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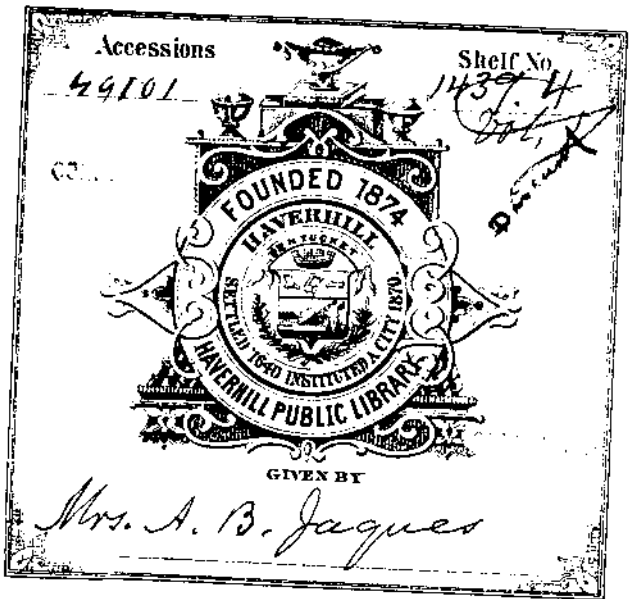

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Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quicquid scripsere, beati.

HORACE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
E. L. CAREY & A. HART.
1836.

E. G. Dorsey, Printer,
12 *Library Street.*

PREFACE.

THE Actress of Padua is an attempt to throw into the form of a tale, a drama by Victor Hugo, entitled *Angelo, Tyran de Padoue.* He is among the most distinguished of the modern French dramatists, still his productions are not very familiar to the American public. *Angelo* was produced last year, and its popularity in Paris prompted the present attempt to clothe it in an English dress. Many liberties have necessarily been taken with the original, in order to adapt it to a different department of literature, still the deviations are not so material but that a tolerable idea of the modern French drama may be formed from the present version. Victor Hugo belongs to the high-pressure romantic school, and Angelo, with all its extravagance, is the most rational of his dramas. It was the translator's first intention to have adapted this production to the American stage, but as experience has taught him that few go to witness the performance of dramas of this description, and no one reads them when printed, he concluded to submit it to the

public in its present shape, believing it to possess sufficient interest to repay the trouble of a perusal.

The drama entitled the Daughter, in the second volume, it is scarcely necessary to suggest to the intelligent reader, is founded upon a portion of Madam De Genlis' Siege of Rochelle, a novel, highly popular a few years since. Notwithstanding its dramatic form, the progress of the story is so plain and inartificial, that it is hoped it will not be pronounced out of place in a collection of this description.

Several of the tales contained in these volumes have already appeared, and received some favour; but as most of the periodicals in which they were originally published have vanished, and the stories with them, the author trusts to the indulgence of the public for the present attempt to give his progeny a renewed and more durable existence.

April, 1836.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

THE

ACTRESS OF PADUA.

PART I.

The Key.

When Attila, at the head of his barbarous horde, poured into the Roman empire, many of the poor inhabitants of upper Italy took refuge among the islands of the lagoons of the Adriatic, and speedily Venice arose, as bright and beautiful as the Goddess of Love from the sea. And she was endued with both the vices and the ambition of the Paphian Venus. In the progress of time she assumed, in some measure, the features of that "universal robber," ancient Rome. The fairest cities of Italy were subjugated, and *Podestas* were placed over them by the Council of Ten, with full authority to punish, but with no discretion to pardon. Power obtained by violence is usually maintained by oppression; and the historian remarks, that "the ordinary vices of mankind assumed a tinge of portentous guilt in their palaces. Their revenge was fratricide, and their lust was incest."

The period of our narrative is the middle of the sixteenth century. Padua, more than a century be-

fore, after a feeble resistance, had yielded to the power of Venice. Angelo Malipieri at this time exercised the functions of Podesta over Padua. Descended from one of the Doges of Venice, he was proud of his birth, and, invested with power, he would have gloried in his distinction, but he knew that the eye of the Council of Ten was upon him, and he crouched as a slave beneath the lash.—His nightly dream was of the *piombi*, those fatal dungeons under the leads of the ducal palace, from which few returned alive, or of the canals of Venice, where a heavy splash at midnight was all that denoted that a life was gone. He felt that they had the power of ubiquity—were all eye, all ear: that a charge amounted to conviction: that the public eye never penetrated the mystery of their proceedings: the accused was sometimes not heard—never confronted with witnesses: the condemnation was secret as the inquiry; the punishment undivulged like both.

Still there were enjoyments under a rule like this. True, nothing was so cheap as human life, and their dungeons were shaded with a deeper horror, but their palaces were brilliant in proportion. Where happiness is equally divided among a people, the share of each is limited and restrained; but where the oppressed are punished with undue rigour, their rulers run riot in their enjoyments, and even in their pleasures assume the aspect of devils.

It was now three hours after midnight, and still the palace resounded with enlivening music and glad voices. The chandeliers and torches made the gloom of night even more gorgeous than day. The drapery, mirrors, and furniture, betrayed that the wealth of princes had been lavished to surpass, if possible, the handywork of the fabulous magicians. The gay, the noble, and the beautiful of Padua were there, weaving the mazy dance with masked faces and masked hearts. The garden was also illuminated with variegated lamps, suspended from the trees and wrought into fantastic devices; and here and there might be seen a guest, weary of the amusements, who had

sought for refreshment in the pure air beneath an Italian sky. And who was the master-spirit of the fete?—Thisbe, the actress of Padua, entertained the nobles.

The guests were about departing, but still the sounds of revelry continued. In a dark recess in the garden, there was a man seated in a gloomy mood, clad in a stole of gold. He was young—he was handsome; still anxiety and passion had already wrought deep lines in his effeminate face. It was Angelo Malipieri, the Podesta of Padua. Beside him stood an angelic being—tall, and sylph-like. The raven locks and eagle eye, the rosy lips and teeth of pearl that lovers dream of, had united here to form one of nature's most beautiful works. Her eye and lip were full of intellect, and every movement denoted that she was rather an embodying of the most brilliant creations of the poets of the age, than a being that had received its form and pressure from the sphere in which she moved. She had created an ideal world of her own, and though from bitter experience she well knew the nature of the lot to which fate had destined her, she strove to put the thought aside, and carelessly revelled in her ideal world. It was Thisbe, the actress, who stood beside the Podesta, dressed in her princely theatrical robes. She had performed Rosamund that night, and her ears were still deafened with the plaudits of an admiring multitude.

On a green bank, beneath the shade of an olive tree, a short distance from the Podesta, and unperceived by him, lay a man sleeping. He was clad in a long robe of brown wool, which was closed before. He was apparently a musician, for his guitar lay beside him. He slept on, careless of the amusements, and undisturbed by the sounds of revelry.

Thisbe stood gazing on the moody Podesta in silence for some time, and then addressed him, while her features and tone of voice nearly betrayed the feelings of contempt that it was her interest to conceal.

"Yes—you are the master here, my lord. You are the powerful ruler who control life, death, liberty: The envoy of Venice! Whoever beholds you looks upon the majesty of that republic. As you pass along the streets, the windows are closed, the passengers steal away, and even those within their dwellings tremble. Alas! these poor Paduans do not maintain an attitude more encouraging than if they were dwellers in Constantinople, and you the Grand Turk. Yes, it is even so. Ah! I have been in Brescia. There it is otherwise. Venice dare not treat Brescia as she treats Padua, for when she smote, Brescia bit the hand, while Padua crouched and licked it. Shame to manhood! Well, since you are looked upon here as the master of the world, and you pretend to be mine also, hear me, my lord, for I would speak the truth to you; not on state affairs—do not fear—but on your own. I would tell you that you are a strange being, and I understand you not. You are in love with me, and yet you are jealous of your own wife."

"And I am jealous of you also, Thisbe."

"Ah! you have little cause to say that of me. Still you have not the right, for I do not belong to you. True, I am here looked upon as your mistress,—your powerful mistress—but that I am not such, full well you know."

She spoke with earnestness, and a slight flush of indignation suffused her countenance. Angelo raised his head, and carelessly observed—

"This fete is really magnificent, madam."

"Ah! I am nothing more than a poor comedian, graciously permitted to give entertainments to the senators. I strive to amuse our master, but I now succeed but badly. Your face is even more sombre than the mask I wear. I have been prodigal in lamps and flambeaux, but darkness rests upon your brow. The cheering music I have afforded has not been returned by gaiety. Come, come, smile if possible, smile!"—

"Well, I do smile.—Did you not tell me that the

young man who came with you to Padua is your brother?"

"I did. What then?"

"You have been speaking with him for a full hour. —Who is the other who accompanied him?"

"His friend. A Vicentine named Anafesto Galeofa."

"And what is the name of your brother?"

"Rodolpho, my lord, Rodolpho. I have already explained that to you twenty times. Have you then nothing more pleasant to say to me?"

"Pardon me, Thisbe, I will not trouble you with more questions. Are you aware that you played the part of Rosamund to-day to a miracle; that the whole city is delighted with having seen you; that all Italy admires you, Thisbe, and envies these poor Paduans whose fate you deplore.—Ah! even the crowd that applauds you troubles me. I burn with jealousy when I behold you, so beautiful, exposed to the gaze of the multitude.—Ah! Thisbe!" He paused, and gazed fondly in her face, but suddenly his countenance became overshadowed, and he continued:—"Who then was that man in the mask with whom you were speaking this evening between those doors?"

"Pardon me, Thisbe, I will not trouble you with more questions," she exclaimed laughing.—"This is admirable! That man, my lord, was Virgelio Tasca."

"My Lieutenant."

"Your *Sbire*."*

"And what did he want with you?"

She replied playfully—"You would be finely caught now, if it did not please me to tell you."

"Thisbe!"

"Be not impatient. Hear my history.—Do you

* *Sbirri*. In Italy, particularly in the States of the Church, there were formerly certain police officers, with a military organization, who were called by this name. They were abolished in 1809.

know what I am?—Nothing—a child of the populace, a comedian, a thing that you caress to-day and hurl to destruction to-morrow. Still, of little moment as I am, I had a mother. Do you know what it is to have a mother? Have you a mother? Do you know what it is to be a child, a poor, helpless, naked, miserable, famished child, alone in the world, and to feel that you have near you, about you, beside you, going where you go, resting when you rest, weeping when you weep, a woman,—No—I should not call her woman!—an angel who is there watching over you; who teaches you to speak, to smile, to love!—who warms your little fingers in her hands, your shivering body in her lap, your soul within her heart's core; who yields you her milk in your infancy, her bread, her life through life. To whom you cry mother! and who replies *my child!* in a tone so sweet as makes even the angels rejoice.—Well, well, I had such a mother; she was a poor lone woman, who sang her ballads in the streets of Brescia. I wandered with her, and we lived on charity. It was even thus I began. My mother was in the habit of standing at the foot of the statue of Gatta-Melata. One day it appears that in the ballad she was singing without understanding its purport, there were some verses offensive to the Seignory of Venice, which excited the laughter of the people of an ambassador who were standing around us. A Senator was passing at the time, he paused, looked at us, understood the jest, and cried to a guard who followed him, "to the gibbet with that woman." In the state of Venice this was soon done. My mother was seized on the spot; she said nothing, for what would that have availed? She embraced me in silence, tears rolling down her cheeks; then grasped her crucifix and permitted herself to be bound. I still see that crucifix—it was of polished brass, and my name, Thisbe, is rudely scratched at the bottom, with some sharp instrument. I was then sixteen years old. I beheld them bind my mother, without the power of speech;—no cry was uttered, no tear—

immoveable, wounded, dying, as if it were a dream. The crowd was also silent—silent as death. But there was with the senator a girl, whom he held by the hand,—his daughter, doubtless,—who was suddenly moved to pity. A beautiful young creature, my lord. The poor child threw herself at her father's feet, wept, implored; and her suppliant tears obtained mercy for my mother. God bless that child! When my mother was released she took her crucifix and gave it to her preserver, saying, "Madame, take this crucifix, it will bring you good." Since that time my mother died. I have become rich, and wish to discover the angel who saved my mother. Who knows? She is now a woman, and consequently unhappy: possibly stands in need of my assistance in her turn. In all the cities in which I have been, I have gone to the *sbirri*, the *barigel*, the head of police, and recounted the adventure, and promised a reward of ten thousand sequins of gold to whoever should discover her. This is the reason why I spoke for a whole hour between those doors to your lieutenant, Virgilio Tasca. Are you satisfied?"

"Ten thousand sequins of gold! But what will you give to the woman herself, when you have found her?"

"My life, should she require it."

"But by what means will you recognise her?"

"By my mother's crucifix. O! I shall never forget that crucifix, nor the last time I saw it."

"Bah! She has lost it."

"O! no! She could not lose a gift obtained in such a manner."

Angelo turned, and perceiving, for the first time, the man reposing on the bank near him, he exclaimed, in a hurried manner—

"Madame, madame, there is a man there. Do you know that there is a man there? Who is that man?"

"Ha! Good Heavens!" exclaimed Thisbe, with difficulty restraining her laughter at the alarm of the Podesta. "Yes, I perceive that there is a man there,

and that he still sleeps—a good sleep. Were you not about to be alarmed at him also? It is poor Homodei."

"Homodei! And who is that Homodei?"

"A man, my lord, such as Thisbe is a woman. Homodei is a performer on the guitar, whom the prior of St. Mark, a firm friend of mine, lately sent to me with a letter, which I will show to you, thou jealous one! And with the letter came a present."

"How! A present!"

"O! a true Venetian present. A box containing simply two little flasks; one white and the other black. In the white there is a powerful narcotic, which will create sleep, for twelve hours, as sound as death: in the black there is a poison—that terrible poison which Malaspina, as you know, would have administered to the Pope in a pill of aloes. The prior wrote to me that it might serve on an occasion. An act of gallantry, as you see. For the rest, the holy father informed me that the poor fellow who brought the present is an idiot. He is still here, and you may have seen him, for the last five days, eating at the servants' office, crouching in the first corner that presented itself, and at times playing and singing after his fashion. He came from Venice. Alas! my mother wandered there also! I have watched him closely—more than he wished. He has at times diverted the company this evening; but our fete did not amuse him, and he slept. He is as simple as that."

"Do you speak to me of that man?" he demanded, in a tone of evident alarm.

"Come, come, you should laugh. A pretty occasion this, to assume a troubled air! A player upon the guitar, an idiot, a sleeping man! Ah! Signor Podesta, what is it you would have then? You pass your life in making doubts of this and that, and take umbrage at things as light as air. Tell me, is this jealousy, or is it fear?"

"Both jealousy and fear."

"Jealousy—I understand that, for you believe

yourself obliged to please two women. But as to fear! Are you not the master here, and inspire all with dread? That is beyond my comprehension."

"The greater reason have I to tremble." He approached her, his eye still fixed upon the sleeping man, and proceeded in a subdued voice. "Listen, Thisbe. Yes, I am the ruler, despot, sovereign of this city. The Podesta that Venice has placed over Padua; the claw of the tiger on the lamb. But, absolute as I am, there is still over me, Thisbe, something grand, terrible, and full of darkness—it is at Venice. The Council of Ten! Let us speak low, my Thisbe, for it is possible that even here we may be overheard. Men whom no one knows, and yet whom we all know; men who are not visible in any ceremony, and who may be seen on all the scaffolds, when reeking with blood; men who hold in their hands the heads of all,—yours, mine, that of the Doge himself,—and who possess neither simarre, nor stole, nor crown, nothing to designate them, save a mysterious sign beneath their robes at most; whose faces are identified by the people of Venice with the grim mouths of brass, forever open beneath the porches of St. Mark—mouths thought to be mute, and yet speak in a manner loud and terrible, shrieking "denunciation" to all who pass. Once denounced, the victim is seized—once seized, all is said. At Venice all is done secretly, mysteriously, but surely. Condemned—executed—no one to witness it, no one to hear it. Neither shriek nor look will avail. The sufferer gagged, the executioner masked. But why do I talk of scaffolds all this time! In Venice they do not die on scaffolds—they disappear. A man is suddenly missed from his family. What has become of him? The leads, the wells, or the canal Orfano, alone know his fate. At times the sound of something falling heavily in the water is heard at night. Pass quickly then! As for the rest, balls, feasts, flambeaux, music, gondolas, theatres, and a carnival of five months, and this is Venice. You, Thisbe, my beautiful beloved, have only seen this

side of the picture; I, a senator, understand the other. In all the palaces, in that of the Doge, in mine, there is a secret passage, unknown to him who dwells there, the door of which is familiar to others, who serpent-like approach you without your knowledge. Thus a mysterious undermining is perpetually carried on against men ignorant of their offence, and personal vengeance is mingled with public persecution, and walks in darkness. Often at midnight, when I prepare for bed, I listen and hear the steps of the betrayer within my walls. Such is the anxiety under which I exist! True, I am over Padua, but *this* is over me! Send a workman alone into a cavern, and let him there make a lock, and even before the lock shall be finished the Council of Ten will have the key in their pocket. The valet who serves me is a spy upon me; the friend who salutes me is a spy upon me; the priest who confesses me is a spy; and the woman who says to me 'I love you,' yes, Thisbe, even she is a spy upon me."

"Ah! my lord."

"You have never told me that you loved me. I do not speak of you, my Thisbe.—Yes, I repeat, that all who look upon me, is but one eye of the Council of Ten; all who hear me, one ear of the Council of Ten; all who touch me, one hand of the Council of Ten.—Tyrant of Padua, but slave of Venice!—I am not sure but that before to-morrow, some miserable sbire may enter my chamber, and command me to follow him, and I must obey.—But whither? Into some place of darkness, whence he will return without me.—To be a Venetian, is to cling to an only child!—Mine is a gloomy and painful condition; bent down upon that burning furnace, called Padua, my face in a mask, doing my work of tyranny, surrounded by dangers, and dreading every moment lest I be destroyed by some explosion, like the alchemist by his own poison!—Pity me, and cease to ask why I tremble."

"I do pity you. God knows your condition is a fearful one," replied Thisbe, in a tone of sympathy.

"Yes," continued the Podesta, "I feel that I am nothing more than the instrument with which one people think proper to torture another; and I also know that such instruments are used but for a short time, Thisbe, and are broken often. I am wretched. There is but one thing sweet in this bitter world, and it is you. However, I well know that you do not love me—that is evident;—still, you do not love another, Thisbe?"

"No, no," be calm."

"You deceive me in saying no."

"In truth, I speak as it is."

"Ah! I can bear to think that you do not love me; but do not think of another, Thisbe, O! do not think of another!"

"Do you imagine you look handsome when you gaze upon me in that manner?" she demanded, playfully.

"Ah! when will you love me?"

She paused for an instant, and then replied in a more earnest tone—"When every body loves you here." Angelo shrunk.

"Alas!—Well, well, remain in Padua. I do not wish you to leave Padua; do you hear?—If you go, my life will be wretched, very wretched!—Heavens! some one approaches!—We have been speaking long together—that would have created suspicion in Venice. I leave you——" As he was going, his attention was suddenly arrested by the man who was still sleeping on the bank near them. "Can you answer for that man?"

"There is no more to fear from him than if an infant had been reposing there."

"It is your brother who comes. I leave you with him."

The Podesta slowly withdrew, and Thisbe followed him with her eyes until he disappeared in the palace, when her feelings burst forth in a strain of exultation:

"No, imbecile tyrant! it is not my brother, but the beloved and cherished of my soul! Come, O!

come, Rodolpho, my brave, my noble, my proscribed. Look steadily in my face—thou art beautiful; I adore thee!"

Rodolpho approached the spot where Thisbe was standing. His bearing was proud and manly; his mind was absorbed in thought, and a thick cluster of black plumes partially concealed the face which Thisbe had pronounced so beautiful. He was clad in deep black, but both the fashion and the texture of his costume betrayed that the proscribed had moved in no humble sphere. He did not perceive Thisbe until he stood beside her, when, in a low tone, he ejaculated her name. Homodei still slept on.

"I would you had not come to Padua," exclaimed the devoted girl, "for you well know there is a snare for us, and it is out of our power to escape from this place. The Podesta is enamoured of your poor Thisbe, and he will not allow us to escape.—I tremble lest he should discover who you are, and that you are not my brother. Ah! what torments! But the tyrant shall never be any thing to me! You are well assured of that Rodolpho!—I would relieve you from all anxiety on that score, for I would not have you jealous of me for an instant."

"You are a noble and charming creature."

"Jealous of me!—It is I who am jealous of you, Rodolpho. Jealous!—Even this Angelo, the Venetian, speaks of jealousy, but then he mingles other matters with it. Ah! when one is jealous, he does not see Venice, the Council of Ten, the sbirri, the spies, the canal Orfano—there is nothing before his eyes but jealousy—consuming jealousy. Rodolpho, I cannot behold you speaking to other women—barely speaking—it is hell to me!—What right have they to word of thine! In my rage I could kill them!—O! God! how I *do* love you!—You are the only man I ever loved! My life has been a sad one for a long time—still some bright beams have shone upon it.—But thou art my light—thy love is the sun that yields me warmth and vitality;—all other men

chill me. It seems that every pulse of my heart that had been frozen to death in your absence lives again. What joy there is in being able to converse with you alone for an instant!—But what folly in coming to Padua! We shall live here under constant constraint, my Rodolpho—yes, mine, by heavens!—thou art mine! Lover or brother, thou art mine! Hold, I am mad with joy when I speak to you freely.—You see plainly that I am mad! O, Rodolpho, do you love me?"

"Who does not love you, Thisbe?" he replied, in a cold tone, that strangely contrasted with the ardour of the enamoured girl.

"If you speak thus you will vex me. Who does not love me? I care for the love of none on earth but you—you only!" The music in the palace had ceased, and the wearied revellers were departing. Thisbe continued—"Good God! I ought to go and show myself to my guests. But, tell me, you appear sad. It is not so?—you are not sad?"

"No, Thisbe."

"Nothing distresses you?"

"No, Thisbe."

"You are not jealous?"

"Oh! no!"

"I wish that you were jealous, otherwise you do not love me," she responded, in a melancholy tone. "But away with sadness. Ah! here I am in constant alarm: Are you not also uneasy? Does no one here know that you are not my brother?"

"No one but Anafesto."

"Your friend. Then all is safe. See, he is coming towards us—I will confide you with him for a moment!" A gallant was seen emerging from the crowd, and he approached the spot where the lovers were conversing. Thisbe ran to him and said playfully, "Signor Anafesto, have a care that he does not speak with any woman."

"Never fear, madam," he replied, smiling, and she ran off with a step as light as that of Camilla, and in an instant was lost in the crowd. Anafesto,

as he gazed after her in admiration, exclaimed, "O! charming creature! Rodolpho, you are happy—she loves you."

"Anafesto, I am not happy. I do not love her."

"How! What say you?"

"Who is that man sleeping there?" exclaimed Rodolpho, perceiving the sleeper.

"It is the poor musician. You know him?"

"Ah! yes, the idiot."

"You do not love Thisbe, you say! Is it possible! The fascinating, adorable Thisbe!"

"Truly so; but I do not love her."

"How!"

"Do not question me."

Thisbe again appeared. She ran to Rodolpho, her angelic features illuminated with the sudden gush of joy that had awakened her slumbering spirits. She said smiling, "I return to say but a single word to you; but you will think me a silly girl."

"O no! say on, my gentle Thisbe."

"I love you. God bless you!" She threw her white arms around his neck, and imprinted a burning kiss upon his cheek, then breaking from him, disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared. Anafesto followed her with his eyes, and sighed "Poor Thisbe!"

"I echo thee, poor Thisbe! There is a secret of my life unknown to all but myself."

"Which you would confide to me; is it not so? You are gloomy to-day, Rodolpho."

"I am. Leave me for the present—I will see you again by and bye."

Anafesto withdrew, and Rodolpho seated himself upon an artificial mound of rock near at hand. The gray light of morn appeared, and the lamps that had shone so brilliantly throughout the night, turned pale and sickened in the blaze of the glorious sun. Homodei the sleeper awoke and arose. He beheld Rodolpho seated, lost in thought, and supporting his head on his hand. He approached him, and stood beside him in silence for some time, then touched

him on the shoulder. Rodolpho raised his head and gazed upon him with a vacant stare.

"You call yourself Rodolpho," said the man of mystery, in a cold unearthly voice, "and yet the priest christened you at the baptismal font, Ezzelino da Romana, the noble scion of that ancient stock that once reigned in Padua, but which was cut down and cast out two centuries ago.—Such are the changes in this world, that at times we see the beggar mount the throne, and the heir of kings, wandering from city to city, a mendicant, under a false name. You perceive that you are known."

He proceeded to relate the circumstances of Rodolpho's life, minutely, for years. It seemed that nothing had escaped him. He stated that seven years before, the proscribed had been at Venice. One day he entered the chapel of St. George the Great, and there beheld a beautiful young woman at her devotions. He was struck with her beauty, but did not follow her, for he knew that at Venice, to follow a woman was to search for a blow from a stiletto. Rodolpho returned the next day to the church, and the young woman was there also. They became mutually enamoured. That he only knew her by the name of Catharina, but he found means to write to her, and she to answer him. They finally obtained an interview at the house of a woman called the devout Cecilia, which led to a fatal passion, but Catharina remained unspotted. She was of noble birth, and this was all that he knew of her. A noble Venetian should not espouse other than a noble Venetian, or a king, and Rodolpho was not a Venetian, and his family had long ceased to be kings, —and being a banished man he could not aspire to her hand. One day Catharina failed to appear at the rendezvous, and Cecilia apprised him that she was married, but the name of both husband and father were cautiously concealed from Rodolpho. He quit Venice, and wandered over Italy, but love still followed in his footsteps. He had devoted his life to pleasure, folly, madness, vice, but in vain.

He had endeavoured to love other women, and imagined that he loved them, as in the case of Thisbe, still it was fruitless, the first love invariably surmounted the new.

"One night—the 16th of February," continued Homodei, "a woman, veiled, passed near you on the bridge Molino—she took your hand and led you to the ruins of the ancient palace Magaruffi, demolished by your ancestor Ezzelin III. Among these ruins stands a cottage, and in the cottage you discovered the Venetian, whom you have so fondly loved and deplored for seven years. After that day you met frequently in that cottage, and though she is faithful to her love, she is true to her husband's honour. Her name is still unknown to you—Catharina, nothing more. One month passed thus happily, but five weeks have already elapsed since you last beheld her. Her husband suspected her, and has imprisoned her—you perhaps made search for her, but did not find her, and you can never find her—would you see her to-night?"

Rodolpho listened in utter amazement, at the accuracy of the information of the mysterious being who stood before him—information on transactions that he had imagined as hidden as the secrets of the grave, and it was some time before he collected his wandering senses, when riveting his eyes upon the stranger, he demanded "Who are you?"

"I answer no questions," replied the mysterious man, coldly—"I have said, do you not wish to see that woman again to-night? It is your business to answer me."

"See her! do I wish to see her! In the name of heaven! To see her again for an instant, and die, is all I ask on earth!"

"To see her and die!—Well, you shall see her!"

"Where?"

"In the place where she is confined."

"But tell me who is she? Her name?"

"No matter—I will conduct you to her myself."

"Ah! you came from heaven!"—

"I know not that. To-night, at the rising of the moon, at midnight, find your way to the corner of the palace of Albert de Baon. I will be there to conduct you to happiness. At midnight, you understand."

"Perfectly. But tell me who and what you are?"——

"An idiot!" exclaimed Homodei, and hastily disappeared.

"What is that man!" exclaimed Rodolpho, looking towards the place whence he departed"—no matter! It will be an age until midnight. O! Catharina, for the hour he has promised me, I would cheerfully lay down my life."

Thisbe again came running to him, evidently impatient that her guests had separated her from the idol of her soul for a few moments. "Thou art mine once more, Rodolpho," she exclaimed with a voice as musical as that of the birds in spring time. "Thou art mine again—I cannot exist long without seeing you. I am wretched when we are separated, for thou art all on earth to me, Rodolpho—I think and breathe for you alone. I am the shadow of thy body; thou art the soul of mine!"

"Have a care Thisbe, my family is a fatal one. There is a prediction over us, a destiny that must inevitably be fulfilled from father to son. We destroy those whom we love."

"Well—you will kill me. I care not, provided you love me."

"Thisbe!"—

"And you will weep for me when I am in the grave. I wish for nothing more."

"Thisbe, you merit the love of an angel!" exclaimed Rodolpho, and pressing her hand to his lips with fervour, slowly withdrew. Thisbe called after him, "Rodolpho do not leave me yet, Rodolpho—Ah! he is gone! what can be the matter with him!" She turned to the mound upon which Homodei had been reposing—"Ah! the sleeper has awakened and I am alone!"

How desolate appears the scene of our enjoyments after a festival!—The spot that had been redolent with life, made joyous by the smiles of the gay, the jest of the mirthful, the laughter of the thoughtless, suddenly becomes as silent as the grave, and that heart must be strung with chords of iron that is not affected by the striking transition. Thisbe stood musing on the change, when she was abruptly awakened from her reverie by a voice near her:—

"Rodolpho is called Ezzelino—the adventurer is a prince—the idiot a genius. The man who sleeps is a cat that watches. Eye closed, ear open."

She turned and perceiving Homodei at her side, ejaculated "What does he say!" The mysterious being continued, showing his guitar—"This instrument has strings that will send forth any sounds a skilful hand may require. The heart of man and woman has also strings that may be played upon."

"You speak in parables."

"I would say, madam," he continued in a monotonous tone, his cold eye fixed upon her—"If by chance you miss a handsome man with a black plume in his hat, I know the place where you may find him the coming night."

"With a woman?" she demanded eagerly.

"A fair woman."

"How! what say you!—what art thou?" exclaimed Thisbe with an energy that betrayed that her suspicions were awakened.

"I know not," responded the other with a vacant look and the tone of an idiot.

"You are not what I thought you, wretch that I am! Ah! from the Podesta doubtless! Thou art a man of terrors! who art thou, O! speak, who art thou! Rodolpho with a woman the coming night! Is it that you would say? speak, is it not so?"

"I know not," he replied with the same vacant look.

"Ah! it is false! It is impossible! Rodolpho loves me, and me only!"

"I know not," still responded the idiot.

"Ah! wretch thou liest! How! he deceive me! Thou art bribed to slander. My God! I then have enemies! But Rodolpho loves me. Go, go, you have failed to alarm me. I do not believe you. You should be enraged to see how little effect all you have said has produced upon me."

Still her agitation betrayed that the shaft he had thrown had hit the mark; but Homodei proceeded as if he neither perceived her excitement nor understood the nature of her rebuke.

"You have doubtless observed that the Podesta carries a bijou of gold, attached to a chain around his neck. That jewel is a key. Pretend that you desire such a jewel, and demand it of him, without telling what you would do with it."

"A key say you! But I will not ask it of him. I will ask nothing. It is infamous to attempt to make me suspicious of Rodolpho. I do not wish the key—Begone, I will not hear you."

"Behold, the Podesta is approaching," continued the strange being without heeding her. "When you have possession of the key I will explain how it may serve you the approaching night. Within a quarter of an hour I will return."

"Wretch, you do not hear me then! I tell you I do not wish the key—I have full confidence in Rodolpho—I will not touch that key—I will not speak a word to the Podesta. So do not return, it is useless, for I do not believe a word that you have said."

He still heeded her not, but coldly replied, "Within a quarter of an hour I will return," and slowly walked away, leaving the fair Thisbe bewildered, her mind racked with doubts and fears. Her faith in him whom she so devotedly, so exclusively loved, was shaken; and he whom she had looked upon as an idiot, had thrown off the garb, and assumed an aspect as appalling as mystery could depict on a heated imagination, in an age of darkness and crime, when every thing mysterious was to be dreaded. She was familiar with the frightful features of the times. She knew that from the prince

to the beggar, there was no immunity from the stroke of the assassin—that palaces had groaned with secret murder,—and she had witnessed her poor mendicant mother's sufferings in the street. These thoughts flashed like lightning through her mind when she discovered that Homodei was no longer the idiot he had been represented. But they passed as quickly, and left no trace. Still there was one absorbing thought, that clung to her soul like the poisoned vestment, and turned her blood to liquid fire. Rodolpho was false! Her brain had not space for any thought save this—Rodolpho is false!—As Angelo approached her, she made a violent effort to control the tempest of her feelings, and said: "You are in search of some one, my lord?"

"Yes, Virgilio Tasca, to whom I have a word to say." He still remembered that she had conversed with him for a whole hour that night.

"What, are you still jealous?" demanded Thisbe.

"I am, madam."

"You are a fool. What good comes of being jealous?—I know not what it is to be jealous. If I loved a man myself, I would certainly not be jealous." The flashing eye and deep hectic spot on her pale cheek, gave the lie to her rosy lips.

"It is because you love no one," said Angelo.

"But I do love some one," she replied, with an earnestness that startled the Podesta.

"Ah! whom do you love?"

She perceived that his jealousy was roused, that her passion had nigh betrayed the secret of her heart, and suddenly changing her manner, she replied in a low tone—"You."

"You love me!—Is it possible! O, do not trifle with me, my God!—Repeat to me what you have said, Thisbe, my angel Thisbe!"

"I love you, Angelo." He seized her hand with rapture and pressed it to his lips. She touched the chain about his neck and said,

"What is this trinket? I never before remarked it. It is pretty;—well executed. No doubt it was

carved by Benvenuto. But what is it?—It would be a beautiful ornament for a woman."

"Ah! Thisbe, you have filled my heart with joy by a single word!" and he again pressed her hand with fervour to his burning lips.

"Well, well, do not devour my hand.—But tell me now what is this?"

"It is a key."

"A key.—But hold—let me examine it, that I may not doubt. Ah! yes, I see now—it is with this that you open the lock. It is indeed a key."

"Yes, my Thisbe."

"Ah, well!—since it is only a key I do not wish it; keep it."

"What! did you desire it, Thisbe?"

"I did, as a trinket of beautiful workmanship."

"O! take it," he replied, and detached it from the chain.

"No.—If I had known that it was a key, I should not have spoken to you about it. I do not wish it, I tell you.—It is perhaps the key to your own apartment."

"True, it will admit me there, but I use it rarely. Besides, I have another. Take it, I beseech you."

"No, I no longer desire it. But how can you open doors with such a key?—It is very small."

"That is nothing. These keys are made for secret locks.—This opens many doors, and, among others, that of a bed-chamber." Thisbe started.

"Truly.—Well, since you insist, I will accept it." She took the key.

"What happiness!" exclaimed Angelo. "You have at length accepted a trifle from me.—Thanks, my Thisbe!"

"I think I see Virgilio Tasca looking for you at the end of the gallery. Have you not spoken to him?"

"O! cursed chance, he will tear me from you at such a time as this!"

"That way," continued Thisbe, pointing to the extremity of the gallery.

"Ah! Thisbe, you love me, then?"

"That way, that way, my lord, Tasca awaits you." Angelo approached the spot where Tasca was standing, and immediately after Homodei appeared at the extremity of the garden. Thisbe ran to him, and in a voice of exultation cried, "I have the key."

"Show it me," responded the other, coldly. He took it, and, after examining it, returned it to her, and continued, "Yes, it is right. There is a gallery in the palace of the Podesta that overlooks the Molino Bridge. Conceal yourself there to-night, behind the furniture, tapestry, or where you please. Two hours after midnight I will seek you there"—

"I shall compensate you better; for the present take this," said Thisbe, handing him a purse.

