

pointing to the count, who was galloping away. 'Fly! I will take care of the body!'

Issendorff paused a moment, then mounting his horse, galloped off with frantic speed, breaking through every obstacle.

Whither did he go? Did he fly to save his life, or his liberty? No! A few moments, and he checked the fierce career of his panting horse before the house of Adelheim. He leaped from his seat, threw the reins forward, and the infuriated animal darted away—the last chance of escape! In an instant he stood before Louisa.

With joyful surprise she turned towards him, she threw her arms around him, gently and slowly he unwound them. He shuddered, 'she embraces the murderer of her brother,' he thought.

He would not let her touch him, but he stood and gazed upon her in silent, tearless agony. Louisa was hurt—she spoke coldly.

'O Louisa, Louisa. Look not thus. Speak not in that tone. It will kill me.—Speak kindly to me. No do not—you cannot—you dare not. Hush. Let me be still with you one minute only—that is all I ask.'

Pale and startled, Louisa von Adelheim as though a spell was upon her, returned the frenzied intense gaze of Issendorff without the power to move, and then sank senseless at his feet. All was forgotten in that hour, ay even the dreadful past. The moments flew by unheeded, and again Louisa smiled and listened to the fond words of Issendorff. But suddenly the tramp of feet was heard without. The student started and gazed in terror towards the casement.

He beheld the dreaded object he felt his hour was come.

'They have followed speedily,' he said, as he started from the side of Louisa. 'Once more, and the last,' he cried, as he imprinting a burning kiss on her lips; but she too had beheld the frightful object approaching. A sudden and fearful thought struck her. Mechanically she advanced to the door. Slowly winding up the road was borne the bier with the ghastly disfigured body of Adelheim; it was set down before the door of the garden saloon, and the officers of justice entered. Issendorff tried to clasp the hand of Louisa; with a thrill of horror, she drew it back.

'He did it—I tried to save him—it is fate!—Issendorff faltered. Louisa gazed at him with a look of agonizing horror, and threw herself on the death wet bier.

'There stands a murderer—arrest him,' exclaimed the officers of justice.

'I surrender,' said Issendorff in a cold voice, such as one might expect to hear, could a marble statue speak.

His trial was short. The powerful family of Adelheim procured his incarceration in a fortress for life—a severe doom for the challenged, according to the laws of the country.

The fortress of W—— was situated in a beautiful scene. Owing to the favor of the governor, Issendorff had a couple of chambers allotted him, on the top of the highest tower. There, from the deepest window of his lofty dwelling, the broken hearted captive could look over the populous country, and hear the glad voices of men ringing up from below; thence could he see the distant towers of H——, and behold at its setting, the sun, that high priest of nature, waft clouds of fragrant incense from his golden censor towards the snow capped mountains, that stood like white robed listening vestals in God's great temple—earth.

A year had thus passed—passed in sorrowing solitude—save when angels visited him in the revealings of his thoughts, when one morning a messenger brought him the following lines, written in a faltering hurried hand. They were from Louisa.

'Frederic,—I have learned the truth—and I forgive you. Need I say I have never ceased to love you? O, you could not doubt it. Come to me once more—and look on your dying Louisa. Haste—or you will not find me. No earthly obstacle must, none shall hinder you.'

A smile—a smile of love and hope once more, and for the first time since that fatal day, beamed on the pale but touchingly expressive face of the student.

He sent for the governor, who knew his tale.

'I will see her,' he said; 'grant me a week—I must follow her to her grave,' he added with a faltering voice.

'I dare not. If you should not return?'

'I pledge my honor.'

'It is enough, you may depart. Return this day week, and my best wishes attend you, my poor young friend.'

Issendorff departed on his melancholy

way. A few hours, and he was by the side of Louisa. She lay like a stricken flower, but more beautiful than ever. Her gentle heart could not bear the dreadful blow; she had pined and faded away, but every day she became more and more lovely. She was as though the grosser earthly particles of human nature had dissolved away, and left nothing but ethereal spirit in its pure halo like dwelling.

Issendorff was with her in her last moments, in his arms that beautiful girl breathed her last, and glided imperceptibly into the lands of eternal spirits; it was but by the smile of sweet resignation fading from her fair pale face, like evening beams from snow, that one could tell she was no more.

They buried her by the banks of the Necker in a simple tomb. There were few mourners by her grave, but they were true ones. She was buried in vestal white, and a broken hearted student laid a wreath of white roses on her tomb; gently, as though he feared to wake her pained spirit from its blessed sleep.

True to his word, Issendorff returned to the fortress. On the particulars of his noble conduct being stated to the government, he was offered his liberty, but he always refused to accept it.

'I have done with this world,' he said; 'the broken hearted belong to it no more; and if ever dueling was a fatal curse, it is in my case. Let me, though innocent, suffer as an example.'

