

Literature, &c.

A MARTYRED PRINCESS.

THE Princess Josephine was the beauty of her father's court, rivalling even the natural splendour of her mother, the majestic Maria Theresa. When her sister, the Archduchess Caroline, who had been betrothed to the Duke of Parma, fell a victim to that then scourge of mankind, the small-pox, Josephine was selected to fill her place, as much on account of her loveliness as because her mother deemed that her soft and pliant disposition would render her a fitting tool in her hand, to watch the intentions of the Court at Parma, and report them to the Queen of Hungary.

Of all this, however, Josephine was ignorant. She had heard of the beauty and manly courage of her betrothed lover, and it was with a happy smile therefore, that she stood before the altar and gave her hand to his ambassador. Never had she looked lovelier than on this occasion. Her clear and lofty brow; her deep soft blue eyes; the quiet and soul-lit expression of her face, seemed now to be even more beautiful than they were wont to be, when the delicate blush suffusing her fine countenance threw a charm around her indescribable. And when her father pressed her to his bosom, and blessed her, and the tears gushed into her melting azure eyes, the audience, who witnessed the ceremony, thought they had never seen one half so lovely.

That evening the Princess sat alone, for the last time, in her favorite boudoir. She held in her hand a miniature of her husband, and she blushed, as she looked on the manly beauty of his face.

Suddenly fine music was heard; they were playing an Italian air, slow and melancholy in its expression. Josephine knew the words of the music; it painted tender and passionate love. She blushed and looked at the portrait, which she held in her hand; she looked forth, until the view was lost in the distance, perhaps to think over the future, dreaming as youth loves to do, when imagination leads its brilliant illusions to reality. The images of happiness enchanted her heart, when the door of the apartment opened. It was the Empress.

Josephine arose, strongly moved at the sight of her mother. Maria Theresa was cold and proud in her demeanor, she suffered no opposition to her will; it was not to be wondered at, that the countenance of the Princess should express embarrassment and reverence, rather than child-like affection at the sight of her mother. The Empress seemed at present, however, inclined to tenderness. When her daughter offered her a chair, she advanced, took the hand of the princess kindly within her own, drew her towards her, and then seated herself with her in the recess of a window. She then immediately opened the conversation.

'These are Italian books,' she said, 'and the music I heard is also Italian. Ah, dear child, do you already seek to forget us? Alas, those bonds which are so strong amongst ordinary people, with us are weak, if not wholly broken. How often, dear daughter of my heart, must I have appeared cold and stern to you! But the cares of the throne so seldom allow to me a cheerful brow as an outpouring of the heart. Dear child, when far away thou thinkest of thy mother, remember the cares with which she is overwhelmed.'

Josephine was deeply moved. She seized the hand of the Empress and bathed it in tears. Her mother now ventured to hint to her daughter her wishes. She kissed that soft confiding face and said,

'I know you love me, Josephine, and will do my will—hear me now! and she proceeded to reveal to her daughter her wish, that she—a Princess and a wife!—should become a spy in her husband's cabinet.'

At first Josephine listened in doubt, but as the truth broke upon her, she turned suddenly from her mother. At length she found words.

'No, no,' she cried, while she sank at the feet of the Empress; 'to observe his actions! to penetrate his utmost secret thoughts, that I may lay the information before the Austrian court! to excite his confidence in order to betray it! No, no, this cannot be my duty. My love would then be nothing but

'Softly, softly, Princess,' interrupted Maria Theresa, while she repressed with difficulty the anger that sparkled in her eyes, 'I was not prepared for such a burst of romantic love.'

'The character of a spy,' said the Duchess, as she raised herself with dignity, 'does not suit a daughter of Maria Theresa.'

At this moment the expression of her face assumed a character of grandeur and pride, such as had never been before visible in it. Her brow hitherto always serene—became furrowed. One might have mistaken the Princess Josephine for the Empress. She, when she perceived her daughter look so much like herself, lost all hope of making her the docile instrument of her will.

'I believe indeed,' she said with a derisive laugh, 'that the little Colonel has turned your head. But we have not yet learned to tolerate self-will and disobedience. Leave it to me to settle the business.'

'Dear mother,' cried Josephine, endeavoring to detain her, 'for God's sake do not leave me with such coolness.'

The Empress withdrew her hand—their eyes met. As the Princess caught a glance of the pale face of her mother, in which was painted an expression of concentrated bitterness, she fell back on her seat.

When she recovered her senses, she exclaimed sorrowfully, 'it is broken!' and she looked at the fragments of the broken chain to which the picture of the Duke of Parma had been attached. The Empress, when she broke from her daughter with so much indignation, had entangled herself in the chain and broken it. The Duchess leaned against the balcony dissolved in tears.