"As you please," was the cold reply. "But let me finish. Two hours after midnight I shall seek you, and point out the first door that you must open with that key. After that I will leave you, for the rest can be performed without me. You will have nothing to do but go straight forward."

"What shall I find after the first door?"

"A second, which that key will also open."

"And after the second?"

"A third.—That key opens all."

"And after the third?"

"You will learn."—The man of mystery abruptly departed. The morning sun gilded the spires of Padua, and like bees from their hives the multitude poured forth into the streets of the full peopled city. Thisbe retired to her couch, worn down with fatigue, but not to sleep.—The jealous do not sleep.

PART II.

The Crucifix.

The day dragged slowly on, and it appeared to Thisbe that night would never come; for time has leaden wings and feet of iron when he travels over the hearts of the anxious and impatient. She moved through her splendid apartments, like some condemned spirit that had gained access to Paradise, but could not tear off the curse that burnt even more fiercely in the scene of bliss. She gazed upon the trappings of the stage, the mask, the diadem, the princely robe, that had ministered to her vanity, and made her the admiration of all beholders; but their attractions had now vanished, and she turned away with loathing and disdain. What was the homage of the world to her, since she had failed to gain the love of the only one whose love appeared worth possessing? That thought hurled her from the proud pinnacle upon which the applause of others had placed her, and she fell even in her own esteem, for *his* eyes were the only optics through which she contemplated herself. "God! He despises me!" was a thought like molten lead on her haughty spirit.

The day passed as sluggishly with Rodolpho. He wandered from one place of amusement to another, but his thoughts were still fixed on midnight, and it was impossible to divert them. But he contemplated the coming hour with different feelings from those that tortured the gentle bosom of poor Thisbe.

The one looked forward with joy and hope; the other anticipated anguish and despair.

Angelo, the trembling Podesta, dreamt throughout the day of the *piombi*, the canal Orfano, spies, and jealousy of both his wife and Thisbe. He had married from interest and not for love, and he was well aware that his conduct was not calculated to secure the affections of the timid being whose destiny had been linked to his against her will. Indifference was succeeded by neglect, neglect by aversion, and aversion by cruelty. The vicious usually adjudge the motives and actions of others by their own standard; and thus Angelo adjudged his wife. His suspicions had been awakened, and, without going to the trouble of ascertaining their truth or falsity, he confined her to a room in his palace, from which escape was impossible. In that age tyranny was a prerogative of the powerful, and suffering the badge of the feeble.

Time pursues the same even and steady course, whether he brings forth weal or woe. The breath of joy will not hasten his flight, nor will the tears of sorrow retard his swooping wing. The hour of midnight, looked for so impatiently by both Rodolpho and Thisbe, at length arrived. The Podesta had retired to his lonely couch, and sleep pervaded the whole palace, save in the chamber of Catharina, and she was doomed to weep and pray.

This chamber was richly decorated with scarlet and gold, after the luxurious fashion of the age. In an angle of the room stood a magnificent bed, in an alcove, which was surmounted by a canopy supported by columns, upon which the workman had bestowed his utmost skill. From the corners of the canopy descended crimson curtains, which, when closed, entirely concealed the bed. Near the bed, and against the wall was a desk and cushion for the purpose of prayer, over which was suspended a rude crucifix of polished brass. There was a massive door, the columns of which were richly carved, and which led to the chamber of the Podesta. Near this

was a smaller door, of similar workmanship. There were two windows; one grated, and the other open, leading to a balcony, through which were seen in the clear moonlight the gardens and spires of Padua. In the centre of the room stood a table, upon which were scattered books, music, and a guitar. It was after midnight, lights were still burning, and Daphne and Reginella, two of the attendants upon the Podesta's wife, were awaiting her return from her oratory, which adjoined the apartment, and whither she had withdrawn to offer up her prayers before retiring to rest.

"Yes, Daphne, it is certain," said Reginella. "I had it from Troilo, the night guard. It occurred during the last voyage that my lady made to Venice. An infamous sbire became enamoured of her—dared to write to her—endeavoured to see her. That he should think of such a thing! But my lady made enquiry, and has done well."

"Well, well, Reginella; but my lady wishes her prayer book, you know."

Reginella approached the table, turned over the books, and continued—"As to the other adventure, she is more fearful, and I am also. I advise you to exercise prudence. One must be careful what one says in this palace, for there is always some one within the walls, who overhears every thing."

"Well, well, despatch. We will talk another time. My lady waits."

"Since you are so urgent, go then," said Reginella, handing her a book; but without raising her eyes from the table, she proceeded to arrange it. Daphne withdrew by the small door, and Reginella continued talking, without being conscious that she was alone. "But mind, Daphne, I recommend silence in this cursed place. This is the only chamber where one may speak in safety. Ah! here at least there is tranquillity. We may here talk without trembling. This is the only place where one may speak, certain of not being overheard."

While pronouncing the last words, a sliding door

in the wall opened, and Homodei silently entered, and closed the pannel without her perceiving him. He stood for a moment, and then said, in a cold sepulchral tone:

"This is the only place where one may speak, certain of not being overheard."

"Heavens!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the mysterious visiter; and throwing open his cloak, discovered the letters C. D. X. embroidered in gold upon his doublet of black velvet. Reginella regarded him with terror, for she was aware that she stood in the presence of a spy of the Council of Ten. Homodei continued: "Whoever has seen one of us, and allows another to discover it by any sign, before the close of the day, his lips will be closed for ever. It is thus the people speak of us, and they speak truly."

"Holy Virgin! by what door did he enter!" ejaculated the trembling girl.

"By none!"—She stood mute with terror, her hands clasped. He continued—"Answer all my questions, and deceive me in nothing. On your life answer. Whence leads that door?" he demanded, pointing to the large one.

"To the bed-chamber of the Podesta."

"And that one?" pointing to the small door adjoining.

"To a secret staircase that communicates with the galleries of the palace. The Podesta alone has the key."

"It is well. Here is another door!"

"That leads to the oratory of my lady."

"Is there a passage from the oratory?"

"No, it is built in a turret. There is a grated window in it to admit the light."

"I see," said Homodei, looking out of the chamber window—"It is on a level with this. Twenty-four feet of wall and the Brenta at the base—That is well. But there is a small staircase in the oratory, whither does it lead?"

"To my chamber, which is also that of Daphne."

"Is there a passage from that chamber?"

"No, signor; there is a grated window but no door, except that which descends to the oratory."

"When your mistress returns, you must go to your chamber, and remain there without listening and without breathing a word."

"I shall obey."

"Where is your mistress?"

"In the oratory, at her prayers."

"She will return here presently."

"Yes, signor."

"Not before half an hour?"

"No."

"It is well. Begone. Above all, silence. See nothing that passes here; allow all to be done and say nothing. Remember; you have not seen me; you know not that I exist. If a word escapes you I shall overhear it; a wink, I shall see it; a pressure of the hand, I shall feel it. Go now—go."

"O God! who then is to die here?"

"Yourself, if you speak." On a signal from Homodei, she tottered through the small door that led to the oratory, and when she had disappeared, he approached and again opened the secret pannel, and said in a low voice, "Signor Rodolpho, you can come forth—there are nine steps to ascend." Footsteps were heard on the stairs behind the pannel, and Homodei counted every tread—"Eight, nine—enter." Rodolpho appeared enveloped in a cloak.

"Where am I?" he demanded, looking around.

"Perhaps on the plank of your scaffold," replied the other.

"What say you?"

"Did it never occur to you that there is in Padua a chamber, full of flowers and perfumes, and love, perhaps, where no man dare to enter, noble nor subject, young nor old; for to enter there, even to open the door, is a crime punished by death?"

"Yes, the chamber of the Podesta."

"Right; you are right."

"Ha! that chamber—"

"You are in it."

"And the wife of the Podesta?"

"Is Catharina Bragadini, she whom you love."

"Is it possible! Catharina, the wife of Malipieri!"

"If you are fearful, there is still time to escape. Behold, the door is open—you can depart."

"I fear not for myself, but for her. How can I depend on you?"

"Depend on me?—I will explain: Eight days ago, an hour after nightfall, you were passing along the street of San-Prodocimo—You were alone—You heard a clashing of swords and a cry behind the church, and hastened to the spot."

"Yes, and put to flight three assassins who attempted to kill a man in a mask."

"Who left you without telling his name or thanking you. That man in the mask was me, and since that night signor, I wished you well. You did not know me, but I knew you, and from motives of gratitude, have sought you out to bring you to the woman you love. Will you trust me now?"

"O yes! Thanks, thanks! I apprehended treachery on her account, only, but you have relieved me. Ah! you are my friend, and have tenfold repaid the favour I conferred on you. I only saved your life, but you would restore to me all that makes life happy."

"You will remain, then?"

"Remain! I trust in you, I tell you. O, to see her again! one hour, one minute to behold her!—you know not how much is contained in those words,—to see her again! But where is she?"

"In her oratory."

"And where shall I see her?"

"Here. In this room, within a quarter of an hour." He proceeded to communicate the information he had received from Reginella, touching the various passages in the palace. Pointed out the position of the Podesta's chamber, and informed him that he was asleep at that hour; showed him the window, but advised him to use it in no extremity, as it was

twenty-four feet from the ground, and the river flowing beneath. He concluded with saying,—"I will leave you for the present."

"You have said she will be here within a quarter of an hour. Will she come alone?"

"Perhaps not. Conceal yourself for a time."

"Where?"

"Behind the bed—No, on the balcony. You can return when you think proper. Hark!—they are removing the chairs in the oratory—Catharina is about to return. It is time for us to separate. Adieu."

"My wealth—my life are at your disposal for this service," said Rodolpho, and hastily concealed himself on the balcony.

"She is not yet yours, signor," muttered Homodei to himself, and watching until Rodolpho had disappeared, he drew a letter from his bosom which he placed on the table, and then cautiously withdrew by the secret door which he closed after him. Catharina and Daphne came from the oratory, the former dressed in the gorgeous robes of a noble Venetian, though like the flower in the desert, condemned to blossom and to fade unseen.

She was truly what Homodei had pronounced her to Thisbe—a fair woman. Her figure was delicately framed, but with perfect symmetry, and her tread was so light and airy that the fall of her footstep was not heard. Her golden hair was luxuriant. Her face pallid, serious, calm, but the expression was so mild and beautiful, that it would have served as a model for the skilful artist, when portraying his ideas of the first most perfect work of the master hand, immediately after the deep shadows of this world had mingled in her angel face with the radiant beams of heaven. When the fearful contest in her gentle bosom, was earth or Eden, her husband or her God?—Still, though the shadows of this world had darkened the fair brow of Catharina, it was but a shadow—there was no stain of earth there. The limpid stream will appear turbid when a cloud

passes over it, but withdrawn, it again sparkles and dimples in the sunshine.

Catharina seated herself by the table and demanded, "Where is Reginella?"

"She has gone to her chamber, and thrown herself upon her knees in prayer," replied Daphne; "shall I call her to serve you, my lady."

"No, let her serve God—let her pray. Alas! I do nothing but pray!"

"Shall I close this window, madam?"

"Five weeks—already five eternal weeks have passed, and I have not seen him!" murmured Catharina, while her attendant approached the window to close it—"No, no, do not close the window, the night-breeze refreshes me. How my temples burn! Feel, Daphne. And I shall never see him again! Guarded and imprisoned here—yes, all is over! To penetrate this chamber is a deadly crime. I do not wish to see him myself—not here—I tremble at the thought!—Good God! then is my affection criminal! Why did he return to Padua!—and why do I seek for happiness who am condemned to find so little! The only light that cheered my life was the few brief interviews I had with him; but alas! I shall never again behold the face whence day shone upon me—all is darkness now. O Rodolpho! Tell me, Daphne, do you really think I shall ever see him again?"

"My lady."

"For seven years I have had in my heart but one thought—love! but one sentiment—love! but one name—Rodolpho! My very soul is formed from his image, and how could it be otherwise—I was young when first I loved him. They marry us without pity—husband, father, were both merciless! O that I had still my mother!"

"Banish these melancholy thoughts, madam."

"But am I culpable!—O no!—Retire, my grief afflicts you, and I would not give you pain. Go to rest; return to Reginella."

"And you, my lady?"

"I will submit alone. Sleep sweetly, my good Daphne; but for me, I cannot sleep. Go now—go." Daphne retired through the oratory, and Catharina, musing at the table, continued—"There was a song he used to sing at my feet in a tone so impassioned," she seized the guitar and played a melancholy air. "I wish to recall the words. I would give my life to hear him sing them but once again, even though I could not behold him. But his voice—to hear his voice."

Rodolpho sang a plaintive air in a low voice, from the balcony. "Heavens," shrieked Catharina, starting from her seat, and the next instant her lover appeared, and disengaging himself from his cloak, which he let fall near the balcony, he uttered her name and threw himself at her feet.

"You are here!" she said, "how came you here? O God! I die with joy and terror. Rodolpho, know you where you are, and the danger of entering this chamber?—you risk your life."

"What is that to me? I should have died had I not seen you again, and death will be less painful after this."

"You have done well. My life is also in danger; but I see you again, and care not what follows. One hour of bliss with you, then let the canopy of heaven darken over us if it will."

"Heaven will rather protect us. All are asleep in the palace, and there is no reason that I may not escape by the way I entered."

"How did you gain admittance?"

"A man whose life I saved, aided me. I am sure of the means I employed."

"O, if you are sure, that is sufficient. But, look at me that I may see you."

"Catharina!"

"You find me much changed, is it not so? I will tell you the reason. For five weeks I have done nothing but weep and pray; and what have you done all that time?—Have you been very sad or not?

What effect has our separation had upon you? Speak to me, I wish to hear the sound of your voice again."

"O! Catharina, to be separated from you is to feel the pangs of death daily. Life has been as a dungeon where no ray of hope can enter—midnight without a star. It was no longer life but death, without an exemption from those sufferings which death affords. What I have done, I know not; what I have felt I have told you."

"It has been even thus with me—I see that our hearts cannot be separated. I have many things to say to you; but where to begin? They have imprisoned me—I have endured much. But let us not think of that now—You will remain until morning, when Daphne will enable you to escape. What moments of bliss!—well I no longer fear any thing, your presence has encouraged me—How happy I am in seeing you! Had I the choice of Paradise or you, I would choose you, Rodolpho. Ask Daphne how I have wept! She has had much trouble with me, poor girl, but you shall thank her, and Reginella also. But tell me, have you the means of returning here?"

"How else could I exist!—Fear nothing for the future. Behold how calm the night is!—all is love with us, all repose around us. The angels love as we love, and blend their ethereal essence. O! Catharina, our passion is so pure and sacred, that God will not disturb it. I love you—you me, and his eye is upon us; I recoil not even at that conviction. There are but us three awake at this hour. Fear nothing."

"There are moments when one may forget every thing, and forgetfulness is happiness to the unfortunate. When separated, I am no more than a poor prisoner; you a banished man; but when together, we draw down the envy of angels, for sure they have less of heaven than we have. But they will not kill me with joy, for I wish to die—all is confusion in my brain. I have asked a thousand questions, and do not recollect a word I have said. I recollect you —you only!—Is it not all a dream? Art thou indeed there?"

"My beloved."

"Nay, do not speak, but let me collect my ideas. Let me look at you again, my life, my soul, and think that you are there. There are moments, such as this, when one would gaze upon the man one loves, and say to him—Peace, peace, I gaze on you! Peace, I love you! Peace, I am happy!" He seized her trembling hand, and pressed it to his lips with fervour. She turned, and perceiving the letter which Homodei had placed on the table, exclaimed, "What is that lying there? A letter! Speak, did you place it there?"

"No. But doubtless the man who came with me."

"The man who came with you? Who? That paper fills me with terror." She opened the letter, and eagerly read as follows:

"There are men who will drink no other than Cyprus wine; there are others who delight alone in refined vengeance. Madam, though the love of a humble sbire may be despised, his vengeance is to be dreaded."

"Good Heavens! What say you?"

"I know the writing. It is from a wretch who dared to love me; who told me so, and approached me one day at Venice. I had him driven away."

"His name?"

"He was called Homodei, a spy of the Council of Ten."

"We are lost."

"Yes, we are lost. A snare has been spread for us, and we are taken." She approached the balcony, and looking out of the window, exclaimed, "Ah! put out the lights, quickly."

"What alarms you," demanded Rodolpho, as he extinguished the lamps.

"A light appeared on the gallery that overhangs the Molino bridge, and suddenly vanished."

"Miserable madman that I am! Catharina, I am the cause of your destruction!"

"Say not so. I would have come to you had it been in my power. The fear of death would not

have deterred me." She placed her ear to the small door that lead to the secret stairway. "Silence! I think I hear footsteps in the corridor. Yes—a door opens! Some one approaches! Which way did you enter?"

"By a secret door, which the demon has closed."

"What's to be done?"

"That door?"

"Leads to my husband's chamber."

"The window?"

"An abyss beneath."

"That door there. Whither will that conduct me?"

"To my oratory, from which there is no passage. No means of flight. No matter; enter there."

She opened the door, and Rodolpho entered precipitately. She closed it after him, locked it, and put the key in her bosom, then drew the hangings over the door. It was a moment of fearful suspense. She listened, as if she were breathless, motionless. Footsteps were still heard, cautiously approaching. Then a pause. He had stopped doubtless to listen also, fearful of being surprised. But who could it be? At such an hour! Perhaps some one who came to her assistance. If so, he need not expect that mercy he entertained for her. The steps drew nigher—the hand was on the door. Catharina, more dead than alive, hastily tore off her upper garment, threw herself upon the bed, and closed the curtains. All, for a moment, was silent as the grave. She heard the key applied to the lock—the door open—footsteps within the chamber. She sank upon the pillow, her senses benumbed with terror. Thisbe entered, a lamp in her hand. Her features were haggard and pale. She advanced, looking wildly around, and approaching the table, examined the lamp that had been extinguished. "So, the lamp still smokes!" She turned, and perceiving the bed, hastened to it and drew open the curtains, and raised the light so that it shone on Catharina's face. "She is alone, and feigns to sleep." She then walked

around the chamber, and examined the doors and the wall minutely. "That door leads to the Podesta." She then knocked with the back of her hand against the door of the oratory, which was concealed by the hangings. "There should be a door here." She knocked again. "Yes, it is right. His cold eye is a quick one." Catharina raised herself in the bed, and looked at Thisbe, stupified with fear and amazement, and in a faint voice demanded, "What means all this?"

"So, you are awake!" said Thisbe, in a tone of derision. "I will tell you what it means. The mistress of the Podesta, has the wife of the Podesta in her power. You slept; but this is no dream."

"Heavens!"

"Yes, a comedian, a ballad singer, as you call us, has in her power a haughty dame, who prides herself on her virtue, and is respected as a wife; and yet the poor worm she despises can hold up this renowned and gilded thing to public scorn, and tear her to shreds and tatters. Ah! the proud dames! Haughty and scornful hypocrites, I know you well! And I also know that I have one of you under my feet now, and she shall not escape me! And she would appear tranquil! Come, tell me, madam, how it is that you have the hardihood to gaze upon me when you have a lover near you? Shame! Crouch and hide yourself."

"You are deceived."

"Deny it not. Those chairs still mark your position. You should have arranged them better. But why deny it? A thousand tender things were said, doubtless, such as, I love you, I adore you, I am thine! Ah! touch me not—touch me not."

Catharina arose from the bed, and scarcely articulated, "I cannot comprehend you."

"Must I speak more plainly? That which I say aloud, in open day, you whisper to your lover blushingly at midnight. The hour is the only difference between us. No, there is another. I deceive no one! You cheat the world, your family, your hus-

band, and would deceive your God himself, if it were possible. Such are the virtuous women who pass along the streets in veils—too pure and timid for the eye of man to rest upon. They go to church, kneel and fall prostrate there, with heaven on their lips, but hell in their hearts. But this is idle. I lose time. Where is he?"

"Who?"

"He!—he!—The man whose kisses are still warm upon your lips."

"I am alone here, all alone," responded Catharina, meekly. "I understand you not—I know you not—but your words fill me with terror. I am not aware that I have ever wronged you, and cannot imagine what interest you have in treating me thus."

"What interest have I!—a deep and abiding one!—Do you doubt it?—These virtuous women are incredulous!—Would I have sought you out, and spoken to you as I have, if there was not frenzy in my brain, hatred in my heart!—You ask what wrong you have done me?—You are one of those haughty ones who mercilessly scorn and trample on the fallen of their own sex, though your only virtue is to keep concealed from the eye of man the shame that Heaven has recorded. For this I hate you, and will tear off the mask, the veil, and exhibit the proud immaculate in her native deformity.—Scorn for scorn!—Come, where is that man?—speak—the name of that man?—show him to me, for I will see that man."

"God, my God! what will become of me?" exclaimed Catharina, clasping her hands. "In the name of heaven, madam, if you know"—

"I know all—that there is a door behind that curtain, and that *he* is there."

"It is my oratory, madam,—nothing else. There is no one there. If you have heard any thing, you have been deceived. I lead an isolated life—imprisoned here—concealed from the eyes of all."

"Let me see."

"It is my oratory, I assure you; and there is no-

thing there except a desk and my books of devotion."

"Subterfuge!"

"Shall I swear to you that no one is concealed there?"

"Fair lips can tell foul lies."

"Madam!" exclaimed Catharina, in a tone of indignation, which was suddenly checked by shame and fear.

"That is well," said Thisbe, her dark eye fixed upon her. "But are you the fool to crouch as a trembling criminal, if innocent?—Deny with more assurance, if you would be believed. Come, vindicate yourself, and assume that anger that becomes one wrongfully accused." Thisbe perceived the cloak that Rodolpho had dropped near the balcony; she ran and picked it up, and continued, "Ah! hold; it is no longer possible! behold this cloak!"

"Heavens!"

"But this is not a cloak, is it?—It is not a man's cloak, you would say. Away with subterfuge, it will no longer avail. Tell me, I say, the name of that man."

"I know not what you would have me say."

Thisbe paused, slowly glancing her eye from the head to the foot of her humbled and trembling victim, and then said calmly, but firmly—"That is your oratory?—open it."

"Wherefore?"

"I would pray to God also.—I have need to pray. Open it."

"I have lost the key."

"Open it, I say.

"I know not where the key is."

"Ah!—your husband has it," said Thisbe, with a smile of triumph; and raising her voice cried "Angelo! Angelo!"—Then darted towards the door leading to the Podesta's chamber. Catharina threw herself before her, and endeavoured to restrain her.

"No—you shall not approach that door," she exclaimed, clinging to Thisbe. "You shall not.—I

never wronged you—I know not what you have against me,—and yet you would destroy me.—You should pity me." Thisbe endeavoured to disengage herself from her grasp. Catharina continued, in an earnest and hurried manner—"Stay an instant—you shall see—I will explain all to you. A single instant. Since you came, I have been bewildered, stupified. Of all you have said, I only recollect that you told me you are a comedian, and that I am a haughty woman. That you hate me. You have not yet spoken of the *Sbire*, and I am certain that he has occasioned all.—He is a fearful man, and has deceived you. A spy!—one should not credit a spy!" Thisbe manifested impatience. "O! hear me an instant longer.—If I prayed to a man, he would turn from me, but you have more pity. You are too beautiful to be cruel.—Say, was it not that spy?—shun him;—it is frightful even to know him. You will speedily regret having caused my death. Hold! hold! do not awake my husband. He will kill me!—If you knew my situation, you would weep for me—weep with me. I am not culpable—not very culpable. I have perhaps been imprudent, but not guilty. It is because I have lost my mother. She would have directed me better. I tell you, I have no longer a mother. O! have pity on me. Do not go to that door, I beseech you, I beseech you, I beseech you!"

"I will hear no more. My lord, Angelo!" cried Thisbe, elevating her voice.

"Hold, for God's sake, hold!" continued Catharina. "I have told you that he will kill me. Since you are resolved, grant me one minute more to pray to Heaven." Thisbe pointed to the oratory. "No, no, I will not go there. I will throw myself upon my knees here, before this crucifix." She knelt upon the cushion, and pointed at the crucifix suspended against the wall. Thisbe started as she fixed her eyes upon it. Catharina continued—"O! for mercy's sake, pray beside me—will you?—Kneel and pray with me. And then, if you seek my life,

—if God will allow you to entertain such thoughts, while gazing on His image who opened the gates of mercy to mankind, do with me as you please."

Thisbe grasped the crucifix and tore it from the wall, and eagerly demanded—"Where did it come from?—How did you obtain it?—Who gave it you?"

"What!—that crucifix?—O! you will gain nothing by asking me questions concerning that."

"Answer me. How came it in your possession? Speak quickly." Thisbe hastened to the lamp, and examined the crucifix minutely. Catharina arose and followed her.

"You gaze on the name at the foot—it is the name of a person I know not.—Thisbe, I think." She proceeded briefly to relate the manner in which the crucifix had come into her possession, which corresponded with the account given by Thisbe to the Podesta.

"Heavens! my mother!" muttered Thisbe. "This then is the angel who interceded for thee in thy extremity!"

Angelo, who had been awakened by the outcries of Thisbe, now entered the chamber, dressed in his night robe. Catharina, on perceiving him, scarcely articulated "My husband! I am lost!"—and sank upon a chair beside the table. The actress was concealed in an angle leading to the balcony.

"What does this mean, madam?" demanded Angelo. "I thought I heard a noise here."

"My lord!" said Catharina, in a faltering voice.

"How comes it that you are not in bed at this hour?" continued Angelo—"And—good heavens! you are trembling! Is there any one with you?"

"Yes, my lord, I am here," responded the actress, advancing from the recess.

"You, Thisbe!"

"Yes,—Thisbe." She stood beside him calm and collected. The wild and impassioned creature, whose feelings had been so recently lashed to madness, had on the instant cast off the fearful garb in which her soul had been arrayed, and she appeared

a cold and passive thing, but that the eye betrayed the volcano still raging within.

"You here, in the middle of the night," said the Podesta. "How comes it that you are here—and at such an hour;—and she—behold her."

"Is trembling like an aspen," continued Thisbe. "I will explain that to you, my lord. Listen to me: but it will give you pain."

"Well, it is all over!" sighed Catharina.

"Go on."

"In two words then. You are to be assassinated to-morrow morning," said the actress, keeping her unwavering eye fixed upon the Podesta.

"I assassinated!"

"Would that be strange in Padua?—The attempt will be made in going out of your palace to mine. It is known that in the morning you usually go out alone. I received information late this night, and came here in haste to inform my lady that she might prevent your going out to-morrow. This is the reason why I am here at such an hour, and why my lady trembles."

"Great God! what is this woman?" said Catharina, mentally.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Angelo. "But why should I be astonished?—You know I told you of the dangers that surround me?—But who gave you the information?"

"An unknown man, who first exacted a promise that I would enable you to escape.—I have kept my my promise."

"You have done wrong. They promise in such cases, but fail to perform.—How did you gain entrance into the palace?"

"The man assisted me. He found means to open a small door which is under the bridge Molino."

"Say you so!—But how did you manage to penetrate so far as this?"

"By means of the key which you gave me yourself," replied Thisbe, promptly.

"I think I did not tell you that it opened this chamber."

"Yes, in truth. But you forget."

The Podesta perceived the cloak lying on the floor, and demanded "To whom belongs this cloak?"

Catharina, who had listened with amazement to the foregoing, now trembled with terror. She felt that her fate was in the hands of an inexplicable being, who but a few moments before would have hurled her to destruction, and now interposed as her guardian angel.—But by what motive was she actuated?—Was it to save Rodolpho or Catharina from the impending blow?—Would she have the presence of mind to escape the dilemma in which the question of the Podesta involved them?—These doubts flashed like lightning across the brain of Catharina, and her amazement was increased, when she heard the actress promptly and calmly reply—

"That cloak belongs to the man who conducted me. He lent it me to enter the palace." Her eyes wandered around the room as if in search of something, and as they met those of Catharina, she added, "I have his hat also, but I know not what I have done with it."

Her voice was steady, her eye unwavering—there was truth in her tone and look, and the doubts of the Podesta were dissipated.

"To think that such men can approach me when they please! What a life is mine!—A skirt of my robe is always in one snare or another!—But tell me, Thisbe?"——

"O forbear further questions until to-morrow, I beseech you. For this night your life is safe; you should be content.—You do not even thank my lady and myself."

"Pardon, Thisbe."

"My litter awaits me below. Will you not give me your hand and conduct me to it?—Come, let my lady sleep for the present. She requires rest."

"I am at your commands, Thisbe.—Allow me to

go to my apartment and get my sword. Ho! there, lights."

He passed from the apartment into his own. Thisbe approached Catharina and said in a hurried voice—

"Lose no time in letting *him* escape; you know whom I mean.—By the passage I entered. Here is the key." She placed the small key she had received from Angelo in the palsied hand of Catharina, who sat mute and motionless, then turning her face towards the oratory continued—"O! that door! I shall suffocate! I know it can be no other than he!" Angelo returned.

"I attend you, madam."

Thisbe stood gazing at the door of the oratory, and sighed—"O! if I could but see him pass!—In safety once again!—But some way he must escape!" After a struggle of intense agony, she collected herself, and turning to Angelo, said—

"Come, my lord, let us go."

He took her hand, and conducted her out. Catharina sat gazing after them vacantly until she heard the door close, when, starting from her seat, she clasped her forehead with her hands, and exclaimed

"It is a dream!"

PART III.

The White for the Black.

The day succeeding the events just related was a solemn yet busy day in the chapel of St. Antonio of Padua. The shrine of the saint was uncovered; workmen were busily employed in hanging the choir and great altar with black; three hundred candles of white wax were arranged, ready to be lighted; no orders were issued above a whisper; the priests stalked silently to and fro, with arms folded and heads bent to their bosoms. And for whose obsequies were these unusual preparations? What kindred dust were they to assist in rendering up its last account! No one knew; no one could divine. The black hangings were ornamented with the arms of the family of Malipieri and those of Bragadini. This was the only clue that led to the conjecture that a person of distinction was dead or about to die, but which was unknown.

In the dark vaults of the ducal palace were the tombs of the Romana. Here reposed the illustrious dead in their marble sepulchres. Power, and wealth, and pride were mouldering here, and by their union could purchase nothing more than a gorgeous monument, to mark the receptacle of their decay. Two men were in the vault, and had just finished digging a grave. But who was to rot there, they knew not, cared not. Our entrance into this world is heeded by few, our passage through it attended with pain and anxiety in which few sympathize, and our exit is noted by few and soon forgotten. Such is life—

made up of hopes seldom realized—anxiety never allayed. Beside the grave was a slab of newly polished marble; but no inscription was on it—no trace that would betray for whom that narrow house was built.

We must now return to the chamber of Catharina. Every thing appeared as on the night preceding, but that the chamber was vacant. Its unfortunate inmate was in her oratory, on her knees, weeping and praying. Angelo entered from his own apartment, where he had been in conversation with the prior of Saint Antoine and another priest. He spoke as he entered:

"You say, holy prior, that the church has been decorated as I ordered?" The Prior bowed assent. "It is well. Within two hours perform there the solemn service for the eternal repose of an illustrious one who is at that time to die. You will assist at that service with all the chapter. Distribute alms to six hundred poor, and give each a ducat of silver and a sequin of gold.

"Powerful Podesta, you shall be obeyed."

"After that, descend with all your clergy, cross and banner at your head, into the vault of the ducal palace—the tombs of the Romana. You will there see a grave newly dug—you will bless that grave. Lose no time, and in your prayers pray for me also."

"It is then, my lord, one of your parents."

"Go—go—" The prior bowed profoundly, and withdrew to perform the solemn duties required of him. The other priest was about to follow, when Angelo stopped him. "You, arch-pretor, stay. There is in that oratory a person that you must go and confess forthwith."

"A condemned man, my lord?"

"A woman."

"Am I to prepare her for death?"

"Yes, for death. Come, I will introduce you."

As they approached the oratory, an usher appeared at the principal door, and said—"Your excellency sent for Donna Thisbe. She is without."

"Let her enter, and await my coming here."

The usher withdrew. Angelo opened the door of the oratory, and motioned the priest to enter, but staying him at the threshold said—

"On your life, when you go hence, be careful that you mention to no one the name of the woman you have seen." The priest laid his hands upon his bosom, and bowed his head in silence. They entered the oratory together. In a few moments the usher again appeared, accompanied by Thisbe.

"Do you know what he wishes with me?"

"I do not, madam," he replied, and retired, leaving the actress alone. Her mind was in a tumult, racked by contending feelings, as she found herself in that chamber again. For what purpose had the Podesta sent for her? There was a sinister and gloomy air pervading the whole palace, that did not escape her notice, but which it was impossible to penetrate; still it concerned not her, for at that moment there was nothing she would so freely have parted with as life. She fixed her eyes upon the door of the oratory, and passion agitated her whole frame. It was behind that door that *he* was concealed. Who? Her heart answered that it was *he* alone. Still there was room to doubt. But if she were sure it was Rodolpho—very sure—ample proof in her hands—the startling thought occurred for an instant that she would destroy him, denounce him, consign him to a bloody death! No! Revenge was unequal to a task like that. Still she could avenge herself on that woman! A flash of triumph kindled her dark eye at the thought; but she suddenly perceived the rude brass crucifix, and the fearful light was extinguished. What was to be done! She could kill herself! O yes! Rodolpho no longer loved her; he had deceived her; his heart was devoted to another! Then what had she to do with life! Death would be preferable. But to die without avenging herself, when vengeance, ample and fearful, was in her hands! Would she have the fortitude, the self denial, to dash away the most tempting cup that could be held to the feverish lips of the injured! All was confusion in her brain.

One idea alone was terribly distinct. Either they or she must die!

Angelo returned to the apartment during this war of conflicting feelings. The priest was in the oratory with Catharina. She collected her wandering thoughts, and there was no outward appearance of emotion as she calmly said—"You sent for me, my lord?"

"I did, Thisbe. I have much to say to you of matters of moment. You are aware that every day of my life presents a snare to be avoided, treason to be discovered, a blow from a poniard to be received, or a stroke from the axe to be given. In a word, my wife is false. She has a lover."

"What is his name?" demanded Thisbe, and a slight flush tinged her pale countenance.

"He was with her last night when we were here."

"What is his name?"

"I will tell you how the discovery was made," continued Angelo, without heeding her question—"A spy of the Council of Ten, was found this morning, poniarded, on the brink of the river, near the bridge Altina. Two of the night-watch discovered him, but whether he fell in a duel, or by the blow of an assassin, is unknown. The wounded man could pronounce but a few words ere he died. At the time when he was stabbed, he had the presence of mind to conceal about his person a letter, which he no doubt had intercepted, and which he sent to me by the night-watch. It proves to be a letter to my wife from a lover."

"What is his name?" again demanded Thisbe.

"The letter is not signed. The murdered man mentioned his name to the night-watch, but the imbeciles have forgotten it. They could not recall it—one said it was Roderigo, the other Pandolfo."

"And the letter, have you that?"

"I have. It was to show it to you that I sent for you—Possibly you may know the hand-writing, and may direct me. Behold!"

"Give it me."

He took the letter from his bosom and crushed it passionately in his hand.

