents, and replaced it with such vehemence that it was shattered into fragments. "I am truly unfortunate to-night," said he to Madame Duval, "but there are occasions in life, my dear Madame! when the loss of self-possession is a pardonable offence."

Pitying his embarrassment, and desirous to relieve it, his kind hostess rose from the table, and proposed

an adjournment to the ball-room. Her guests willingly obeyed the summons, and the whole company, excepting the bride and bridegroom, quitted the saloon.

“Dear Louis;” exclaimed the agitated Adeline, as soon as they were alone, “what meant that dreadful whisper? Surely you are not well, or perhaps you have inadvertently taken more wine than is your custom.”

“Let me cling to the belief that I *have* drunk too deeply;” replied, with effort, the bewildered baron. “Had I abstained from wine, I should be constrained to believe in supernatural appearances, and my whirling brain would madden with the horrid recollection.”

“Your fixed and fearful gazing at the window,” replied Adeline, “made me conjure up I know not what; and in my alarm I really for a moment thought that I beheld a pale face gazing at us through one of the lower panes. Doubtless it was occasioned by the reflection of the moon upon the water.”

“Most probably,” replied the baron; “what will not imagination picture in moments of excitement. Since my lovely bride consented to be mine, I have been too happy to think of dates, and I was not exactly aware that this was the anniversary of my poor wife’s death, until the fatal epoch flashed upon me, as the clock struck the last stroke of twelve—the very moment she expired. I am ashamed of this childishness, but I must have been more than man to have met so strange and sudden a memento without a pang.”

“Dear De Gavray!” said Adeline, tenderly, “why will you persist in taxing yourself with conduct of which

your generous and exalted nature is incapable? Come, let us join again the merry dance, and give all painful recollections to the winds!"

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Two days after her marriage, Adeline accompanied her husband to Havre de Grace, where they embarked in a fast-sailing vessel hired for the purpose, and after a pleasant summer voyage, landed at the port of St. Brieux, in Brittany. Here they found the baron's carriage and servants waiting their arrival; and after some hours of slow journeying over the little frequented roads of this remote district, reached an eminence, from which De Gavray pointed out to Adeline the castellated mansion of his ancestors, seated on a tall cliff, which frowned over the Atlantic, and was backed on the land side, to its garden walls, by one of the dense dark woods that abound in this part of France. Passing the intermediate hollow, the carriage wound obliquely up the precipitous side of the castle-hill, and emerging from a plantation of stunted and mossy larches, entered upon a noble terrace, which extended from the front of the edifice to the edge of the cliff, and commanded a wide view of the sea, at that moment glistening in the summer-sun, and placid as a lake. Castle De Gavray was an extensive pile, consisting of a centre and wings, of

Gothic and uniform design. The centre was a square and massive structure of the sixteenth century, built of wood and plaster, but fronted and battlemented with stone; and, at a much later period, two wings of lighter materials, but corresponding design, had been added at right angles to the sea-ward front, terminating in Gothic turrets, modelled after the old clock-tower which surmounted the portal and rose above the centre of the main building. The carriage stopped at an arched gateway in the middle of a curtain-wall, which the baron had built between the flanking turrets, to protect his mansion from the biting blasts of a Breton winter. The area of the square within was adorned in the prevailing taste, with leaden statues and parterres of flowers, divided by a broad gravel-path, along which the travellers proceeded to the ancient portal. The baron, who had been apparently lost in painful recollections during their short journey from the sea-port, now roused himself; and, leading his bride into a large and stone-paved hall, welcomed her with a warm embrace to the home of his ancestors. After a slight repast, he proposed to show her the house. He conducted her up a broad staircase of black and polished oak, which terminated in the centre of a long gallery, coated with Flemish tapestry, representing some battle-scenes of unknown date and subject. From this gallery several doors opened into spacious and lofty bedrooms, reserved, as he told her, for occasional guests; and at each end of the gallery was a rectangular continuation of it, leading to doors which connected

the north and south wings with the centre of the building. The baron then opened the door leading to the south wing, and they entered a corridor lighted from the quadrangle, and communicating by three doors, with a large bed-room and two spacious dressing-rooms, the farthest of which Adeline was informed was destined for her, as also the turret-room connected with it, which commanded an extensive sea and coast view from its various windows, and was elegantly fitted up as a lady's boudoir. Returning into the great gallery, De Gavray took from his pocket a large key, of singular shape, and, from its high finish, apparently of English make—

“ Since the death of my poor Josephine,” said he, “ I have never had sufficient fortitude to enter her now untenanted apartments in the north wing. They correspond in size and distribution with those you have just seen : if, however, my resolution does not fail me at the entrance, you shall see them now.”

Stepping hastily forward, he plunged the key into the aperture, turned it, and opened the door a few inches ; then, starting as if in sudden horror, he suddenly closed and locked the door. Adeline, who had gazed upon this scene with strong interest, was distressed when she beheld the livid hue of her husband, as he turned round to her after he had withdrawn the key.

“ 'Tis yet too soon,” he said, in a smothered tone through his closed teeth. “ After a few months of happiness in your society, I shall be tranquil, and less under the dominion of unavailing regrets ; but just now, even

a momentary glimpse of that corridor called up a host of hateful reminiscences, and the sight of the bedroom, in which my neglected wife breathed her last, would render me utterly incapable of welcoming my lovely bride as I could wish to my fathers' halls."

The affectionate and considerate Adeline eagerly assented to the postponement of a trial so painful; and, by a series of tender and delicate attentions, succeeded at length in soothing the agitated spirits of her lord.

On the following morning, De Gavray, who had long felt the want of the violent exercise he had been accustomed to, rose with the sun, and scoured his woods for several hours in search of game. He returned in good spirits to a late breakfast; soon after which commenced the gratulatory visits of the neighbouring land-proprietors: and these were followed by a daily succession of hunting and shooting excursions, accompanied by convivial parties, which continued without intermission for several weeks, to the great surprise and regret of Adeline, who had flattered herself that these costly banquets were but occasional, and in compliment to her marriage. She had therefore made up her mind to the unpolished society of her husband's field and bottle companions, as a temporary evil, the close of which would permit the baron to give her more of his society, and enable her to realize her fondly-cherished visions, of associating the partner of her heart in her favorite pursuits of music, painting, and poetry. Too soon, however, her eyes were opened to the sad conviction, that these morning sports and evening revels were the habit of his life.

Three years of incessant intercourse with his jovial but coarse and unlettered neighbours, had insensibly altered the baron's nature. Deprived of all better society, and unable to raise his neighbours to his own level, he had gradually descended to theirs; and losing, by disuse, his relish for refined pursuits, had settled down into the vulgar taste and habits of those around him. At an early hour every morning he left home, to pursue, with his fellow-sportsmen, the game with which the woods of Brittany abound; and, unless engaged to dine out, invariably brought back with him some of his neighbours to dinner; after which, deep potations were succeeded by rubbers at whist, played for stakes which the more prudent Adeline thought her husband's income did not sanction.