It is a crushing pain to the souls of the young when they discover that their deepest feelings have been awakened, only to plunge them into misery. But sorrow and amazement now vanished from the strong presentiment of a near, threatening, and terrible peril, which overpowered all other emotions. The shadows of night began to extend themselves. Josephine had looked on the pale and angry countenance of the Empress by the doubtful twilight, the power of her imagination still presented to her its threatening aspect. The loneliness around her became insupportable. She called her ladies around her. Yet, neither their laughing faces, the sound of their voices, the brightness of the lights, nor the sons of her beloved sister Pauline, had power to cheer the soul of the Princess. She walked up and down the apartment with unsteady step, when a knock was heard at the door, and she was awakened from her reverie by terror.

It was Martina, the confessor of the Empress.—The features of this priest were modelled like those of ancient statue. His lofty brow gave his face at once a stern and penetrating expression. His demeanor was humble and benevolent, his voice slow and gentle; yet it was impossible to avoid a sensation of fear at his presence. No one ever looked on that cold, unpitiful eye, without saying to himself—'This is a man who delights in human misery.'

He approached the Duchess, looked at her dress, for in changing her robe after the ceremony, she had put on black, her usual color, and said, 'I see, with pleasure, my daughter, that you did not await my coming to prepare for fulfilling the duties of a night.'

'What do you mean?' asked the Princess. 'I consulted nothing but my own convenience in changing my dress.'

'I believe it to be done for humility. The wedding clothes and worldly decoration would be unsuitable accompaniments for prayers in the presence of the dead.'

'I beseech you explain yourself,' cried Josephine, trembling in every limb.

'Your Imperial Highness very well knows that it is your turn to watch and pray to night at the grave of the Archduchess.'

Josephine felt with her forehead against the wall. Pauline interposed with these words:

'The Empress will never permit it. Every one knows that the Archduchess died with the small pox, on which account no one has since entered the chapel.'

'On the contrary, her Imperial Majesty expressly demands that this pious duty shall by no means be neglected. She herself sent me hither to lead the Duchess of Parma immediately to the coffin of her sister.'

'Appeal to the Emperor,' whispered Pauline; 'but what can be expected from his will? No—there is no hope there. But throw yourself at the feet of your mother, I conjure you.'

'I have just now seen her,' answered the Duchess, with an expression of the deepest distress. Pauline hid her face with both hands.'

'I wait,' said the priest, 'the pleasure of your Imperial Highness to follow you to the chapel.'

Josephine rose to obey.

'I will accompany you,' said Pauline, 'some thing might happen to you in the night—'

'Your Imperial Highness must watch alone,' answered the confessor, decidedly. 'Besides such is the custom.'

Martina was still speaking when a child rushed into the apartment of the Archduchess, and hastened up to embrace her.

'Dear sister thou wilt leave us perhaps forever. You must give me twice as many kisses as you usually do.'

'Good Maria, thou hast no sorrows, thou wilt sleep quiet enough to night.'

'Thou wilt perhaps not sleep so quietly, but will be happy. To-morrow and I shall never see thee again.'

'To-morrow! O, God—' At these words a torrent of tears rolled down the cheeks of the Archduchess.

'What is the matter with you?' asked the child. 'Why dost thou weep? They told me that thou wast going to reign.'

'Good child, may heaven spare thee such nuptials.'

The little girl mingled her tears with those of her sister.

The Duchess repaired to the vault. Her ladies followed her to the door. When it was opened they perceived that its damp darkness was changed into a faint twilight by the light of a single taper. Josephine turned around, pressed the weeping Pauline in her arms, and entered the chapel. Her ladies saw her kneeling at the foot of the altar, when the door was slowly closed and locked.

Pauline was obliged to wait until the sitting of the council chamber had ended, to inform the Emperor that his favorite daughter was passing the night in an offensive vault, by the corpse of a sister who had died with an infectious disease. More than half the night was already gone.

The Emperor hastened himself to the chapel. He found the Archduchess just in the very spot in which they had left her kneeling before the altar, and her head bowed, as if in prayer; her body seemed shrunk, and her arms rested on the marble slab. Her father spoke to her. No answer. He raised her: She was dead.

From Vague's Travels.

A THEBAN AMBUSCADE.

At an early hour in the morning we all moved forward towards the place of the ambuscade. The whole country was, on account of its elevation, quite free from trees; but the ground was blind, rocky, and covered with coarse herbage nearly up to the summits of the mountains among which our path lay. After a few miles, we came in sight of the Rajah's tent, on the opposite side of the mouth of the defile through which the marauders were expected to arrive; and near it, were several hundred men visible to us, but concealed from their approaching victims by a small eminence. The young Khan ordered a halt within a mile and a half of his father's tent, and we sat down for half an hour quietly awaiting the preconcerted signal. He said he had particular orders from his father to give me escort and protection; and when I expressed a wish to proceed to the side of a hill opposite to the end of the defile, where I could without any danger to myself have seen the whole cortege of the robbers moving unconsciously into the very jaws of the ambuscade, he said that I must not go, as they would probably see me, and all his father's plans would be spoiled.