"I am in a fearful suspense, Thisbe!—There is a man who has dared to raise his eyes upon the wife of a Malipieri!—Has dared to make a blot on the most brilliant page of the golden book of Venice—on that page where my name is written. That man was last night in this chamber, and perhaps walked upon the spot where now I stand. He wrote this letter, and yet I cannot lay hold upon him, and nail my vengeance on the affront. O! that I could make him cross a sea of blood upon this floor! To know that man, I would give ten years of my life! my right hand! the shroud of my father!"

"Show me the letter."—He handed it to her, she tore it open, and on the first glance recognised the hand-writing of Rodolpho, so long familiar to her. The shock was startling, but she suppressed all outward appearance of concern.

"Do you know the writing?" demanded Angelo.

"Let me read," she calmly replied, and proceeded as follows:—"Catharina, my best beloved one, you see plainly that heaven protects us. It was a miracle that saved us last night from your husband and that woman."—That woman!—"I love you my Catharina—you are the only one I ever loved. Fear nothing for me, I am in safety."

"Well, do you know the writing?"

"No, my lord," she replied, and leisurely folding the letter again, returned it to him."

"What think you of it? It cannot have been written by a man who has been but a short time in Padua—It is the language of passion of older date. O! I will rake the city but I will find that man! What do you counsel, Thisbe?"

"Seek for him."

"I have given orders that no one shall have free access to the palace this day, except yourself and brother; with you this precaution is unnecessary. All others shall be arrested and brought before me, that I may interrogate them myself. In the mean-

time I have one half of my vengeance in my hands, and speedily shall glut it."

"What mean you?"

"To kill that woman."

"Your wife!"

"All is prepared; and before one hour, Catharina Bragadini will be decapitated."

"Decapitated!"

"Yes. In this chamber—she exchanges the bed she has defiled, for the grave. That woman must die—I have decided dispassionately that there is but one thing to be done, and prayers cannot move me. Were my best friend, if I have a friend, to intercede for her, I should distrust him. Hear all, and talk of it if you please—Thisbe, I have long disliked that woman—I married her for family reasons, not for love. Her countenance is always sad, and her spirit oppressed, when in my presence. She has never borne me children—and then there is hatred in the blood—the traditions of our family. A Malipieri always hated some one. My grandfather hated the marquis Azzo, and he had him drowned in the sinks of Venice. My father hated the procurator Badoer, and he had him poisoned at a regalia of the queen Cornaro. For myself, I hate this woman!—I would not have done her wrong, but she is guilty and must be punished. She shall die. Her fate is sealed. There is no hope for mercy—were the bones of my mother to plead for her, I would turn a deaf ear, even to the prayer of my mother."

"Will the seignory of Venice allow you?"

"To pardon no one; to punish all, is my charter."

"But the family of Bragadini—your wife's family?"

"They will thank me."

"Your resolution is fixed, you say; then let her die." She paused—her countenance became more deeply overcast, and a slight heaving of her fair bosom betrayed an inward struggle, as she continued—"I approve of your resolution. But since all is still secret, since no name has been pronounced, it would

be well to save her a torment, the palace from the stain of blood, and yourself from public shame. The executioner will be a witness, and one witness is too many."

"True, poison would do better. But it should be sure and speedy, and I have none such here."

"I have," replied Thisbe, in a low husky voice that almost choked her utterance.

"Where?"

"In my chamber."

"What poison is it?"

"The poison Malaspina. You remember the bottle that was sent to me by the prior of St. Marc?"

"True, I remember—that is a speedy and certain poison—well, you are right. It is better that the deed should be between ourselves. Thisbe, I have every confidence in you, and would have you understand that I am justified in the course I have adopted. It is to avenge my honour, and every man thus injured would do the same; still it is a gloomy task in which I am engaged. I have here no other friend than you—I can trust no one but you, and I require your aid. Will you assist me?"

"I will."

"She will disappear without any one knowing how or wherefore. The grave is dug, the service will be sung, but no one knows for whom, and the body shall be carried in secret to the grave, by the night guards who brought this letter—I still have them in custody. You are right; let darkness envelope the whole transaction. Send for the poison."

"I alone know where to find it, and will go myself."

"Go—be speedy. I shall await you." Thisbe withdrew to procure the fatal drug. "Yes, it is better as she says!—I have been grossly wronged! still the deed partakes more of the gloom of crime than should rest upon chastisement!"

The door of the oratory opened and the priest came forth, his eyes bent down and his arms crossed over his bosom. He walked slowly across the cham-

ber, in silence, and as he was about to go out, Angelo turned to him, and said—

"Is she prepared?"

"She is, my lord," replied the priest, and went out. Catharina appeared at the door of the oratory, and overheard the question and the answer.

"Prepared for what?" she demanded.

"To die!"

"To die!—Is it then true!—Is it then possible! O! I cannot realize that idea! To die! No, no, I am not prepared; I am not prepared for that!"

"How long would it require to prepare yourself?"

"O! I know not—much time!—To die so suddenly!—But I have done nothing to deserve death. My lord, my lord! still grant me one day!—No, not one day only! I know that I shall not have more courage to-morrow. Spare my life?—Let me live! a cloister! you will not be so cruel, but that you will let me live there?"

"Yes—on one condition."

"Name it. I wish for nothing more. Nothing but life."

"Who wrote this letter?—name the man—Deliver him to my vengeance."

"My God!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in agony.

"Do this, and you shall live. The scaffold for him, for you a convent—that will satisfy me—Decide." She stood statue-like, her hands clenched together, and her eyes raised towards heaven. "Well, you do not answer me."

"Yes, I will answer you—my God!" a shudder ran through her whole frame.

"Decide, madam."

"It was cold, very cold in that oratory."

"Hear me," he continued, after a pause, in a voice that froze her blood: "I would be merciful to you, madam. You have still one hour before you, during which I leave you alone; no one shall interrupt you. Employ that hour in reflection; I place this letter on the table. Write that man's name at

the bottom, and you are saved. Catharina Bragadini, it is a mouth of marble that commands you to deliver that man to me, or die. Make your selection, you have one hour."

"O! one day!"

"One hour," was the stern reply, and he left the room, and locked the door after him. She hastened to the door, it was barred—she looked out of the window—to escape by that means was to leap into the arms of death. She turned away in despair, and sank upon a sofa, overpowered by her feelings.

"To die! O God! It is a terrible idea when it comes upon one so suddenly and unexpectedly. To have no more than one hour to live! But one hour! O! that such a fate awaited him, that he might know how horrible it is! I am exhausted. I cannot rest here—my bed will refresh me better. If I could obtain but one moment's repose!"

She arose, tottered towards the bed and drew the curtains open. She stood paralyzed for a moment, then convulsively closed the curtains, and recoiled with terror, for in the place of the bed she beheld a block covered with a black cloth, and an axe resting on it.

"O! I can no longer look at that! Heavens it is for me, and I am alone with it here!" She returned to the sofa, fell upon it, and concealed her face in her hands. "Behind me! It is behind me! O! I dare not turn my head!—mercy, mercy! The fearful preparations behind that curtain convince me that all is reality that passes here!"

The small door already alluded to, was now cautiously opened, but not so gently but that the sound startled Catharina, she raised her head and beheld her lover.

"Heavens! Rodolpho!" In a moment he was beside her.

"Yes, Catharina, I have come to see you for an instant. You are alone, how fortunate! But, you are very pale, and appear distressed?"

"I have reason to be so. Your imprudence in coming here in open day at present."

Ah! I was alarmed—very uneasy, and could not stay away."

"Uneasy, at what?"

"I will tell you presently, I am too happy in finding you here so tranquil."

"How did you enter?"

"With the key that you gave me yourself." He referred to the private key which Thisbe had obtained from the Podesta, and which she handed to Catharina to give to Rodolpho.

"I know that; but I mean into the palace?"

"That gives me some concern. I entered without difficulty, but I cannot go out again."

"How?"

"The guard at the palace gate mentioned to me that no one could pass out before night. Those are his orders."

"No one before night! Escape is then impossible!" sighed Catharina, inaudibly.

"There are *sbires* traversing all the passages. The palace is guarded as if it were a prison. I succeeded in gliding into the large gallery, and I am here. You say that nothing has transpired since I left you?"

"Nothing, nothing. Be at ease, Rodolpho.—All is as usual here. Look around you. You see that nothing is deranged in this chamber. But you must go soon. I tremble lest the Podesta should enter."

"Fear nothing from that quarter. He is at this time on the bridge Molino,—there below, questioning those who are brought under arrest. O! I was uneasy Catharina!—a strange air pervades the whole city to-day, as well as the palace. Bands of archers and Venetian soldiers hurry along the streets. The chapel of Saint Antoine is hung with black, and the priests are now chanting a requiem for the dead.—But for whom, they are ignorant. Do you know?"

"No—no."

"I could not enter the chapel. The city is struck

with amazement. Every one speaks low. There is something terrible going forward. Where, I know not. It is not here, and that is all that concerns me. My poor friend, you do not doubt all this in your solitude?"

"No—O, no!"

"But what does it concern us!—Tell me, are you recovered from the emotion of last night? O! what an adventure! I understand nothing yet.—Catharina, I have freed you from that wretch Homodei. He will do you no more mischief."

"Do you think so?"

"He is dead.—But positively there is something! Your countenance is sad. Catharina, conceal nothing from me. Has any thing occurred?—O, they shall sooner take my life than injure thee."

"No, there is nothing.—Only I wish you were out of the palace. I tremble for you."

"What were you doing when I entered?"

"Ah!—Rest satisfied Rodolpho, I was not sad;—on the contrary, I was endeavouring to recall the air that you sing so sweetly. See, I have still my guitar there."

"I wrote to you this morning. I met Reginella, to whom I gave the letter. It has not been intercepted, I hope.—It has arrived safely?"

"The letter has come to hand, as you perceive," she replied, pointing to it lying on the table.

"Ah! you have it! That is well. One is always uneasy when one writes."

Reginella, after receiving the letter from Rodolpho, was hastening to the palace, when she was met by Homodei. He had seen them together, suspected what was going forward, and by working upon the poor girl's fears, finally became possessed of that evidence, which would ultimately gratify his revenge, should it fail to terrify Catharina into submission to his passion. He was exulting in his triumph, and still undetermined which course to adopt, when Rodolpho crossed his path near the bridge Altina. Inflamed with rage at the treachery that had been prac-

tised upon him the preceding night, and feeling that the life of Catharina and his own were in the hands of a wretch, influenced by no principle of humanity, he attacked and slew him, viewing it as an act justified by the laws of self-preservation. The deed was no sooner done than Rodolpho was alarmed by the approach of the guards. He fled. What followed has been made known.

"All the passages from the palace are guarded, you say?" continued Catharina, "And no one can go out before night?"

"No one. Such is the order."

"Leave me now," she continued. "You have spoken to me—have seen me—have satisfied yourself, that though the city is in confusion, all is tranquil here. Go, my Rodolpho, in the name of Heaven, go!—If the Podesta should enter!—Quick! Depart!—Since you are obliged to remain in the palace until night, I will close your cloak myself—that way!—Your hat on your head—so!—And when in the presence of the *sbires*, assume your natural air—be at your ease—no affectation to avoid them—no precaution. Precaution would denounce you. And if by chance they should ask you to write something—a spy—who perhaps would spread a snare for you—find some pretext not to write."

"Why that caution, Catharina?"

"Why?—I would not have any one see your writing. It is an idea that I have, and you well know that women have strange ideas at times. I thank you for having come—for having remained—I feel joyful at seeing you. You see plainly that I am tranquil, cheerful, content,—that I have my guitar there, and your letter. However, go quickly. I wish you were gone. Still, one word more. You know that I have never yet granted you any liberty—you know it well."

"I do."

"Notwithstanding, I would now demand something of you, Rodolpho—one kiss!"——

"O! it is heaven!" he exclaimed, clasping her rapturously in his arms.

"I see that heaven opens to receive me."

"What ecstacy!"

"You are happy?"

"Yes, very, very happy."

"Retire then for the present, my Rodolpho."

"Thanks! Angels watch over you!"

"Farewell, Rodolpho. I love you."

He hastily retired through the secret passage by which he entered. The first impulse of Catharina, when left alone, was to follow and fly with him, It was but a momentary thought. The act would bring down destruction on his head, and avail nothing. Then burst forth from her trembling lips a fervent prayer that no ill might befall him—that the *sbires* might not arrest him—no one prevent his escape at night. But what reason was there that suspicion should fall on him?—Thought succeeded thought in rapid succession. Hope and fear were blended. She hastened to the door of the corridor, and listened in breathless suspense to his receding footsteps. When no longer heard, she raised her bended form, clasped her hands, and she exclaimed, in a tone of exultation, "Thank God! he is safe!"

The hour had already elapsed, and Angelo again entered the chamber, accompanied by Thisbe. There was no trace of mercy yet to be seen in his countenance, and his fair companion was pale, stern, and to outward appearance, calm. Still there was an occasional muscular movement of the lips, that betrayed that all was not quiet within. Her mind was labouring with some fearful birth, but whether good or ill, the trembling victim could not discover. She dreaded the worst; and, while gazing on the statue-like form of her supposed executioner, she involuntarily exclaimed: "What is that woman!—The same who was here last night?"

"Have you reflected, madam?" demanded Angelo.

"I have."

"And you have resolved to deliver up the author of that letter to punishment?"

"I have not entertained such a thought for a single instant," she replied, with an unfaltering voice.

"Courageous woman!" murmured Thisbe.

Catharina was aware that she had pronounced her own doom; but there is no sacrifice too great in the eyes of woman to make for the man she truly loves. There is an integrity in her affection, such as man is incapable of feeling; for even when he imagines that his heart is full of one object alone, there is still room for other thoughts and feelings; but with woman it is otherwise. She loves entirely, solely—disregards this world, and at times her thoughts of the next become vague, indistinct, undefined.

Angelo made a sign to Thisbe, who produced a small golden vial, and placed it on the table.

"Come, will you drink this?" said the Podesta.

"Is it poison?"

"It is, madam."

Catharine clasped her hands, and murmured in a low voice—"O! God! You will one day adjudge this man. Have mercy on him! Have mercy on him!"

"Madam, the Proveditor Urseleo, one of the Bragadini—one of your ancestors—destroyed Marcella Galbai, his wife, in the same manner, and for the same crime."

"The faults of my ancestors will not mitigate your guilt," replied Catharina. "Let us speak plainly. You come in cold blood, with poison in your hands! Culpable? No, I am not the slightest, the way you imagine. But I will not descend to justify myself, for he whose life has been one lie, would not believe me. I know you. You married me for my wealth; because my family had a right in the waters of the cisterns of Venice. You said, "That brings one hundred thousand ducats a year, and I will have that woman." And what a life have

I passed with you for five years! You never loved me; still you are jealous, and keep me in prison. Your life is one scene of debauchery—but that is winked at: every thing is allowed to man. You are always cruel, always gloomy towards me. Never a kind word; but forever speaking of the doges that have been in your family, and endeavouring to humiliate me in mine. Say, do you think this is the way to render a woman happy? O! he should suffer what I have endured, that he might know what is the lot of woman! Well, I confess I loved a man before I knew you, and I love him still. You would kill me for that: if you have the right, the times are fearful indeed. You are happy in having that letter for a pretext. Well, well; adjudge, condemn, and execute! In darkness, in secret, by poison! You have the power." She turned abruptly to Thisbe, and demanded—"What think you of that man?"

"Be guarded," exclaimed Angelo, flushed with passion. Catharina continued, addressing Thisbe:

"And you, who are you? What is it you would with me? It is a noble deed you are doing here! The notorious mistress of that man seeks the destruction of his wife! You have been a spy upon me, until you have magnified a fault that enables you to place your foot upon my head. You assist my husband in the execrable deed he contemplates, and possibly have furnished him with the means to execute it." She turned to Angelo, and added—"What think you of this woman, my lord?"

"Come, madam, finish," exclaimed the Podesta, seizing her by the arm, and leading her to the table.

"Well, since it must be done, I will accomplish your wishes," said Catharina, taking the vial; but, gazing on it for a moment, she recoiled—"No—it is frightful! I will not! I have not fortitude! O! reflect on what you are doing, while there is time. A feeble, defenceless woman, who has no parents near her; no family; no friends; no living creature

to breathe a word in her behalf! Would you assassinate her! Poison her miserably in a corner of your palace! Man, man! is there not one spark of human feeling in your bosom?"—Perceiving, from the countenance of the Podesta, that her appeal had failed to awaken mercy, she burst into tears, and, clasping her hands in an agony of despair, sobbed: "My mother, my mother, my mother!"

The actress, who had remained a silent spectator of the foregoing scene, now turned to wipe away the starting tear, and sighed in a tone almost inaudible, "Poor woman!" Still it was not so low but that it reached the ear of the victim. Compassion need not speak trumpet-tongued to be heard. Catharina turned to Thisbe, and seizing her hand, continued in a hurried and tremulous voice:

"You exclaimed, 'poor woman!' You said so! I heard it plainly. O! do not deny having said it. You pity me. O, yes! Allow compassion to soften your heart. You see that he would assassinate me. But you would not have it so? It is impossible! Hear me. I will explain to you—tell all to you. You will then talk to him;—tell him that what he would do is horrible. It is useless for me to say that; but from you it will have more weight. Sometimes a single word from a stranger will recall a man to reason. If I have offended you ever, pardon me. I have never yet done any thing evil—truly evil. I am still innocent. You understand me; but I cannot say that to him. Men will never believe us, you know. Do not tell me to have courage, I beseech you. I am not ashamed at being a feeble woman, and he ought to have compassion for me. I weep, because I fear death. It is not my fault."

"I can wait no longer," cried Angelo. "Catharina Bragadini, your crime calls for chastisement, the open grave for a coffin, the outraged husband for the death of his guilty wife. Supplication for mercy is in vain. Will you drink this?" he added, holding up the poison.

"Never!"

"Then I return to my first intention. The sword! the sword!—Troilo!" he exclaimed, and violently left the chamber to go in pursuit of a fit creature to execute his savage purpose.

"Hear me," said Thisbe, when they were alone. "We have but an instant. Do what is required of you, or you are lost. I cannot explain myself more clearly, lest you commit some imprudence. Just now you nearly awakened the suspicions of the Podesta, that I sympathized with you. What madness.—The sword will not pardon.—Drink.—Resist no longer.—Since it is you whom *he* loves, there is nothing beside yourself, at this time, to be thought of. I tell you *that* has already broken my heart."

Catharina attempted to interrupt her, but she continued in the same earnest and hurried manner.

"Do as you are directed. No resistance—not a word. Above all, shake not the confidence that your husband has in me. Do you understand? I dare not say more:—in your madness all would be betrayed. Yes, in this chamber there is a wretch who must die—it is so decreed; but it is not you, not you!"

"I will do as you wish," replied Catharina.

"Hark! I hear him returning!" Thisbe hastened to the door, and as it was thrown open, she cried to the Podesta, "Alone, alone! enter alone!"—Catharina caught a glimpse of an executioner with a naked sword in the adjoining apartment. Angelo entered, and the doors closing, shut out from her view the appalling object. Thisbe continued: "She is resigned to take the poison."

"Do it, and quickly, madam," said the Podesta, addressing his wife. She took the vial, and turning to Thisbe, said, in a subdued tone, "I know that you are the mistress of my husband. If in your inmost heart there lurks one thought of treachery, from necessity to destroy me or ambition to take my place, which no one need envy, may heaven forgive

you. And though it is hard to die so young, I would rather do what I am about to do than that which you have done." Saying which, she swallowed the potion. Thisbe replied not, betrayed no emotion, but kept her eyes intently fixed upon her. Angelo hastened to the door, where his minions awaited his orders, and cried, "Begone!" and then returned to gaze upon his victim.

There was a pause of fearful suspense. The guilty and the innocent gazed in breathless silence upon each other, communing with their own thoughts. The deed was done, and the passion of Angelo subsided, and gave place to other feelings. Rage was succeeded by fear, and a sense of self abasement, and he felt that Thisbe must contemplate him with abhorrence, though her hands were of as deep a die as his own. She stood like one heart-sick of this world:—a world that she had commenced with shame and contumely as her heritage, and in her progress through life, she found no one disposed to deprive her of one jot of her birthright. It had been paid with interest. Still she contemplated Catharina with an interest that manifested that all human ties were not severed. The silence was at length broken by the dying woman:—"Ah! that drink freezes my blood! Are you now satisfied, my lord?—I know well that I am about to die, and no longer fear you. Still I must say to you, who have been my demon here, as I shall say to my God hereafter, I am innocent of the charge alleged against me."

"I do not believe you," replied Angelo.

"I *do* believe her," murmured Thisbe.

"My senses fail me," continued Catharina, struggling with the effects of the potion. "No—not on that sofa. Do not touch me!" she cried to Angelo, who approached to assist her. "I have already told you that you are an infamous man!"—She tottered towards the door of the oratory. "I wish to die on my knees.—Before the altar.—To die alone.—With-

out having you two gazing on me." Having reached the door, she sustained herself against it for a moment, and continued in a voice scarcely articulate:—"I would die in prayer to God—for you, my lord, for you"——

She entered the oratory, and closed the door after her. Angelo called one of his minions, and directed him where to find the key of his secret hall—that in that hall he would find two men, whom he was to conduct to the Podesta without exchanging words with them. The man withdrew, and Angelo turned to Thisbe, and told her that after giving some instructions to the two night guards, he would confide to her the care of superintending the completion of the gloomy work. The night guards were shown in, and he turned to them and said:

"You have often been employed in executions at night in this palace. You know the vault where the tombs are?"

"We do, my lord."

"The palace is full of soldiers. Can you descend into that vault, and go out from the palace without being seen?"

"We can. The secret passages are familiar to us, my lord."

"It is well." He opened the door of the oratory but looked not in. "There lies a woman who is dead. Go and carry her secretly into the vault. You will there find a slab that has been displaced, and a grave with a coffin. Deposit the woman in the grave and replace the slab. You understand?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

"You are compelled to pass through my apartment. I will go and see that it is cleared." He turned to Thisbe—"Be careful that all may remain secret."

Thisbe no sooner found herself alone with the night guards, than she drew a purse from her bosom, and said—"Two hundred sequins of gold are in this purse.—For you!—And to-morrow morning double

the amount if you perform faithfully all that I shall direct."

"It is a bargain, madam," replied the guard, taking the purse. "Where shall she go?"

"First to the vault," she answered, and they entered the oratory for the purpose of carrying the body to the grave.

PART IV.

The Conclusion.

It was now past the hour of midnight. Silence and darkness reigned throughout the city. Angelo had retired to his widowed bed, and endeavoured to sleep; but his restless mind was delving among the tombs where his murdered wife was deposited, and there was no power on earth could tear it from the grave. She stood before him, palpable to sight, in all the freshness, beauty, and buoyancy of youth; but suddenly the vision changed, and his heart sickened, as he beheld the bloated corse—the process of decay—the ghastly fragments of mortality. And yet his mind clung to that which most appalled it. Strange it is, that the most beautiful work of creation,—whose presence is heaven, man's greatest good, and without whom this world had remained one chaos,—when stripped of its earthly vestment, and resolving itself into its original elements, should become the most revolting spectacle that man can contemplate, and he shrinks with horror from the object he once clasped with ecstacy to his bosom. And yet the source of all his joys—the beautiful exterior, that his soul doated on—when redolent with life contained but this!

We must now visit the chamber of Thisbe, the actress. But two nights before, her palace resounded with the revelry of the gay and noble; but now

all was dark and silent. On the tables and *fauteuils* in her chamber were scattered masks, fans, jewel boxes half open, and various articles of theatrical costume, in such confusion as betrayed that they had ceased to excite her pride or ambition. With what feelings of exultation did she not at one time contemplate them! They were as a talisman to recall her hopes, her fears, her trials, her triumphs through life. With these she had elicited the applause of admiring thousands, until her young heart swelled with more pride at her success in the mimic scene, than had ever been experienced in real life by those whose characters she counterfeited. But now the trappings were neglected and despised. The withering hand of grief soon opens our eyes as to the ideal value of the gewgaws of this world.

While the Podesta was dreaming of the grave of his wife, Thisbe was there, with the two men whom she had bribed to do her bidding. She held a small lamp, and screened its rays with her cloak, while they in silence removed the marble slab. The grave was opened, the body taken from the coffin and placed upon a litter. She carefully covered the body with a sheet, placing the cross on Catharina's bosom. The coffin was closed again, the marble slab replaced, and the men took up the litter and followed the actress in silence. They entered her chamber, bearing their precious burthen. There was no one there but a little black page, belonging to Thisbe.

Catharina was taken from the litter, and placed on a bed behind an alcove, which was surrounded by curtains. All passed in silence. The actress took a small mirror from her toilet, and going to the bed uncovered the face of Catharina; then said to the page—"Approach with your light."* She placed

*Victor Hugo is said to be a warm admirer of the writings of Shakspeare, and that he views him in the same light that all do who understand his works—as the greatest dramatic genius the world has produced. This scene will remind the

the mirror before Catharina's lips—"I am satisfied." She closed the curtains of the alcove, and turning to the guards, added—"You are sure that no one has seen us in our passage from the palace here?"

"The night is very dark," replied one of the guards. "The city is deserted at this hour, and you know that we encountered no one, madam. You saw us deposit the coffin in the grave, and cover it with the slab. Fear nothing. We know not whether this woman is dead; but this is certain, to the whole world she is sealed up in the tomb. You may do as you please in the matter."

"It is well." She turned to the page. "Where are the male habits that I ordered you to have ready?"

"They are there, madam," he replied, pointing to a bundle in a dark corner of the room.

"And the two horses I told you to order. Are they in the court?"

"Saddled and bridled."

"Good horses?"

"I will answer for them," replied the page.

She turned to the night guard. "Tell me, how long will it require, with good horses, to get beyond the state of Venice?"

"'Tis as it happens. The most speedy route is to go straight to Montibacco, which belongs to the Pope. That may be done in three hours, with good roads."

"That will do. Now go. Silence as to all that has passed here, and return to-morrow morning for the promised reward." The men withdrew, and Thisbe continued, addressing the page—"Go thou and close the door of the house. Under no pretext whatever allow any one to enter."

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intelligent reader of Romeo and Juliet, and the incident of the mirror occurs in King Lear. After the death of Cordelia, the heart-broken father says:

> ——— Lend me a looking glass.
> If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
> Why then she lives ———

"Signor Rodolpho has his private entrance, madam. Must that be closed also?"

"No—leave that open. If he comes, let him enter; but he alone;—no other—especially if Rodolpho comes. For yourself, do not approach this chamber unless I call you. For the present leave me."

The page retired, and Thisbe was alone with the body. For three nights she had not slept, during which time her mind had been in one constant state of excitement, little short of frenzy. But the tempest of her feelings had now subsided, her action was subdued and calm, and she moved the spectacle of despair. Life had lost its charm; still there was one object to be fulfilled, the completion of which bound her to this world. All other thoughts had been banished, that remained alone, and she clung to it as to the last frail tie upon life. She continued, talking to herself:

"There is not much longer time to wait. She did not wish to die. I understand that—she knew she was beloved! But otherwise, death is preferable to life!" She turned to the bed. "O! you will die with joy! My brain's on fire! For three nights I have not slept! No matter—the eternal night is near, and I shall sleep!"

Her eyes rested upon her theatrical robes and trinkets for a moment, and she rapidly contrasted her present feelings with those they at one period were calculated to inspire. The contrast was appalling; they now filled her mind with loathing, and she was astounded as she recalled the magic influence they once possessed over her. In our moments of sadness and sorrow, how trivial appear the sources of departed joys!

"O, yes, we are happy—very happy! They applaud us on the stage, follow us, admire us, flatter us, and cover us with garlands of flowers, but the heart bleeds beneath! You played Rosamond admirably, madam! The imbeciles! And this is the extent of our happiness. O! Rodolpho! to believe in thy love is an idea necessary to my life! While

I indulged in that delusion, I have often thought that if I were to die, it would be near him; and to die in that manner would render it impossible ever after to tear my memory from his soul; my shade would remain always by his side, between him and all other women. Even in death he would be mine. I would not have him forget me. Alas! whither am I going! Where am I falling! See what the world has done for me! See what love has done for me!"

She approached the bed, drew open the curtains, and gazed steadfastly on the pale countenance of Catharina for a few moments, then took up the brass cross that was lying on her bosom, looked at it and burst into tears.

"O! if this crucifix has brought good to any one in this world, it is not to your child, my mother!"

She placed the crucifix on the table. A door concealed in the hangings opened, and Rodolpho entered the apartment—she continued,

"It is you, Rodolpho! So much the better. I would speak to you. Hear me."

"And I would also speak to you, madam, and it is you who must hear me," he replied, in a tone of voice that froze her blood, while his eyes and cheeks were flushed with passion.

"Rodolpho!"

"Are you alone, madam?"

"Alone."

"Give orders that no one shall enter here."

"I have already done so."

"Permit me to close these doors." He went to the several doors of the apartment and carefully fastened them with the bolts, then returned to Thisbe, and stood silent for a time, mingled feelings of rage and grief impeding his utterance.

"I await what you have to say to me," she calmly remarked, though she plainly read what was passing in his mind. At length he commenced in a stern husky voice, which strangely contrasted with the gentle tone that was wont to proceed from his lips, when addressing her:

"Whence come you? Wherefore art thou pale! What have you done this day, speak? Where have you passed the execrable hours of this day, speak? No, I will tell you. Do not answer—do not deny, do not equivocate. I know all—all that you would say to me. Daphne was there, but two steps from you; separated only by a door, in the oratory; she witnessed all; overheard all. Your fearful conference. The Podesta said "I have no poison," you answered, "I have, I have!" Ah! you had poison; well, I have a dagger!" saying which he drew a poniard from his bosom.

"Rodolpho!"

He continued sternly—"You have one quarter of an hour to prepare yourself for death."

"Ah! you will kill me! Is that then the first idea that brought you here? You would kill me; yourself also, without delay, without being certain. Can you form so fearful a resolution so easily? Is the tie between us so lightly broken? You would kill me for the love of another! O! Rodolpho, is it then true—let me hear it from your own lips; you then have never loved me?"

"Never!"

"Well, that word kills me! Unhappy wretch! I care not how soon thy poniard completes the work."

"Love for thee! Never the slightest! Thank God I can boast of that!—Pity, nothing more."

"Ingrate! one word more; tell me; she, you then loved her much?"

"Did I love her! a being so pure, chaste and saint-like! an altar where the holiest thoughts reposed! Did I love her! she was my life, my pride, my consolation! I had no thought but she was mingled with it; no wish but for her welfare, no joy on earth but in beholding her! she was all to me! Even thus I loved her!"

"Then I have done well."

"You have done well?"

"Yes, I repeat, I have done well. But are you certain what it is I have done?"

"Am I certain! must I tell you a second time that Daphne was there; that she saw and heard all! has told me all; and her fearful story still pierces my brain. You and the Podesta were alone with your victim. For two hours you kept her there in mortal agony, weeping, praying, supplicating mercy, demanding life; you prayed for life, my Catharina! on your knees, your hands clenched in despair, and dragging yourself at their feet, you prayed for life, and they mercilessly denied you even that! O! God! and the poison! it was you who went for it! it was you who forced her to drink it! and when the poor victim was dead, it was you who carried the body away! supervising to the last! Monster, where have you placed it? This you have done, and yet ask if I am certain!"

He drew a handkerchief from his bosom. "This handkerchief which I found in Catharina's chamber, to whom does it belong? To you! That crucifix!" pointing at it lying on the table, "which I find in your possession, to whom does it belong? To her! and yet you ask if I am certain! Come, pray, weep, and in your turn, ask for mercy; do quickly what you have to do, and let us make an end!"

"Rodolpho!"

"What have you to say to justify yourself? speak quickly."

"Nothing. All that you have said is true. Believe all. You have come in time, for I wish to die, near you, at your feet. To die by your hands, is more than I ever dared to hope! To die by your hands! O! I shall fall perhaps in your arms, and shall then be sure that you will hear my last words; my last sigh will not escape you. I have no longer a wish to live. You do not love me, kill me, it is the only service you can render me now."

"Come, make an end of this."

"Hear me for an instant," she continued: "I have been destined to a life of sorrow. These are not mere words, but a swelling heart that overflows. The world has little compassion for such as me, and

yet we are often possessed of both virtue and courage. Why should I cling to life! a beggar in my infancy, and from the age of sixteen destitute of bread. The street my home, I have fallen from one slough to another—my only choice famine or shame. I know well what you would say:—Die of famine, but I have endured much. But all your pity is for the great and noble. If they weep you console them. If they do wrong, you excuse them; but for us, all is too good for us. You overwhelm us; wonder why we complain—all are against us, we were born to suffer. Rodolpho, in my situation, do you know that I have sought for a heart to understand mine? If there had been no one, whom I supposed loved me, what would have become of me! I do not say that to move you—to what purpose! There is nothing left me on earth. But I love you. O! how fervently, devotedly, Rodolpho, you will not know until I am dead! you do not hear me. Do I fatigue you with what I say? Ah! I am truly wretched; no one on earth has any pity for me!"

Rodolpho was too much engrossed with his own feelings to hear her. He could not disengage his mind from the account Daphne had given him of the fate of Catharina; and he continued in a terrific tone:—

"Am I certain!—The Podesta went in search of four shires, and during that time you persuaded her to take the poison. My senses are wandering!—Where is she?—Speak, is it then true that you have killed her—that you have poisoned her?—Where is she?—Speak, where is she?—The only woman I ever loved! the only one! hear me! the only one!"—

"The only one!—It is cruel to use so many blows. For pity's sake, strike the last with this," said Thisbe, pointing to the dagger in his hand.

"Answer me, where is Catharina?—I repeat—the only one I ever loved!"

"You have no mercy!—You break my heart!" Her manner suddenly changed, her saddened countenance became animated, and she exclaimed, with

her usual energy, and with an air of triumph.—"Well, then, I hate that woman. Do you hear; I hate her!—Yes, you have heard the truth,—I am avenged! I poisoned her, killed her, and did not lose sight of her until I placed her in the grave, and closed the tomb."

"Ah! you confess it then!—Are you aware of what you say?—By Heaven, I believe you boast of it, wretch!"

"Yes, and what I have done I would do again.—Strike!—I am avenged?"

"Monster!"

"I killed her, I tell you! O! had you witnessed her last agonies! Strike!—I hated, but even in death I triumph!"

"Die, wretch!"—He stabbed her in the bosom, and she fell at his feet.

"Ah! to the heart!" sighed the poor girl. "You have smote me to the heart. It is well. Thanks, my Rodolpho!" She seized his hand, which was hanging powerless beside him, and kissed it.—"Thanks, you have freed me. Let me have your hand—I would do you no ill. My Rodolpho, best beloved, you could not see yourself when you entered,—but the manner in which you exclaimed—"You have one quarter of an hour"—raising that dagger! I had no longer any wish to live. Thank God, I am about to die. Speak one word of pity!—You have done well. I forgive you."

"Thisbe!"

"One word of pity. Look kindly on me. Will you?" He made no reply, but was horror-struck at the sight of the blood streaming from the bosom that still fondly loved him.

"Where am I? Rodolpho!" exclaimed Catharina, behind the curtains of the alcove. The sound awakened him from his stupor, and he turned with amazement towards the place whence the voice proceeded.

"What is that I hear?—whose voice is that?"

Catharina, who had outslept the effects of the nar-

cotic, raised herself in the bed, threw open the curtains, and came forward. On perceiving him, she uttered his name; he hastened to her, and took her in his arms.