These daily hunting and shooting excursions, and an incessant round of dinner-parties at home and abroad, had for several weeks so fully absorbed the baron's time, that his neglected wife had been compelled to rely entirely upon her own resources for occupation and amusement. She could not tax her husband with any overt act of unkindness, but she deeply felt his apparent indifference to her society; and she could not subdue a rising suspicion that he shunned a long morning *tête-à-tête* with her, from apprehension of her enquiring more pointedly than she had hitherto done into the grounds of his singular misconception of Captain Duval's pecuniary circumstances. Fearful of an explanation that might lessen her esteem for the individual on whom she was entirely dependent for happiness, she had hitherto

hazarded only indirect and leading questions ; but the baron had evaded or baffled all approaches to this embarrassing subject, with a dexterous and ever-ready self-possession that would have graced an Italian Jesuit. At length, indignant at this daily desertion, she determined to force an explanation which she felt was justly due to her ; and at the same time to remove the probable obstacle to a more intimate and affectionate communion. Availing herself of a day of heavy and unceasing rain, which confined her husband to the house, she brought her work into the great hall, where he was busily engaged in cleaning his fowling-pieces.

“ I have often wondered, De Gavray,” she began, after some comments upon the wetness of the day, “ how you could entertain such erroneous impressions of Captain Duval’s circumstances : but you had doubtless some information beyond the non-payment of the interest due to me.”

“ Not a word !” moodily answered the baron, whose habitual nonchalance was unhinged by this direct attack. “ There was certainly strong ground for suspicion. I knew that the captain would prevent our marriage by any expedient, good or bad ; the time was precious, and I made the most of an accidental allusion of Madame Duval to the non-payment of your interest. But you, Adeline, who are so deeply read in romance, must be well aware that in love and war all stratagems are allowable.”

“ Stratagems !” exclaimed Adeline, indignant at this deception, and at the cold irony of his tone and language.



“ And could *you* descend to stratagem at such a moment, when you came to bid me a last farewell, and were betrayed by your excited feelings into a declaration of your attachment !”

“ How delightfully credulous and confiding young ladies are !” replied the baron, with one of his sarcastic smiles. “ My declaration was prompted by sincere affection,” continued he, with rising asperity ; “ but you must not suppose that a man who knows the world will, even at such a moment, let his love get the better of his wits. I knew that I could only win you by stratagem, and I was determined at all risks, or by any expedient, to baffle the unfriendly and illiberal opposition of Madame Duval. I hazarded a critical, but well-timed *ruse*, and I succeeded.”

“ Indeed !” replied the astonished wife, “ then your urgent plea for the acceleration of our marriage was altogether a deliberate stratagem ?”

“ Not altogether,” replied De Gavray, screwing the lock on his gun : “ I had certain intelligence of the captain’s arrival at Havre ; I was impatient to return home, and determined not to leave Rouen without you. Were you less romantic, you would not expect a man of my bitter experience to make love like the hero of a novel ; and you would be sensible that a widower of my age could not afford time to gratify a sentimental fair-one by protracting unnecessarily the childish follies of courtship.”

“ Alas, De Gavray !” said the heart-stricken Adeline, “ I fear you never loved me. Men who love tenderly

and truly are incapable of treating thus irreverently the hallowed claims and delicate relations of the weaker sex. And did you really love me, you would not daily thus abandon me for the society of men so unworthy of you."

"My love for you," replied the baron sternly, "is that of a rational being. As to my companions, I have found it necessary to adopt the pursuits and habits of those amongst whom my lot is cast. I seek enjoyment in healthful exercise and convivial intercourse; and if you value my good opinion, you will cultivate less visionary views of human life, and exchange your exclusive devotion to music and painting, for a more vigilant superintendence of your household. I expect some friends this evening, and I hope you will condescend to insure us a better appointed supper than that of yesterday."

"You cannot surely be the same being," said Adeline, doubting the evidence of her senses, "on whose enduring tenderness and affection I placed all my hopes of earthly happiness? This must be some delusion;" she continued, gazing at him in wild surprize, as if doubtful of his identity.

"Nonsense!" retorted the baron peevishly: "you seem to be infected by the vulgar superstition of the servants; I suppose my foolish nurse has persuaded you that I have been seen in two places at once."

Chilled and silenced by the cutting sarcasm of his tone and manner, and endeavouring to conceal her starting tears, Adeline hastened to her dressing-room, and wept unceasingly for some hours. The well-

meant warning of her sister, and the last words of her deceased mother, recurred to her with heart-rending poignancy, and she bitterly regretted the blind credulity with which she had listened to the professions of this cold-blooded man, and exchanged her beloved friends and happy home in Rouen, for the wild solitudes of Brittany, and the society of one who had unmasked himself with such reckless indifference, trampled without provocation on her feelings, and depreciated the elegant pursuits he had once encouraged and admired. While thus indulging in vain regrets and gloomy retrospection, the dinner-hour passed unheeded, the daylight disappeared, and ere long the arrival of the baron's guests was announced by loud greetings in the hall, and bursts of riotous merriment from the banquetting-room. Having occasionally excused herself from presiding at the supper-table of these boorish sportsmen, she knew that her absence would not excite remark ; and to escape from the distressing associations which their noisy revels always awakened, she descended a narrow staircase leading from the corridor to the ground floor of the south turret, from which a door opened upon her favorite walk, the terrace on the cliff.

The last week of September had arrived, and the increased swell of the waves, which dashed in whiter foam and louder mutterings over the distant rocks, indicated that an equinoctial gale was already somewhere in activity. The rain had ceased, and the moon shone brightly in the clear heavens, across which white fleecy clouds were sailing with picturesque and increasing velocity.

There was an autumnal freshness in the atmosphere, but the beauty of the night, and the aspect of the scenery, induced her to prolong her pensive walk until the castle clock struck nine. At that moment she was pacing in meditative mood beneath the windows of the northern turret, which communicated with the apartments that had been occupied by the deceased baroness. The deep tones of Time's iron monitor disturbed her contemplations. She listened, and she fancied that she could distinguish between each ponderous stroke of the clock, the low vibrations of a harp. A minute's reflection told her that she must have been deceived, and she pursued her walk to the extremity of the terrace, concluding that the sounds she had heard were only the reverberations of the bell floating upon the breeze. When, however, she retraced her steps, the idea recurred to her, and impelled by a sudden and resistless impulse of curiosity, she paused in breathless attention near the turret. Soon to her great dismay and astonishment, she noted the faint but distinctly articulate chords of a harp, evidently wafted from the chamber above. The sounds were plaintive and fitful, like the tones of the Æolian lyre; ever and anon swelling and dying away at brief intervals, and always wild, precipitate, and disconnected, as if produced by one whose reason wandered.