From the spot where we remained I could distinguish several parties lying in ambush in different parts of the mountain; but was as silent as the place was desolate, although so many human beings were in sight.

Suddenly—and I shall never forget the excitement of a scene so new and so savage—the band advanced rapidly into the open part of the defile, striking up one of its wildest and loudest strains; and the mountains echoed again with the clangor of their huge trumpets, and the laugh like cheers of the Bultis, as every man left his place of concealment and sprang forward upon the astonished marauders. Our party were instantly mounted, and we pushed forward to the top of the hill in advance of us; but the work had been shortly finished, and was nearly over when we arrived. The bodies of five or six men who had attempted to escape towards us were lying on our right. They had been intercepted and killed, and stripped in an instant. At a short distance lay a wounded wretch, who had raised his self

on his hand; and by his side was an old Tiboti Sepahi, coolly loading his matchlock, from which he gave him the coup de grace. Around another was a circle of the victors; from which one more ferocious than the rest would now and then step forward to inflict a fresh wound with his sword. Others were busy in stripping the slain and securing part of the spoil to themselves. Among the latter were my brave Kashmirian kulis; who, watching their opportunity, abandoned their loads in the melee, and contrived to seize upon several sheep, which they killed and buried, on the same principle that a dog buries a bone, to be dug up on their return.

Whilst I was surveying the extraordinary scene around me, my attention was attracted by a large crowd, and I was told that the Gylso was approaching. He and all around him dismounted as he drew near to me, and I of course followed his example. Of two who were taller than the rest, I did not immediately know which was Ahmed Shah; but I afterwards found that the second was his brother Gholam Shah, the Rajah of Parkuta. Ahmed Shah approached me bareheaded; and when near, he frequently stopped and salaamed by bowing low, and touching the ground with the back of his hand and then carrying it to his forehead. I advanced quickly, took his hand, and shook it *a la Anglois*,—bidding my interpreter to inform him that it was the English custom to do so; with which piece of information he seemed very much pleased.—We then all sat down on some tent-rugs that had been brought up for the occasion, and after mutual inquiries after each other's health, I congratulated him upon the success of his expedition. He replied that these very marauders had pillaged part of his country two or three times before, and that he had determined to come in person and destroy them—and added, that he had all his life prayed that he might set eyes upon a Feringhi before he died, and that his wish was now granted.

THE CHETAH HUNT.

Did I ever tell you of our having purchased in the regiment a beautiful hunting leopard? You may remember, when a child having seen a picture of one of these animals in your little story books. This animal in its natural state is by no means so savage as the rest of the tiger species, being easily tamed, and in some respects, more nearly approaches the dog tribe. About twice the size of a greyhound, which it much resembles in shape, it is I suppose, for the short distance it pursues its prey, the swiftest of all four-footed animals.—In every plain in Hindostan—I believe throughout almost the whole of Asia—is to be found the antelope; and you can seldom go three or four miles in any direction, without seeing one or two, and sometimes a herd of them. These are the natural prey of the chetah, *Anglice* leopard; and as this animal is usually caught when nearly full grown, and has acquired the habit of taking the deer when in its wild state, our fellow required but little training. We placed him, during our march, on a bullock cart resembling that in common use by the natives, and to the sight of which the deer are accustomed: and following closely on horseback, we could in this way, after a little time, get within a hundred yards of the herd, at which distance we removed the hood from the chetah's eyes, and he slipped from the cart. Where the ground was perfectly open, he dashed off at speed, much after the fashion of a racer, and generally managed to seize the deer within 200 yards, catching him in the loins; with his fore paws he throws his victim on his back, and seizing him by the windpipe, there holds him until our huntsmen comes and concludes the scene with his knife. Before this happened, however, the chetah often had a good struggle with the buck, who carried his fatal rider a distance of some yards before he was overcome.

But the prettiest sight was when we had stones or brushwood for cover, for we then slipped him at a much greater distance, and could better see the animal's nature in full play—first scanning the ground he had to go over, and taking advantage of every brack and bush in his path; then peering over the grass to see whether he had attracted the attention of the antelope; and when safe, crouching along the ground, whenever it was open, and then, if the herd appeared alarmed, lying perfectly still until they had regained their confidence, when he would again resume his advance, and with the most wonderful instinct, repeat the same acts of cunning