"Catharina! Great God! You are here! Alive! How is this?—Just Heaven!" He turned to Thisbe, who was writhing on the floor. "Ah! what have I done!"

"Nothing!" sighed the dying girl, dragging herself to him. "You have done nothing. It is I who have done all. I wished to die. I thrust your hand."

"Catharina! you are alive!—Great God! by whom have you been saved?"

"By me, for thee!" sighed Thisbe.

"Heavens!"

"For thee—all, for thee!"

"Thisbe!—Help!—Wretch that I am."

"No—all aid is useless," continued Thisbe, in a feeble tone. "I know that well. Give yourselves up to joy as if I were not here. I would not restrain you. I deceived the Podesta, and gave a narcotic in the place of poison. There are horses ready—the dress of a man for her—depart quickly. In three hours you will pass the boundary of the state of Venice. Be happy. She is absolved from her vows. Dead to the Podesta, she lives for you."

Rodolpho kneeled down beside Thisbe, took her palsied hand, and gazed on her in speechless agony. She continued, in a faint voice, which was occasionally interrupted from exhaustion—

"I am dying. You will think of me sometimes, will you not?—And you will say, "Well, after all, she was a good girl, that poor Thisbe." O! that will make me start up in the grave! Reach me my poor mother's crucifix." Catharina took it from the table and handed it to her. "You saved my mother—I've repaid the debt. Farewell. Permit me, madam, to call him once again my Rodolpho. Farewell, my Rodolpho. Depart quickly from this—I die. Live.—Be happy.—I bless you!"

She raised the crucifix before her flickering eyes—

gazed on it for a few moments, then pressed it to her lips, and faintly sighed—"Mother, I come." She sank upon the floor and expired.

But little remains to be told. The lovers escaped to Rome, were united, lived long and happily;—the only cloud that darkened their pathway arose from the recollection of the devotion and magnanimity of poor Thisbe, and the ill requital she had received. Angelo, whose life was one scene of fear and trembling, before one year had elapsed, for "something or for nothing," found himself in the presence of the dreaded Council of Ten. He was confined in the *piombi*, of which he had dreamt so often; but he soon discovered that the reality was worse than his dream. From the *piombi* he was conducted at the dead of night to the canal Orfano—another of the spectres that had haunted him through life. There was but one plunge and his dream was over. He slept, but did not dream.

THE

CAMPAIGNER'S TALE.

"I knew his worth; he had a valiant heart.
How did he die?"
"———— As ill became a soldier."
Old Play.

Man at his birth is unquestionably a free agent, and is at liberty to exercise to the fullest extent his natural privileges by becoming a savage; but if he avail himself of the advantages conferred by social life, it is incumbent on him to conform with the regulations by which that society is kept together. We must all make some sacrifice for the public good; or, in other words, make a deposit in the public stock, for which we receive an incalculable interest. True, there are many who do not view the sacrifice in this light, but consider the existing organization of society as having introduced more and heavier afflictions than it has removed. I had a friend who entertained this opinion, and acted upon the principle of free agency until the close of life.

I served in the west of Pennsylvania during the Indian wars of Braddock's times. A soldier's life, when in actual service, is full of cares and dangers; but he has moments of enjoyment, unknown to those whose current flows smoothly on, and encounters

no obstruction. Attached to my mess was a little Frenchman who had seen much of the world, and became a man of the world from what he had seen. He was about fifty years old, possessing all the animation peculiar to his countrymen, and all the philosophy, or, in other words, the phlegmatic indifference which adversity teaches. He was a musician; sang sweetly, and played well on various instruments.

There are some to whom music appears to be their natural language. If they open their lips their words are full of melody, and if they but breathe into an instrument, it "discourses most excellent music." Such was the little Frenchman, and many a time over the watch-fire have the tedious hours of night been enlivened by the sweetness of his voice, or his skill upon his instrument, as he performed some exquisite little air of his native land. He was the favourite of the garrison, and literally the creature of circumstance. In one scale of fortune he would have been a godlike being, but thrown into the other, weeds grew rank in the soil where the most delicate flowers would otherwise have blossomed. How many are similarly constituted, and how many owe a life of virtue or vice to circumstances beyond their immediate control!

Pierre de Luce, for such was the little Frenchman's name, was completely an isolated being. He partook of the joys of others, but mourned over the sorrows of none, for he had learned from his rugged path through life, that he who has a tear for the griefs of all, will have little to do in this world beside weeping. He was himself invulnerable to sorrow. The sharpest arrow in the quiver could not wound him, for he was ignorant of those domestic ties which, when broken, leave the heart desolate, but as long as they exist, fortify the mind against "a sea of troubles." He had never experienced a parent's care, the sacred love of a wife, nor the affection of a child. He had struggled alone through the world from infancy; had gone from clime to clime, and in

the rough encounter, the better feelings of his heart were crushed. Self became the sole motive of action; and as virtue and vice too frequently depend upon the optics by which they are viewed, he had prescribed to himself a straight course, without caring by what appellation his conduct might be defined. Self was his polar star.

Though the better feelings of his heart had been chilled by the atmosphere of the world, when budding, they were not totally destroyed, and those affections which might have made the hearts of others glad were now lavished on a favourite dog. This dog was his constant companion: had travelled with him for years, and many a time did he divide his scanty rations, rather than his favourite should suffer from hunger.

Our little garrison was literally in the midst of a wilderness, surrounded by a savage enemy, from whom we were daily liable to attack, from which we apprehended the most melancholy result. The soldiers were worn out with fatigue and privation: we had not drawn full rations for some time, and the militia, of which the garrison was partially composed, were in a complete state of insubordination, which increased as the expiration of their term of service approached.

Many deserted, and Pierre, who called me his friend, urged me to the same measure. He contended for the principle of free agency in our conduct both towards man and God, and that, as soon as we cease to enjoy this birthright to the fullest extent, we approach a state of subjection which no one of God's creatures has a right to exercise over another. I listened to him, but a sense of right and a dread of the consequences of a departure from my duty, countervailed his sophistry. Not so with Pierre; he thought not of consequences, but acted as if the whole world were his own, and he were alone in the world. When the roll was called on the morning following this conversation, the little Frenchman and several others were missing.

A detachment was ordered out in pursuit of the deserters. I was among the number. We soon got upon their track, and pursued them into the recesses of the wilderness. They concealed themselves in caverns in order to elude our search. Following the course of a winding stream, we came into a wild dell where we halted to refresh ourselves. The soldiers were seated on the ground, taking their hasty meal, when the low growl of a dog was indistinctly heard. It awakened our attention. It was repeated, and we approached the spot whence it proceeded, which was a cavern formed by huge projecting rocks. We entered and discovered Pierre and another deserter at the extremity. When brought into the open air the latter appeared an altered being from what he was. He also belonged to the same mess with myself: a young man, a good soldier, and full of animal spirits. He had hitherto viewed life as a May-day upon the green where the villagers are assembled for a festival; but now the storm had lowered; a full sense of his situation flashed across his mind, and he stood before his companions crestfallen, dejected and silent.

Pierre was not in the least abashed. He stood erect as usual, and maintained his customary placid expression of countenance. I stood beside him, and of the two, might well have been mistaken for the offender. I loved the man, and my heart bled for him. He looked at me and then upon his dog, and said:

"I have fed and caressed that creature for years. He has been my travelling companion throughout Europe, and on this side of the Atlantic, and if I were weak enough to permit the conduct of others to wound my feelings, I should certainly experience a pang at being thus betrayed by him I considered my fastest friend." He patted the dog and added: "But it was unconsciously done." He might have read as much in the eyes of the dog.

We returned to the garrison, and the prisoners were confined in the guard-house. A court-martial

was held, they were tried and sentenced to be shot. After the sentence I visited Pierre in his prison, to condole with him on his approaching fate. He smiled at my distress and exclaimed:

"Why should I be distressed at the prospect of dying! What is this world to me, or I to the world, since there is no one to shed a tear for my sufferings. By death I escape from an order of things marked for injustice, ignorance and superstition. I was born where the light of the gospel shed its holy influence, and where the blessings of your social compact were acknowledged and enjoyed, and yet I have been an object of persecution from the cradle to the grave. I have been stationed here, patiently to endure unavailing wretchedness, and pass through existence without performing one single act that goes to answer the question, 'for what great end was I created?' My nature is as frail as the reed upon the margin of the stream, and yet it is an offence if I bend when the tempest passes over me. I am filled with passions, not for my gratification, and to throw a ray of light across the cheerless path I am condemned to travel, but to increase my torments by abstinence. What am I to think! How am I to act! I see the parricide rolling in luxury: blest with a heart of flint he scoffs at the ties that bind man to man, and while he spits at the face of heaven, he seems to be the choicest care of an ever-watchful Providence: and the lowly pauper who crawls through the world in meekness and humility, who in the benevolence of his heart shares his last crust with his faithful dog, steeped in tears of gratitude for the bounties of heaven, is suffered to perish by the way-side begging charity. Such is the equity of your system! I have visited the couch of sickness, where he who had coined his gold from the tears and blood of his fellow mortals, lay in state, with luxury around him, while all the restoratives in nature were sought for to prolong his useless life; and I have been in the miserable hovel, where he whose life had been one unvaried scene of abstinence and self mortification,

whose every act had been to exalt his nature, and leave some glorious monument behind, that he had not lived in vain: but I have seen him stretched on his pallet of straw; comfortless—with burning brain —broken heart—feverish—dying! and no other moisture on his parched lips than that which his eyes distilled at being obliged to leave the few he loved to the cold charity of an unfeeling world. These are among the benefits conferred on man by his social compact; then why should I deplore being about to escape from such an incomprehensible and inequitable order of things?"

The morning fixed for the execution of the deserters arrived. At day-break we were roused from our beds of straw by the beat of drum. There was an unusual stillness observed throughout the fort; every word was spoken in an under tone, and scarcely a sound was heard except that which proceeded from the band. Even the music seemed to partake of the prevailing melancholy; for never before had the reveille fallen on my ear like notes of sadness.

The morning was intensely cold. A heavy sleet had fallen during the night, and every object that the eye beheld was covered with ice. The trees glistened brilliantly and bent beneath their weighty encasement. The piercing wind moaned through the desolate forest, and I thought to myself that the melancholy sound was well adapted to the sorrowful occasion. As I looked around and beheld all nature, as it were, in her hour of adversity, I for a moment questioned whether I was still in that world so bright, luxuriant, and joyous in spring time. But when the sun arose in cloudless splendour, and his rich beams gave colouring to every glittering object, well might I have questioned the identity of the orb I trod upon. The scene indeed was brilliant beyond description, and all around was fairy land.

On my way from my quarters to the parade ground, I had to pass the small log cabin in which the prisoners were confined. A sentinel was stationed at the

door. There was a crevice between the logs, which had been rudely piled in building the hut. I could see its inmates from where I stood. I drew nigh and asked permission of the sentinel to speak to Pierre.

"Impossible," he replied.

"But one word."

"Not a syllable."

"He dies in less than an hour."

"True."

"And lone as he is in the world, there may be something that he would have a friend do for him after his death."

"Perhaps so; approach and speak to him for a moment, but no longer."

I drew nigh the crevice. Pierre was seated in a corner of the hut fondling with his dog, with as little concern as if he had a life of joy before him, instead of a death of terror. I called to him, he raised his head, and on recognising me, came to the spot where I stood.

"Is there any thing, I asked, that I can do for you before you die? Any wish you would have fulfilled afterwards?"

"Nothing," he replied; "I have always confined my wishes in this world, within my own powers of performance; and beyond it, man can do little that will afford me either pleasure or pain."

"Is there no one to whom you would have your dying blessing conveyed?"

"Ay: to all mankind, if it will avail them any thing, but if not, convert it all to your own especial use."

He smiled and stretched forth his hand; I grasped it and he returned the pressure. The sentinel called to me that the line was forming; I again pressed the prisoner's hand, and was hurrying away when he called me back.

"Stay," said he, "I had forgot, I have one request to make—Will you fulfil it?"

"Unquestionably!"

"On the honour of a soldier."

"And the sincerity of an honest man; be it what it may, I pledge myself to perform it."

"It is not much," said Pierre, "no more than this: should it fall to your lot to be one of my executioners, remember I have a heart." He perceived that I did not comprehend his meaning, and continued: "Let your musket ball find the way to it, for though I am a soldier, I would avoid unnecessary pain in dying."

Having arrived at the place of parade, the line was formed and a guard of six chosen to do the work of death. It fell to my lot to be one of the number. When my name was called, my heart leaped as it were to my throat; respiration was suspended and I nearly fell to the ground. Pierre was my friend. God only knows what I endured at that moment! My feelings were not to be envied even by him whose life I had been called upon to destroy: but I knew that the painful duty must be performed, though it snapped my heart-strings in the execution.

We were stationed in front of the line; the band commenced the dead march, and on turning my eyes towards the hut in which the deserters were confined, I beheld them approaching under a guard. The step of the little Frenchman was firm and steady, and he kept time with the solemn beat of the drum. He appeared as cheerful as if he had been going to parade, and never looked more like a soldier than on that occasion.

Not so his companion. All his senses appeared to be alive to the terror of his situation. As they marched in front of the garrison, a dead silence was observed; the soldiers were as fixed as statues, and deep sorrow was depicted in every countenance. The solemn beat of the drum, and the mournful note of the piercing fife, were re-echoed by the most distant hills. Various and indescribable feelings rushed in rapid succession on me. As I gazed on the extended and unpeopled waste around, and heard the only sound that proceeded from the garrison lazily booming over the ice-clad plain, I felt to the

fullest extent the fact that we were in the midst of the wilderness. I gazed on my sorrow-stricken comrades until I almost fancied we were beings of another region, and when my eyes fell upon those destined to die, the execution seemed to me even more terrible than deliberate and cold-blooded murder. The responsibility was appalling. It was the act of a few isolated beings, and not the act of the world. It was the slaying of a sharer in our dangers; one who was bound to us by every social tie; nay, by the indissoluble link of privation and misery. It struck me as being more horrible than fratricide.

The prisoners moved on in front of the line towards the spot appointed for the execution. It was beneath an old oak in the eastern corner of the garrison. Every eye was turned towards them; and sadness dimmed every eye. When they came to the spot where the guard of six was stationed, they paused for a moment; Pierre gave me a look full of meaning and smiled. It was not in pride or affectation, nor yet in scorn of mankind, but it was a smile of general benevolence; one in which the brightness of his soul shone forth, like the beams of the sun when setting. Not so his companion. Terror and distress were depicted in his countenance. He looked at us as if supplicating our mercy, and the look was mingled with the thought that we were to execute and not to weigh the deed our hands were about to perpetrate. It was agony to behold him, and terrible as was the thought that I was about to shed the blood of my friend, it was not half so painful as the idea of violently taking the life of one who manifested such terror at dying. Pierre marked the agitation of his companion; he seemed to read my feelings too, and as they moved on he pronounced the word, "remember;" his dog followed at his side, and even to that hour he was not unmindful of the affection of his dog.

They approached the old oak, beneath which the graves were dug and two rough coffins placed. We marched behind the prisoners to the solemn beat of

the drum, and I could not shake from my mind the recollection that we had often marched side by side to more spirit-stirring music.

We arrived at the spot and a brief prayer was offered, when Pierre's companion was led to the grave and desired to kneel upon the coffin. His animal functions had forsaken him; he shook like an aspen leaf, and wept like a child. There are some men who remain children in their feelings to the close of life; whose minds have not grown in proportion with the body, and whose nervous systems are controlled by the feebleness of the mind.

He knelt, and the cap was drawn over his eyes. The music ceased, the sergeant gave the word of command, and the poor wretch sobbed audibly. Pierre stood hard by with his arms folded, a mute spectator of the painful scene. Not a sound proceeded from the soldiers, arrayed to witness the fatal consequence of insubordination. We passed through the preparatory evolutions, the word "*fire!*" was given, and the deserter fell dead across the coffin, perforated by three wounds, each of which would have been mortal. Pierre looked upon the corpse, but betrayed no emotion. He stepped forward and stood beside the grave destined to receive his own mortal remains. The sergeant would have had him kneel: "No," he replied, "I have always met my enemies face to face, when they assumed the most threatening attitude, and can I do less to my friends?" The officer again urged him: "No, if I must die you shall shoot me down and let me die as a soldier, and not as a criminal." He stood erect with his face towards us, and his faithful dog at his feet. I never beheld him more calm and indifferent than he appeared to be at that moment. He caught my eye, and placed his right hand upon his heart. I understood the motion. My brain was on fire. Thought succeeded thought in rapid succession, but nothing was distinct, for they passed off without leaving an impression, even more rapidly than a flash of lightning. All was confusion. I felt not what was pass-

ing. I saw nothing but the figure standing before me, and was so completely bewildered that I was unconscious of his being my friend. The word was given. Every muscle was braced with determination. I raised the musket deliberately to my shoulder; the only thought, the only wish that entered my mind at that moment, was to hit the mark. It seemed like an age between the words, "*take aim,*" and "*fire.*" At length it was given. I heard the report of the muskets, saw Pierre fall, but nothing more. Darkness came over me; I sank to the earth, and when I awoke I found myself on the straw in my tent and one of the mess bathing my temples.

I inquired for Pierre.

"He is in his grave," said the soldier.

"Did he die in agony?"

"No: on the spot. There was a ball right through his heart."

I felt as if a ball had struck my own, and laughed wildly. The man thought me mad, and I was so. I knew who had inflicted the wound; the thought was hell to me, and I cursed the hand that had inflicted it. The curse fell on me, and to this day I feel as if I were unabsolved. The deed was done in mercy, in compliance with his dying wish, but even that reflection cannot assuage the poignancy of my feelings. I did my duty as a soldier, but destroyed myself as a man. A thousand times I have wished myself in the grave.

I was seized with a raging fever, succeeded by delirium, which confined me to my tent in a hopeless condition. During my illness Pierre's dog was a faithful attendant at my side. I felt reproached by his presence, though his looks were those of sorrow and affection. At night he slept on the grave of his master, and by day-light he would crawl to my tent. I never beheld a poor animal so stricken. When his master was buried, I was told that the whining of the dog touched the heart of the roughest soldier. He did not mourn long. I had been confined about two weeks when the faithful creature neglected to

pay his accustomed visit, and on inquiring for him, he had not been seen.

I was at this time convalescent, and on leaving my tent I considered it my first duty to visit the grave of my friend. I did so, and on it lay the dead body of the dog. I dropped a tear on discovering the stiff and frozen carcass of the affectionate animal. How few are mourned so sincerely by those whom God has endued with reason, and who acknowledge the force of natural and factitious ties! A plain man would say, he died of a broken heart, but metaphysicians may give the cause of his death some more learned appellation: what, I know not, but assuredly one that would not be as generally understood, and, perhaps, not as near the truth as that which I have assigned. I had the dog buried at the feet of his master. The garrison was broken up shortly afterwards, and the worn out soldiers returned to the haunts of man. Many had fallen victims to the hardships they endured, but none were so long and generally deplored as poor Pierre de Luce. How wonderfully and inexplicably is the mind of man organized! My friend died cheerfully, the victim of a departure from the line of duty, and I live in wretchedness for having fulfilled what my duty enjoined. His was a life free from anxiety, though he acknowledged no earthly power paramount to his will; whereas mine has been a pilgrimage of daily solicitude, notwithstanding I have fulfilled, to the utmost of my strength, every obligation enjoined by my country and my God.

THE

LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

The forests of North America are now unceasingly groaning under the axe of the backwoodsman; and it is no uncommon spectacle to behold a village smiling on the spot which a few months before was an almost impracticable forest, or the haunt alone of the wild beast and the savage.

"Great changes!" I exclaimed, as I alighted at the door of a log building, in front of which hung a rude sign to arrest the steps of the traveller. "A few years ago, there was scarcely the trace of a white man to be seen, where I now behold a flourishing town and a numerous colony of inhabitants—a large tract of forest land enclosed, and corn shooting up amid the dying trunks of its aboriginal trees."

"Our village thrives," was the laconic remark of a tall slender personage, who was lounging against the sign post of the village inn, around which half a dozen idlers were assembled.

"True; civilization has made rapid strides, but the red men, I perceive, have not yet disappeared from among you." (Four or five Indians were lying stretched upon a bank at a short distance from the inn door, basking in the rays of the setting sun.)

"Not yet," was the reply. "They come into the village to sell their peltries; but at present they are not very well satisfied with the intercourse we have had together."

"How so; do you take advantage of their ignorance of the value of their merchandise?"

"Possibly we do; but that is not their chief cause of dissatisfaction. They still prefer their council grove and summary punishment, to our court-house and prison."

"Court-house and prison! Cannot so small a community as this be kept together without the aid of such establishments?"

"I know not; but few communities, however small, are willing to try the experiment. As yet our prison has had but one tenant, and to his fate may be attributed the surly deportment of yonder savages. They belong to the same tribe."

I expressed a curiosity to hear the particulars of his story. My communicative friend led the way into the tavern, where, as soon as we were seated, he commenced his account in nearly the following words:—

"Tangoras was the chief of a neighbouring tribe of Indians. He is now advanced in years, but still retains much of the vigour of youth. Brave, expert in the chase, patient of fatigue, and beloved by his people; his voice is a law, for he is looked upon as the sole remaining example of what the tribe was before the whites appeared among them.

"He seems to have beheld the progress of civilization with the same feelings as the shipwrecked mariner watches the approach of the wave that is to wash him from the rock on which he has attained a foothold. The land of his fathers had been wrested from him. He defended it bravely until resistance was found to be fruitless; and when he became subject to the laws of the pale faces, he viewed their proceedings as tyrannical, and himself as little better than a slave.

"They told him that his condition would be ameliorated, but they would not suffer him to be happy in his own way; and, unluckily for the old chief, no one can define happiness in such a manner as will accord with the conception of another. All imagine

they comprehend its meaning, and all differ. From the cradle to the grave we are struggling to grasp it; but, like the delusive vessel formed of mists, it vanishes when considered nearest, and leaves us hopeless and alone in the midst of a turbulent sea.

"When he complained of the injustice done him, they urged that the earth was given to man to cultivate, and that he who refuses to fulfil the condition, loses his title to it. In vain did the old Indian argue from the same authority, that the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field were also given to man's use, and that he therefore preserved his hunting grounds inviolate; that he cultivated as much as his wants required; and that he who does more, brings a curse rather than a blessing upon his fellows, by introducing among them luxury and its attendant evils.

"They also told him that the Christian religion confers upon its professors, who are the immediate heirs of heaven, a right to the soil paramount to any human claim. The old chief, as he bowed to this decision, calmly replied, 'While you who profess superior knowledge are taught to pursue a line of action as perfect as can come within the comprehension of human intellect, wherever the cross has appeared; instead of awakening the best feelings of your nature, the demon of destruction seems to have been roused within you, and death and desolation have followed. Though you tell me it is the emblem of peace to all mankind, to us, at least, it has been the signal of war, of exterminating and merciless war.'

"But to proceed with my story:

"Tangoras seldom entered the villages of the whites, and refused to make use of our manufactures. He dressed himself in skins instead of the blankets, which his people had adopted; for he said, he would live as his fathers had lived, and die as they had died. About a year ago, at the head of a dozen of his tribe, he descended yonder hill by the narrow path which winds over it. His followers were laden with peltries; but the old chief marched

erect, with his tomax only in his hand, and his hunting-knife stuck in his girdle, for he scorned to be a pack-horse for the pale faces.

"As he entered the village, his countenance was stamped with more than usual austerity. I spoke to him, but he made no reply. He refused to enter our cabins, and turned away from food when it was proffered him. He stretched himself beneath the shade of the cypress tree at the big spring, while his followers proceeded to dispose of their merchandise.

"It so happened that four or five Indians belonging to a tribe inhabiting a tract of country somewhat lower down the river, were in the village at the same time. They had made their sales and purchases, and were about to depart as Tangoras and his people appeared. They soon mingled together, and a low guttural conversation ensued. From the violence of their gesticulations, we concluded that the subject was of deep interest. A tall handsome savage of about five-and-twenty years of age, active and athletic, kept aloof from the crowd, and appeared to be the subject of conversation, from the ferocious glances cast at him by the tribe of Tangoras. He was evidently uneasy; and as he slowly receded, as if intending to leave the village, he kept his dark eye lowering suspiciously upon the crowd. He had already passed the furthermost house, and drew nigh to the spot where Tangoras lay, too much wrapped in his own reflections to attend to what was going forward.

"The sound of footsteps awakened his attention: he slowly turned his Herculean frame, and, appearing to recognise the young savage, sprung in an instant upon his feet. A fierce yell succeeded, which the distant hills re-echoed, and the next instant we beheld the stranger flying, like the affrighted deer from the famished wolf, towards the mountains. Tangoras followed close behind. They crossed the plain with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow, and at intervals the fiend-like yell of the old chief startled

the eagle as he enjoyed his circling flight in the upper air.

"While crossing the plain, the youthful activity of the fugitive Indian enabled him to exceed the speed of his pursuer; but, in ascending the opposite ridge, it was evident that he was losing ground sensibly. A shout of triumph, which the evening breeze carried from mountain to mountain, proclaimed that Tangoras was aware of his advantage. The rest of the savages watched the chase with intense interest, and preserved a dead silence. They scarcely breathed as they leaned forward with their eyes fixed upon the parties ascending the rugged and winding path. The young Indian now stood upon a bare rock on the brow of the ridge. He paused for a moment to breathe. The motion of his body did not escape us as he drew a deep inspiration. He cast a look downwards upon his pursuer, who followed close after him. It was but a momentary glance, and the young man disappeared on the opposite side of the mountain. Tangoras sprang upon the rock, sent forth a yell, and the next moment was out of sight also. He did not pause to breathe, nor did he slacken his pace as he ascended the ridge; he could have kept on from the rising to the setting of the sun without fatigue or without abating his speed, for he united with the strength of the rugged bear the activity of the deer; nor did he fear to wrestle with the one without a weapon, or to hunt down the other without a dog to keep him on the trail.

"They were no sooner out of sight, than the savages in the village started in pursuit of them. As they sprang over the plain, they yelled and leaped like a herd of famished wolves on the scent of their prey. It was indeed a wild sight to behold them rushing along the narrow path over the mountain.

"The fugitive pursued his course down the western declivity with increased swiftness. It was the race of a maniac. He leaped from rock to rock at the hazard of his life, and had gained considerably

upon Tangoras, who followed with his eye fixed upon his victim, and without slackening his speed. At intervals he sent forth the piercing war whoop, and the fearful sound increased the speed of the fugitive.

"At the base of the mountain was a river deep and rapid. The fugitive came rushing down with the ungoverned velocity of a thing inanimate. He reached the green bank of the river, and, without pausing, sprang into its waves. The current bore him rapidly along, and the cool water refreshed his burning body. He had not swam far before Tangoras stood upon the bank, and immediately with a heavy plunge dashed into the river: he beat aside the waves with his sinewy arms; his head was elevated, and his broad chest parted the water, even as the prow of a vessel. He glided upon the surface as though he had been a creature of the element, and the small waves leaped about his brawny neck in playful wantonness. By this time the rest of the savages appeared on the brow of the mountain, and they rushed down the rugged path like fiends at their sport, leaping from crag to crag, as reckless of danger as though they had been immortal. As they threw their reeking bodies into the water, the fugitive was about ascending the bank on the opposite side. Tangoras was close behind him, for he had gained considerably upon him in the passage of the river. The race was now resumed. The fugitive darted off with renewed vigour, and the old chief followed at a steady pace across the verdant plain through which the river pursues its way.

"The Indian once more outstripped his pursuer; but as they entered upon the high lands, his speed diminished. The old chief perceived it, and as he kept on his even course, sent forth the war whoop as if in derision. The race continued over ridges and plains, and through streams, until they arrived at the foot of the next spur of the mountain. As they entered upon the steep ascent, the pursued strained every nerve to keep up his speed, while

Tangoras followed with as much ease in his motions, as if it had been but a race of amusement.

"The fugitive now deviated from the narrow path, and entered upon the most dangerous and rugged ground, in hopes that his pursuer through fatigue would desist from the chase; but the hope was vain, for he still followed with the same fixedness of purpose as at the outset. They soon found themselves in the depth of the wilderness. Higher and higher they clambered up in silence, assisting their ascent by clinging to stunted shrubs and the jutting pieces of rock. The other savages followed at a distance, yelling like fiends, and were guided by the echoes occasioned by the fragments of rocks, which, yielding to the tread, rolled down the side of the mountain. The young Indian had been hunted to desperation, when an ascent almost inaccessible presented itself. He braced every nerve, and leaping up, seized hold of the branch of a tree that grew from the declivity. Fortunately it sustained his weight, and he drew himself beyond the obstruction. He sprang from the tree to a jutting rock, which yielded beneath the pressure, and as he felt it moving, he threw himself forward flat upon the earth as the only means of preservation. The stone rolled from under him down the mountain, and a fearful yell was mingled with the crashing that it made in its passage. He turned and beheld Tangoras prostrate on the ground. A second look disclosed that he was bleeding. A laugh of joy and derision burst from the lips of the fugitive, who was still stretched upon the earth, but his triumph was of short duration. Tangoras soon sprang upon his feet again; his rage augmented by the smarting of his wounds, and leaping up with the elasticity of the panther, he readily achieved the ascent which had nearly exhausted the remaining strength of his victim, who slowly arose and again exerted himself to escape his determined pursuer.

"They had now almost reached the summit of the mountain. Tangoras pressed closely upon the young Indian, who with difficulty dragged along his wound-

ed and exhausted frame. At length he attained the highest point, and as he cast a look down the western declivity he started back, for it was too precipitous for mortal to descend and live. His deadly foe was within a few paces, and a savage smile of triumph was on his countenance. The fugitive was unarmed, and hope forsook him when he beheld the other draw his hunting-knife as he leisurely ascended, confident that his victim could not now escape. The young man stood erect, and facing his foe, tore off the slight covering from his broad bosom, which heaved as he drew his shortened breath. They were now face to face on the same rock—a pause ensued—their eyes glared upon each other—Tangoras raised his arm. "Strike!" cried the fugitive, and the next moment was heard the sound of his colossal body as it fell from rock to rock down the deep chasm, startling the birds of prey from their eyries. Tangoras stood alone on the rock, and the rays of the setting sun shone full upon him. The affrighted birds were screaming and flying in a circle over the spot where the body had fallen. When the rest of the savages had ascended the mountain, the old chief was still standing on the same spot, with the bloody knife in his hand, his mind absorbed by his feelings. They asked for the fugitive; he made no reply, but held up the blood-stained weapon, smiled, and pointed down the abyss. The friends of the deceased silently withdrew to search for the body, while Tangoras and his people returned to their village."

"And what cause had he for the perpetration of so merciless a deed?"

"The young Indian had a short time before assassinated his only son; and as his tribe refused to deliver up the murderer to punishment, the father, in conformity to their custom, took justice into his own hands, not dreaming that the whites would pronounce that a capital offence, which both the laws of the red men and their religious creed imperatively called upon him to perform. He was, however, apprehended, tried and convicted of murder. He did not speak

during his trial, but looked in scorn upon our grave deliberations; and sat in the prisoner's bar with the dignity of a hero rather than the compunctuous bearing of a criminal. He heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him without moving a muscle; and as he was led forth from the court-house to the prison, he moved on with a firm step and haughty demeanour, which showed that though he had been condemned by others, he was not self-condemned. The miserable remnant of his tribe had assembled to await the issue of his trial. They fell back as he appeared, and he moved through them in silence, without bestowing even a look upon them, and they followed him to prison, gazing at him in stupid wonder."

"Did they witness his incarceration without an attempt to set him free?"

"Certainly; what else could you expect from those who have taken no more than the first step towards civilization? There is no condition in life so abject as theirs. They view the laws of society as being at constant variance with natural privilege; and while they dread and groan beneath the former, they have not the hardihood to assert the latter. They look upon the restrictions as intended for their abasement, and not to elevate them to an equality; and while you strive to teach them the superiority of their nature, you only convince them that they were born free, and that the social compact has made them slaves."

"And what was the fate of old Tangoras?"

"That will be decided to-morrow. Look out of the window towards the prison, and you may see the gallows tree prepared for his execution."

I did so, and beheld that the limb of a stout oak tree near the prison had been trimmed for the purpose: a ladder was reared against it, and three Indians were lounging beneath it. At this moment two Indian women passed the window; their countenances denoted deep affliction, and their heads were bent downwards."

"Those women," continued my informant, "are the wives of Tangoras. They have been remarkably attentive to him during his imprisonment, and are now going, doubtless, to take their final leave of him."

We could distinctly see what was passing from the tavern window. They approached the prison, knocked at the door, and the jailer permitted them to enter. I expressed a desire to see the unfortunate old chief; and my communicative friend, who by the way was the village schoolmaster, promised to gain me admittance to his cell on the following morning, as it was then near the hour of closing the doors for the night. In a few minutes the Indian women again appeared. They looked towards the gallows tree, and spoke to each other. As they passed beneath the window of the inn, I perceived that their countenances were much more placid than they were before they entered the prison.

The stillness of the evening was now broken by the sound of a distant drum, which gradually became more distinct. In an instant the whole of the villagers were in the street gazing anxiously in the direction whence the sound proceeded; and even the sluggish savage felt sufficient interest, to arise from his recumbent posture. While expectation was on tip-toe, a corps of military appeared winding around the base of the mountain that terminated the prospect on the eastern side of the village. A troop of ragged urchins ran delighted to meet them. The soldiers had been sent for to a neighbouring town, to intimidate the savages from interfering with the execution of the laws.

I arose at day-break the following morning, and on descending to the bar-room, found the schoolmaster already there, waiting to conduct me to the prison. It was a delightful morning in spring. As we walked forth, the birds were singing joyously, the green grass sparkled with dew, the morning air was refreshing, and laden with fragrance from the foliage of the surrounding forest. A number of

Indians were standing beneath the gallows tree, with their faces towards the east; their heads were bent in sorrow, and they preserved unbroken silence as we passed by them. The wives of Tangoras were among the number. The sun had not yet appeared above the eastern horizon as we entered the prison.

We were conducted by the jailer to the apartment in which the old chief was confined. We found him standing in the centre of the cell, with his eyes raised to a small grated window through which the gray light of morning was stealing. His mind was too deeply engaged with its own reflections to notice us as we entered. The jailer accosted him, but he made no reply, and still kept his eyes fixed on the same object. The schoolmaster also spoke to him, but still he appeared unconscious of our presence. A solitary sunbeam now stole through the grating, which falling on the face of the old Indian, relaxed its austerity. Still he moved not. My companions looked at him, and then upon each other in astonishment, which was increased by the low sound of a number of voices joined in song. The music was varied by occasional bursts of passion and passages of deep pathos. Tangoras joined the strain in a low guttural tone, scarcely audible; he closed his eyes as he sang, and listened to the voices apparently with deep interest.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I enquired.

"It is the Indian death song," replied the schoolmaster, "and they relate in their rude strains the most daring exploits of their favourite chief."

Tangoras stood motionless for about a quarter of an hour, during which the song continued. His eyes remained closed, and his countenance underwent various changes. The expression indicated pain, and finally it became so completely distorted as to prove that he was labouring under intense torture, though he still continued to mutter the death song. It was now with the utmost difficulty that he sustained himself: he staggered, his knees bent under

him, and the next moment he fell to the floor, and shouted the war whoop as he fell. They heard the signal from without, and immediately the death song was changed to a wild burst of exultation. We approached to support the old chief, who was struggling in the agonies of death, but he waived his hand and forbade us to touch him. We inquired into the cause of his sudden illness, and he replied with a smile of triumph, "that nature impelled him to die as a man, while the Christians would have taught him to die as a dog."