Adeline's form quivered like the aspen leaves that were fluttering and falling around her. What could such strange music portend? Whose was the feverish hand that awoke these broken measures on the instrument? A thousand undefinable apprehensions rushed

through her brain, already heated and bewildered by the incidents of the morning. She could not overcome a suspicion which all things seemed conspiring to strengthen, that her husband's first wife was still alive, confined doubtless in these remote and carefully-secured apartments; most probably, too, a miserable maniac, goaded into madness by barbarous usage. Why had the baron never repeated his proposal to shew her the four chambers in the north wing?—She recollected that when she had expressed to him a wish to copy some sketches of scenery, which the old housekeeper informed her were deposited by the late baroness in the drawer of a book-case in the northern turret, he had abruptly told her that the key was mislaid, but that in the ensuing spring, the apartments in that division of the castle would be rendered habitable, and fitted up as spare sleeping rooms for the accommodation of their numerous guests. More swayed in drawing inferences by her imagination than her judgment—prepared also by the recent development of De Gavray's character, to doubt the sincerity of his professions, and to conceive him capable of accomplishing a determined purpose by sinister means, Adeline was persuaded that some unhallowed mystery was associated with the prohibited chambers, and, notwithstanding the implied interdict, she resolved to penetrate that mystery, be the consequences what they might.

How to effect an entrance into the northern wing, guarded as it was by locks and bolts, was the question. The inside bolts that secured the terrace door of her own turret were starting from the decayed wood-work.

Perhaps the door of the south turret was in a similar condition? She examined it, but the discovery of an outside padlock abated her hope of obtaining admission. She did not, however, abandon her endeavours, and on further investigation, she found that the door-jamb, in which the keeper of the lock was inserted, was mouldering from want of paint and from exposure to the alternate influences of sun and damp. By persevering efforts she succeeded in forcing the staple from the wood, the crazy bolts within yielded, as she anticipated, to her pressure, and with a palpitating heart and cautious footstep she ascended the gloomy and narrow staircase. Arrived at the corridor, she rested to summon up all her energies to meet the dark discovery which she was sure awaited her.

The doors of the three apartments to which the corridor conducted were locked, and baffled all her attempts to open them. Taking her stand by that nearest the staircase, she listened with eager ear, but not a whisper was audible from the interior. At last she caught some low and random harp-notes, and tapped gently at the door. No answer was returned; she then applied her hand more forcibly, but still she failed in eliciting a response. "Is any one within?" she exclaimed, almost terrified by the sound of her own voice. The only reply was a slight echo. A profound stillness succeeded. Again the harp-strings were swept with gentle and transient touch, as if a spirit had stirred them.

Adeline unwillingly decided on postponing her further researches to another night. She could enjoy no

repose until she had discovered the mysterious inmate of the deserted turret. Turning reluctantly towards the staircase to depart, her glance fell upon some dark spots on the floor, which were distinctly visible in the broad moonlight that streamed through the lofty windows of the corridor. Bending down to examine them, she perceived that they were stains apparently of a heavy red colour, resembling dried gouts of blood, extending from the middle of the three doors to the landing place, and as far down the stairs as the light enabled her to trace them. These ominous indications for a moment chilled her veins ; but she experienced instantaneous relief from the terrible shadows that began to haunt her, by calling to mind the intimation given by her guardian before her marriage, that the death of the baron's first wife had been accelerated by an accidental fall down stairs.—“ Yes, this is doubtless the scene of that unhappy event, which, dreadful as it was, was but the result of chance. Here was the bleeding form of the unfortunate sufferer carried along to the bed from which she never arose, leaving these baleful traces of her fatal progress.” Thus she conjectured ; and though shuddering at the picture which her fancy drew of her predecessor's untimely end, she felt, in this strong evidence of the actual mode of her decease, an escape from the rising impression of a blacker catastrophe. Forgetting for a time the incomprehensible harp-music, she hastened down the blood-stained steps, replaced the lock and staple, regained the southern turret, and went to bed.

De Gavray continued the carousal until about eleven

o'clock, when his riotous guests, declining his proffered accommodation for the night, pledged the parting cup, and availing themselves of the full moon, took horse for their respective homes. Flushed by intemperate drinking, and flagged by boisterous discourse that exhausted his animal spirits, the baron retired to rest. He had scarcely laid his head upon the pillow, when, as was usual after his supper parties and their attendant potations, he fell into a deep death-like slumber, which, however, rarely extended beyond midnight, and was succeeded by long intervals of vigilance, during which it was his wont to pace up and down his dressing-room or the adjoining corridor. His wife was aware of this habit, and had observed that when deprived occasionally of his accustomed violent exercise, in consequence of heavy rains or other causes, his slumbers were brief and broken. Being a sound sleeper herself, she was not acquainted with the duration of his nocturnal perambulations. On this night, however, though she had feigned a profound repose, in order to escape expected reproaches for her non-appearance at the festive board, she was kept awake by painful musing on the grievous disappointment that had befallen her sanguine expectations of connubial felicity. The conviction also that some deed of wrong was connected with the south wing of the castle, stimulated her to scrutinize every word and action that might tend to disclose the secret recesses of a character so inscrutable as De Gavray's. The romances to which she had formerly devoted her hours of relaxation, had imbued her mind with a congenial colouring, and she readily



pictured to herself that the real object of her lord's distempered rambles was to visit the unknown occupant of the northern turret. With a view to assure herself of the fact, she determined to maintain a strict and anxious watch.

The leaden sleep of the baron soon gave tokens of that powerful internal struggle which invariably succeeded a day of in-door confinement. His chest heaved convulsively—his respiration was laboured and irregular—and he appeared to wrestle with the phantom of some hideous vision. After tossing to and fro, he sat upright, muttering disjointed sentences, intermingled with deep-drawn sighs and inarticulate tones, which sounded to his wife like the accents of deprecation and intreaty. Suddenly he slipped out of bed ; and as he passed between it and his dressing-room, the light of the night-lamp showed that his large eyes were open and glittering, but fixed in a stare of terror. He moved with slow and reluctant steps, as if following by compulsion some object of dread. Observing, that though his eyes were open, their sense was shut, and perceiving that he was evidently under the control of a vivid and terrible dream, Adeline, who had heard that there was always significance in the actions of a somnambulist, resolved, so soon as he had entered his dressing-room, to follow and take note of his movements.