He remained firm in refusing his liberty, and lingers in his lofty prison, till grief with its dewy wing shall lull his soul into the slumbers of eternity.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

#### A BRIGHTER WORD THAN THIS.

Oh! when I trod Life's early ways,  
Hope winged my fleeting hours,  
I saw no shadow in her rays,  
No serpent in her flowers:  
I thought on days of present joy,  
And years of future bliss,  
Ner deemed that sorrow could alloy  
So bright a world as this.

Alas! the fairy dreams I wove,  
Soon from my fancy fled,  
The friends who owned my tender love,  
Were numbered with the dead;  
Upon the pallid lips I pressed  
Affection's parting kiss,  
They left me for a world of rest,  
A brighter world than this.

Ner did the spacious world supply.

Those ties of opening life,  
False was its mocking flattery,  
Keen was its bitter strife;  
And then I first began to look  
For truer, purer bliss,  
And loved to trace in God's own book,  
A brighter world than this.

My wounded heart desired relief,  
I found the good I sought;  
And now, in trial and in grief,  
I feel the soothing thought,  
That though the worldling may despair,  
When robbed of earthly bliss,  
The Christian humbly hopes to share  
A brighter world than this.

Mrs. Abby.

From the Eclectic Review.

#### ICELANDIC LITERATURE.

By ELIHU BURRITT.

THE idea of an Icelandic Literature proposes a fact as remarkable as the settlement itself of that inhospitable Island. And it is not its least interesting feature that it has not drawn its essential elements from facts of common history, but that it presents us the only medium of acquaintance with the history of a portion of the human race peculiarly excluded from any active participation in the movements of the rest of the world. The first settlers of Iceland, actuated equally by a heroic spirit of adventure and an ardent aspiration for more unrestricted freedom, had ventured onward upon an enchanted ocean, until almost upon the border of the New World, the flaming summit of Hecla revealed to them a home and an asylum beyond the reach of the despot and the cupidity of the conqueror. There, under the shadow of mountains that lifted their everlasting bulwarks of ice against the sky, or set the clouds on fire with their volcanic flames, these hardy adventurers found herbage sufficient for their herds, which soon became their principal means of subsistence. Although they thus enjoyed all the peace and simplicity of the pastoral life, the natural peculiarities of the country precluded the wandering character of the Nomades. The island was so intersected by morasses and icebergs, that the shepherd was often necessarily merged in the agriculturist, and his crook converted into the mattock or spade, as it became requisite to reclaim and fertilize his meadow and pasturage. Continual accessions of new adven-

turers from the mother country, disseminated a multitude of little communities over the habitable parts of the island; each represented by its chief in the councils of their rude republic, which they had immediately instituted, to regulate the conditions of their civil life and social intercourse.

Thus shut out from the stormy theatre of the great world; scattered over one of the most inhospitable islands on the globe; separated into little colonies by intervening barriers which seemed to have remained there from the birth of time; obliged to economize and improve the meager provisions which nature had there made for the sustenance of man and beast; it were natural to suppose, that under such circumstances, they would soon have depreciated from the warlike character and the indomitable spirit of adventure, which so distinguish the northern hordes of Europe. But such was not the case. The Icelanders, from the very nature of their civil and social institutions, perpetuated, in more than primeval vigor, the marked characteristics of their ancestors. And all the fire of patriotism and of freedom, and the chivalric energy of a heroic age, as if fed at the crater of Hecla, or rekindled in the nightly fires of their own polar sky, glowed and burned on among the icebergs, when they seemed to have gone out in the fatherland.

Each of their little communities maintained the character, and, literally, the connection of a single family. The Scandinavian patriarch, who presided at their head, still felt the blood of a long succession of heroes stirring in his veins.—The feats of his youth and manhood and the prowess of his ancestors were recited and sang beneath a common roof or in the convivial ball, till hearts caught fire at the tale. From another seat at the rustic board or fireside, another, whose head was frosted with fewer winters, spoke of wars beyond the seas—of the bended bow—and the braying trumpet—of fields fought, won or lost; of encounter 'In angry parlance with the sledged Pole,' with the tartaned Scot, or the steel clad Southron.

Then there were those that told of journeyings in lands close under the sun; where perennial verdure clad both hill and dale, where no snows fell nor sleet, nor any biting breath from icy wastes passed by; but where all was soft and serene; where the air that had tasted of the honey of delicious fruits, and dallied with an Eden full of flowers, breathed on the cheek and fanned the brow.

Another took up a tale of hair breadth 'scapes among dark Norse mountains, smothered up with snow, of great fiery eyeballs of howling wolves, peeping out of deep, dark caverns, and deadly clutches with the northern bear. Next came those who could tell of perils on the breaking gulf; of vessels tossed upon the billows of the northern seas, or dashed among the icebergs; of ventures among the Orkneys, the Faroe islands and along the coasts of Scotland.