"The old Roman virtue—consistent to the last!" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

The dying Indian writhed on the floor, and suddenly turning on his back, threw out his gigantic limbs, and lay stretched at full length. His broad chest heaved, his teeth were clenched, his hands closed, his eyes turned upwards, and a slight quivering ran through his whole frame. The song of exultation still continued without. There was now a gentle knock at the outer door, and the jailer left us to attend to it. In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by the wives of Tangoras. They looked upon him as he lay upon the floor, and then exchanged glances with each other. The struggle was over; the body was now motionless. They bent down beside it, covered their faces, and having remained in this posture a few moments, arose and left the prison in silence. The song of exultation ceased as the jailer closed the door after them. As I returned to the inn, I expressed astonishment at the cause of his sudden death.

"The cause is plain enough," replied the schoolmaster. "The women who visited him last evening, left a dose of poison with him. It is evident that the plan was preconcerted."

About an hour afterwards, we beheld the dejected Indians slowly ascending the mountain, bearing the remains of the old chief to a spot where they might repose without longer being trampled on by the justice of the pale faces.

THE

OLD STORY.

In multis juris nostri articulis deterior est conditio feminarum quam masculorum.—*Papinianus.*

They buried themselves in the wilderness; withdrew from the scornful gaze of their fellow creatures, to hold communion with their sorrows. A river, in its primitive wildness, rolled before their humble habitation, while behind it frowned a lofty mountain, in all the rugged majesty of nature. The few who traversed its mazes, in pursuit of game, were as uncouth as the bear that dwelt in its caverns, and the struggle between civilization and a savage state for mastery rendered them, as it were, an anomaly in the human race. But the strides of civilization are gigantic, and not to be impeded. A cluster of rude cabins already appeared on the margin of the river; the lofty monarchs of the forest, yielding to the stroke of the axe, were girdled and suffered to decay. The green corn sprung up amid their dying trunks, and the silence of the wilderness was now broken by the tinkling of the bells, that denoted where the herd was browsing amidst the luxuriant natural pasture.

But this was to *them* a sight of sorrow, and not of joy, for they had felt the scorn of their fellow mortals, and were crushed to the earth by the arbitrary rules of right and wrong prescribed by graybeards and schoolmen, even as the oak of the forest, and the flower that blooms beneath it, are crushed by the thunderbolt, never again to blossom. They beheld the inroads of civilization as the traveller along the sea beach beholds the approaching waves, from which there is no escape; gradual, yet fearful to look upon, for they no sooner reach than they destroy. *Theirs* was a communion of spirit, an intellectual intercourse, such as mortals cannot partake of, until the spirit has been bruised, and the ties of this world are as powerless as fetters made of the sand of the sea. They already understood the language of spirits, for it seemed as if their inmost thoughts were made known without the aid of the corporeal senses. They seldom spoke, for words were useless; their thoughts were common to both, and every act and every look proved the extent of mutual devotion.

The first time I met them in their seclusion, was on a delightful morning in the month of June. It was in a grove of sugar trees on the bank of the river, some distance from their dwelling; the sun was just rising, and the birds were singing joyously from every spray. He was slowly leading a fine horse, upon which the tall sylph-like form of his companion was seated. She was dressed in neat apparel, and veiled, though there was little chance of any other eyes falling on her countenance than his own. True, there was a time when she would rather have encountered death than a look from him, but that time had passed by, for now it seemed that his presence was the very fountain of her existence.

She raised her veil to enjoy the passing breeze. Her countenance was serene and divinely beautiful; divinely so, for there was much more of heavenly than earthly beauty in it. Her forehead was high and polished, and bound round by a plain braid of hair, as glossy and as dark as the plumage of the

raven. The lustre of her large black eyes was now feeble, and the cheeks that once vied with the colour of the rose, were now as pallid as the lily, save that a deep hectic spot interrupted the perfect whiteness, but blended not with it. It was the mark that death had set on her, that he might know his victim.

I had seen her the loveliest among the beautiful; where all eyes were turned upon her in admiration, for she shone forth as conspicuously in the multitude as the evening star in the firmament. But a cloud had passed over her, and her rays were no longer seen. And him I also knew, when he moved among the proudest, and was distinguished wherever he moved. His person was matchless, his spirit lofty, and his mind highly cultivated, but unfortunately those things which have received the highest polish are the most readily susceptible of tarnish.

He surveyed the surrounding landscape in silence for some time, and then turning to his companion, exclaimed, "How beautiful is nature! While contemplating a scene like this, the mind becomes regenerate, and startles at the sublimity of its own conceptions. It bursts as the young eagle from the egg, and though at first it winks at the resistless stream of light, nature impels it to soar above on steady wing, and in time it turns not, even though the forked lightning shivers in its path. More is to be learnt from the silent musing on the wonders of creation, than from all the wise saws that gownsmen deal from the pulpit. Even the little flower that springs at your feet smiles for a time, and then dies in the midst of its fragrance, has its moral; the joyous stream that gushes from the mountain side, and leaps from rock to rock down the precipice, proclaims in its wild liberty a guiding hand; the feathered songsters, in their various notes, speak of it; and even their rich and varied plumage bears silent testimony to the same effect. The great truth is heard in the hollow moan of the forest, and the falling rain sets the parched foliage of the silent trees babbling in praise of the hand that refreshed

them. Then have not we, the choicest of *his* works, and for whose use all things were made, reason to to love and adore him? But man, conscious of his own unworthiness, has clothed his god in terrors. The rude barbarian, and the most enlightened, alike study rather to avert his wrath than to gain his love; and religion is with them rather an impulse of fear, than the overflowing of gratitude for his mercies. The gods of different nations have partaken of the nature of the people who worshipped. Those who compose the mythology of the ancients are sullied with all human impurities, and are the slaves of the worst of human passions; easily excited to wrath, and readily to be appeased. The fabulous Jove committed crimes in heaven that earth would revolt from, yet he was pictured as being powerful, and was adored. The sacrifices offered to conciliate him were such as would consign the christian to the worst of perdition, yet they gained the heathen heaven, if so it may be called, governed by one pictured less merciful than man. They copied their paradise from their earthly pursuits, and peopled it with such beings as would minister to their earthly desires, revivified in another region. Their dream of futurity was an eternity of human pleasures, varied to suit the taste of the dreamer; and thus we find the Goth revelling at the festive board in the hall of Odin, and the idle Mahometan luxuriating in his harem with houries, whose charms will never fade. The one could imagine nothing surpassing an everlasting drinking bout, with the scull of his foe before him to hold his beverage, and the other could conceive no heaven where the grossest of his earthly appetites might not enter. But with us, Louisa, it is different, for those who have the mind to enjoy a scene like this we now contemplate, may picture a heaven far beyond the heathen's conception."

"True, my brother," she replied, "with us it is different; we enjoy light which the heathen did not enjoy, but that light only serves to render to the guilty the prospect of the future more terrible."

"Not so, my Louisa; it is rather a beacon to those who have erred. The best of human institutions are attended with partial evil, and even those of divine origin, when applied to human affairs, are not altogether exempt. Revealed religion is the holy bond which binds the mass of mankind indissolubly together; break it, and chaos would literally come again. It adds cheerfulness to the light of heart, and is a balm to the wounded spirit; yet not unfrequently it prostrates in the place of comforting, for its denunciations alone are heard by many, and its bright rewards and promises are considered as extending to a few of the chosen. Such imagine that heaven can only be attained by passing through a life of purgatory here, and know not that the most grateful offering that can be rendered is a cheerful heart and a pure one. We came not here to mourn in sackcloth and ashes over the inborn sin of the old Adam, but rather to rejoice and be grateful for the life that was given, and render that life a gift to be rejoiced at."

"True, we came not to mourn over the inherent sin," she replied, "but the sin that owes its origin to us, we must answer for."

"And hast thou not answered for it," he exclaimed, "as few have answered? Has not the atonement in this world been sufficient without extending to the next? Such is the variety of human offences, that gownsmen themselves can scarcely designate those that are against divine, from such as are merely infringements of human laws. Too frequently they are confounded, and the wrath of the Omnipotent is heard in the imagination of the offender, for an act not vicious in itself, but magnified into a crime by human institutions. It is possible to refine on virtue until it becomes a vice, and to philosophize on vice until it assumes the aspect of virtue. You are fading fast, Louisa, and I know not at what moment a breeze may come, and for ever nip the flower that I have so long and tenderly watched over. There was a time when you were the pride of my heart, and when my heart was proudest. Nay, weep not at the recollec-

tion; for dear to me as you then were, at no moment of your life were you ever more dear to me than at the present. But the time is fast approaching, when that delicate form must mingle with the clods of the valley, and I become desolate. Still it is in your power to leave me one reflection that will be to me as a day star in my wanderings."

"My brother, name it."

"Die as I would have you. Let me see a smile on your lips as I close your eyes in death, to satisfy me that you leave not this world in terror. I know it is the creed of your sex, that she who keeps her virtue unsullied may be canonized as a saint, though begrimed with a multitude of offences; while she who is possessed of every heavenly virtue, if guilty of one offence that proves her a mortal, is immediately thrown beyond the pale of society, and condemned as unfit for this world, or that which is to come. But I would have you die in a more consoling creed than this."

"I will, if I can."

"You must. Let me not see you die as you have lived, without hope."

He led the horse slowly through the maple grove towards their dwelling, and I returned to the small settlement, which already assumed the name, though not much the appearance of a village. Here I remained about a week, when intelligence was received that the female recluse was dead. All voices were loud in sounding her praise, and the tears that were shed were those of real sorrow, for often had she ministered comfort to the sick, and spoke in glowing terms to the dying of those hopes that she herself would not venture to indulge.

The time the funeral was to take place, I repaired to the hermitage with the villagers. The mourner was alone, seated in front of his house; serious but not sorrow stricken. As I approached with the rest, he recognised me, rose, and offered his hand. "We have met on more joyous occasions," he said, "but

in this world we cannot expect always to bask in the sunshine."

"True, for the brightest day may be overcast before the sun goes down."

"And when the storm rages," he added, "the loftiest oak of the forest is most likely to be torn up and riven."

He silently led me to the door of the cottage; we entered, and he ushered me into the room where the corpse lay incoffined. He uncovered its face.

"Look there," he said, "you have gazed in admiration on that face, in a more brilliant scene than this, but trust me not a happier. The day of death may and should be rendered the happiest that life affords. How purely beautiful she is even in death!"

I observed that her countenance was placid, and that a sweet smile was on her lips. He caught my hand and pressed it convulsively; tears gushed from his eyes, and he scarcely articulated, "I strove for years to produce that smile, and have finally succeeded. There is nothing in life half so beautiful or dear to me as that smile. It came over her lips as last night she told me that her soul had cast its burthen, and she died so easy that death froze the impression there."

He stood gazing at the departed in silence, until it was time for the funeral to commence moving. It was composed of about twenty of his neighbours. We took up the body, and moved on towards the grave prepared to receive it, which was in a small cluster of cypress trees, a short distance from their dwelling. It had been her favourite retreat in the heat of the summer, and rude benches were here and there placed from tree to tree. There was no one to pronounce the impressive "dust to dust;" but the open grave, and the mortal remains beside it, awakened feelings in the rude minds of the mute spectators, far more eloquent than words could embody. Eloquence of thought is conferred on a greater number than the powers of rhetoric. The mourner stood at the head of the grave, and with his own hands as-

sisted in depositing the remains of all that he loved on earth. He was as careful in this last duty as if the senseless clay still retained the functions of vitality, for he still valued the casket, though the jewel was gone. He scattered a spade full of earth upon the coffin; it was the signal, and the grave was speedily closed. During this operation he stood mute, stifled one convulsive sigh, but shed not a single tear. Why should he weep, since the weary was at rest? He returned to the hermitage. I accompanied him, and the rustics withdrew to their respective pursuits. The transition from life to death is immediate, but not more so than from the scene of death to the active employments of life, and both appear to be made with equal unconcern.

"You will now return, I trust," said I, "to society again, for the object that occasioned your seclusion no longer requires your care, and experience must have taught you that you are not a fit subject for a hermitage."

"You appear to forget," he replied, "that I am a proscribed man, and that I must answer for human blood unrighteously shed. Remember that he whose perfidy broke the heart and blighted the fair fame of her who was with me but yesterday, fell by this hand. I neither condemn nor defend the act, but as long as society is organized upon its present principles, in spite of the cool sophistry of the sluggish in spirit, and the furious denunciations of the heated in imagination, I would do it again to-morrow, upon similar provocation, though with the certainty of being called forth the next moment to render an account upon the scaffold."

"The magnitude of your injury," I replied, "may obtain a pardon for your offence, even should it not be already forgotten."

"Forgotten! and are you so ignorant of the race with which you daily mingle, as to suppose it to be forgotten? True, the remembrance of it may sleep, but my presence would awaken it in all its primitive freshness, and with it my poor sister's shame, and a

thousand attending circumstances. Forgotten! disgrace is never forgotten while the object lives, and, like a contagion, it spreads to every member of the family. Nay, such is the jaundiced eye with which every thing human is viewed, that more become conspicuous from the shame of a relative, than from their own positive worth, however meritorious. God spare me from such an order of things. Return!—Never! I must still strike deeper into the wilderness, where my name will never be mentioned and my shame never heard."

The following morning the hermitage was deserted. With his rifle on his shoulder, the broken-hearted man had already set out on his pilgrimage.

RETRIBUTION.

I long have hunted for thee: and since now
Thou art in the toil, it is in vain to hope
Thou ever shalt break out. Thou dost deserve
The hangman's hook, or to be punished
More majorum, whipt with rods to death,
Or any way that were more terrible.

The Prophetess.

REVENGE is as refreshing to the wounded spirit, as the cool stream from the fountain to the fevered lips of the dying. And he who has been trodden on and branded, whose soul has endured the agony of death without the relief it affords, looks forward to the hour of retribution, like the delirious wretch, whose vitals are consumed by a raging fever, and who expects that a refreshing draught of water will allay the poignancy of his sufferings. And so it does; but, for a moment, and again it rages with redoubled violence. How beautiful, how sublime is that precept—the christian's golden rule—"forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us!" But who would be thus adjudged? Who is there, that does not hope to meet with more mercy in his God, than he has shown towards his fellow man? If there be one so confident in his own purity, that he will be judged as he has adjudged others—Heaven hear my prayer—have mercy on

him. We are made up of conflicting passions; and thrown into a sphere where the mind most richly endowed, by miracle alone can escape being goaded to madness. There are those whose souls are as sensitive as the mimosa plant; who shrink at every breeze, and are lacerated by a touch; who possess all that makes the mind lovely and beautiful, when the current of life flows smoothly on—all that makes it dark and terrible when the tempest threatens.

The germs of vice and virtue are mingled in like proportions in every mind; and much depends upon circumstances, whether the one or the other take root in the soil and flourish. And yet how few can look with an eye of compassion on the derelictions of another. One act will constitute a villain, and call forth the execration of mankind—and on the other hand, the possessor of a thousand virtues seldom meets his reward, and sinks into the grave as if he were of as little worth as the worm that afterwards consumes him. The praise and censure of man are as uncertain and variable as the wind that blows from the four corners of the earth.

I was born in one of the West India islands. My parents were in affluent circumstances, and being an only child and of feeble constitution, their indulgence was unlimited. I was a creature of feeling; sensibly alive to their boundless affection, which was constantly before my eyes—never absent from my thought; and at times I felt a fulness of soul in their presence, beyond my little skill in metaphysics to account for rationally. There are some whose feelings are so delicately strung, affections so harmoniously attuned, that an act, nay, a look of kindness, even when in the vale of years, will make them as it were a child again; such are ill calculated for this rugged world; and I have often fancied when I came in collision with them, that Providence had designed them for a purer orb, but chance had thrown them here.

My boyhood!—Oh! that I could blot that bright period from my memory! I look back through a

waste of years—my heart sickens at the gloomy path I have travelled—and reverts to the starting place, when the prospect was as brilliant as a fervid imagination could picture; but I have since learnt the sun may rise in cloudless splendour, yet set amid the horrors of a tempest.

At the age of twelve, it was my fate to lose both my parents. Until that day I had never shed a tear of affliction; but then the torrent rushed upon me in all its terrors. I felt as if in an instant I had been whirled through infinity of space to another sphere. I doubted my identity. At times I could not reconcile to my mind the possibility of my loss, the thought of death having never cast a shade over my vision of the future; and when I awoke to a full conviction of my situation, in bitterness I called upon God to relieve me from my load of misery.

My father had an only brother, to whose protection he recommended me on his death-bed. I have still in my memory, the look of my dying father, when he conjured him to watch over my welfare, as if I were his child; the earnest expression of countenance, the look of mingled sorrow and affection that he cast on me at the moment, and the heart thrilling tone of voice shall never be erased from my recollection, though things even of yesterday, in my delirium are now forgotten. My uncle vowed to be a father to me—gently drew me closely to his side, pressed the cold hand of the dying man, and sealed the compact with the impress of a tear. My father sank upon the pillow; his eyes were still fixed on me, but the glazing of death was over them.

I was removed to my uncle's house. He resided on an extensive plantation, and was what the world calls a thriving man. He had many slaves under him, and, as too frequently is the case, was a tyrannical master. There are those who imagine the Creator was not bountiful enough when he made all things for the use of man; but one half of the race must be rendered subservient to the other. In my uncle's house, resided an orphan girl, the niece of his wife.

She was a year younger than myself, and one of those exquisite beings which nature in her hours of prodigality lavishes her richest stores upon. Poor Virginia! My uncle seldom spoke to her in language of tenderness; never looked upon her with the eyes of affection. He was an austere man—selfish—wholly wrapped up in himself, and I never saw him smile, unless while superintending the chastisement of a slave. But his smile was like nothing human. It was a smile of horrid satisfaction, and more painful to the sufferer than the stripes he inflicted. I instinctively avoided him, and poor Virginia was on the rack whenever obliged to be in his presence.

His wife was a plain woman; a woman of worth as the world goes, but evidently broken down in spirit. Her affections had been violently crushed; no one feeling of her heart finding a corresponding feeling in him to whom she was unalterably bound; and if you take woman from her genial world of sympathy and affection, what is she?

During the first three years after my father's death, I was sent to the best school the island afforded. My thirst for knowledge was inordinate; it soon became a ruling passion, for as my mind enlarged, I was aware how little I had attained, and every new light only served to show the inexhaustible store of knowledge that lay before me. Within my eye's reach, there was enough to engross a life of study. The sea and the heavens were, however, the books that I most perused. They filled my mind with feelings, calculated to weaken the ties which connected me with this world rather than with knowledge. As I stood upon the beach, and listened to the mighty roar of waters; saw wave chasing wave in endless succession, and beheld the progress of the wind, increased from a gentle zephyr to a tempest, lashing the waters to fury; as I lay upon the hill at midnight, and watched the motions of the heavenly bodies, worlds so distant, that hundreds could be surveyed at a single glance; I thought of the causes said to govern them in their motions and phenomena,

and felt that mind was too narrow to conceive them all.

These thoughts engrossed my mind. Day and night were devoted to their investigation, and every new discovery only tended to increase my thirst for knowledge. I secluded myself from the world, and my knowledge of mankind did not increase with my years. Indeed, I knew not even the few who frequented my uncle's house; and, as to the world at large, I had but such an erroneous view as works of fiction presented. The only being that I thoroughly knew, was poor Virginia, and with such my fervid imagination peopled the world. I have since found the wildness of my error.

From my course of study, natural timidity, and seldom coming in collision with mankind, I became as sensitive as the plant that enfolds its leaves if the wind too rudely kisses it. Thus constituted, it was torture to be in the presence of my uncle. My aversion was insurmountable, and increased to such a degree, that I avoided my meals rather than encounter him at the table. Every sense was alive to him. The sound of his most distant step was familiar to my ear, and I imagined that even the breeze that passed over him indicated his approach. The severity of his conduct towards Virginia, tended to increase my aversion, and to add to the warmth of the interest I entertained for that neglected one. She soon became sensible of my feelings and estimated them. O God! what agony had I escaped if that martyr had been to me as heartless as the rest of the world. But the generous mind is not so severely stricken by its own sorrows, as by the afflictions of her with whom its tenderest thoughts repose. This crushed me. My own burthen, alas! I could have borne; or, like the fabled Sisyphus, would daily have resumed; but to behold the sufferings of her I loved, the patient, the pious resignation to her cruel fate, drove me frantic. In my agony I arraigned the justice of Heaven, cursed mankind, and imprecated curses on my own head; but that was need-

less, for they had fallen thickly, and blighted as they fell.

Virginia and myself were privately married. From that moment my views of the world were changed. I felt myself a beggar; and, when too late, I became sensible of the madness of blighting her hopes by joining her fate with his whose prospects were so gloomy. I had assumed the character of her protector, and was unable even to protect myself. Her presence had hitherto been to me as the star to the tempest-tost mariner; but now there was nothing on earth occasioned such agony as her presence. And why was this? My love was as pure as that which angels entertain, and as boundless and as ardent too. Every good feeling of my heart reposed in her, unadulterated, for there was not that being on earth to dispute her hold upon my affections. She had created in my mind an ideal world, too brilliant for mortals to inhabit, and as I looked around to find those to people it, she alone appeared worthy. My dream was wild with ecstacy; but oh! the awakening was terrible.

We continued under my uncle's roof, the circumstance of our marriage still remaining a secret. The time, however, soon arrived, when it became necessary for me to divulge what had transpired. My uncle assumed anger, calling me pauper, and ridiculed my presumption in taking upon myself the support of a family. He taunted me, and even in the agony of the moment I beheld the sarcastic smile upon his lip. My brain was in a whirl; nothing was distinct, and every passion was goaded to frenzy, yet I did not smite him, for the image of my poor Virginia crossed my mind, and I resolved to humble myself in the dust for her sake. I thought of her forlorn condition, and wept in the agony of the moment. He ridiculed my tears. There was a fiend-like smile of irony on his lips—all reflection vanished—the savage was awaked, and I sprang upon him. We fell prostrate to the earth together; what followed I know not, but when I came to my

reason, I found that his household had assembled, and I was in the custody of his slaves. That night Virginia and myself were thrust from his doors.

I had heard of the wealth of my father, and that his property had come into my uncle's hands, but as to the value or extent of this property, I had no evidence. I called upon him to make restitution—he treated the claim with contempt—called me a pennyless vagrant, who had repaid his protection with ingratitude, and commanded me never to show my face in his presence again.

I returned to the house where Virginia awaited in anxious suspense the result of my errand. As I entered, she hastened to meet me; there was a ray of hope crossed her lovely countenance, which in an instant was extinguished, for my sad looks realized her worst fears before my lips were opened. I pressed her to my bosom and wept in silence. She vainly endeavoured to sooth my anguish, but the appalling future had taken possession of my soul, and I could not bear up against it.

I resorted to the law for redress; hopeless resort! for justice is so tardy in her movements that she suffers the hour to pass when she might serve, beyond which nothing is left for her but to bestow a gorgeous monument on him she made a pauper. More suffer by the law than those who offend against it; and more frequently the innocent than the guilty suffer.

My uncle, exasperated at the steps I had taken, brought a suit against me for supporting Virginia and myself during our minority. I was destitute of money—of consequence, destitute of friends, and was consigned to prison for want of the necessary bail. Virginia followed me there, and we remained together during the day, and at night she left me.

She found that shelter in the cabin of a slave which her uncle's roof denied her. His name was Gambia, a man of feeling superior to his station. Virginia had ministered to the wants of his wife, when on her sick bed, and by her care did much towards

restoring her. The poor fellow's gratitude knew no bounds. He laboured night and day to increase her comforts; and solicited all, where there was the remotest hope of success, to interfere for my liberation.

Day passed after day, and week succeeded week, and I seemed to be forgotten by all the world but Virginia and the slave. The sun had scarcely risen before she was at my prison door, and at night he came to escort her to his lonely dwelling. Health had forsaken me, and the disease of my body had affected my mind. At times madness took possession of my brain, and my actual sufferings were forgotten, for then I dreamt of revenge, and I have laughed at the bloody picture painted in such vivid colours that it appeared palpable to the touch, until the vaults re-echoed with the frightful sounds that passed my lips, and startled my wandering senses back to reason. And then I would ruminate upon my dreadful condition, until my fears that I should become mad, nearly drove me so. The rush of thought would come like a deluge on me: still growing wilder and more hurried, and all this time I was sensible; my feelings were alive to my situation, and with the vain hope to stem the torrent, I would cling to some rational idea, like a drowning man to a straw —but it proved no more than such—the one still clenches fast to the frail reed in the agonized grasp of death, and I clung to my idea in the wildest rush of madness.

Thus passed my solitary nights. I had been imprisoned for some months, and Virginia, even when sickness should have occasioned her absence, would not suffer one day to pass over without visiting me. I beheld her wasting frame, and conjured her not thus unnecessarily to expose her health. Still she came, though the task was as much as, in her feeble state, she could accomplish. She knew the influence of her presence over me, and ran every hazard rather than forsake me at such a time. The day, however, arrived when she came not. My mind was filled

with apprehensions, and I awaited anxiously for the evening, when the appearance of Gambia would explain the cause. The evening arrived, yet brought not Gambia with it. I passed a sleepless night of dreadful suspense, and looked for the first streak of morning with as much impatience as if it were to restore me to liberty. It came, and still I received no tidings of Virginia. My suspense now increased to agony. Time never passed so heavily as on that day. Mental suffering consists more in the apprehension of ill, than in the ill itself, however great its magnitude.

I thought night would never arrive, and yet I dreaded its approach. I was on the eve of some important change; what I knew not, but it is the weakness of human nature to fear that any change, however desperate our condition, may be for the worse. I had fancied myself beyond the reach of fate to sink me lower, and yet I feared to learn what was about to be developed.

As I beheld the last ray of the setting sun fade away in the west, the raging fever of my mind increased, and I cried "A little longer, yet stay a little longer." I felt like one who sees the lightning's flash, and expects the bolt to crush him. There was no mistaking my feelings; they foretold ill, but what it was I could not imagine. When I thought of my abject state, I laughed in derision at my fears, and the bare walls re-echoed my laugh; I startled at the frantic sound, and my fears came over me with redoubled vigour.

My prison was now enveloped in darkness. The hour, I felt, was near at hand, and I seated myself upon my bed of straw, and struggled to be calm. I endeavoured to fix my wandering mind on some rational subject; but it was impossible; the most frantic ideas were constantly obtruding, and I thought these rational too, until startled by the wildness of my imaginings.

A step was now heard in the entry which led to my prison; a flash of light crossed the wall, which

was immediately succeeded by the rattling of keys at my door. I sat motionless. The jailer entered; he spoke, but I heard him not, for I looked for those whom I imagined accompanied him. I looked in vain—he was alone. I fell backwards on the bed. When I revived, I found myself supported by the jailer, who was chafing my temples with water. I inquired for Virginia and Gambia. "Be comforted," he replied; "Your imprisonment is at an end." I looked at him with astonishment, and thought, indeed, that my sorrows had at length turned my brain. He continued, showing a paper, "here is my warrant to set you at liberty, and I assure you I am as glad to see it as you can be." I laughed frantically. I knew not what he meant. Could it be derision? What friend had I on earth to intercede for me? I knew of none. And if there were such, why was not Virginia or Gambia the first to communicate the happy tidings to me. These thoughts passed through my brain like lightning, and made me wilder. The jailer bade me rise and follow him, and I did so as submissively as if I had been his slave. He led through the windings of the entrance into the open air. I looked around with wonder, and my bosom expanded to the fresh breeze. He shook me by the hand, said "God bless you," and returned to the prison. I was alone. The cool night breeze refreshed my burning temples; I saw the stars above me, and heard the constant roar of the distant ocean. I laughed aloud for joy; and, conscious that I was free, darted off wildly, fearing that I might again be imprisoned. I hurried on with the swiftness of the deer. Madness gave me speed, for at every sound I imagined my persecutors were in pursuit of me. I had but one hope, which was to reach Gambia's hut, and remain concealed until danger should pass by.

I reached the hut breathless with fear. The door was closed, and a light feebly glimmered through the casement of the window. The wind rustled among the sugar-cane; every pore in my frame

seemed to be endowed with the faculty of hearing, and every sense was strained to that exquisite acuteness as to approach agony. I was as timid as the hunted hare, or the fawn whose dam has been stricken; and I imagined the noise proceeded from my pursuers. That thought was madness. Shall I be overtaken; dragged back to my loathsome prison, without having satisfied my doubts—without having seen Virginia? I summoned all my strength, and dashed my body against the door of the hut: it yielded to the pressure, and I fell insensible on the floor. I heard a shriek of terror as I fell.

How long I lay in this condition, I know not. When I revived, the hut was deserted. The light was still burning; and, as I arose, I perceived there was much blood upon the floor. My face was wet, and, on feeling it, I discovered a gash in my forehead, from which the blood was profusely flowing. When the mind is wounded the body feels no pain. I stood erect, and called on Virginia, but no answer was returned; I called on Gambia with all my strength; and as the echo of my voice died away, nothing was heard but the wind that rustled through the cane-brake, and the monotonous roar of the ocean.

My perplexities increased. It was surely Gambia's hut I was in. I had stood on the same spot repeatedly: it was the place where Virginia had found shelter, and yet she was not there, and there was no one to guide me to her. I had been liberated by some unknown friend. Who was this friend, and how was this friendship purchased? We were as destitute as the pauper who lives on common charity; yet Virginia was the loveliest of God's creatures——A thought rushed through my brain like molten lead, and I felt as if it seared its vitality in the passage. I shrieked with anguish, then cursed myself for the guilty doubt.

There was a small apartment adjoining that in which I stood; the door was open, and the room was quite dark. It was this apartment she had told me

she occupied. I raised the light to enter the room, with the hope of discovering there some trace of my wife. I entered; all was silent. In one corner of the room lay a mass of something. I raised the light and discovered a coarse bed lying on the floor. I drew near to it; there was some one in it who stirred not; I listened, but heard no sound of breathing. The light fell upon the features of the person; they were motionless and pale as ashes; I stooped and placed my hand upon the forehead; it was cold and polished as marble. How long I remained in this position I know not; my mind was wandering. At length consciousness returned. I removed the covering from the bosom of the corpse in the excitement of the moment, and beheld a new born infant reposing there, whose life had been as brief as the light of a falling star that approaches earth for an instant, and again is caught in heaven. I shrieked the name of *Virginia* and fell upon the body.

When I was restored to consciousness, I found myself supported by Gambia, and his wife was standing at a short distance from me. She shrunk back as I fixed my eyes on her, for there was madness in my glance, and my face was covered with blood. The kind souls did what they could to soothe my feelings.

I learned that Virginia had died the evening preceding, in giving birth to her infant. The child soon followed its mother. Gambia then left the cabin to effect my release. He had, heretofore, solicited all, where there was the remotest prospect of success, but in vain. There was one hope still left. Several years before, he had saved a youth from drowning; the son of a wealthy planter, who had now arrived at man's estate. The circumstance, until that moment, had escaped the generous mind of the slave. He resolved to apply to him, though he lived at the other extremity of the island. He started—travelled all night, and the request was no sooner made than complied with by the young planter. The application reminded him of the benevolent

spirit to which he was indebted for his life. Gambia had not yet returned from his journey when I abruptly broke into his cabin, where his wife, being alone with a dead body, had her superstitious fears awakened, and fled in terror on my entrance.

I was now alone in the world. All that was dear to me remained to be consigned to the earth. My thoughts and feelings at that moment partook of the wildness and rapidity of a being who inhabits a lesser globe than this, and is whirled through space with tenfold the velocity. Thought succeeded thought with the quickness and brilliancy of lightning—a flash came, and all was darkness; no impression remained save one—my duty to the earthly remains of my wife and child. I had no claim upon mankind, and I considered myself accountable to no one for my actions.

I commanded the slave and his wife to follow me into the little garden attached to the cabin. They did so—the woman bearing a lantern. We proceeded in silence to the extremity, and stopped beneath the branches of a luxuriant plantain. "This," I cried, "is a peaceful spot, and here we will dig the grave." They made no reply, but Gambia withdrew, and immediately returned with tools for the purpose. We commenced our labour, which was speedily performed, and not a word was spoken.

We returned to the cabin. My mind was as restless as the whirlwind. I looked around to find something to supply the place of a coffin, and beheld a long chest which belonged to the woman. I motioned to her to empty it, which she did. I then raised the body of my wife, and deposited it in the chest. The infant I placed upon her bosom, and knelt beside them, but wept not. My eyes ached to burst, and were as dry as bone, and there was a fulness about my heart that almost prevented respiration. I wished to weep, for I felt that I should find relief in a flood of tears; but it was impossible. I heard the woman sob aloud, and beheld the silent grief of Gambia, then again turned to gaze on the

inanimate clay before me. I could have gazed for ever.

With a desperate energy I closed the lid of the chest, and rose from my knees. I motioned to Gambia to take hold of one end of the chest; I raised the other, and we moved towards the grave; the deep silence only broken by the stifled sobs of the woman, who followed with the light. The chest was gently deposited, and we filled the earth upon it. Still not a word passed the lips of either; but the features of the slaves denoted their deep affliction, and their eyes were fixed on me. As to myself, I was insensible. There is a point beyond which the ills of this world cannot reach us, and I had already arrived at it. Those who have nothing to hope, have nothing to fear, and my last hope was buried. When the grave was closed, I was astonished at the wonderful change my mind had undergone; a transition from an ungovernable tempest to a dead calm. I felt that she whose sufferings had driven me to madness, was at rest; the thought crushed me to the earth, yet there was a melancholy satisfaction in it. I threw my feverish body upon the bed from which I had just taken Virginia, where I remained until morning; but, whether I slept or watched I know not, for sleeping and awake, the same dreams constantly flitted through my mind.

The morning broke in splendour. The sun, when just heaving up from the joyous ocean, beheld me standing by the grave of Virginia. I looked upon the emerald surface of the sea; and the frothy pinnacles of the waves, as white as flakes of snow, were tinged with streaks of gold by the beams of the sun. The morning breeze came fresh from the face of the water. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the atmosphere was so pellucid, that I imagined my sight could penetrate farther than was permitted to mortal vision. The birds sang joyously; the trees, the flowers, and vines sent forth their odours, and there was a freshness in nature beyond what I had ever experienced until that moment.

"These things were mine," I cried, "and I was formed to enjoy them as few enjoy!" My eyes fell upon the fresh earth beneath my feet, and I felt my desolation.

"Vengeance, vengeance!" I cried, "upon the fell destroyer. While I have life, I will pursue him with deadly hate. Powerful as he is, I will work his downfall. We cannot breathe the same atmosphere in peace, until my vengeance is satisfied. Through life I will be as an adder in his sight, and even in death he shall not escape me." It was but the threat of an impotent boy in his delirium.

Time rolled on; vengeance was my dream, but the power of executing it was beyond my grasp. Besides, the course to be pursued was still undefined. "Shall I murder him?" My blood curdled at the thought. Still vengeance was never absent from my mind.