With this intention she rose in haste, and wrapping around her a black silk cloak, as best adapted to conceal her person, she glided to the door which connected the bed-chamber with the baron's dressing-room. There she saw him, by the moon-light, take

a key from a secret drawer of his bureau, and proceed into the corridor. Listening attentively, she distinguished his stealthy tread crossing the tapestried gallery, and heard him unlock a distant door. Commending herself to the protection of Heaven, she quitted her apartment, and stealing with noiseless pace along the gallery, she found, as she had anticipated, the entrance to the forbidden north wing free and unimpeded. She now passed on tiptoe along the corridor. Of the three doors that had formerly denied her ingress, the central one was wide open. The cross-light beaming from the passage window revealed to her a curtained bed-room, corresponding to her own in the south wing. Fearing lest, in the obscurity of this apartment, she might, by an accidental collision, chance to awaken her husband, she was about to retreat, when she caught a low and rustling noise, apparently issuing from an adjoining room leading to the turret. Guided by the sound, she gained the room with little difficulty, and summoning all her fortitude, ventured to explore it.

Like the one she had recently entered, it was darkened by heavy drapery; but the light from the half-open door of the turret-chamber rendered it partially visible. Advancing with trembling caution, she observed a harp with many broken strings standing in the window niche. The rustling noise that had led her thither again fell on her ear. It came obviously from the part of the turret which the half-opened door concealed from her view. Afraid to go forward, she looked through the interstice between the door and the door-post; and instead of the

insane female captive depicted by her fruitful fancy, she discerned the tall figure of De Gavray, standing by a Gothic bookcase, one angle of which he was intently rubbing with his open palm. His senses were still sealed in sleep, his eyes were open and gleaming like glass in the moonlight, and big drops of perspiration coursed in the deep furrows of his knitted brows, while his writhing lips muttered incoherent words, of which his trembling wife in vain endeavoured to collect the import. While gazing in mute horror and amazement at the agonized dreamer, one of the harpstrings broke with a startling sound, which so shook the self-command of the intensely-listening Adeline, that she uttered an involuntary scream, and speedily retracing her way, gained the corridor, and ran across the great gallery to her bed-room.

For half an hour she lay in a delirium of terror, hearkening to the ticking of her repeater, which, to her fevered brain, sounded with an oppressive and gradually accelerated rapidity. Her apprehensions increased almost to fainting when she heard the baron return through the gallery, and enter his dressing-room, whence, ere long, he retired to bed. Conceiving it too probable that the crash of the harpstring had aroused him, and that her scream had betrayed her vicinity, she had not courage to look whether he were still asleep. His loud breathing, however, soon convinced her that he was yet in deep slumber. Although relieved by the discovery, she remained some hours in a state of watchful solicitude, pondering sadly over the fate of the late baroness, and unable to subdue some dismal forebodings that she was

destined, like her, to die within the cheerless castle, of a broken heart. The daylight dawned before she fell into an unrefreshing repose of misery and exhaustion, which continued to a late hour, when, awaking, she found that the baron had left her side, and, as she ascertained, had gone out as usual with his dogs and gun. Lightened of an inexpressible burthen by this intelligence, she ventured to indulge a more sanguine hope, that her husband's dream had not been interrupted by the snapping of the harpstring.

The lowering clouds indicating an approaching gale, she forbore to take her accustomed walk, and unpacked a box of books and drawings which had recently arrived from Rouen, trusting that the inspection of them would for a time divert her thoughts into a less unquiet channel. After opening and closing several books, with languid indifference, she found a parcel which contained a volume and note from her nephew Charles, who had sent a collection of his favorite tales for her amusement. The book opened, as she took it up, at the well-thumbed story of Blue Beard, and the baroness sighed deeply as she recollected the instinctive terror with which the little Marie had gazed at the blue tint of her suitor's beard, and her almost prophetic exclamation as she started from the grasp of the man, who, by his own confession, had undermined the health, and accelerated the death of his first wife, by neglect and indifference; and whose ghastly dreams and evident dependence upon wine and company, proved him to be the victim of unappeasable and corroding remorse. Pursuing this

train of reflection, and combining with it the acknowledged fraud by which he had won her consent to a premature marriage, and the floating rumours of his wild and reckless habits in countries beyond the Alps and the Rhine, the too probable conjecture followed, that he was a person intimately initiated and long practised in all the refinements of Neapolitan subtlety; that his conscientious regrets were a well-acted fiction, and that, with a deliberate purpose, he had stabbed the peace and destroyed the health of an attached and delicately-organized woman. Arrived at this stage of alarming inference, the imaginative Adeline was but a link removed from the still more horrible suspicion which she had once discarded, but which now shot like lightning through her brain—"Was the death of the late baroness really the result of accident, or had it been violent and untimely?" Gasping with breathless horror at the contemplation of a possibility of a deed so appalling, she could not for some moments regain sufficient self-possession to commune with herself on the measures which it might behove her to pursue for her own safety. Apprehensive that a prolonged continuance of this dreadful surmise would drive her distracted, she determined by any means, and at every risk, to investigate the apartments of the deceased baroness; and should she find decisive evidence of murder, to fly from the castle during the absence of her husband, and seek the protection of the magistracy at the town of St. Brieux, until she could apprise her friends in Rouen of her calamitous situation.

This resolution to know the worst, and to free herself from the tortures of uncertainty, served in some measure to allay the ferment of her mind. In a frame of humble resignation, she supplicated divine assistance; and trusting that her energies would rise with the necessity that called for their exertion, she awaited anxiously but firmly for De Gavray's return. The inclemency of the weather brought him home earlier than usual. He entered his wife's boudoir with a smiling countenance, from which the bracing effects of sylvan sports had banished the traces of his evening revels. Saluting her with a cordiality which appeared as if intended to obliterate the memory of past unkindness, he presented to her an expensive treatise on the culinary art, recently published by a Parisian *gourmand* of high rank; and noticing her extreme paleness and languor, inquired, in terms of seeming solicitude, if she were unwell. She pleaded, and with truth, a racking head-ache, and begged him to excuse her presence at the dinner-table. He gave a ready and cheerful assent to her request; and his manner was so like what it had been in the days when she first knew him, that her frozen affections were again warmed into life, and she began to feel conscience-stricken that she could ever have imagined him capable of committing a foul crime. When he had taken leave of her, for the purpose of receiving some expected guests, in the reaction of a generous nature she could not help upbraiding herself severely for her unworthy doubts concerning his conduct and character. She traced the source of her uneasiness to the romantic and exagger-

rated views she had cherished regarding the felicity of the married state. She persuaded herself that the only rational remedy for her domestic grievances, was to lower her expectations of conjugal sympathy and attention to a more reasonable standard, to humour those habits which were evidently essential to her husband's enjoyment of existence, and even to exercise in household details a degree of personal superintendence, from which she had not unreasonably expected that the baron's income and her own considerable fortune would have exempted her.