Such were the winter evening entertainments of these little Icelandic communities of which we have spoken; nor could they have failed to lay the foundation of their peculiar national character and literature. They inspired a hankering for deeds of daring and hardy enterprise, and the bark of the Islander was often seen dancing over the waters of the Northern Ocean, in quest of some adventure which should transmit his name and renown to posterity in story or in song. In almost every kingdom of Europe, these erratic knights of the frigid zone distinguished themselves in stations of honor and trust. And when, laden with the munificent rewards of their valor and virtue, they again turned their prowess towards their storm beaten eyry amid their far frosty waves, their arrival was hailed as a matter of national interest; and the history of their adventures interspersed with brief notices of many of the leading events of their time, was incorporated into the archives of the nation, and furnished material for their sages, and a new theme for their bards.

Their favourite element, like that of the ancient Greeks, was the sea; and many important discoveries early repaid their adventures upon its bosom. The outposts and suburbs of a New World were first revealed to these early navigators from the Ultima Thule of the Old. The discovery of Greenland—thus called, as the Icelandic historian so naively affirms, that it might more readily decoy thither colonists from a land of snow and ice—furnished them with a rendezvous and starting point for a more extended chain of discoveries along the coast of the new continent. These were what might be called the Argonautic expeditions of the Icelanders; fraught to them with interest in their details, which are preser-

ved in their histories, with the minutes accuracy.

The following beautiful extract is taken from the December No. of Boz's Work Master Humphrey's Clock:

Nell was stirring early in the morning; and having discharged her household tasks, and put everything in order for the good school master, (though sorely against his will, for he would have spared her the pain,) took down from its nail by the fire side, a little bundle of keys with which the bachelor had formally invested her on the previous day, and went out alone to visit the old church.

The sky was serene and bright, the air clear, perfumed with the fresh scent of newly fallen leaves, and grateful to every sense. The neighbouring stream sparkled, and rolled onward with a tuneful sound; the dew glistened on the green mounds, like tears shed by Good Spirits over the dead.

Some young children sported among the tombs, and hid from each other, with laughing faces. They had an infant with them, and had laid it down asleep upon a child's grave, in a little bed of leaves. It was a new grave—the resting place, perhaps, of some little creature, who, meek and patient in its illness, had often sat and watched them, and now seemed to their minds scarcely changed.

She drew near and asked one of them whose grave it was. The child answered that that was not its name; it was a garden—his brother's.—It was greener, he said, than all the gardens, and the birds loved it better because he had been used to feed them. When he had done speaking he looked at her with a smile, and kneeling down and nestling for a moment with his cheek against the turf, bounded merrily away.

She passed the church, gazing upwards at its old tower, went through the wicket gate, and so into the village. The old sexton, leaning on a crutch, was taking the air at his cottage door, and gave her good morrow.

'You are better?' said the child, stopping to speak with him.

'Aye, surely,' returned the old man.

'I'm thankful to say, much better.'

'You will be quite well soon.'

'With Heaven's leave and a little patience. But come in, come in.'

The old man limped on before, and warning her of the downward step, which he achieved himself with no small difficulty, led the way into his little cottage.

'It's but one room you see. There is another up above, but the stair has got harder to climb o' late years, and I never use it. I'm thinking of taking to it again next summer, though.'

The child wondered how a grey headed man like him—one of his trade too, could talk of time so easily. He saw her eyes wandering to the tools that hung upon the wall, and smiled.

'I warrant now,' he said, 'that you think all those are used in making graves.'

'Indeed, I wondered that you wanted so many.'

'And well you might. I am a gardener. I dig the ground, and plant things that are to live and grow. My works don't all moulder away and rot in the earth. You see that spade in the centre?'

'The very old one—so notched and worn.'

'Yes.'

'That's the sexton's spade, and a well used one it is, as you see. We're healthy people here, but it has done a power of work. If it could speak now, that spade would tell you of many an unexpected job that it and I have done together; but I forget them for my memory's a poor one. That's nothing new,' he added hastily, 'it always was.'

'There are flowers and shrubs to speak to your other work,' said the child.

'Oh yes, and tall trees. But they are not so separated from the sexton's labours as you think.'

'No!'

'Not in my mind and recollection—such as it is,' said the old man. 'Indeed they often help it. For I say that I planted such a tree for such a man. There it stands to remind me that he died. When I look at its broad shadow, and remember what it was in his time, it helps me to the age of my other work, and I can tell you pretty nearly when I made his grave.'

'But it may remind you of one who is still alive,' said the child.

'Of twenty that are dead, in connexion with that one who lives, then,' rejoined the old man; 'wife, husband, parents, brothers, sisters, children, friends—a score at least. So it happens that the sexton's spade gets worn and battered. I shall need a new one next summer.'

The child looked quickly towards him, thinking that he jested with his age and infirmity; but the unconscious sexton was quite in earnest.

'Ah!' he said, after a brief silence. 'People never learn. They never learn. Its only we who turn up the ground, where nothing grows and every thing decays, who