About a fortnight after the death of Virginia, as the sun was setting, I wandered near the dwelling house of my uncle. I beheld at a distance an assemblage of slaves in the yard, and on approaching, discovered that some one was undergoing the punishment of the lash. I could readily discern the tall figure of the merciless master, and that the scourge was in his own hand. As I drew nigh, I met a slave, who informed me that Gambia was suffering chastisement for having effected my liberation from prison, and subsequently harbouring me. I rushed to the spot, my mind was in a whirlwind of passion. I saw the bleeding body of the generous slave—and he suffered for my sake! I saw the blood-stained scourge in the upraised hand of the inflexible monster, ready to inflict another wound. Ferocity was in his countenance; his thin lips were compressed; his teeth clenched; his face pale with rage, and every nerve was braced with hellish determination; but before the blow was given, I sprang upon him and planted a knife in his bosom. He fell at my feet, and the blood spouted forth from the wound.

The almost exhausted slave raised his languid

head. A momentary smile of satisfaction crossed his countenance as he beheld his tyrant prostrate, but it was succeeded by deep dejection when he saw by whom the blow was given.

"Oh! master," he cried, "why did you do this? You will now suffer much, but poor Gambia will not suffer less for it. I know you are the slave's friend; but the poor slave has no friend if his master is his enemy."

He sank exhausted and was carried away. My uncle was removed into the house; but not until he had given orders to have me secured. I was conducted back to my prison, charged with an attempt to murder. The sudden change in my condition gave me but little uneasiness, for place and circumstances were now indifferent to me.

Towards the evening of the following day, I learned from the jailer that my uncle's wound was by no means dangerous, and that Gambia had since died of the severe stripes he had received. I cursed all human laws which extended protection to such a monster as my uncle, and arraigned the wisdom of Heaven in giving him existence. Blind mortal! Neither the ways of man nor of God were longer to be insulted.

He was arraigned and tried for murder. The proud man appeared in court, as if no law beyond his own will could reach him. He considered the charge as idle: he had but taken the life of his own property, and what had the law to do with this, since he alone was the loser? But he learned that the law protects the life of a slave, though at the same time it deprives him of all that makes life valuable. He was convicted and sentenced to be executed.

When I heard this, the first thought that occurred to me was, that he had escaped my vengeance. There are injuries which few are willing that the law should redress, and mine were of that description. I thirsted for vengeance more ardently as the probability of attaining it diminished. Could I die in peace without it? He was imprisoned in the cell

adjoining mine; the partition was thin, and as he paced the room the familiar sound of his footsteps awakened recollections that had slumbered in my mind from early youth. I listened night and day to that sound, for it was joy to know that my enemy was near me, though I could not reach him. Still I had sworn he should not escape me, and what may not man accomplish when his mind is resolved?

The day appointed for his execution arrived. The sun arose in all its splendour before the eyes of the prisoner; but those eyes were to be closed in eternal darkness before that sun should withdraw its light from the earth. My brain was wild as I arose from my feverish couch in expectation of the approaching hour. I had passed a sleepless night; for when exhausted nature sank into momentary oblivion, the image of my wife passed before me, and then came the lacerated form of the murdered Gambia, who shouted aloud, "Awake, awake, he will escape your vengeance!"

At the dead of night I listened to the hurried tread of the prisoner; I heard him sigh, and the walls of my cell re-echoed with frantic laughter; he paused for a moment, and then resumed his walk. My prison door was unbarred in the morning, and I was led forth by the jailer.

The crowd assembled early before the prison, eagerly anticipating the execution as if it had been a harmless amusement, instead of an awful punishment; and many were in the crowd who begrudged the prisoner the few remaining moments of life; not that they execrated him for his offence, but that the appalling spectacle was delayed.

A fearful shriek was now heard to proceed from the prison, which for a moment completely silenced the hum of the crowd. The cause was soon divined. "He is parting from his wife," murmured several, their voices softened by the thought of so melancholy a parting. The information ran rapidly through the crowd. All eyes were turned towards the prison

door, whence a second shriek was heard, more heart-piercing than the former, and the prisoner appeared a moment afterwards, clad in white, and guarded. His cheeks were pale and hollow with sickness, but the fierce glance of his deep black eye was rather heightened than diminished. His attenuated form was erect, his step firm, and his countenance immovable, as he descended from the prison and took his seat in the cart which was in waiting to bear him to the gallows. The clergyman, and the hangman, masked in his impenetrable disguise, sat beside him. He who was to terminate the affairs of this world, and he who was to usher into the world to come, were there.

The concourse moved slowly on, while hymns were chanted for the salvation of the soul of the sinner; but he did not join his voice in the holy anthem. He was the same obdurate man to the last; changed in appearance, it is true, but not by the terrors of approaching death; not by a consciousness of hopeless anguish inflicted on the wife of his bosom, but from a sense of degradation. He was proud, overbearing, tyrannical, and was now held up to the gaze of the slaves he had trampled on; and he felt that they had reason to rejoice in his downfall. His features were pale and haggard, but even while he moved on there was a proud smile of scorn about his thin lips, and a savage glare in his eye, as it fell upon the dark train that followed him to the gallows.

The clergyman besought him to meet his death in a different spirit—with fear and trembling; with meekness and contrition: but the proud man turned from the exhortation with disdain. The hymn that ascended from those who surrounded us, sounded in his ears like a song of triumph from his enemies, which was chanted only to fill the measure of his shame. His looks expressed this sentiment, and the clergyman was not ignorant of what was passing in his mind.

"Bend your obdurate heart," said the pious man;

"forgive your enemies, and pray to be forgiven as you forgive. Meet your fate as He met his who died that all mankind might live. Bethink you of your manifold transgressions, and while there is time left to you, blot out the deep stain from your soul, with the purifying tear of repentance."

"Leave me to my own thoughts; you trouble me," said the prisoner, without turning his face towards the other.

"This is not the spirit in which a Christian should appear before his God."

"But such as he should maintain before his fellow man," returned the other in a decided tone, but without moving his head.

"Remember you have an awful account to render"——

"Right, we all have; so adjust your own, and leave mine, of which you can know nothing, to myself."

"I know but little, it is true, but that little makes me tremble." The prisoner made no reply, for he was apparently occupied in deep thought.

"Think of Virginia," I exclaimed, "who was martyred in the very wantonness of your cruelty."

He started from his meditations, and shrunk as if an adder had stung him. His eyes were turned upon me, but my squalid habiliments defied their penetration, and grief and madness had completely changed the tones of my voice. He did not recognise me.

"Think," continued the clergyman, "of your inhumanity to the poor slave for doing an act which God will recompense with life eternal; though in the blindness of passion you thought it merited death in this world. Think of the wife of your bosom, whose heart is broken by your pride, cruelty, and consequent abasement. Revert to the race you have run from the commencement of your career, that your obdurate heart may be awakened to conviction of your awful state. You have passed through life, as if life and death had been at your disposal. You have trod the earth as if it had been the work of

thine own hand, without reflecting that thou art as a worm compared to Him who made all things. Reflect, repent, and die not as the fool dieth. Thy life has been painful to the sight of man; let not thy death be offensive in the eye of God." Still the stern and pallid countenance of the convict betrayed no emotion.

"Think," I cried, "of the nephew you have robbed, and persecuted to madness, with the unsparing hatred of a fiend. Think of your promise to your dying brother to protect and love."

My grief had imparted an unearthly sound to my voice, and it seemed as if I partook in some degree of the powers of ventriloquism. I beheld his whole form shudder, and he gazed around to discover from whom the voice proceeded. His search was fruitless. He rallied his mental energies and maintained an obdurate silence.

Having arrived beneath the gallows, the clergyman resumed his entreaties to awake the better feelings of the sinful man; earnest prayers were offered for his sake by numbers who knelt around, and the pure sea-breeze, as it passed over them, wafted the melody of hymns to heaven. Still he stood erect as a statue among them: as pale as marble, as senseless, and as immovable. I should have wept as I beheld him thus, had he not crushed my affections and dried the very fountain of my tears; but I thought of Virginia, of Gambia, and a curse from my lips ascended with the prayers of those who had not felt his tyranny. The thought strengthened me to fulfil my purpose. I had sworn he should not escape my vengeance, and the last moment we should be together in this world was at hand.

The religious service ceased. There was a death-like stillness in the crowd. I was on the platform with the criminal, and yet he knew me not, though I frequently touched his person, and his eyes were often fixed on me. Still he knew that it was one who hated. The cord was secured over the gallows —the knot adjusted beneath his ear. My hand ad-

justed it! and in the act I breathed the name of Virginia. Though senseless as a monumental image, he became as nerveless as the new born babe. I moved to his front in order to draw the cap over his eyes. I paused for a moment to behold his agitation, and then drew the mask from my own face. He shrieked my name and staggered back. I shouted *"Retribution!"* and, laughing frantically, leaped from the platform. His eyes were fixed on me. I thought they implored my mercy; but I continued to laugh like a maniac, and seizing an axe at hand, with one blow knocked away the frail support of the platform: he saw the motion—I heard the crash, and the shriek from the crowd—then all was darkness, and I fell insensible on the ground.

At my trial I was acquitted on the plea of insanity. When my uncle's papers were examined, sufficient evidence was discovered to establish my claim to the possessions left by my father. I was now a man of affluence; but what is wealth to the broken hearted? It cannot recall the deed of yesterday, or bribe the grave to yield to life its tenant.

MADNESS.

"Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier."—*Hamlet.*

——————Huic ego vulgum
Errori similem cunctum insanire docebo.
Horace, Sat. III.

The light of reason has elevated man immeasurably above the rest of God's creatures, and when enjoyed even to the extent allowable, it assumes the aspect of a godlike attribute, and the mind, no longer circumscribed by the narrow limits that imprison the body, threads the universe. It delves the earth to the centre, and the caverns of the ocean are searched. The sun, the moon, and the stars are traversed, and even the sacred vaults of heaven are approached by the mercurial spirit. The mind, framed to enjoy such research, bears within itself an exhaustless fountain of delight. It soars beyond this world, and the realities of life cannot wound it.

Though reason elevates man above the rest of the animal kingdom, yet, when deprived of it, he becomes more abject than the humblest of creatures. There is nothing so powerfully calculated to shock our natures as the scene exhibited in a receptacle of maniacs. Death, the end of all things, is not to be compared with it, for that is natural; but to witness

the annihilation of mind, while the body still retains its functions, is a sight that cannot be reconciled to our feelings. It is literally death in the midst of life, and death of the better part.

Some years ago I entered a receptacle of this description, to gratify my curiosity, but time has been unable to efface the impression which it made upon me, and the scene stands pictured in my memory as one of the few, fearfully impressive, which occur in the equable life of an ordinary man.

I entered the yard, common to such as were harmless in their aberrations. Each appeared to be absorbed with his own reflections, and the train of thought was indicated by the movements of the body. Here might be seen one whose steps were hurried, and his gesticulation wild; and there another, whose movements were regular and measured; his brows knit, and his head bent to his bosom, over which his arms were folded.

I moved through the crowd until my attention was arrested by a gray haired man on his knees, making figures in the sand. He was intent in calculation. His visage was small, and fox-like. His eyes were deep set and twinkling; his nose pointed and thin; his chin projected, and his mouth receded. Every line of his countenance denoted avarice. He did not notice our approach until the keeper accosted him.

"Well, Jamieson, what are you about?"

"Casting up the amount of my property," he replied, without raising his head. "A moment and I have done.—Ten and eight are eighteen, and two are twenty. There it is as clear as day light. Twenty thousand, every copper of it. And not a sixpence yields me less than twelve per cent. Ha! ha! ha! I may laugh at the world now, I think."

"And at your heirs, too, Jamieson," said the keeper.

"Hang them for ungrateful hounds," exclaimed the miser, "they would have clapped me in a madhouse for having dropped a dollar in the poor-box,

after listening to a charity sermon. They pronounced me mad, and unfit to take care of my wealth. They wished to become my stewards; the devil thank them. But the dogs had reason. A hard round dollar in the charity-box, was a symptom to be sure, but then look there, twenty thousand at twelve per cent! Could they have done better as the times go, mad as they pronounce me?" He smiled and chuckled in a satisfied tone at the idea of his imaginary possessions, and as I left him I involuntarily exclaimed, "Wherein does the happiness of this deluded wretch differ from that of the miser who worships his hoard of gold in secret. Their joys are equally imaginary, and he who dreams that he is worth thousands, provided the dream be never broken, is in fact as wealthy as he who is possessed of thousands and spends his life in dreaming over his possessions. How many maniacs of this description do we daily see, who are not only permitted to run at large, but who are pronounced to be in the full possession of their mental faculties!"

My attention was now attracted by a young man reciting Homer in the original. The musical numbers flowed from his tongue with eloquence, his countenance was animated and his gesticulation impassioned. When he concluded the passage, he exclaimed, "Well, that is poetry, and will remain so, let them say of my epic what they please."

"Your epic?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; they pronounced me mad for having written a poem that the critics had neither taste to relish nor sense to comprehend. If this is to be the fate of all authors, who experience similar condemnation, let them convert the whole world at once into a bedlam—your prison houses will be too small to hold us. And who is there to draw the line between insanity and reason. If my imagination be so vigorous as to soar beyond the reach of those who cannot dissolve the influence of this grovelling world, which draws them back with magnetic power, must I needs be mad!—If their waxen wings fail them in their at-

tempt to follow me through untravelled regions of light and glory, and while I keep on with steady wing and eagle eye, they, for their temerity, share the fate of Icarus—for this may they pronounce me mad! And yet it is so.—But who is there to draw the line! Sophocles, in his age, was accused of being insane by his heartless sons; but when before his judges he produced his last tragedy, and asked if a madman could write such verses, he was dismissed with fresh honours, and his sons were punished as madmen for making the accusation. Were I now to write an Œdipus Colonæus, such is the revolution that taste in literature has undergone, that the critics would pronounce it conclusive evidence of incurable insanity. The line between madness and reason changes with the age. I have lived a century before my time, and posterity will enjoy the epic that has consigned its author to bedlam." How many authors do we see at large labouring under similar delusion!

At a short distance from the poet was a painter, busily engaged in his art. We approached him, and the keeper enquired of him what he was about.

"Drawing a map of the moon," was the reply.

"And what do you mean by that palace upon which you have bestowed so much care?"

"The residence of the man in the moon, to be sure."

"Is the drawing accurate?"

"Ay; even to the smoke that you see ascending from the chimney. Behold, I have laid down, with precision, all the rivers, oceans, mountains and wilderness; and I will stake my reputation that the picture is as faithful as many of the representations of the globe we inhabit." Not being prepared to dispute the point with the maniac, I passed on and he resumed his labour.

He worked with intense earnestness, but in the world we daily see hundreds as busily employed, and to as little purpose.

The next we came to was an astronomer, looking

through a telescope. "What, Lawson, will you never have done with your astronomical researches?" said the keeper to him.

"Never, until death puts a period to them. Had I been created at the time that the wondrous fabric was first put in motion; when each sphere rung forth its first faint note as it slowly moved on its axle, and had I studied daily until the present hour, still the knowledge I might have acquired, compared with that beyond the grasp of the human mind, would have been as the acorn compared with the towering oak of the forest."

"And what has been the result of your researches?"

"Inexplicable confusion. I perceive that space is illimitable, and *that* thought alone, is beyond the utmost stretch of the human mind to reconcile with things that are bounded and circumscribed. There is nothing in nature that comes in comparison with this phenomenon. I have thought of it until my brain became as bewildered as that of the tenant of an hospital." The keeper smiled at the comparison, and the maniac proceeded—"I have been told that the planets maintain their position by gravity and attraction; that the atmosphere becomes lighter and more rarified as you recede from earth, and that, of consequence, the globes poised in this pure element must be of lighter consistency than that we inhabit. One visionary tells me that such an orb is composed of matter as light as water, another orb of weightier consistency, and that the animal kingdom every where is adapted to the planet on which it is created. So that where water prevails the tritons and the mermaids, which in this sphere exist only in the poet's brain, have their functions of vitality. Other and the most remote of the heavenly bodies are nothing more than dense atmosphere, and these are inhabited by birds; that space is filled by fluctuating nebulæ, which are drawn together by attraction, and thus the work of creation is incessantly going on, and will continue until time shall

be no more. That the comets are orbs of bituminous matter, which, becoming ignited, burn on for ages, until extinguished for want of fuel, and, as their gravity and attraction undergo constant change, their course is erratic and uncontrolled by the surrounding atmosphere. I have read until I became like a ship in the midst of the ocean, without compass or polar star to guide it, and then the philosophers pronounced me mad and expelled me from their fraternity. If they were to deal thus with all mad philosophers, their number would soon be reduced to a chosen few."

I now directed my steps towards a maniac, who, from an elevation, was addressing about a dozen auditors, who appeared to listen to him with attention. His head was gray and bare; his countenance animated, his gesticulation wild, and he spoke with a degree of vehemence that imparted a corresponding excitement to the minds of his auditors.

"The world is mad; I look abroad, and whatever my eye falls upon, goes to establish the truth of my position. Behold yon hoary headed father hoarding his wealth for his thankless child; depriving himself of proper sustenance to add another mite to the mountain that he has already accumulated. A little longer and we shall see tears of joy shed upon the old man's grave; the mountain of wealth levelled with the valley; the stream that was formed drop by drop rush out in torrents. And yet the world pronounces the dotard full of wisdom and prudence."

"The world is mad! the world is mad!" wildly shouted the crowd around him. The preacher continued. "Behold that pallid and emaciated being by the midnight lamp. The sun rises, sets, and rises again, and still we find him in the same position, consuming his life, even as the lamp is consumed that stands beside him. The main object of life is neglected, and the joys that the world presents are spurned as things unworthy of notice. His whole soul is absorbed with one idea, but one wish—that succeeding ages may know that he existed, and to

accomplish this, he renders that existence a burthen, heavier than that the fabled Atlas has to bear. The world will tell us he is a model of human wisdom; but if this be wisdom, why build walls to confine lunatics? Who is there so frantic among us as to sacrifice every enjoyment of life, with the vain hope of attaining that, which, when attained, he will be insensible to, and incapable of enjoying! The world is mad, since wisdom itself is madness."

"The world is mad! the world is mad!" shouted forth his auditors, and the exclamation was re-echoed from different parts of the yard.

"Behold that young mother, watching by the cradle that contains her infant child. It is midnight, and not a soul is near her. She bends over him, gazes on his dimpled cheeks, and kisses his ruby lips, while tears of anguish flow from her eyes, languid for want of sleep. It is midnight, and her head has not yet reposed upon her pillow. She has trimmed the lamp to guide the stray one to his home, but it is useless, for the morning sun will rise before he leaves the scene of his heartless debauchery. And yet she clings with the fervency of pure affection to him who has deserted her and her little babe, who has trodden on her heart, and leaves her to want, suffering, and shame. It is written, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out,' and though he is dearer to her than her eyes, why tamper with a diseased member, that is incurable, and, if not lopped off, must bring her to an untimely grave. The scene is changed.—Behold her now. She is still alone in her chamber. Her face is bent down to her lap and buried in her hands. She is still weeping. What is it that lies stretched on the bed beside her? It is the bud of beauty that lately she sprinkled with her tears, now as pale as the lily of the valley, and as senseless as the clod of the valley too. Weep not, thou stricken one, for no refreshing shower will call the blossom forth again. It is dead, and she mourns her loss in the bitterness of soul—but wherefore should she weep? The child has gone to bliss; it

would have been reared in misery and shame; it has died unspotted and in innocence, and yet she mourns that it was not reserved for a life of pollution and a death of guilt. She is mad, for rather should her lips pour forth the song of rejoicing that the innocent has been removed, before it entered upon the guilty path of its father, or tasted of the bitter cup that its mother had quaffed to the very dregs. But say that fortune had strewed its path with flowers, its course had been as unruffled as the sunny stream, that seeks the waste of waters, and its death, the death of the righteous. What then? Is there any enjoyment in life to compensate for the misery even the most prosperous are doomed to endure; any knowledge that will repay for a knowledge of the human race!—Blessed are ye who die in ignorance of your fellow mortals, since the good that flows from the purer sources of the human heart is but as a drop, compared with the streams poured forth by the corrupted fountains; and ye who are saved from this knowledge are as the husbandman who enjoys the harvest without having toiled in the sun. And yet they who have escaped from a scene of selfishness and ingratitude, who are removed from a state of persecution and suffering, whose spirits return to His presence as pure and unspotted as when he formed them, are mourned as though they had lost instead of having gained a world. The world is mad! the world is mad!" The preacher ceased, and his auditors shouted forth his last words. They were re-echoed from distant parts of the yard; and even in the cells, amid the clanking of chains, might be heard the exclamation, "The world is mad! the world is mad!" I hurried away, glad to escape from the wild scene to the bustle of society; a change from one scene of madness to another. I have since often reflected on the words of the maniac, and am more than half inclined to believe that I heard the plain truth spoken within the walls of bedlam.

THE

SEA VOYAGE.

"Messmates hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea."

EARLY in the autumn of 1820, I sailed from the port of Philadelphia for Havre, in a French merchantman, commanded by a little native of Gascony, who had studied philosophy, not in the calm and shady groves of the academy, but in a world of turmoil and trouble. The ancients may boast of the patience and fortitude of Socrates, in the hour of death, and prate about the abstinence of Diogenes in his tub; but to my mind, he who patiently lives on through scenes of trial and suffering, exhibits more philosophy by half than he who laughs at the terrors of death, or flies from the world, prostrates the dignity of his nature, and confines his ambition within the narrow compass of a tub. The little Gascon called himself a philosopher, and boasted of having read the ethics of Seneca for the fiftieth time; but that philosophy which is acquired by having the sensibilities blunted with continued buffetting, does not maintain such absolute dominion over the mind, but that it may be shaken from its purpose. So it was with the little captain, who would storm like a Hector at the sailors, and expatiate on the blessings of forbearance in the same breath.

Among the passengers there were two particularly calculated to produce an impression on the mind of the spectator. The one was a young man apparently about twenty-five years of age, tall of stature and handsomely formed. His countenance was pale, impressive, and full of manly vigour; his forehead high and polished; but his deep-set hazel eyes were overshaded by bushy brows, which gave a forbidding expression to his countenance. He kept aloof from the passengers. The other was a female about the same age, lovely in her appearance, and fascinating in her manners. They were accompanied by a little girl, scarcely five years old, whose striking resemblance to the lady was sufficient to satisfy the most careless observer that they were parent and child.

On board a ship our social feelings are naturally called into action, and even the most distant and reserved will at times relax from their austerity; for when thus shut out from the world, it is that we feel how essential we are to the happiness of each other. But the deep melancholy that hung upon the brow of Campbell, which was the name of the young man just alluded to, protected him from intrusion on his privacy: he seldom spoke to any one but his wife; to his child his lips were never opened.

By the time we had been a week at sea, the business of each passenger was known to the others; and for want of more interesting subjects of conversation the circumstances of our several lives were related from our childhood to the hour of speaking. Campbell not only refused to take part in our conversation, but seldom attended to what was going forward. He would frequently quit his meals abruptly, and pace the deck in evident agitation, which he in vain laboured to conceal. Mrs. Campbell, like a faithful mirror, invariably reflected the gloom of her husband's countenance; still she conversed freely and with animation; and occasionally a melancholy smile would play around her lips, which was as evanescent as the electric fluid that for a moment

gleams through the clouds which obscure the face of the heavens, passes away, and leaves all dark again.

The mysterious conduct of Campbell gave rise to numberless conjectures, none of which, however, accounted for it satisfactorily. My curiosity was wrought up to the highest pitch, and I applied to the little Gascon, who boasted much of his knowledge of mankind, for some information on the subject.

"He is melancholique," said the captain, at the same time placing the fore-finger of his right hand with much precision alongside of his thin proboscis:—"He is melancholique."

"That is evident, captain, but what does his melancholy arise from?"

"Ah, ha! dat is de question for one philosophe to resolve."

"Then, sir, it is worthy of your investigation," I replied.

"I have investigate, monsieur, and parbleu, I have dive at de bottom. He goes to France, pour sa santé, mais, he is consumptif, and he may go au diable to the bottom, before he get to France. He is no philosophe, and this makes him melancholique."

"Very satisfactorily and rationally accounted for," I exclaimed.

"Ah! ha! monsieur, I have study the operation of de human mind."

He concluded with an emphatic rap on the top of a huge snuff box, ornamented with a picture of Napoleon, and, shrugging his narrow shoulders, strutted away with an air which he designed should add not a little to the dignity of his appearance.

Campbell was in the constant habit of leaving his berth early and retiring to it late. Every morning he was seen leaning on the side of the vessel, gazing on the sun bursting from his watery bed, and in the evening he was in the same position, with his wife beside him, contemplating the glorious orb sinking beneath the surface of the deep. I frequently watch-

ed him while at his evening meditations, until his cheeks were bedewed with tears, and on stating the fact to the captain, he called it womanish weakness, and ascribed it to his not being a philosopher. A single page of Boetheus, he said, would prove a radical cure in the present case.

Campbell had a favourite dog that never left the side of his master, for the faithful animal appeared to be conscious of the dejected state of his mind, and of the necessity of affection to soothe his feelings. We had been about two weeks at sea, and yet there was no visible change in the appearance or health of the invalid. He still continued his meditations night and morning, by the vessel's side. One moonlight night, after all the passengers had retired to their berths, he still remained in his usual place, with his dog lying at his feet. The porpoise showed his black back above the waves, in the moonbeams, and the voracious shark swiftly followed in the wake of the ship. Mrs. Campbell, with her child, approached the spot where he stood, wrapped in admiration of the beauty of the scene. There was not a cloud to obscure the heavens, and the sea was but slightly ruffled by the breeze which impelled the vessel rapidly onward. She stood beside him, resting on his arm, and looking anxiously on his countenance, which was raised upward, and was glowing with unusual animation.

"Oh! God! he ejaculated, who can contemplate such a night as this, and all the wondrous works that now present themselves, and deny thy existence and thy omnipotence! A scene like this, Louisa, must make the innocent heart overflow with boundless love and gratitude for his bounty to mankind."

"And the guilty!" she involuntarily murmured.

"To shrink with horror from its own unworthiness!"

She turned pale and trembled as he fixed his eyes upon her. They remained silent, for it did not require the motion of lips or tongue to communicate to each other what was at that moment passing in

their minds. He fervently pressed her to his bosom, and his swelling heart told far more than his voice could utter. She smiled upon him through her tears, and again turned to expatiate on the beauties of creation.

The vessel glided rapidly forward, and her track was marked by the waves, that seemed to wanton in the moonlight. Suddenly the ship rolled, and the favourite dog that had been standing at his master's feet, fell overboard. Campbell's first impulse was to leap into the ocean to save him. His wife caught him by the arm time enough to prevent the desperate leap. He stood gazing in agony upon the faithful animal, who, struggling in the water, made a feeble attempt to swim after the ship. Distress was pictured in the countenance of the dog, as the vessel rapidly receded from him. His struggle was but short, for while yet in sight of those upon deck, a fearful yell denoted his fate. The shark that had followed the vessel for hours in pursuit of prey, received him in his ravenous jaws; disappeared for a few moments, and then was seen again following in the track of the ship. Campbell remained silent for some time, and his countenance denoted the deepest distress. At length he broke silence, and turning to his wife said, with a melancholy smile:

"Louisa, do not smile at my superstition, but I feel as if my voyage in this life will terminate before my voyage across the Atlantic."

She endeavoured to dispel the melancholy idea that had taken possession of his mind.

"You may call it," he said, "weakness, defect in education, vulgar prejudice, what you will; but surely life and death are not so widely separated, but that there may be some cord in this complicated system which shrinks instinctively at the approach of dissolution, and gives warning that the enemy, or as I should term it, the friend, is at hand. Is the mind so slavishly bound to, and dependent on, this corporeal frame, that *it*, which is to live to eternity,

can receive no intelligence, no light, but through the senses and organs of that body which will perish in a day, and be forgotten in its kindred dust?" He paused, and taking her hand, proceeded: "If the mind be not thus absolutely dependant on the outward senses for intelligence, I now foretell a speedy close to my feverish existence."

She expostulated against the weakness of permitting the loss of a favourite dog thus deeply to affect his mind.

"He was but a dog, 'tis true; but I, Louisa, could 'better have spared a better friend'—if I possess such. He was the means of awaking my mind from its present gloomy state, to scenes of happier days. He has been my constant companion for ten years. We have climbed the mountain height together, where the air was pure and the heart beat freely, unoppressed by the contaminated atmosphere that encircles the haunts of man. Whole days we have wandered over the wild mountains, when the circling flight of the eagle, as he ascended to a purer region, yielded inexpressible delight to my young heart. When the cawing of the raven, perched and rocking on the topmost branch of some blighted pine hanging over the precipice, was a sight to arrest attention;—when I shouted with joyous heart to fright him from his secure seat, and he in very mockery mingled his *cawings* with the echo returned by the surrounding hills. The sight of my poor dog served to recall those days of my boyhood and innocence; then have I not, indeed, bitter cause to deplore his loss?"

As the night was far advanced they retired to rest, but the haggard and woe-worn features of Campbell, the following morning, proved that rest had been a stranger to his pillow. The death of his dog was severely felt by him, and his mind was strongly imbued with the belief that his own death was near at hand. The superstitions which in his youth gave an air of romance to life, and were cherished on that account until they became a part of

his nature, still maintained their dominion over his mind undiminished, and nothing could persuade him from the belief, that he had received a natural, or supernatural indication that it was time for him "to set his house in order." "The mystical cord has been touched," he said, "there is no mistaking the note; there is no mistaking my feelings." The day passed, and I remarked that his countenance appeared more serene than usual.

The evening was calm and the golden beams of the setting sun were dancing upon the green bosom of the heaving ocean. Campbell and his wife were upon deck as usual, enjoying the scene, and it seemed as if the delight he experienced at that time compensated for the load of misery he had entailed upon himself. His eyes glanced rapidly from the heavens to the sea, and from the sea to the heavens, and as the tints in the sky and upon the water varied, as the sun slowly descended, he pointed out the change and richness of colouring to his wife, who leaned on his arm and seemed to find more charms in his animated countenance, than in the beauties of the scene. They were happier on that evening than they had been at any time since we left the capes of the Delaware; happier than at any moment afterwards.

About sunset the helmsman descried a vessel in distress about ten miles distant. As we approached, it proved to be a wreck in a most melancholy condition. Several dead bodies were seen on the deck, and lashed to the windlass was an emaciated being, that scarcely had sufficient strength left to prove that life was still remaining, in the midst of death and desolation. We hove to, and our long boat was hastily lowered into the sea and manned with sturdy oarsmen. I went on board accompanied by the captain, and we rowed towards the wreck. It presented such a spectacle of horror, that even the little Gascon, with all his philosophy, shrugged his shoulders and shuddered as he beheld it. The deck was strewed with the fragments of human bodies,

some bearing evident marks of having been mutilated to supply food for the survivors. In the forecastle lay two bodies; that of a female, and of a young man. They were literally locked in death's cold embrace, for their arms were entwined around each other, and being stiffened in death, it was impossible to separate them. This proved they had not been many hours dead. The only living being on board was the emaciated wretch bound to the windlass. He was hardly conscious that we had come to his rescue. He was released and placed gently in the boat, but such was his melancholy condition, that the exertion had well nigh snapped the feeble thread of expiring nature. After examining the wreck, and finding nothing of value, we returned to our ship.

As we approached the ship, Campbell and his wife were still in the same position as when we put off for the wreck; gazing with intense interest on the almost lifeless being that lay in the boat, supported by the captain and myself. We were hoisted on board and the stranger was removed and placed on a settee in the forecastle. The passengers and crew eagerly came forward to behold the shipwrecked man, and among the rest Campbell and his wife. They rivetted their eyes upon his emaciated countenance; their gaze was intense, and it appeared as if the haggard being before them awakened bitter recollections, for their cheeks changed colour, and they turned towards each other a look pregnant with meaning, mingled with agony; and yet the poor wretch who appeared to be on the very verge of life, was so emaciated, and so altered by what he had endured, that scarcely the outline of his former self could have been remaining. He cast his feeble glance upon the crowd around him; at length his eyes rested on the receding forms of Campbell and his wife, and beamed with a ray of recognition—she remained immovable, fascinated to the spot by his gaze. The sailor placed his scrawny hand upon his forehead, as if to protect his feeble eyeballs from the

glare of light: but he still gazed upon her, and after remaining a few moments in this position, a ghastly smile separated his thin lips.—The expression was horrible.—She shrieked, fainted, and was carried to the cabin. None present could divine the real cause of her sudden illness. The little Frenchman attributed it solely to the want of philosophy, which in his opinion was the universal cause of evil: others supposed that her feelings were overcome by beholding a fellow mortal in so deplorable a condition: but I had seen enough to satisfy me that this was not the first time the stranger and the mysterious beings had met.

The shipwrecked man was supported to a berth, medical assistance applied to, and every necessary, that his helpless situation required to promote his speedy recovery, was administered.

The melancholy and reserve of Campbell increased from the hour the stranger was rescued from the wreck. He appeared to shrink from the gaze of the meanest on board, and his visits upon deck became less frequent, seldom making his appearance there till after nightfall, when there was no one to disturb his meditations, or dive into the secret workings of his heart. Even the presence of his wife, who had heretofore possessed the power to soothe his most turbulent feelings, now served only to increase his agony. His child was carefully kept from his sight; the presence of the little innocent was insupportable.

Every practicable attention was bestowed on the shipwrecked man, who gradually recovered strength, and in a few days was pronounced out of danger, by the physician, though his emaciated and woe-worn appearance rather indicated a tenant of the grave, than a being of this world. The captain was attentive in his visits to the hammock of the sick man, and constantly administered with the medicinals of the physician, a page from his favourite Boetheus or Seneca. The fact was, the captain, though he boasted of being invulnerable to the sharpest shaft of for-

tune, had not philosophy sufficient to protect him from feeling acutely for the sufferings of others. Though ever ready to bear himself all the evils that fate could heap upon him, he felt concerned if but a slight breeze passed over others, whose minds he imagined were not as strongly fortified by philosophy as his own. He learnt from the sick sailor, that he was the captain of a merchantman which had sailed from Gibraltar for New-York, about a month before; that when ten days out, in a rough sea, the vessel was met by a heavy squall and capsized. Several of the passengers were washed overboard and perished, and when the ship righted, there was so much water in the hold and cabin, that the provisions could not be reached without much difficulty, and the bread and water were rendered unfit for use. Starvation threatened them; the survivors were accordingly placed on allowance from the first. As they had lost their rudder in the gale, and the spars and rigging had been carried overboard, they were tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves. He had beheld his crew and passengers die, amid the horrors of starvation, one by one, and the last who survived, had been driven in the agony of hunger, to appease the cries of nature, with the dead bodies of their fellow creatures. All this he beheld, and still clung to his wretched life with as much eagerness as if surrounded by all its pleasures and allurements.—At length he was the sole survivor, and his lamp of life was but faintly flickering in the socket; the deck of the vessel was constantly washed by the waves, and as a protection against being swept overboard, he secured himself to the windlass, there patiently to await the dispensation of HIM who giveth and taketh away. He had been in this situation two days when we providentially rescued him from impending destruction.

Mrs. Campbell was now seldom seen. The ray of animation that occasionally dispelled the gloom from her lovely countenance had vanished, and the moments of cheerfulness that she at times formerly

enjoyed, had now entirely deserted her. She was confined almost entirely to her cabin, and sickness was assigned as the cause.