The altered current of her thoughts subdued her feelings into comparative tranquillity. Exhausted, however, by the terrors and the vigilance of the preceding night, she retired early to her couch, and tasted some hours of refreshing slumber. She was roused about midnight by the arrival of the baron. Having partaken too largely of the wine-cup, he soon fell into that total prostration of bodily and mental activity, which characterizes the sleep that follows vinous excess. His wife, recruited by repose, and excited by her recollection of De Gavray's singular nocturnal wanderings, determined to watch him, with a view to ascertain whether his somnambulism were accidental or habitual. The partial exercise of the morning had probably contributed to render his slumbers more profound. Excepting an occasional start, he gave no sign of inquietude for two hours. At the expiration of this period, he exhibited obvious symptoms of recurring morbid activity of mind, and soon he sat up as before, and fixed his glaring eyes upon some visionary

object. His lips, ever compressed when awake, were now parted like those of a victim awaiting his doom, and mutterings, which died away in inarticulate whispers, from time to time escaped them.

At length more connected ejaculations were audible ; and, with hoarse quick breathings, as if in rising agony, he exclaimed—

“ Spare me !—spare me !—Why gaze upon me thus for ever and for ever ?—Away—I did not do it !—Nay, leave me—I will atone—I will rub out those stains !—Ah ! there she goes—she beckons !”

He stretched out his right arm, and pointed into vacancy ; then continued in sepulchral tones, which seemed to rattle in his chest, while his straining and dilate eye-balls turned slowly in their sockets, as if about to be drawn from their sphere by some unearthly agency ; and his high forehead, from which the beaded drops oozed in streams, remained rigid and motionless as marble.

“ Ay, go on, go on !—have I not said it ? I will atone—the stains shall be rubbed out—I will—I will !” Muttering, he glided from the bed, and moved as if his limbs had been encumbered with fetters toward his dressing-room, whence he emerged into the corridor, and crossed the gallery, as on the previous night.

For some minutes after his departure, Adeline lay as if paralyzed by the oppression of a suffocating nightmare. The awful soliloquy to which she had been a witness, too clearly made manifest a fearful tale of guilt and remorse. After these black revelations, she was pre-



pared for any thing. Though she could scarcely command strength for the effort, she arose, and with trembling steps reached the corridor. The rain had ceased to fall ; and the moon, which shone at intervals in the rents of the drifting clouds, disclosed to her the spectral figure of De Gavray, as he stalked slowly by the opposite windows. Her resolution failed her when she gazed upon the workings of his ghastly features. The apprehension of discovery overcame every other feeling ; and again she sought her bed in a state of hysterical agitation that precluded sleep, and found no relief but in a flood of tears. Full half-an-hour elapsed ere the return of her husband. He came, as before, through his dressing-room ; and she distinguished, by the light of the lamp, that he was still unconscious of what he did.

During the variable and stormy weather of several succeeding days, the baron, confined to the castle, was obliged to give an unwilling respite to the game with which his woods abounded. His unhappy partner, whose intense anxiety to penetrate the boding mystery that surrounded her and filled her whole soul, ascertained to a certainty that the habit of walking, after his first slumber, only occurred when adverse weather compelled him to forego the violent and long-protracted exercise in which he delighted to indulge. After each day of confinement at home, he invariably visited, during his midnight-dream, the chambers in the north wing. His departure was constantly preceded by mutterings and allusions so horribly significant of some deed of barbarity and blood, that Adeline, who with difficulty concealed

from him her anxieties and terrors by pleading indisposition, resolved anew to explore the secrets of the deserted turret. Even death itself she felt would be preferable to the endurance of a state of suspense and alarm, which undermined her health, and which, if it did not speedily bring her to the grave, would lead to a mental malady yet more calamitous.

She had understood, from the old housekeeper, that the baron possessed a master-key, which opened every lock in the castle. Suspecting that this was the key deposited in his dressing-room, she determined to ascertain if one of her own keys would fit his bureau. She deemed herself justified, under the urgent and cruel necessity of her situation, in employing an expedient from which, under any other circumstances, her pure and well-regulated mind would have recoiled. Waiting until night, when the baron, carousing with his brother-sportsmen, left her for some hours secure from all interruption, she began, with an awkward and hesitating hand, to try to open the lock of the bureau, which yielded at length to the key of her English writing-desk. In a secret recess she discovered, after some search, the highly-polished and remarkable key with which De Gavray had opened the door of the north wing, on the day of their arrival at the castle. Rallying her drooping spirits, she proceeded with a light across the gallery. The locks of the corridor and bed-room readily obeyed the master-key; and, with trepidulous haste, she began to survey the interior. The bed and windows were hung with closely-drawn curtains of red velvet, covered

with dust and cobwebs. The walls were painted in imitation of tapestry, and represented some historical incident, in which the faded figures, as large as life, appeared to flit like shadows when the lamp flickered in the breeze. Approaching the lofty bed, and opening the curtains at the foot, she perceived that the clothes were in disorder, as if untouched since the death of the baroness. While musing on the mysterious fate of her predecessor, her eye glanced towards the head of the bed, and she started as she beheld a dark object on the pillow. Observing that it was motionless, she gathered courage to walk round and examine it. Holding the light nearer to what appeared to her a dark and circular patch, she ascertained with sickening horror that the pillow-case was soaked through and stiffened with coagulated blood. Letting fall the curtain in trepidation, she hurried from the chamber to the corridor, where again observing as formerly the bloody traces on the floor, she recollected the fatal fall of the late baroness down the staircase; and the probability that the bleeding sufferer had been carried from the stairs to the bed. Finding this conjecture verified by the continuous stains of blood from the door to the side of the bed, she was combining the various facts, which appeared to corroborate her husband's account of the fatal accident, and to explain in some measure the terrible mutterings of his midnight dreams, when a sudden rush of wind nearly extinguished her lamp; and, while shading it with her hand, she heard a low vibration of the harp-strings in the turret. She listened in breathless apprehension, but

all again was silent. Bent on proceeding in an investigation so essential to her peace of mind, she applied the master-key successively to the doors of the adjacent dressing-room and turret-chamber. The locks yielded, and, as she entered the latter, a blast, which shook the windows, and, rushing through some broken panes, swept the harp-strings, and awoke their plaintive notes, explained to her the mysterious music she had heard from the terrace.

Protecting the light with her hand, she turned with eager curiosity to examine the book-case, near which she had seen the dreaming baron so singularly employed. The inconstant flame threw its feeble light across the chamber, and Adeline closed her eyes and screamed with sudden agony, as she beheld De Gavray in his white dressing-gown, rubbing the book-case angle with his hand. Despairing of being able to retreat undetected, she roused the dormant strength of a guiltless heart, and looked again. The baron had disappeared: and gazing slowly and fearfully around her, she could discover no one in the chamber. Attributing this delusion of her senses to her vivid recollection of her husband's appearance on this very spot, and to the strong impression which the rumour of his having been seen in two places at once had left upon her imagination, she soon regained her self-possession, and stepped forward to inspect the book-case. It was of bright and polished oak, and modern workmanship, with elaborately carved pinnacles, and mouldings of Gothic design, corresponding with the decorations of the arched ceiling, and lofty-pointed win-

dows, one of which, commanding the seaward view, descended to the floor, and was covered with a Venetian blind. Applying the lamp to that corner of the bookcase which she had seen De Gavray so intently rubbing, she discovered some crimson stains, and tracing their descending course to the ground, she beheld a large surface of clotted gore, near which the marks of bloody fingers, imprinted on the floor, were clearly distinguishable. Supporting herself with difficulty upon her tottering limbs, she renewed her examination, and another and larger mass of dried blood, near an arched recess beneath the bookshelves, met her dizzy gaze. Stooping towards the recess, she saw tufts and tresses of long flaxen hair, smeared with blood, and entangled in the Gothic fretwork of the arch.