We had experienced for several days in succession nearly a dead calm. Campbell had heretofore admired and enjoyed this state of the elements, for what is better calculated to raise the contemplative mind from earthly matters than to behold in an autumn evening a cloudless sky reflected on the glassy surface of the slumbering ocean? But now the dead calm was torture to his restless spirit. He prayed for motion, and his impatience was betrayed in every action. His eyes were wild and wandering, and his movements abrupt and hurried. He inquired of the oldest seamen from which quarter of the compass might be expected the approach of the next tempest, and to that quarter were his eyes constantly directed, where every ascending cloud appeared to bring a fresh hope to his desolate heart.

At length the long looked for storm arose in all its grandeur. Volumes of dense clouds, regularly and gradually ascended like formidable armies preparing for battle. The winds that had been pent up, now burst forth, and the roaring waters heaved with a convulsive motion. The spell was broke that had harmonized creation, and discord now prevailed. The appearance of Campbell became visibly changed. His countenance was animated; there was a smile of terrible, but undefined meaning upon his lips; his eyes glanced wildly from the sea to the heavens, and he traversed the deck with a rapidity of step that excited the wonder of all who beheld him. Our vessel was soon prepared to encounter the worst, but as the wind blew steadily from one quarter, and the sea was not running dangerously high, we felt no apprehension for our safety.—The sky was completely overcast, and the rain descended in torrents. Campbell still remained upon deck after all the passengers and crew, excepting those upon watch, had retired to rest. No persuasion could induce him to go below; and to the entreaties

of his wife and the captain, he replied: "It is the only joyful hour I have experienced since I came on board; I beseech you not to interrupt it."

They left him and he seated himself in the most retired part of the ship, to brood upon his feelings.

I had retired to my berth, but I found it impossible to close my eyes, for the raging waters made such an awful coil as they dashed against the sides of the ship, and gave rise to reflections, that would have kept me awake even had my mind been fortified with the philosophy of the little Captain. After tossing in my bed for about two hours, until the fever of my mind was communicated to my body, I imagined I heard a piercing shriek proceeding from the deck. It was immediately followed by a groan. I leaped from my bed and rushed to the gangway. I met the captain at the foot of the stairs, who had been awakened by the same noise. On seeing me he exclaimed: "Mon Dieu! le melancholique gentlehomme!" and ascended as rapidly as his diminutive legs could carry him. I followed; and we hurried towards the place where we had left Campbell the preceding evening.

Lights were speedily brought, and lying on the deck we beheld Campbell weltering in his blood. I raised him—the wound was in his bosom, and bleeding profusely. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "who has done this?"

"The Tempest Fiend," he answered. "We had a long and fearful struggle; but, thank God, it is over. I proved unequal to the combat, and he has marked me for the caverns of the deep." He laughed hysterically, and big drops of perspiration burst from his pale forehead. I called for assistance to carry him below.

"No, no," he cried, "let me die here. I shall be called for before the morrow's sun rises, for the spirits of the water are preparing my abode in their coral caves. Let me rest here until they come for me."

The captain demanded of the sailors who were

on watch an explanation of this mysterious and melancholy occurrence. They stated, that during the intervals of the storm they had heard voices, but conceived them to be nothing more than the ravings of Campbell. One man, however, protested that immediately after the shriek, a vivid flash of lightning afforded him a momentary and indistinct view of a figure gliding down the gangway of the forecastle. Suspicion immediately fell on the shipwrecked stranger, for adversity is too frequently considered by the prosperous superior to no action, however atrocious. The physician vouched for the innocence of his patient, declaring it physically impossible that he could stir from his hammock. He pronounced him in a fair way to recover, but as yet incapable of moving. "And then what motive," said he, "could possibly exist in the bosom of a man, himself apparently on the verge of eternity, sufficient to excite exhausted nature, to the performance of the act of a fiend?"

Campbell was carried below, and after his wound was staunched, was left alone with his wife, the presence of any other person being painful to him. We then entered the place where the sick sailor lay, and on beholding his enfeebled condition, readily admitted that we did him injustice by the suspicion we had entertained. But as we were about to leave him, I imagined I espied a speck of blood on the covering of the bed. One of his hands hung over the side of the hammock; the light fell upon it, and betrayed that it also was stained with blood. Conviction flashed on the minds of all present, and I hastily exclaimed, "behold the murderer!" He shrunk not at the charge, but a smile of derision illumined his ghastly countenance. He kept his keen eye fixed upon us; it was lighted up with a fiendish glare, and added an expression to his lengthened and emaciated visage, which was painful to behold, and yet the spectator had scarcely power to turn from it. He faintly said, with a scornful laugh, "I a murderer!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the physician; "the poor wretch is incapable of leaving his hammock, much less to contend with a man in the vigour of life." I drew the cover from his bed; it was stained in many places. Our suspicions were strengthened, and yet the sick man betrayed no signs of guilt or fear, but silently pointing to his left arm, explained the mystery. His physician had bled him the day preceding, to allay a raging fever: the bandage had been removed, and the orifice was bleeding afresh. I shrunk abashed at the preposterous charge I had made, and, after endeavouring to appease his injured feelings, withdrew and left him to the care of the physician. His eyes followed me, and I felt relieved when I had escaped from their glare.

I retired to my berth, and endeavoured to sleep, but my mind had become so feverish by the dreadful occurrences of the night, that I tossed about for several hours in a painful state of restlessness. At length I fell into a slumber, but it was a slumber more dreadful than my waking contemplations; for the ghastly face of the seaman was seen wherever I turned my eyes. It assumed various expressions, and was blended in my imagination with the figure of the murdered Campbell, producing a succession of scenes and shapes that would have driven the waking imagination to frenzy. I arose early and hastened on deck, happy to escape to a scene of life and bustle, from the solitary horrors of the night. The storm still continued, and the appearances indicated that it would do so for some days.

Mrs. Campbell watched by the bedside of her husband during the night, in a state of agony that can be more readily conceived than described; for the surgeon, on examining the wound, had pronounced a speedy death inevitable. When the earthly ties which bind the pure to the innocent are violently severed, the pang sustained by the survivor is too frequently almost insupportable, although the bright promise of meeting hereafter may cast a ray of comfort around the heart of the mourner;

what then must the guilty feel, who are bound by ties that cannot exist in heaven, and which, when broken here, leave the torn heart without a hope remaining! The mournful visage of Mrs. Campbell, as she clasped the hand of the dying man, was painful to behold, for even the most careless observer could discover utter hopelessness written there.

The surgeon, on interrogating Campbell respecting the manner in which the wound was inflicted, was led to believe that the unhappy and mysterious man had fallen the victim of his own hand, and the deep rooted melancholy that had obtained possession of his mind and actions, rendered it highly probable that this supposition was correct. When first carried below, after his wound had been staunched, he turned to his wife and said in a tone scarcely audible, "Behold my prediction verified; you treated lightly my superstitious feelings; but I had a prescience that I should never tread on earth again."

The violence of the storm every hour increased, and towards noon all hands were aloft, busily engaged among the rigging, preparing to encounter a tempest that threatened our destruction. In the midst of the bustle the captain was summoned below, as it was said Campbell was dead; and his wife was dying. On entering the cabin Mrs. Campbell was discovered lying on the bed in a swoon, beside the lifeless body of her husband. The melancholy expression of Campbell's countenance still remained fixed in death; but there was a serenity about it which spoke more of hope than despair, though every line plainly indicated deep rooted wretchedness. Mrs. Campbell was gently removed from the body around which she clung in the agony of grief.

It was a scene calculated to awaken the sympathies of all present, and even the philosophical Frenchman, 'though all unused to the melting mood,' opened the sluices of his heart, and his time-beaten cheek was bedewed with a tear, though for years it had been moistened alone by the sea or the tempest. He caught my eye, and understood what was passing in

my mind; he wiped his tears away, and in vain endeavoured to assume the philosopher again. As we turned from the disconsolate woman, the captain muttered to himself, "oui, oui, je suis philosophe, mais, je suis homme." I replied, "that being a man, it was impossible that philosophy should deaden the feelings to a scene of that description." "I can bear," said he, "like Seneca or Diogenes, whatever burden may be cast on my own shoulders, but not the afflictions that are visited on the heads of others." I grasped his hand; he understood the pressure, and returned it.

The storm continued with unabated fury, and as night approached, it was deemed expedient to consign the remains of Campbell to a watery grave. Preparations were accordingly made, and the body was literally torn from the agonizing embrace of the disconsolate wife, and wrapped in sailcloth to receive the last human rites. It was now night when the corpse was placed upon deck. The captain, the passengers and such of the crew as were not engaged, stood around it. Becoming sorrow was depicted in every countenance. Torches were brought and I read a brief service before consigning the body to the waves. Having performed this duty, Mrs. Campbell was gently raised from the corpse, over which she had knelt during the service, and two sailors taking hold of it by the head and feet, committed it to the sea. The heart broken widow swooned. The solemn plunge was distinctly heard, and immediately followed by a fiend-like laugh. On turning to discover whence this ill-timed merriment proceeded, we beheld amongst the crowd, the ghastly visage of the shipwrecked man. The clothing from his bed was wrapped around him, and his features were horribly distorted. He still laughed hysterically, and as the light of the torches rested on the dark surface of an ascending billow, and disclosed where the unhappy Campbell floated in his winding sheet, the sailor pointed at it and shouted with laughter. We were all struck with amazement; but on securing him we

discovered that he had become a maniac. The cause remained a mystery, but the physician ascribed it to the agitation his mind must have undergone at being innocently charged with murder, and to having exposed himself to the night breeze, whilst under the influence of burning fever. He considered the explanation both learned and natural, and as no one on board was profound or bold enough to contradict a man whose business it was to deal out life and death at pleasure, his opinion was taken, as we usually take physic, without examination, and consequently received full as much credit as it deserved.

Day after day passed on, and still the contending elements threatened us with destruction. Our ship had become materially crippled by the violence and obstinacy of the storm; alarm began to be felt by all on board, and even the philosophical captain at length betrayed some apprehensions for our safety. The sails and rigging were torn away piece by piece; the masts were splintered, and finally there was little left but the hulk of the beautiful ship which had a few days before sailed so proudly over the waves. To add to our distress, on trying the pumps we found that there were four feet water in the hold. The alarm of all on board increased, and I could perceive by the lengthened physiognomy of the captain that he had never stood more in need of his philosophy than at that moment. He however still stormed at the sailors to urge them to exertion, and calmly quoted Seneca to satisfy himself of the vanity of life.

The sailors laboured night and day at the pumps to keep us afloat. We had been driven in this manner, at the mercy of the waves for about a week, every day the leak increasing, but as the wind was favourable, and we constantly sailed in nearly the same direction, we still hoped to reach some haven in safety. On the tenth day when even the most sanguine began to despair, our drooping spirits were revived by the sight of land. The sea was running high and we rapidly approached the coast, but our

feelings of joy at the prospect of being rescued from a watery grave, were now changed to those of terror, for the helmsman had lost all control over the ship, and there were breakers ahead, upon which she must inevitably strike and go to pieces. The captain foresaw the danger and ordered the long boat to be got in readiness. He then awaited patiently the moment that should decide our fate. The interval was truly awful, and as I stood gazing on the coast now so near us, I felt that death in the midst of the dreary waste of waters would not have been so terrible as in the sight of the haunts of men and a place of safety. All were assembled on deck: we drew near to the spot where the furious waves were lashed into foam: every eye was fixed upon it, and each held his breath in dreadful suspense, as the wreck was borne aloft by the irresistible surf prepared to dash it upon the pointed rocks indistinctly seen in the chasm beneath. The vessel struck, which was denoted by a shriek of terror. The long boat was hastily lowered, and we got on board as speedily as practicable. The little captain even in this extremity displayed the influence of the precepts of Seneca and Boetheus on his mind; he was the last to leave the ship, though the fury of the waves threatened every moment to dash her to pieces. The boat pushed off from the wreck; it was well manned, and in a few minutes we were beyond the danger of the breakers. Our eyes were still turned towards the ship which was labouring to pass the shelving rock, when suddenly two figures appeared on board. Our hearts sunk within us, and each anxiously looked around to see if his friends were with us. A voice near me, scarcely articulate with grief, sobbed, "O! my mother, my dear mother!" I turned and beheld Mrs. Campbell's child in the arms of the boatswain. Those left behind proved to be the maniac and the unhappy female, Mrs. Campbell. The captain ordered the boats to put back, and we endeavoured to approach the wreck, but in vain. The safety of those in the boats obliged

us to desist, and with heavy hearts we turned round the prow towards the shore. The child continued to cry, "My mother, my dear mother! Oh! take me back to my mother," while the rough boatswain, as he endeavoured to soothe her, mingled his tears with hers.

The figures on the wreck appeared unconcerned at their approaching fate. Mrs. Campbell was seen kneeling at the feet of the maniac, who stood in the attitude of devotion. He placed his hand on her head, and raised his eyes as if asking forgiveness for her sins. He bent forward, and touched her forehead with his lips. She arose and fell upon his bosom. He gave her one agonized embrace; her slender form lay upon his left arm, and his right was raised towards heaven. The ship was thrown violently on the breakers, went to pieces, and the objects of our solicitude disappeared amid the waves.

We reached the shore in safety, and soon learnt that we were on the coast of Spain. We found shelter in the cottages of the peasants, and the succeeding day, as the sailors were searching the strand for whatever might be washed ashore from the wreck, they found the bodies of Mrs. Campbell and the maniac, locked in each other's embrace; and as death had united those who in life had been parted, we did not break the mortal bond, but consigned them to the same grave. The sorrow of the destitute orphan child touched the best feelings of the roughest seaman's heart, and the little Gascon lifted the mourner in his arms, as the earth was heaped on the mortal remains of her parents, and soothingly said: "Poor unfortunate, you shall never want while I have aught to give." He had a widowed sister at Havre, under whose protection he designed to place her. On inquiring how she had escaped from the wreck, the boatswain stated that a few moments before the vessel struck, the maniac had rushed upon deck, placed her in his arms, and conjured him to save her life. He immediately disappeared in the bustle and confusion that prevailed. He had doubtless gone be-

low, resolved to remain there and sink with the ship, as the actual ills of this life were to him more appalling than the untried sufferings of the life to come.

The Spanish peasants planted a rude cross over their grave to denote the spot where the shipwrecked strangers lie, and a wandering monk sanctified it, and offered up an orison that their sleep might be undisturbed.

After their interment the physician informed us that he had some matters of interest to communicate, which had been related to him in confidence by the shipwrecked sailor, at a time when, as he said, he had abandoned all hopes of safety, and he wished to relieve his mind from the weight of secret guilt.

"I committed his relation to paper," said the physician, "as it fell from his lips, but can convey no idea of the impassioned strain in which it was delivered. His death exonerates me from secrecy, for neither the dead nor the living will be wronged by what is contained in this paper." Saying which, he handed me a scroll containing the following:

"Campbell was long my friend; my earliest and dearest friend; but for several years past we have been as bitter foes as ever walked the earth for each other's torment. His vengeful and hated image even now is before me; his dying groan rings through my brain, and his bloody corpse presents itself whichever way I turn as it appeared on that dreadful night when it was consigned to the waters. I see it now as when it rose upon the dark billow that bore it forever from the sight of all mankind;—all but me! I loved him as a brother, but like a villain I wronged him. Yes, mine was the first breach of confidence; I inflicted the first injury, and now the accumulation of guilt and suffering rests on my devoted head. He loved the poor, guilty and broken hearted female who now survives him. She then was innocent, and I thought her rather a being of Heaven than of earth. He made his love known to me, but regardless of the voice of friendship and of honour, by the basest

insinuations, I supplanted him in her affections. It matters not what arts I used; they were those of a demon, and proved but too successful. The unsuspecting innocent maid discarded him who deserved her, and placed her hopes on a wretch defiled with duplicity and baseness. We were married. Campbell disappeared, and from that moment until we met on board this ship, I neither saw nor heard of him. I knew he was an enthusiast, but ill calculated to encounter the disappointments of this world, and I supposed that an early grave had closed over his sorrows. The thought, horrible as it was, allayed the poignancy of my feelings. My business necessarily drew me from home for months together. Campbell and my lost Louisa must have met during my absence, when my villany became divulged, and was seen by them, no doubt, in its blackest colours. If so, who can blame them if in a moment of frenzy they spurned aside the miscreant who stood between them and happiness. The immaculate and unspotted may condemn without a tear, but even I, though they have sunk me to the lowest depth of human wretchedness, cannot curse them.

"I pass over my life until the fatal time when I was rescued from impending death and brought on board of this ship. Oh! that I had undergone the most poignant sufferings that death can inflict before I had been rescued to perform the terrible deed I have done, and live in this agony! The spark of life was nearly extinct; I was insensible to what was passing around me, and when the ray of intellect broke on my darkened imagination, the first objects that presented themselves to my view, were Campbell and my wife! The shock had nearly accomplished the work that privation and the waves had left unfinished. The fatal truth rushed like a torrent on my mind; my bosom was rent with contending passions; my brain ached, and a veil of obscurity overclouded my reason. While lying in my hammock, I occasionally caught a glimpse of my innocent child while at play: my heart revolted from it,

and I viewed it with the same abhorrence that I should a young viper. Once the feelings of a father came over me; the mother's guilt was forgotten; and I called the little innocent to me to receive her father's dying blessing. I called her by name; she raised her lovely face to ascertain whence the sound proceeded—her mother's smile was on her lips, and that changed my blessing to a curse. I would at that moment have given the universe had she not resembled her guilty mother.

"My shame and wreck of happiness now engrossed all my thoughts. Sleeping and waking, Campbell and my wife stood before me. In vain I sought for rest; they still pursued me, and there was no fleeing from them. My mind, enfeebled by sickness and anxiety, sunk beneath the conflict. I became deranged. The night that Campbell received his death-wound, you may remember, I was seized with a raging fever. It imparted a preternatural strength to my exhausted frame: my mind was burning too with revenge;—images the most horrible presented themselves and goaded me to madness. I had a sailor's knife in my hammock. I seized it and arose. My tread was firm. I stifled a convulsive laugh, as my bloody intent came across my imagination. I stole softly to the gangway, and my heart throbbed audibly with a fiendish joy as I hurried upon deck. I paused for a moment; the raging of the storm was in unison with my feelings, and its coolness gave my frame new vigour. A flash of lightning showed me where my victim sat. I rushed upon him, and uttered my name; he sank upon the deck beneath me, but soon regained his self-possession. The struggle was in silence; we both felt that it was for life and vengeance, and I strained every nerve to hurl him into the sea; my strength was unequal to the task. The conflict now became desperate, and I was near being vanquished, when I drew the knife and buried it in his bosom. He sunk at my feet; I see him now; I still hear the sound of his body as it fell upon the deck, and the shriek he gave as I

stabbed him. Every sense and feeling is engrossed in these; I hear naught beside—see nothing but his bleeding form; it has pursued me until reason abandoned her station. I became a maniac, and the image was more distinct and terrible. I cannot fly from it; I feel it will pursue me until the shadows of death shut out the scenes of this life for ever; and then, Oh God! I fear that the impression is so indelibly fixed in my soul, that in the life to come I shall seek for rest in vain!"

Here ended the physician's manuscript. Having read it to the captain, he observed, that philosophy is a cure for most evils which Providence inflicts upon man, but it is of no avail in cases like the present, where the sufferer himself is the sole cause of the evil he endures.

After having saved as much from the wreck as practicable, we proceeded to Cadiz, and thence took shipping to Havre. The little philosopher, as he took a last view of the wreck of his favourite vessel, said with a sigh, "behold all that is left to me after forty years toil and danger! I now am old and penyless; but he whose mind is not to be shaken by the vicissitudes of fortune, needs not her golden smiles to make him happy." He kissed the child, leisurely wiped his spectacles, took the Seneca from his pocket, and in a few moments his irreparable loss and the dangers he had just escaped were alike forgotten.

THE

LEPER'S CONFESSION.

And the Leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, unclean, unclean.—All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be.—*Leviticus.*

The curse of heaven is on me.* It has pursued me from my birth, and will adhere to me until this body is mingled with its primitive dust. I brought it into the world with me, and there is no human skill can tear it off. It has turned the whole human race against me. My father fled when he first be-

*Rhotaris, king of the Lombards, published an edict against lepers, by which they were considered dead in law, and enjoined not to come near to sound persons, but to apprize them of their approach, by making a noise with a wooden clapper. So early as the eighth century, St. Othmar, in Germany, and St. Nicholas de Corbie, in France, instituted leprous houses, which had already been numerously established in Italy. King Pepin, in 757, and Charles the Great, 789, issued ordinances, by which the marriages of lepers were dissolved, and their association with the healthy prohibited. In fact, a person afflicted with this disease, was treated as a dead body, funeral obsequies were performed, and masses said, for the benefit of his soul.

held me, and my mother, even while her heart yearned to press me to her breast, snatched her nipple from my boneless gums, and put me aside with horror. The natural channels leading to the heart, have been closed up against me. I have been shut out from communion with mankind. My affections have been crushed, and weeds have sprung up from the soil where flowers would have blossomed. All have fled before me as from a living pestilence, and in my turn I have fled from all, even as Cain fled, fearing an enemy in all he met.

I was reared alone, as if I partook not of the privileges of my nature in common with the rest of my race. I had been taught to feel that even the air I breathed was upon the sufferance of those who were but mortals like myself. My heart was frozen in the first budding of its affections. My parents were but parents in name, and my brothers and sisters feared to acknowledge the ties of kindred with me. The cup I drank from was marked and no one touched it, and even the house dog was driven from the trencher that held my food; not for my sake but in pity to the dog. The days of my boyhood were passed in solitude, and at night, I have laid myself down in my solitary hiding place, as the dog crawls to his kennel, and wept until the morning.

I left my father's house, for what was my father's house to me more than any other spot on earth. So far from finding my affliction soothed, by being near those whom nature bade me love, their aversion caused me to feel, in the utmost poignancy, the severity of my fate. I was goaded to madness, for my feelings were daily crushed under foot as heedlessly as the flowers that spring in the valley. My father's house became hell to me, and I left it, for I felt that even a lazar house, compared to it, would have been heaven.

I had attained the age of manhood when I went forth into the world. I sought a distant clime where both my person and name were unknown, and I changed my name, lest that might possibly lead to

my identity. The marks of my fatal disease were now concealed beneath my clothing, and I mingled with mankind no longer a proscribed wretch, but felt like another being and rose from the earth regenerate. My heart was joyous and leaped at the sound of the glad voices of my fellow mortals. I admired the beauties that nature presented on all sides, as though they had been made for my enjoyment, and while I contemplated them, I ceased to remember that my hopes of happiness had been blighted never to put forth again.

In the enthusiasm of the moment I exclaimed, "this world must last forever. It is too beautiful a creation to have been made to be destroyed. As it was centuries ago it is at the present time; and as it is now it will remain through myriads of unborn ages. No external objects have heretofore influenced its course, nor have internal commotions affected in the slightest degree its movements. Its velocity is the same; its weight neither diminished nor increased, for we bring nothing into the world and nothing can we take out of it. Man in his pride may build, heap mountain upon mountain, until his works bear the same proportion to his hand, as the extended coral reef to the little insect that framed it, and still with all his toil he cannot add as much as the weight of a feather to the weight of the world. He may change the features of the works of nature, but the power of creation to the minutest degree is denied him. The influence of other spheres upon this globe is the same as when the Almighty hand first set the countless orbs in motion. Night follows day, and the various seasons still succeed each other in the order that it was first decreed. The earth has undergone no change in its products, for those plants that were indigenous still remain so, and those that were exotics ages ago will not yet spring spontaneously from the soil. The seed must first be scattered."

Thus I reasoned to convince myself that the world must last forever, and I wished it might be so, but

experience soon taught me, that had the extent of its duration been pronounced, no matter how brief, it must have exceeded far the measure of my joys.

I mingled with the world, as I have said, and appeared to enjoy what was passing, but like the felon who has escaped from prison, I lived in daily terror of detection. I watched the progress of my disease, and had it been the brand of a convict, I could not have contemplated it with greater horror. I lived in constant dread lest it should seize upon my face and hands, and render concealment longer impossible. If the indelible brand of guilt had been stampt upon me, I might have collected sufficient fortitude to brave the odium, for there is a recklessness too frequently attendant upon crime, which renders the offender insensible to the insults of the world, having forfeited its fair opinion—but I was innocent; I was persecuted for a misfortune in which I had no agency, and which was beyond my power to remedy, and the consciousness of this innocence, so far from imparting strength, weighed like a millstone on me, and my mind had not sufficient energy to cast it off. I suffered I knew not wherefore, but it was the will of heaven, and there was no relief.

I had now been so long in the habit of contemplating myself, and viewing my associates with the eye of suspicion, that I became contracted in my feelings, and lived for myself alone. How desolate is the human heart when it meets with no object upon which it can repose! it becomes the sepulchre of its better feelings, and as they decay, weeds and nettles spring up as about the monumental stone that marks the spot where beauty moulders.

My existence might be compared to the dream of a delirious wretch labouring under a raging fever. Nothing appeared in its true colours, and shadows struck as deep terror to my soul as their substance. A change came over me, and instead of admiring the glorious works that had awakened me to new life, I sickened at the sight and closed my eyes upon them. But winter came, and it was spring to my

soul as I beheld the trees stripped of their foliage, the streams locked in icy fetters, the earth sterile and covered with snow, and nature in her hour of adversity. There was no music in my ear like the hollow moan of the tempest as it swelled like a dirge over the ruin it had made. Such was my state of mind when I met with one as beautiful as the embodying of a poet's dream, and pure as the lily that grows in the shade and dies untarnished by the rays of the sun. She was one of those that nature at intervals throws among us as it were to give a clue to the imagination of the beholder, to form some idea of the celestial beings who inhabit a purer orb than this. I loved her and was beloved. Her whole soul reposed in me in perfect confidence, and my feelings for her were such as I imagined could never have sprung from my desolate heart.

Months passed away and our love for each other increased daily. The bliss of being near her more than compensated for all my sufferings, for I now felt that there was something worth living for, and while that remained, I should be invulnerable to all calamity. While indulging in this dream, one who was acquainted with me in my boyhood, passed me in the street. There had never been the slightest congeniality of feeling subsisting between us. I had always instinctively avoided him, and he suffered no opportunity to escape of showing his aversion for me. The affections of early life oftentimes are destroyed as flowers overrun by weeds: they fade, and die, and never spring up again. Not so our dislikes. That which was but a seed in childhood, takes deep root in the genial soil, and is nourished by the very essence of our nature, until, in after life, we behold it standing forth as the oak of the forest, resisting all shocks and casting a deep shade over all that comes within its influence. At least, it has been so with me. He gazed at me as he passed as if he retained an indistinct recollection of having seen me before. I was paralyzed at the sight of him. The sudden appearance of a tenant of the grave could

not have filled me with such terror. I turned away, in hopes he would not know me, and he passed on. I hurried home more dead than alive, and hastily locked the door after me, still doubting my safety.

Days elapsed before I ventured abroad. My fears and absence from her I loved, rendered my solitude insupportable. I dared not explain to her the cause of my strange conduct—she was surrounded by admirers, worshipped by the favourites of the world, and every breath of air that approached her was laden with the aspirations of devoted hearts. I was fully aware of this, and I knew how delicate a plant is love—it droops and dies in the shade, and my heart sunk within me at the thought that my apparent neglect might estrange her feelings from me. I reproached myself with cowardice, for happiness was within my grasp and yet I had not the courage to be any thing but wretched. I again summoned my resolution, felt prepared to encounter the worst, and with an unfaltering step I left my place of concealment.

It was night as I approached the dwelling of the only being I cared to see. As I came in front of the house I beheld it illuminated and heard the sounds of revelry within. My fears again rushed on my mind and I hesitated whether to enter or return. "Coward," I exclaimed, "what death can equal a life of constant dread!" I paused but for a moment on the threshold, and entered. The apartment was filled with light hearts and smiling faces; I looked around, passing with indifference many a brilliant beauty, until my anxious eyes fell upon the sylph-like figure of my beloved. Sadness was seated on her pale brow, but no sooner did she discover me, than a gentle blush tinged her lily white cheeks, and she hastened to where I stood. Her hand trembled as she placed it in mine, and the colour of her cheek became of a deeper die, as she bade me welcome. The faded brow, the blush, the trembling hand, spoke too plainly what I scarcely dared to hope, and such was the ecstacy of my feelings, that it appeared to

me as if the happiness of an entire life was concentrated in that single moment.

O, woman! thou best and loveliest work of the master hand! Thou art to the human race as the sun to the universe. Darkness is dissipated by thy presence, and virtues that otherwise would run to weeds in the rude heart of man are drawn forth and fostered, until they blossom and bear fruit, in the sunshine of thy countenance. In his youth, thou art more beautiful to him than the wonders of paradise were to the new created Adam; and when in the vale of life, weary and wayworn, still he turns to thee to cheer him on his journey. He looks back, and his heart confesses that his purest and most cherished joys sprung from thee; he looks forward, and though the view presents nothing but darkness and gloom, and the weight of the world be on him, thou smilest, and he rises renovate, like the aged Æson beneath the magic influence of the daughter of Æetes.

The joy I experienced on our meeting might be compared to the vivid flash of lightning that precedes the roll of the thunder; it was as brilliant and as fleeting. As I looked through the assemblage, I beheld the being whom most I dreaded, and whom most I hated—he who had passed me in the street a few days before. His eyes were fixed upon me; my first impulse was to fly, but I had not the power: my head sunk upon my bosom, and I remained silent and motionless, while he approached and accosted me by name. A name that I had not heard for years, and one that I trusted had been forgotten. Every earthly hope withered at the sound.

He no sooner left me than I withdrew to conceal my confusion. The sudden change that had come over me escaped the notice of all but one, and she followed me to learn the cause. I hurried out of the house in silence, and still she followed, beseeching me to explain my mysterious conduct. Still I hurried on with the feelings of a felon who has escaped from prison, and hears the cry of his pur-

suers. At length I paused beneath the portico of a chapel, and we concealed ourselves in the deep shade of its columns. I trembled as I took her by the hand.

"For mercy's sake," she exclaimed, "what means this agitation?"

"The time has come, beloved one, when we must part."

"Must part!"

"Yes, forever."

She faintly repeated, "Forever!" and her languid head fell upon my bosom.

"I am a proscribed wretch—a burden on the face of the earth—there is no resting place for my foot here—I must continue to be the persecuted of men, until I find a refuge in the narrow confines of the grave."

"And wherefore should we part? If grief is your lot, so much the greater need of one to share it with you."

I pressed her yielding form to my bosom, and my heart was too full to speak until relieved by a flood of tears.

"Thou devoted one, thou art incapable of estimating the sacrifice thou wouldst make for me. I am an isolated being; hopeless, cut off from communion with mankind. Return to thy friends, where thou wilt be happy, and leave me to my fate."

She faintly exclaimed, "Happy, while you are wretched! O, impossible!"

"Thou art the only object in life that is dear to me, but pause ere you take a step that indissolubly links your fate with mine. Remember, the world is a fearful world for the feeble to encounter."

"It is too late for me to think of that now."

"What, wouldst thou leave friends, kindred, home—all for me?"

"All, all for thee."

How brilliant is the dream of youth, when the soul is first awakened by the aspirations of love. We are then as our first parents were before the

fall, breathing the very atmosphere of heaven, holding communion with angels, and fearlessly approaching the Creator himself. It is, however, a feeling that we enjoy but once, and for a moment only; it passes away like a flash of lightning that is succeeded by darkness, and no power can revive it, unless, indeed, it be revived in heaven.

From that hour she became mine. Let not those who adjudge me condemn my selfishness, unless they possess the fortitude to have acted otherwise. She was the only treasure I had ever possessed, and I viewed her as an offering from heaven, that it would have been suicidal to have rejected—I could not have survived her loss.

That night we travelled towards a neighbouring city. She hung upon my arm, and spoke cheerfully, drawing a thousand bright pictures of future happiness, that it would have required a thousand lives to have realized, and we were to enjoy the whole in one—Such is the magic pencil with which young love paints! The night was beautiful, clad in the glory of her countless stars. Even the vegetable world appeared to be endued with animal life, and to inhale the refreshing breezes. The lofty trees stood forth like the giants of the earth, and seemed as though they were slumbering in the moonlight, and so awfully calm was nature, that I almost fancied I heard their respiration. It was a calm that foretold the coming storm.

We lived in a secluded spot, obscurely and unknown. Apprehension of being discovered subsided, as days and weeks passed away, and we neither saw nor heard of any one to molest us. I obtained employment, and a new view of life burst upon me as I reflected that by my labour she was supported, who had deserted the world for me. It stimulated me to constant exertion; my mind became more cheerful, and I daily experienced how delicious that coarse bread is which is made with the sweat of the brow. What are all the heartless enjoyments of the more prosperous compared to this! They rove

from pleasure to pleasure, gathering sweets, until the luscious hoard palls upon the appetite, and then turn away nauseated, and arrogantly pronounce the choicest blessings that the Creator has bestowed, all vanity. I had but one drop of sweet mingled in my cup of bitter; it was a potent drop, for it made me delirious with joy. I revelled in it, and I was thankful. Man was not made for a round of pleasure, for pleasures soon become toils, and of the most irksome kind when there is no obstacle to be surmounted, nothing to stimulate to exertion, and the mind lies inactive. This state is literally death of the better part of man, and that which is endued with vitality is nothing more than the sepulchre of the spirit—corruption lies within. How dare such hope for pleasure, and impiously complain when they do not attain it?—As well might the dead hope for pleasure in the grave.

The fountain of all pure delight is a virtuous mind, and he who possesses that, with a taste to admire the wondrous works that present themselves, from the minute flower, and the insect of complicated formation, and all things that intervene between them, and the myriads of unexplored worlds, that shine forth so gloriously in the firmament, until he becomes so engrossed with admiration, that he dare, with becoming awe, approach that heaven, above all heavens of the poets' invention—that man may bid defiance to the accumulated sorrows of this world; they may fall upon him, press him to the earth for a time, but they cannot crush him! Come what may, that man cannot be otherwise than happy.

So I once thought, for I studied to convince myself that it was so, and I would fain think so still, but, alas! it requires but a slight jar to destroy the harmony of the most carefully attuned instrument, and nothing but grating discord proceeds from it afterwards.

I had been blessed with the society of my wife for more than six months—as I look back to that period, it seems to have been scarcely as many days.

One evening, the labour of the day being over earlier than usual, as I was returning to my home full of joy, in crossing a public square, I again encountered the man who had recognised me before. I endeavoured to evade him, he followed, I turned into obscure streets and increased my speed, without venturing to look behind as I hurried on. The dusk of the evening was gradually increasing, and I trusted that, and the circuitous route I had pursued, would protect me from his vigilance. I did not go directly home, but wandered about until it became quite dark, for I was aware that my wife was more the object of his pursuit than myself. I had learnt since our marriage, that he was attached to her, and was to become her husband with her father's consent, and I dreaded to betray the place of her concealment.

I entered the house exhausted with fatigue and anxiety. I told my wife whom I had encountered, and the measures I had taken to evade him. She endeavoured to quiet my fears, but they increased as I perceived to what an extent her own were awakened. We spoke not long before we concluded to fly the city, and without loss of time, lest by possibility my steps might have been traced. All places were alike to us, provided we were together, for with the human race we acknowledged not even the slender ties of fellowship.