This frightful spectacle, after so much previous excitement, was more than her nature could endure. Starting back as if she had trodden on a coiled serpent, she surveyed for a moment these obvious tokens of deliberate murder. At once the scales fell from her eyes, and a spasm of horror convulsed her frame as the irresistible conviction of her husband's guilt flashed upon her soul. Screaming in frantic agony—"He *did* murder his first wife!" she dropped the light, and fell utterly insensible upon the floor.

The duration of her swoon would probably have been long and dangerous, had she not soon been roused from it by a sense of stinging pain in one of her hands. Opening her eyes, she saw that the room was in flames.

Her lamp had rolled towards the window, and the

flame, coming in contact with the varnished Venetian blind, had rapidly ignited it. The fire blazed upward in an instant. The window-frame and cornice, being dry and combustible, after a summer of unusual warmth, were soon laid hold of by the destructive element, which at length burst in red masses through the broken windows. The alarmed servants ran tumultuously to apprise the baron and his guests of the conflagration, the danger of which was greatly increased by the gale, then blowing directly towards the centre of the castle.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Adeline, whose hand had been scorched by the falling fragments of the Venetian blind, was gradually awakened to a sense of her perilous situation. Deriving from despair and terror a kind of instinctive energy, she raised herself from the floor, and was hastening from the room, when the sound of rapid footsteps in the corridor, made her pause, in helpless and hopeless resignation. Immediately the baron, accompanied by several of his friends, rushed into the blazing chamber. His features were flushed with rage and inebriety, and, soon as he espied his shrieking wife, his eyeballs glared upon her with tiger-fierceness. Darting forward with uplifted arm, he felled her to the earth, by a blow, which would have proved instantaneously fatal, had not the nearest of his coarse, but not inhuman companions, sprung forward in time to weaken the force of his powerful arm in its descent.

“Prying hypocrite!” he shouted in gasping rage, still darting infuriated glances at his prostrate wife—“Is this your considerate forbearance?” he continued, strug-

gling to release himself from the grasp of his astonished friends, three of whom with difficulty restrained him, while a fourth, compassionately raising the stunned and broken-hearted woman, conveyed her from the now stifling atmosphere of the burning turret, to the dining-hall, where, after compelling her to swallow a large glass of wine, he left her, and returned to assist in staying the progress of the fire.

During this scene of violence, which occupied much less time than has been employed in describing it, the conflagration had spread with frightful rapidity over the florid cornices and wooden ceiling of the turret-chamber. The rising gale, rushing through the shattered windows, impelled the flames towards the inner chambers, and obliged the baron and his friends to take timely measures for the preservation of the main building.

While they were thus engaged, the unhappy baroness, recruited in body by the cordial she had swallowed, but sinking under the consciousness that her peace was for ever wrecked and ruined, vainly endeavoured to recal her scattered senses. Her brain was still bewildered by the recollection of the horrible discovery in the turret, and yielding at length to a belief that her life was no longer safe in this abode of sensuality and blood, she availed herself of the universal confusion, and darted with the speed of a hunted maniac across the quadrangle to the castle gate, which had been opened to admit the neighbouring peasants.

The night was tempestuous and dark, and the rain began to fall in torrents as she reached the terrace ; but

the wretched fugitive, in whose unsettled mind the dread of being murdered by her furious husband was now predominant, was quite unconscious of the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Reeling, dizzy, and desperate, she rushed onward through the darkness, and down the steep and slippery road into the forest, where accidentally, or from daily habit, she pursued a beaten path leading to a fishing hamlet, situate on a creek between the cliffs, and about a mile from the castle. This sheltered spot had been her favorite haunt, during the hot weather that succeeded her arrival in Brittany, and its industrious but poor inhabitants, won by her active and unceasing benevolence, were entirely devoted to her. Opening with frantic haste the first door she could reach, she threw herself exhausted on her knees before an astonished fisherman and his wife, who were busily employed mending nets.

"Jacques Verprey," exclaimed the desolate fugitive, "take me instantly to Rouen! you shall be nobly paid for it--my life is in danger--the castle is burning--Oh! save me as you value the love of Heaven!--save me from--"

Unable to utter another syllable, she sank prostrate on the cottage floor. The honest fisherman was confounded by this abrupt and inexplicable appeal of his benefactress. He had not forgotten her humane attention to him and his family, when a long illness had deprived him of the means of earning his bread. Gladly would he have perilled his life for her. After a consultation with his dame, it was decided that the dripping lady should be



undressed and put into a warm bed, while Jacques went abroad to observe the weather, and make ready his skiff for a voyage, in case the baroness should persist in her wish to leave Brittany. "Why should poor folks complain," said Therese, the fisherman's wife, to her husband, as he went out, "Why should poor folks complain—the rich have their troubles as well as ourselves, and if their fortunes be greater, their love is less."

Baron De Gavray, although a liberal landlord to his agricultural tenants, had become unpopular amongst the more indigent villagers, by the rigour with which he enforced those game and forest rights, which, in the frequent absence of his father, had been greatly relaxed, or had altogether fallen into desuetude. The comforts of the fishermen and labourers had in consequence very much diminished; and Jacques Verprey, who, in common with his neighbours, deemed his feudal superior a harsh and inflexible man, conjectured that the baroness had been driven by his ill treatment to seek the protection of her friends in Rouen. To escort her to that city, was an undertaking which he could not conveniently perform; but it was in his power to effect her escape from the tyranny of her husband,—and this he did not scruple to accomplish at a personal sacrifice. A relation of his wife's followed his own calling at the little village of Port, on the sea-coast, near Bayeux, in Normandy. Thither he resolved to go; and to avoid the persecution of the baron, he proposed to bring with him Therese his spouse, and their only son, a lad about fourteen years of age, and fix his establishment there for the prosecution

of his craft. He had learned that the baroness had some early connexions in Caen; and once landed at Port, he concluded that she would experience little difficulty in reaching that place, whence the journey to her native town would be short and easy. Having concerted his plan of operations, the faithful Jacques lost no time in reducing it to practice.

The baroness, whom her grateful hostess tended with affectionate care, sparing none of the simple restoratives her frugal housekeeping afforded, fell into a torpid slumber, that continued for three hours. During this time the wind had veered; and although the gale was violent, it blew in a direction so favourable to their voyage, that Jacques determined to risk the passage, rather than hazard the arrival of emissaries from the castle, the fire in which, as he ascertained from the summit of the cliff above his cottage, was now entirely extinguished. Intimation was therefore given to the little party, that they should accompany him to the beach.

Adeline, though more composed, received the summons to depart with frantic eagerness. Attired in a holiday garb belonging to dame Therese, which, for the double purpose of warmth and disguise, she preferred to her own clothes, she left the cot, leaning on the arm of the fisherman, who supported her faltering steps on board a large and powerful boat, constructed for deep sea-fishing, in which he had provided a sheltered retreat for the females, on a feather-bed under the half-deck. Hoisting a close-reefed sail, he put his boat before the wind; and favoured by the moon, which through the

broken masses of clouds yielded sufficient light, he was enabled, by long experience of the coast, to avail himself fully of a gale so propitious to his object. After a somewhat dangerous but rapid passage, they arrived off the coast of Normandy, and anchored in safety within view of the insulated cluster of houses which constitute the village of Port.

They had reached their destination about day-break. They went ashore as soon as the dawning light permitted, for the disordered mind of the baroness was still haunted by the fear of pursuit; and although worn and enfeebled by the stormy and comfortless passage, she insisted upon proceeding immediately to Caen. Leaving his wife and son, with his little property, in the hospitable charge of Therese's kinsman at Port, Jacques Verprey procured a light rustic vehicle for himself and the lady, and rattled over the pavement of the ancient capital of Lower Normandy, ere the shades of night had descended on the spires of its numerous and venerable churches.

The friend with whom Adeline proposed to sojourn for a few hours, was an old schoolfellow, the youthful widow of an advocate of the *Cour Royale*. Madame Prevost resided in a street hard by the church of St. Pierre, which her early companion had frequently attended in her society during the only time she had ever visited Caen. The lively appearance of the illuminated streets momentarily dispelled the torpor of extreme lassitude. A feeling of security began to animate her as she surveyed the crowded habitations of cheerful industry. She recognised the ornamented front of the

church of St. Pierre, and desired Jacques to stop before it and await her return. Entering the sacred edifice, she advanced toward the railings that divided the choir from the body of the church, and poured forth her thanks to God and to St. Pierre for her deliverance from the thralldom of a monster. She then resumed her seat in the vehicle, and speedily alighted at the mansion of her friend. When the door was opened she rushed in, to the great surprise of the servant, who, doubting the propriety of admitting a stranger in a peasant's garb, was disposed to bar her ingress. In the parlour she found, as guests of Madame Prevost, Captain Duval and his wife. Bursting into a passionate flood of tears, she fainted in her sister's arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the last letter which Adeline had forwarded to Rouen, her sister remarked a degree of reserve and perturbation, which boded no good. Captain Duval had also received a communication from a correspondent at St. Brieux, detailing the various sinister reports prevalent in that vicinity from the sudden decease of the first Baroness De Gavray. This information alarmed him so much, that, without revealing to his wife the extent of his apprehensions, he immediately determined to avail himself of an invitation to visit his brother-in-law in





Brittany, which had been given on the departure of the wedded pair from Rouen. In order at the same time to gratify a wish of his wife, he took Caen in his route, with the intention of leaving Madame Duval there till his return. He was actually in readiness for setting out the ensuing morning, when the unfortunate baroness arrived to appeal to his kindness for an asylum.

So soon as the victim of profligate caprice found herself in security, the feverish energy, which had supported her through so many trials and dangers, abandoned her. A silent melancholy succeeded, accompanied by a slow and wasting fever, that lasted several weeks, and left her in a state of utter and long-enduring debility. Her attached relatives, to whom it was painfully evident that some dreadful shock had partially deranged her intellect, abstained from all inquiry, or allusion to the past; and an invincible reluctance to develope the horrid scenes she had witnessed, with probably a generous commiseration for a man whose existence was evidently embittered by remorse, sealed the lips of his heart-broken wife: nor would the veil of silence which covered the story of her sorrows, have been drawn aside during her life, had not the death of De Gavray, in the July following, given to his widow and her friends a clue to the secrets of the forbidden chambers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Conscious that neither explanation nor apology would

induce his wife to place herself again within his power, the miserable baron made no attempt to reclaim her; but, plunging more regardlessly into scenes of riotous intemperance, he endeavoured to drown in deep potations of brandy, the bitter compunction that tortured alike his waking and his sleeping hours. This pernicious habit was at length indulged to an excess that undermined his robust constitution. Fully sensible of his rapid decline, he told his medical attendant that he should not survive the approaching twentieth of July, and in fact he expired on the morning after that fatal anniversary; having previously bequeathed to Adeline the fortune she had brought him, with a considerable addition. In his more collected and sober intervals, he addressed to her a long and incoherent epistle, which reached Rouen a week after his demise, accompanied by an explanatory letter, from a well-known and respectable physician in St. Brieux, who had attended him.

It was evident from a comparison of the facts detailed in these two documents, that although De Gavray had been roused by sudden and stinging provocation to an act of fatal violence, he had not deliberately inflicted any mortal injury upon his first wife. Her strong attachment to him, acting upon an irritable temperament, had led her to suppose that his frequent absences of several days for hunting and convivial purposes, were prompted by a licentious attachment to a handsome and intriguing Piedmontoise countess, who had sought in that cheap vicinity, an asylum suited to straitened resources, and whose coquettish and fascinating manners had occa-



sioned many heart-aches to the wives of the neighbouring gentry.

Attracted by the fine person, and, still more, by the opulence of De Gavray, she lost no opportunity of playing off against him, even in his lady's presence, the light artillery of looks and sighs, assisted by no small portion of wit and beauty. But the baron, who was no novice, and whose besetting propensities were high play and profuse hospitality, read at a glance the real object of this heartless woman, and treated her with contemptuous indifference. His repeated assurances, however, to this effect, removed not the ever-active jealousy of his wife. She felt too well that her ardent attachment to her handsome husband was unreturned, and her utter ignorance of the world, and of human nature, made her incapable of comprehending the real character of a man, who, although tainted by gambling habits, and possessing more of Neapolitan cunning than of Breton honesty, was certainly neither a libertine, nor destitute, when sober, of good natural feeling. Her delicate constitution yielded at length to the unceasing irritation of her jealous and wounded spirit, and she was in an advanced stage of decay, when, on the afternoon of the day before her death, the baron, after a week's absence, returned to the castle. Wound up by this long desertion to a state of intense exasperation, the unhappy wife hastened to the boudoir in the north turret, whither her husband had gone for a book, and after bitterly reproaching him for his utter want of feeling and long desertion of her, she expressed, in

stinging terms, her regret that she had bestowed her large possessions on a needy nobleman, who supported his Piedmontoise mistress at her expense. Although De Gavray had never loved his wife, he had denied her no indulgence; and his consciousness of his own and his father's obligations to her fortune, had hitherto enabled him to curb the natural vehemence of his temper, and to meet her reproaches with real or assumed indifference; but a taunt like this was beyond his proud spirit's endurance. Cursing in hot and bitter wrath, her and her fortune, he pushed away the unhappy woman, whose flushed and angry face was close to his, and with a force of which he was unconscious, until he heard the loud and violent contact of her temple with an angle of the Gothic book-case. Looking up from his book, he saw her fall, bleeding and senseless, on the floor. His anger melted in a moment at this sad spectacle; raising her from the ground, he placed her in a chair, threw some water on her pallid face, and then rushing to the corridor, shouted from the window to one of his grooms, and bade him instantly gallop to the neighbouring town for a surgeon.