An hour had scarcely elapsed before all was in readiness for our flight. I put out the light, and we hoped to have escaped unperceived, but as I opened the street door, I beheld several persons standing in front of my house. I recoiled and closed the door, and as I did so, some one knocked and attempted to open it. I resisted, and in an instant it was burst open, and they rushed in and seized me. I demanded the reason of the outrage, and a voice exclaimed, "He is a leper." I recognised the voice, I turned towards the person who spoke, and beheld my persecutor. My faculties both physical and mental were prostrated.

As they led me away, my wife attempted to follow, but they forced us asunder. He who had betrayed me took charge of her, and I was lodged in a room the windows of which were grated, and the door secured so that it was impossible to escape. My feelings during that night I may not attempt to describe, for they rushed upon me with the rapidity of lightning, until my brain was in a whirl. Nothing was distinct. One thought, however, operated as a nucleus around which all gathered in fearful array—my wife was in the power of my worst enemy—in the power of one who loved her, and the marriage ties between us were dissolved forever.

That night appeared as an age, and I thought day would never break. I wished for it, and yet looked forward to it with undefined terror. At length it came, and as I heard the busy hum of the world around me, I longed for the death-like stillness of night again.

In the course of the morning, a priest clothed in his surplice and stole, repaired with the cross to the place where I was confined. He began by exhorting me to bear, in a spirit of resignation and patience, the incurable affliction with which God had stricken me!—It is easier to offer consolation than to receive it!—He then besprinkled me with holy water, and when he supposed my mind sufficiently prepared for the appalling ceremony that awaited me, he conducted me to the church, and on the way the same verses were sung as at burials. There I was divested of my ordinary clothing, and a black habit, prepared for the purpose, was put on me. The priest now commanded me to fall on my knees before the altar, between two trestles, and I remained in that position while mass was said. It was the same as is performed for the dead. The mass being over, I was again sprinkled with holy water, the *libera* was sung, and I was conducted to the hut prepared for my reception. When we had arrived there, the priest again exhorted and consoled me, and finished by throwing a shovel full of earth on my feet. I

was then as one of the dead in the eyes of the world, and, indeed, I had but little more consciousness of what was passing than one of the dead, although, during the whole ceremony, my hated enemy was malignantly looking on.

The hut was small, and furnished with a bed, a vessel for water, a chest, a table, a lamp and a few other necessaries. I was presented with a cowl, a tunic, and a long robe, a little cask, a rattle, a stick, and a girdle of copper. Before the priest left me, he interdicted me from appearing in public without my leper's habit and with naked feet, from going into churches, mills, or where bread was cooking; from washing my hands and clothes in the wells and brooks; from touching any commodity at market, except with a stick, in order to point out the article I wished to purchase. I was farther enjoined not to draw water but with a proper vessel; never to reply to the questions of any one who might meet me on the road if the wind blew towards him; never to touch children, nor to give them any thing which I had touched; never to appear in public meetings, and never to eat or drink with any but lepers. I felt myself literally one of the dead in the midst of the living.

I was now informed that the marriage ties between myself and wife were dissolved, that she was free to make another choice, but that we could never come together again. She had been removed to her father's house, and strictly watched, lest our correspondence should be renewed. Although I seldom stirred abroad from my living grave, few matters of import occurred to that being, without speedily reaching my ears. Scarcely a month had elapsed before I heard that my hated rival had renewed his overtures. I knew her father to be tyrannical, and I was aware of the influence he maintained over her delicate mind, now enfeebled by a constant succession of anxiety and suffering. I felt that she was still my wife in the eye of heaven, though man had parted us.

Another month elapsed, during which time that thought was as a burning coal upon my mind day and night. It could neither be kindled to a flame, nor could it be quenched, but there it lay unchanged and unchangeable. I endeavoured to excite my feelings to madness, in hopes of gaining relief, but it was impossible. I had been humbled, my soul had been prostrated, and the dull feeling of despair kept it grovelling in the earth.

The next intelligence I received was, that I was likely to become a father. Under different circumstances that would have been joyful tidings, but now I was thankful only because it procrastinated the fate that awaited my wife. In due time the child was born, and I learnt the time and place fixed for his baptism. I repaired to the spot to see him; as I drew nigh, I perceived that a few servants of the household had already assembled; I sounded my rattle to forewarn them that a leper approached; they started at the sound, and commanded me to come no nearer. I dared not do otherwise than obey.

The priest soon afterwards appeared, and a nurse followed carrying the infant. The ceremony took place, but they did not baptize him in the font of holy water, for he was the child of a leper, and they dreaded lest the little innocent should poison the whole font, and turn into a curse that which had been made holy by the word of the priest. They then took the water in which he had been baptized, and threw it into a lonely place where nothing living would be likely to come near it, for they supposed even the water to be infectious. All this while I stood at a distance looking on, and when I saw them about to depart, I besought them to bring the child to me, that I might kiss and bless it for the first and last time. My prayer was denied, and I was commanded not to come nearer. As they withdrew, I stood gazing at them until they were out of sight, and then retraced my steps to my hovel, conscious that the last tie between myself and the living was broken.

Several months elapsed, when a report reached me that the day was fixed for the nuptials of my wife with my detested rival. I received a letter from her, beseeching me to save her, as she was heart broken, and that, in her forlorn and dependent state, she doubted her fortitude to resist the severity of her father, by any other means than seeking a refuge in the grave. I was not long in determining upon what course to pursue, as my choice lay between her death and his who had entailed such a load of wretchedness upon me. That night I left my hovel, and by daybreak the following morning, I was within sight of the city where she resided.

I was resting by the way side before the sun had risen above the horizon, when I heard the distant sound of merry voices and the clattering of horses' hoofs approaching, and immediately a party appeared with hawks and hounds on the way to the field. They drew nigh to where I was seated, and the silent air was disturbed by their merriment. Joy and sorrow are distant, and yet we constantly find them breathing the same atmosphere!—As they passed on, I perceived that my wife was of the party, but how changed from what she was when I first beheld her! She was faded, but still beautiful to me, even more beautiful than ever, but it was not the beauty that belongs to this world. He who had poisoned the very fountain of her life—the detested cause of her premature decay, rode beside her. They passed without perceiving me, and I rose and followed them at a distance.

I have ever believed that good and evil are mingled in like proportions in the human heart, and that he whose virtues call forth the admiration of the world, is equally capable of rousing its indignation by his vices, if circumstances call them into action. I fully believed myself virtuous—I was sensible of its beauties, and I studied to be so, and yet I glided into the stream of vice as naturally as if it had been my element, and was hurried along with a wilder

sense of delight than ever I had experienced in the cause of virtue. That feeling, however, was of short duration.

I kept my eye upon my rival, who pursued the chase like an eager sportsman, and I followed in his track unperceived. He soon became separated from the party; I watched his course—it led him to an entangled wood—I knew the spot that he must pass, for I had myself hunted on the same ground, and there I stationed myself to await his coming. I had not waited long before he appeared.

As soon as he perceived me, he cried out, "Wretch, why did you not give the alarm to warn me that pestilence was at hand?"

"I will give it now," I replied, and approached him.

"Stand off! have you no fear of punishment?"

"None on earth." I still advanced.

"Villain, another step nigher, and I strike you to my feet." He raised his rapier, which was sheathed, as if he would put his threat in execution."

"Not so," I replied, "Another step nigher, and I strike *you* to my feet." The blow followed upon the word, my knife was buried to the haft in his bosom, and my enemy lay prostrate on the earth. I drew the knife from the wound, the blood spouted after it, he uttered a deep groan, and the next moment ceased to breathe. I stood for a moment over the inanimate body, and then returned to my home, unobserved, well satisfied with what I had done.

Several weeks after this, as I was sitting in front of my hut, towards evening, I beheld a female approaching. Her step was slow and tottering, and she was accompanied by another bearing an infant child. As they drew nigh, I recognised my wife. I hastened to her, and she sunk exhausted in my arms. When she revived, I asked to know to what happy occurrence I was indebted for this unlooked for interview. She faintly replied, "The leprosy has restored the leper's wife to his bosom; they can now no longer keep us asunder." Another look

convinced me that the fatal disease was on her. The agony of that moment exceeded all that I had hitherto experienced.

I took my child in my arms, and kissed him for the first time, and his mother's face brightened as she beheld me caressing him, though there was pestilence and death in the kiss. There is no feeling more pure and holy, than that which a young mother enjoys, when she beholds a beloved husband caressing her offspring. We then moved on to my hut in silence, as mourners approach the grave.

Day after day, I marked the progress of the disease on my wife. Her frame had wasted away, and there was no longer the slightest trace of beauty remaining in that once angelic countenance. Her mind had sunk beneath the weight that had been heaped upon it, and had been literally crushed; a total change had taken place, and every thing denoted that the fountain of life had been poisoned. Still she bore all with resignation, and never a word of complaint passed her lips. There was one subject that I desired to speak of to her, and yet dreaded to do so—I mean the murder—for it is a relief to the guilty to impart a knowledge of their crimes to others. She never alluded to it by word or look, and I had not the fortitude to do it.

She died as gently as a lamp goes out for want of oil. It took place at midnight. I was watching beside the bed; she called to me to kiss her, and as I did so, she sighed, and her soul winged its way to heaven from her lips. The next morning, I sent for a priest, and according to the custom she was buried in the hovel. I stood beside the grave destined to receive the only good I ever possessed on earth, and I helped to close it without shedding a single tear. Before a week had elapsed, my child found a resting place on the bosom of its angel mother, and I was again alone.

Suspicion arose of my being guilty of the murder. I was apprehended, accused, and threatened with the rack unless I confessed. A strange mode that

of testing the truth by the strength of a man's nerves and joints. But the threat was useless; I confessed my guilt, for they cannot be more desirous of taking my life than I am to part with it. I am now in prison to answer for the offence. In making this confession and reviewing my past life, I have been led to analyze my feelings until I believe I thoroughly understand my heart, and judging from that, I have irresistibly arrived at the conclusion, that the decrees of heaven, and the laws of man, have rendered many wretched and guilty whose minds were framed to enjoy, to the fullest extent, the various works of nature, and who would otherwise have passed as harmless as the new born infant to the grave.

THE

FIRST BORN.

"A little charity for the love of heaven, to keep a sinner from starving!" exclaimed a hollow voice, as a gay party approached Paris, on the evening of a fine day in autumn. They turned at the sound, and beheld a squalid object, seated by the way-side; but, as they were intent on pleasure, they did not wish their path to be impeded by misery. The appeal was repeated. One alone checked his horse, and the others rode off, carelessly exclaiming, "Well, Antoine must be our almoner."

The mendicant, who was dressed in the habit of a Franciscan, remained seated. He was large of stature, but emaciated. His hair was bleached, and hung over his shoulders; and his piercing black eyes still retained the fire of youth, perhaps heightened in fierceness by slight mental hallucination. His countenance, which was commanding, must have been in his youth uncommonly beautiful; but now was haggard, and its expression was such as could not fail to produce an effect on the most resolute spectator.

At a short distance from the old man stood a figure, very little more than half his height, deformed and shocking to look upon. His head was unnaturally large, his hair matted, his eyes deep set and of different hues, and his face made but a distant

approach to the human countenance. His back and chest protruded, forming a misshapen mass, and his legs were dwindled to a size apparently unequal to the burthen they had to support. This singular figure gazed vacantly at the young man as he threw a coin at the feet of the beggar.

"The blessings of heaven be on you," exclaimed the mendicant, "and preserve you from my abject condition. Receive the alms, my son, that are freely given, and bless the charitable hand that bestows them."

The deformed approached to pick up the coin, and as he caught hold of Antoine's garment with his scrawny hand, and ejaculated, "God reward you!" the flesh of the young man shrunk as if some toad or loathsome reptile had touched him. He recoiled, and the motion, slight as it was, did not escape the penetrating eye of the father. "Yes," murmured the old man, "its influence is universal. It even frightens compassion from the heart of the charitable; but since it failed not to corrupt nature in the bosom of a parent, why should I longer question or limit the extent of its power?"

"What mean you?" said Antoine; "your words import more than I comprehend."

"I mean that heaven may make the heart perfect; and yet, if the body be deformed, all will revolt from the object, as though it were not entitled to the common privileges of our race. The warped mind is discovered by few, but the crooked form is palpable to the dullest vision; and while this defect is viewed by the mass with insurmountable prejudice, what is there in this world to compensate for the irremediable curse! My poor boy, thou hast felt it in its most refined poignancy; but thou art avenged, for of all my race thou hast lived to be my only solace in age and suffering."

He fell in tears on the neck of the deformed, who stood gazing around vacantly, and insensible to the caresses of the other. Antoine threw down a five franc piece, and dashing his spurs into the flanks of

his horse, darted off in pursuit of his companions. The beggar having picked up the alms, slowly moved towards Paris, and his son trotted doggedly in the same path behind him.

The following day the beggar and his son were seen wandering about the streets of Paris. They paused in front of a palace, and knocked at the gate. It was opened.

"A little charity, for the love of heaven, to keep a sinner from starving."

"Begone!" cried a menial, and closed the gate in his face. The old man staggered, clasped his hands, and raising his eyes towards heaven, exclaimed, "If such has always been the reception of the beggar at this gate, I have no cause to murmur!" He turned down the street, and had proceeded but a few paces when Antoine met him.

"How now, old man, has your appeal been in vain at the gate of a palace?"

"It has."

"As the fault attaches itself to me, enter, and I will repair it."

They went into the palace together, and, passing through a spacious hall, came to a library. As they entered the room, the old man became violently agitated, tottered and fell to the floor. Antoine hastened to raise him; while the deformed stood gazing vacantly, without even a sufficient degree of instinct to impel him to assist his parent.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Antoine, as he supported him to a chair.

"Need I assign any other cause than age and suffering?" was the feeble reply.

"Not if your deportment and aspect did not betray that you were at one time superior to your present condition."

"If that be all, they betray but little, for it were impossible to be inferior to what I am. But you are right," continued the mendicant; "abject as I now appear, the blood that runs debased through these veins, flowed from a noble race of ancestry. There

was a time when I prided myself more upon the fame of my progenitors than my own deserts. I was proud of the worth of those connected with me. The world contains many such, who possess no other earthly claim to consideration; and absurd as this pretension may appear, its validity is almost universally admitted, and its claimant suffered to pass without scrutiny. How often do we see the guilt of a son lost in the blaze of his father's virtue; and, on the other hand, how frequently is the virtue of the son neglected in consequence of the odium attached to his parent's name!

"Fruitless and vain is all human calculation, for mysterious are the ways of Providence, and the secrets that are divulged to-day, afford no clue by which we may predict what will transpire to-morrow. Many calculate as if there were no other world than this, and as if life in this world were eternal. It was on this principle I acted, at a time when every thing was mine that makes life worth possessing; and when I considered death as my only enemy. How different are my views now, while I possess nothing save that which renders life miserable, and look forward to death as my only friend!

"This is my first born; the heir to my family name and honours. He was ushered into the world when my dream of pride was as boundless and wild as that of Lucifer. I looked upon the world as having been made for my use, and thought that God did me injustice, when his decrees came in collision with my wishes. I had a keen relish for all that was beautiful in the external, and my eye turned with disgust from whatever did not come up to the standard in my imagination. Thus organized, though the delight I enjoyed at times was exquisite, the pain I felt on other occasions more than counterbalanced the pleasure.

"In making choice of the partner of my fate, the object I selected was divinely beautiful. My heart swelled with pride as I presented her to the world as mine. Surrounded with wealth and splendour;

with a name, as I imagined, as proud as recorded history could produce; possessed of every thing that tended to pamper my pride, and conscious of nothing that might humble the arrogance of my feelings, how shall I describe my joy when I first learnt that I should soon become a father. I loved the child unborn, for it was then the child of my imagination, and as perfect an object as my imagination could create. My galleries were decorated with the labours of Italian artists; and from their groups of cupids I selected the most perfect form, to which I gave in my mind a face in miniature resembling that of my wife. 'Such must be my child,' I exclaimed in the enthusiasm of the moment, and I again blessed it. But when its first feeble wail was heard, while expectation was at the highest, to have a misshapen mass placed in my hands, to see even the midwife recoil as she presented it—God, forgive me!—the idle blessing had scarcely passed my lips, before my heart conceived a malediction. My pride was prostrate, and I turned with horror from the innocent being that had humbled me.

"Years passed away, and my wife bore me three more sons. They were models of beauty, and my heart yearned to receive them; but this one daily grew more revolting. I wished him removed to give place to a younger brother. I would have stigmatized him as an idiot, and incapable of supporting the honours of the family; but his mind was a gem that daily became more brilliant; and in the wickedness of my heart, I deplored that God had not made him as deformed in mind as in body. I kept him aloof from me, and he drooped like a flower in the shade, though I imagined that, like the rank weed, he would have grown more poisonous in the absence of sunshine.

"My second boy now approached the age of seven. His beautiful image is even at this day present to my sight, though at times, objects coarse and palpable to the touch, are to my dim vision imperceptible. Still I see him in all the roseate beauty of health,

and as he was when emaciated and faded in death. He died on the seventh anniversary of his birth; and as we committed his remains to the grave, I felt as if my heart was buried with him. My younger boys still grew in health and beauty, and I turned to them for consolation. But this poor unfortunate was still neglected, for even affliction had not softened my heart towards him.

"Before my third son had completed his seventh year, the bloom on his cheek also faded. He was the image of his departed brother; and as the disease advanced, the resemblance became more striking. Every look awakened in my memory recollections of my lost boy, and served to strengthen the conviction that another soon must follow. My fears were prophetic. He had no sooner completed his seventh year, than the flower was cropped. It would be in vain to attempt to describe my feelings, as I beheld his delicate frame stretched cold and senseless before me. I felt that a judgment of heaven was on me, but still my heart was not softened towards my first born.

"My youngest child was remaining. He was beautiful, even more so than his brothers, and the loss of them served to increase my affection for him. My whole heart now reposed in him undivided. This neglected one beheld my partiality, repined in secret, but uttered no complaint. He devoted his days to study; his progress was great and his taste refined, but nothing could obliterate the impression my mind had received on first beholding him.

"My only surviving hope had now nearly completed the age that had proved fatal to his brothers. I watched him with feverish anxiety day and night, for the belief that he was doomed to a similar fate, had taken absolute possession of my mind. The slightest change in his appearance did not escape me. As the aniversary of his birth drew nigh, his health became evidently affected; and as each day succeeded another, there was a striking change for the worse. I did not dare longer to hope, for his

fate was to me as plain as though I had seen it written in letters of fire on the face of heaven. The dreaded day arrived, and he was still living. It was a bright morning in spring; he looked out on the clear blue sky as he reposed in his bed and his countenance became more animated. He was free from pain, and spoke more cheerfully than he had done for a month before. The hopes of his anxious mother revived as she listened to him; but I felt that the immutable decree had gone forth, and must be fulfilled. The evening approached, and my boy was still among the living. He spoke cheerfully, and talked of what he would do when well enough to leave his bed. He asked for his books and toys, and they were placed upon the bed beside him. He played with them, and was delighted with a toy while on the brink of eternity. As the sun went down his cheerfulness vanished. Night closed in, and, as I gazed upon my boy, I wished that the sun might never rise again, for I knew that he would never see its beams again in this world. He was now as white as the sheets that he lay upon. His respiration was thick and tremulous; his eyes, that once sparkled with animation, were dim; he no longer spoke, and seemed to be insensible to what was passing around him. I watched him for hours, and at length perceived, by the rattling in his throat and the motions of his body, that the crisis was at hand. He struggled and writhed, but was too feeble for the dreadful crisis. His little bosom fluttered, and scarcely a breath passed his parched lips. I bent over him to change his position. His eye glanced at mine—a momentary glance of recognition. As I raised him, he threw his arms about my neck, stretched his little limbs, sighed 'Father!' and his head fell upon my bosom. Life was extinct.

"As I removed the body from my neck to the bed, I exclaimed, in the words of the prophet, 'He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow.' I tore my hair, blasphemed, and arraigned the justice of Providence; but at that moment my first born

entered the chamber. His countenance was filled with grief. I had heretofore looked upon him with disgust, but now it was impossible to avert my gaze. His features were the same, but there was a benign expression about them that made its way irresistibly to my heart; and, for the first time, the thought occurred—'Even as thou hast dealt with thy son, hath thy Father in heaven dealt with thee.' A thunderbolt could not have shocked me as did that thought.

"Man may rise superior to the persecution of this world, may despise the combination of the whole human race to crush him, may scoff at obloquy, and gather strength in the midst of oppression, if his mind be imbued with implicit confidence in the justice of the ways of Providence; but let the giant of the earth stand forth in all his strength, while fame proclaims his greatness, until the arched skies re-echo, and the subjugated world rises with heart and hand to sustain him; still, if the thought enter his mind that he is condemned of heaven, his props become as a blade of grass, and he falls even as a blade of grass before the scythe of the mower, and, like it, withers in the midst of sunshine.

"From that hour my heart underwent a change towards my first born. Instead of feeling disgust in his presence, I could not bear him to be absent from my sight. As he gradually developed the resources of his mind, I was astonished at the extent and variety of his acquirements. Even in my maturity I shrunk from intellectual competition with the boy. He became cheerful, affectionate, and fond of being near me. His whole time was devoted to the cultivation of his mind; and, as if by intuition, he acquired science after science. I looked upon him as a prodigy, and the aged and learned delighted to praise and assist him in his studies. Once my shame, he now became my pride; and, while I marked his progress, I felt that heaven was impartial in its dispensations. External beauty had been denied him, but that of the mind far more than compensated for this defect. I was now happy in having such a son;

but 'Who hath hardened himself against Him, and hath prospered.'

"The revolution now broke out with the blind fury of the enraged lion goaded in the arena. I was known to be an inflexible partisan of the unhappy king. My pride was proverbial, and my name was abhorrent to the ears of the populace. I was among the earliest victims they had marked for destruction. It was about the close of the day that they assembled before my palace. The evening was as calm and beautiful as this. I was in my library with my wife and boy, who was reading to us; and, as I looked out upon the setting sun, until that moment I had never experienced so full and vivid a sense of the brilliant scene. What sight is there in nature to be compared with the setting sun! As I gazed, a new pulse was awakened in my heart, that throbbed with ecstacy at the wonders of creation. I turned to my boy, whose eyes were fixed on the illumined horizon, and they were filled with tears of delight, such as few mortals are permitted to enjoy.

"A noise was heard in the hall. My name was repeated, and a few moments afterwards the door of the library was burst open, and the ruffians rushed in. Their leader was a wretch whom I had been the means of bringing to public punishment, for an offence against the laws. He no sooner beheld me, than he checked the fury of his followers, and exclaimed, 'Be this act of vengeance exclusively mine!' He aimed a blow at me with his drawn sword; but, before it fell, my boy ran between us and received it on his head. He fell senseless at my feet. The monster again raised his sword, and, as it descended, my wife rushed forward, and the next instant was prostrate on the body of my son. I was roused to desperation at the sight; and, seizing a heavy chair, aimed a blow at the ruffian, and rushed into the midst of his followers. They fled in amazement to the hall, and I followed as fearlessly as the eagle in pursuit of a flock of sparrows. All sense of danger vanished; my reasoning faculties were absorbed; the

animal was goaded to fury; and even instinct had lost its influence. I kept them at bay for some time: at length I received a blow from behind; I fell to the floor, and I know not what followed.

"When I revived it was quite dark, and all was silent. I strove to get upon my feet, but I had been beaten and wounded, and found it impossible to sustain myself. I sank exhausted in a stream of blood. The clock in the hall now struck eleven. Unable to walk, I dragged my wounded body along the floor towards the library. The door was open, and the moon shone calmly into the windows. My mind was on the rack to know the fate of my wife and child. As I crawled over the threshold of the door, I beheld a mass lying in the middle of the room. The light of the moon fell but feebly on it, and my vision was too dim to catch the outline. As I moved towards it, I heard the distant roar of the infuriated mob. In an agony I drew nigh to the object, and discovered it to be the bodies of my wife and son. The sight nerved my mind with desperation, and imparted renewed strength to my wounded and exhausted frame. I turned their faces upwards; the light of the moon fell on them. They were ghastly. I gazed on them but for a moment, when, throwing my arms around the body of my wife, I raised her and stood erect. Her head fell upon my shoulder, I removed the bloody hair that hung over her face, and kissed her cheek. It was as white and as cold as marble. The touch chilled me to the heart; my strength failed me, and I sunk to the floor beneath the weight of the body.

"I had not remained long in this situation, when I heard footsteps in the hall, and immediately after I perceived a figure stealing past the door. 'The work of plunder has already begun,' I cried. A second figure followed, and then I heard the sound of my massive family plate, as they threw it into a basket. The sound drew me back into the world again. I shouted, and they fled, leaving the treasure. What a sordid fool is man! I felt a sense of joy that my

dross had not yet been taken from me, although I would freely have given the wealth of Peru, again to enjoy the feelings that were mine when I gazed upon the setting of the sun.

"I kept my eye turned towards the hall, and as I heard the street door close after the plunderers, I perceived a feeble flash of light, and then a man appeared at the door, bearing a dark lantern. He was wrapped in a cloak; and as he held the light at arm's length, so as to throw it into the room, he looked about cautiously until his eyes fell upon the spot where I was lying. He approached, and wretched as I was, the love of life was still strong within me, and I trembled for the miserable remnant of my existence. My fears were idle. It was a faithful domestic, who having fled with the rest when the mob broke into my palace, now came to learn the fate of his master.

"He raised me from the floor, and after placing me in a chair, turned to the bodies. As I before said, the vital spark was extinct in my wife, but my son gave signs of returning animation. I directed the servant what applications to make in order to revive him. The means were at hand, and in a short time my poor boy opened his eyes again; but, instead of the light of intelligence, a wild glare now beamed from them. Had they remained closed forever, dear as he was to me, I might have been happy.

"The servant carried him to a place of concealment, which was an obscure house, where a friend of the faithful fellow resided. I remained where he had seated me, unable to move. He left the lantern on the floor, near the body of my wife. The stream of light fell upon her countenance, while every other object in the room was obscurely seen. This was fearfully distinct. My eyes were riveted upon it. It was impossible to avert my gaze; and I sat motionless as a statue. The flickering of the lamp created a change in the fixed expression of her face, and the muscles seemed to be in action. Such was my state of mind, that I could scarcely breathe. My sight

was dim, and I bent forward to satisfy myself that there was still reason to hope. I imagined that I saw her lips separate, and heard a sigh proceed from them. Her dress seemed to move, my eye-balls ached with straining, a smile was now on her ashy lips, she raised her hand, beckoned me, her eyes opened, she arose, and stood erect before me. 'She lives! thank God she lives!' I cried, and fell backwards in the chair. I heard a voice as I fell.

"The joyful delusion was soon dissipated. My servant was now standing beside me: I turned a hasty glance towards the body, but it was silent and motionless, and precisely as when the servant left me. He supported me to the house where he had carried my son, and again returned to the palace for the body of my wife, that we might perform the last sad offices over it with becoming decency. But he was too late. My palace was surrounded by the mob, and he could not enter.

"I passed a night of sleepless agony, raving for the body of my wife. Breathless as it was, it was still the dearest object to my heart that the world contained. About day-break I heard an uproar in the street; I arose, and looked out of the window. The mob was passing with carts, into which were thrown the bodies of those who had been slaughtered the night preceding. The heartless demons laughed and sung as they moved on; and even those who were mounted among the dead to drive the carts, joined in the horrid glee. In the last there was the body of a female lying above the rest. I was struck with her apparel; I had seen it before. Her face was turned upwards, as if looking for the spot to which the spirit had ascended; and as the cart passed immediately beneath the window where I stood, I recognised the features of my wife. How can I describe my feelings at that moment! The power of motion forsook me; and it seemed as if the circulation of the blood had been checked, and respiration suspended. My ideas were confused, and my mind was not yet awakened to a full sense of

its misery, though it laboured with a consciousness that no situation in life could be more awful than that in which I stood. True, the stab had been given, but what is the pain which accompanies the stab, compared with the sufferings which follow and poison the very fountain of existence! I continued to gaze after the carts, breathless and motionless as a statue. They drove along the extended street at a rapid gait. I saw them lash their horses, and the morning breeze brought to my ear their demoniac songs of merriment. Still I gazed after them, for there was one object that engrossed the whole faculties of my soul. I saw it move up and down in the hindmost cart, as the driver urged his horse rapidly forward. At length they turned down another street and disappeared. The spell was now broken, and I fell senseless to the floor. Well did the man of woe exclaim, 'What is man that thou dost magnify him!' since the fairest works of God's hand, in this world, moulder and mingle their dust with the basest things of his creation.

"In a few weeks my son was restored to health, but the light of reason was extinguished. We left our hiding place, disguised ourselves, and commenced our wanderings. I determined to leave France, with the hope that a change of scene would create a change in my feelings. There was some relief to be obtained from constant action. We walked to Havre, without stopping at a human habitation, and took passage on board of the first vessel we discovered lying in port, without even inquiring its destination, for it was the same thing to me, so that it bore me from France. Two days we remained in port; I was wretched and restless; but on the morning of the third we weighed anchor, and my stricken heart leaped with joy as I beheld the land of my birth receding from my view. For a moment I felt as though I had cut the bond asunder that bound me to my load of accumulated misery.

"Among the passengers were a father and his daughter. She was not more than sixteen, and as

beautiful as any thing of earthly mould is permitted to be. The morning was fair, the ship sailed gaily, and those two remained seated on the deck, apart from the rest, reading, and at times singing lively French airs, which she accompanied with the guitar. Every look of the father betrayed that she was the pride of his heart, and that the measure of his happiness was full. What earthly tie is there so pure and powerful as that which subsists between a father and a lovely daughter! I continued to gaze upon them, and my whole soul entered into the feelings of that father. I then looked at my poor idiot boy and contrasted them with my own.

"The day passed away, and, as the sun went down, the gathering clouds in the west foretold the coming tempest. The sea, which had sported through the live-long day as a harmless child, now raged as a maniac who had just broke his bonds asunder. All was speedily prepared to enable us to weather the storm. I stood upon the deck as night closed in, and as I looked abroad upon the waste of waters, my soul rejoiced as if a new world had just been created for it to traverse. I had wished for action, and there was a world of furious and unceasing motion around me. I was fit to live alone in tempest and gloom.

"For hours did the winds and waters contend for our destruction. Every plank in the ship was strained, and the stoutest heart among the crew was dismayed. I held my boy by the hand and felt no terror, for I had nothing to lose. I descended to the cabin, and, among others, beheld that father and his child, whose lives gave so fair a promise in the morning, he on his knees, praying, and she, almost senseless, hanging around his neck. The sight smote me to the heart; and, as I beheld the misery that encompassed me, I felt, as did the prophet on his voyage to Nineveh, that I was the cause of all. I hastened on deck, and in his words exclaimed—'Take me up and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake

this great tempest is upon you.' So fully was I impressed with the truth of what I spoke, that I would have leaped overboard had not the sailors laid hold of me and restrained me.

"The ship laboured through the night, groaning like some mightly creature at the point of dissolution. The sea rushed through the crevices on all sides, and on trying the pumps, we discovered three feet of water in the hold. The ship was now unmanageable, floating like a dead mass upon the surface of the sea. All this time the gloom of night was around us, and unseen danger is always more appalling to our nature than that which we behold approaching. Many on that night endured the pangs of death a thousand fold, and still are living.

"All hands were driven on deck, for the sea had taken possession below. Among the rest were that father and his child. His countenance was calm; resignation was depicted there: while the fair being who clung to him looked as if death had already more than half performed his office. They stood mute; not a word escaped their lips, which was strangely contrasted with the confusion and uproar that prevailed. As the morning approached, a heavy sea heaved the vessel on her side, and the sweeping surge passed over her. A wild shriek of terror mingled with the roar of the waters; and when we had sufficiently recovered, we beheld that the father and his daughter had been washed overboard. I looked out on the rising billow, and there they were ascending, locked in the embrace of each other. They attained the summit, and in a moment descended into the chasm on the other side. The waves propelled us forward, and again I saw the bodies rise. It was but a momentary view, and they disappeared from mortal eyes for ever. The sight struck all on board dumb, while each anxiously looked among the crowd to discover who had perished. All had escaped save those two. There were among us those who did not fear to die; there were among us those who wished for death; and yet these were passed

by, and the happiest, those to whom life was as a cloudless day in spring, alone were selected to perish. And why was this? Let the most favoured and self-sufficient that treads the earth answer me, and think upon himself.

"The sea bore the wreck onward, and after a lapse of several hours we found ourselves in sight of Calais. A signal was hoisted, and shortly afterwards we beheld the wreckers coming to our relief. We were landed in safety, and the wreckers returned to save what property they could from the wreck. While I stood upon the quay and beheld them, one thought engrossed my mind. Why was it that, of all of us, that father and his daughter only perished?

"Years of humiliation and suffering have elapsed since that time. I have asked bread from those whose tables groaned beneath the luxuries of the earth, and been denied; and, half famished, I have appealed to the wretch who lives on common charity, and he has divided his last crust with me. I have stood in my rags before those who have sat down at my table, and whose hearts my hospitality has lightened, and they would not know me; and I have supplicated for food at my own gate, and been driven thence by the pampered menial. Oh God! I fear that I am not the first who has met with similar treatment, even while I reposed within, surrounded by every luxury. If so, I bend before the justice of thy decree."

"Driven from your own gate! when?" cried Antoine.

"This day. Within the last hour."

"You astonish me! Where?"

"Here! from the gate of this palace."

"Ha! are you the Count ———?"

"Yes, I am he; and if you doubt the truth of what I say, tear up the carpet, and here, here in this spot, you will find the blood of my wife still red upon the floor." He stood erect and stamped upon the spot.

The deformed was busy in examining minutely

every part of the room. A gleam of recognition crossed his countenance, as he stood in front of the window facing the west, and gazed upon the setting sun. He fixed upon the same spot, and assumed the same position in which he stood years before. His father watched his movements. The young man pressed his hand upon his eyes, drew a deep sigh, and scarcely articulated, "How sublime and beautiful! How blest are they who, after a brilliant career, can, like thee, thus calmly and unclouded retire from this world."

"And a thousand times more blest are they, my boy, who thus descend, conscious that like him they will rise again with renewed strength and undiminished splendour."

The young man gave a vacant smile as he looked towards his father, but returned no answer. That smile froze the hope that was budding in the father's bosom.

"Come, my son," cried the old man, "it is time to resume our wanderings." He made a hasty approach towards the door, and the deformed slowly and mechanically followed without raising his head.

"Stay," cried Antoine, "here let your wanderings terminate."

"How mean you?"

"For the sake of that unfortunate, your days shall close in comfort. He was a friend to me in my boyhood, when I had few friends. I was of mean birth, but he overlooked the distinction that society had raised between us. His acquirements were extensive. I became his pupil; and while he strove to scatter the seeds of knowledge in my mind, I could not remain insensible to the virtues of his heart, and I trust that the impression then made is not yet obliterated."

"Even as thou sowest shalt thou reap," cried the father, embracing his son. The mendicant gladly accepted the hospitable offer; and closed his days, surrounded by every comfort that wealth could procure; and as he contemplated the scenes of his past

life, he felt that countless blessings may be heaped upon man, and yet a single dispensation, which may not accord with his wishes, too frequently embitters life, and perverts every grateful feeling, though that dispensation may have been designed as a blessing of the greatest magnitude, and would have proved such, had not his erring nature defeated the views of an all-wise Providence.

END OF VOL. I.