During this brief absence, the wounded baroness had been restored to recollection by her husband's abundant application of cold water, and a tide of agonizing recollections rushed upon her mind. She saw her fervent love requited with infidelity, and even personal outrage—her happiness wrecked beyond redemption—her life a burthen to her—and her death too probably wished, if not sought for, by him to whom she had entrusted

her all. The intense agony of these mingled recollections turned her fevered brain, and, rising with desperate energy, she dashed her head with fatal violence against the book-case. De Gavray, who entered immediately after, was almost bereft of sight and sense when he saw her a second time extended on the floor, her long hair entangled in the Gothic fretwork, and the boards around her literally flooded with blood, which streamed from two deep and dangerous wounds upon her head. For some moments he stood over her in passive stupor, but, soon awakening to the necessity of exertion, he lost no time in binding the wounds of his now unconscious wife with the towels in the dressing-room, after previously severing her tangled locks with scissars, and then carried her to the bed in the room adjoining.

It was not until this moment that a sense of his own perilous situation flashed upon him. He recollected with alarm that his neighbours were well aware of his domestic grievances, and he had reason to apprehend that the hostile relations of his wife would accuse him of having accelerated her death by violence, unless he could by some plausible tale prevent all suspicion. While vainly racking his brain for an adequate expedient, he went again to the corridor window to despatch a second messenger for the surgeon. Returning to the chamber, the stone stairs leading to the terrace caught his eye, and suggested the idea of telling his household that the baroness had injured her temples by falling down the stair-case. With a view to confirm, by circumstantial evidence, the belief of his domestics in this fiction, he dipped a towel

into the pool of blood before the book-case, and let the still reeking fluid drip from the side of the bed along the corridor and stairs ; then, hastily locking the doors of the two inner chambers, he summoned his old and faithful housekeeper, told her with unfeigned distress of his lady's fall down the stone stair-case, and bade her assist him in applying restoratives to the face of the apparently dying woman.

After three hours of agonizing suspense, Dr. Portal, an eminent physician and able surgeon of St. Brieux, galloped into the quadrangle, and, at the urgent intreaty of the baron, remained through the night. To this enlightened man, in whose character good sense and good feeling were largely blended, De Gavray did not hesitate to reveal the facts ; and his undisguised acknowledgment received the credit it deserved from one, who, during a long professional attendance upon the invalid baroness, had accurately read the character of her husband, and whose experience of human nature enabled him to discern at once the real bearings of this disastrous case. On examination of the fractures on the head of the baroness, it was found that to save her life, even in stronger health, would have been impossible.

She never spoke again, but regained sight and consciousness for some hours, during which her dim and hollow eyes were invariably fixed upon her husband, whose evident distress appeared to revive her fondness for him. The mournfully penetrative and devotedly affectionate meaning with which she regarded him, stirred up the long dormant sensibilities of De Gavray.

From that moment the pangs of remorse for his neglect of one so attached to him, smote him to the core; and the recollection of her fixed look and livid bony features haunted his hours of rest and vigilance with little intermission until the last moment of his existence.

She lingered through the following day; and, sinking gradually as the night advanced, expired while the castle clock was striking the last stroke of twelve, a union of time and circumstance which the unhappy baron could never banish from his memory.

The unfeigned distress of the widower, and the ready testimony of his highly respected physician, prevented all annoyance from the relations of the deceased baroness; nor did his friends and neighbours, to whom his noble hospitality had endeared him, withhold their belief of his statement. But his restless nights and careful avoidance of the north wing, every avenue to which was fastened, excited suspicions amongst his domestics, which gradually circulated in the vicinity. Meanwhile the baron, whose mind was perpetually chafed by the impression that the wound, occasioned by his violence, would alone have proved mortal, sought relief from the pangs of remorse in daily and violent exercise, in conviviality, cards, and wine. For a time these expedients were not unavailing; but when, in the following winter, he was deprived of all out-door exercise, by a long succession of tempestuous weather, his dreams of his unfortunate lady became so terribly distinct and vivid, that his health and spirits drooped; and his kind friend, Dr. Portal, prevailed upon him to pass a few months in Rouen, where

accident introduced him to the guardian of Adeline ; and where the substitution of a cowardly and crooked Italian *finesse*, for an honourable and manly avowal of the past, enabled him to beguile the romantic girl into a hasty marriage, which blighted for ever her fair prospects of earthly happiness, and eventually brought his own life to a premature and disgraceful close.

The widowed baroness, although crushed in her feelings, and bruised in spirit by her terrible trials, derived consolation from this satisfactory evidence, that De Gavray had been not only guiltless, but incapable, of deliberate murder. It was also soothing to her womanly pride to ascertain, from his indistinct yet affecting letter, that the husband of her choice had really loved her, and with all the fervour of which a man so worldly in his habits and principles was susceptible. She did not for many years entirely recover from the shock which the terrible events in Brittany had given to her health and reason ; and, although at other times rational and tranquil, there was an obvious tendency to aberration of mind for some weeks before each twentieth of July. On that trying anniversary she invariably secluded herself in her apartment, and wove a bridal wreath, with which at nightfall she adorned her temples ; then lighting a number of tapers, she sat gazing at the window until the church-clock struck twelve, and, at the last stroke, started from her chair, and paced up and down her chamber for some hours, mourning as one who would not be comforted.

At length the lapse of time, aided by the consolations

of religion, and the salutary exertions attendant on educating her sister's children, renovated her enfeebled frame, and healed her wounded spirit: but she would never listen to any of the numerous wooers attracted by her undiminished beauty; nor even when thirty added years had silvered her fine hair—when the complexion was faded whose lustre had won her the appellation of “The Rose of Rouen,” and she was surrounded by the children of her nephew Charles, could she ever be prevailed upon to tell them the tale of Blue Beard.

FINIS.









(Nov., 1887, 20,000)

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