

them. Seeing her thus occupied, the woman, unsuspecting of harm or danger left the room for a few minutes. She re-opened the door just in time to see Jacqueline, in her night-dress, her long hair streaming from her uncovered head, precipitate herself head long from the window, a height of nearly thirty feet from the ground.

The letters, scattered over Jacqueline's bed, served but partially to disclose the real motive of her melancholy suicide, which was publicly attributed to the delirium of fever. Old Schraube, who might well have reproached himself with being by his tyrannical conduct, its indirect cause, showed no signs of remorse, if any he felt. His harsh voice sounded perhaps a trifle more rasp-like; I fancied an additional wrinkle on his low parchment forehead, but no other changes were perceptible in him. No one suspected, as how should they? my share in the sad business, and I was left to the tortures of conscience. God knows they were acute enough, and are so still. The ghastly countenance of Jacqueline, as it appeared when distorted, crushed and discolored by its fall upon the pavement, beset my daylight thoughts and my nightly dreams. I was the most miserable of men, and at last, unable longer to remain at the place of the grievous catastrophe, I pleaded bad health, which my worn and haggard countenance sufficiently denoted, as a pretext for a journey to Wurzburg, and bade adieu to Frankfort, fully resolved never to return thither.

The hand of a retributive Providence was already upon me. Upon reaching home, I found the household in confusion, and Herr Esch and his lady with countenances of perplexity and distress. They expressed surprise at seeing me, and wondered how I could have got my foster-father's letter so quickly. I receipt they supposed, was the cause of my return, and they marvelled when I said I had not heard from them for a month. An explanation ensued. By the failure of a house in whose hands the greater part of his property was deposited, Herr Esch found himself reduced nearly to indigence. He had written to his son to leave the expensive university at which he was studying, and to me to inform me of his misfortune, and of his consequent inability to establish me as he had promised and intended to do. He recommended me to remain with Schraube & Co., in whose service, by industry and attention I might work my way to the post of chief clerk, and eventually, perhaps, to a partnership. With this injunction I could not resolve to comply. Insupportable was the idea of returning to the house where I had known Jacqueline and destroyed her happiness, and of sitting day after day, and year after year, at the very window outside of which she had met her death. And could I have overcome this repugnance, which was impossible, I might still not have felt much disposed to place myself for an indefinite period and paltry salary under the tyrannical rule of old Schraube. I was unsettled and unhappy, and moreover, perceived or fancied that absence had weakened my hold upon the affections of my adopted parents, who, thought perhaps, now fortune frowned upon them, that they had done unwisely in encumbering themselves with a stranger's son. And when, after a few days' indecision, I finally determined to proceed southwards, and seek my fortune in the Spanish service, Herr Esch, although he certainly pointed out the risk and rashness of the scheme, did not very earnestly oppose its adoption, he gave me a small sum of money and his blessing, and I turned my face to the Pyrenees. My plan was to enter as a cadet in a Spanish Regiment, where I hoped soon to work my way to a commission, or to be delivered from my troubles and remorse by a bullet; I scarcely cared which of the two fates awaited me. But I found even a cadetship not easy of attainment. I had few introductions, my quality of foreigner was a grave impediment, many difficulties were thrown in my way, and so much time was lost that my resources were expended, and at last I was fain to enlist in this regiment. And now you know my whole history, sir, word for word, as it happened, except some of the names, which it was as well to alter.

And the unfortunate Theodore, said I, what became of him?
He resigned his commission two days afterwards, and disappeared from Frankfort. No one could think how he intended to live, for he had scarcely anything beside his pay. I have sometimes asked myself whether he committed suicide, for his despair, I was told, was terrible, on learning the fidelity and death of Jacqueline. That would be another load on my conscience. But if he lives; the facts you have just heard must still be a mystery to him.

They are no longer so, said a voice, whose strange and hollow tone made me start. At the same moment Schmidt, who during all this time had lain so still and motionless that I had forgotten his presence, rose suddenly to his feet, and dropping his cloak, strode through the hot ashes of the fire. His teeth were set, his eyes flashed, his face was white with rage, as he confronted the astonished Heinzl.

"Infernal villain!" he exclaimed, in German; "your name is not Heinzl, nor mine Schmidt; you are Thomas Wolff, and I am Theodore Werner!"

Heinzl, or Wolff, staggered back in consternation. His jaw dropped, his eyes stared with an expression of vague alarm. Grinding his teeth with fury, Schmidt returned his gaze for a moment or two, then, flashing his sabre from the scabbard, he struck his newly-found enemy across the face with the flat of his weapon, and drew back his

blow. The pain and insult roused Heinzl from his stupefaction; he bared his sword and the weapons clashed together. It was time to interfere, I had my sheathed sabre in my hand; I struck up their blades, and stood between them.

"Return your swords, instantly," I said. "Stand to your horse, Schmidt; and you, Heinzl, remain here. Whatever your private quarrels, this is no time or place to settle them."

Heinzl dropped his sabre point, and seemed willing enough to obey, but his antagonist glared fiercely at me; and pressed forward as if to pass me and get at his enemy, who had retreated a pace or two. I repeated my command more imperatively than before. Still Schmidt hesitated between thirst for revenge and the habit of obedience. When, just at that moment, the trumpets clanged out the first notes of the reveille. The Spanish bands were already playing the *diana*; the sky grew grey in the east, a few drooping shots heard, exchanged by the hostile outposts whom the first glimmer of day rendered visible to each other. Heinzl hurried to his horse; and the instinct of discipline and duty prevailing with Schmidt he sheathed his sabre and gloomily rejoined his squadron. The men hastily bridled up, and had scarcely done so when the word was given for the left squadron, which was mine, to mount. We were no sooner in the saddle than we were marched away under the guidance of a Spanish staff officer.

The day was a busy one, and it was not till we halted for the night that I found an opportunity of speaking to Heinzl. I enquired of him how it was that he had not recognized Theodore Werner in his comrade Schmidt. He then informed me that he knew the lover of the unhappy Jacqueline only by name, and his letters, but had never seen him. At the time of his abode in Frankfort, there were a large number of Prussian officers in garrison there, in consequence of the revolutionary attempt of 1833; and it was not till after Werner's sudden appearance in Herr Schraube's house, upon the day of the wedding, that Heinzl learned his surname, in the letters Theodore was the only name used. Heinzl seemed to have been greatly shaken and alarmed by that morning's unexpected meeting. He was a brave fellow in the field, but I could see that he did not relish the idea of a personal encounter with the man he had so deeply injured, and that he would be likely to do what he could to avoid it. There was no immediate necessity to think about the matter; for the squadron did not rejoin the regiment, as we had expected, but was attached to a Spanish brigade, and sent away in a different direction.

Two months elapsed before we again saw the main body of the regiment, and the various changes and incidents that intervened nearly drove from my memory Heinzl's story and his feud with Schmidt. At last we rejoined head-quarters, one broiling day in June, at a small town of Old Castile. After so long a separation, in bustling times of war, comrades have much to say to each other, and soon the officers of the three squadrons were assembled at the posada, discussing the events that had filled the interval. The trumpet-call to evening stables produced a dispersion, at least of the subalterns, who went to ascertain that the horses were properly put up, and the men at their duty. My troop was quartered in half-a-dozen houses, adjacent to each other, and on arriving there the sergeant-major reported all present except Heinzl. I was not very much surprised at his absence, but concluded that the heat of the day, and the abundance of wine—particularly good and cheap in that neighborhood—had been too much for him, and that he was sleeping off, in some quiet corner, the effects of excessive potations. I mentally promised him a reprimand, and an extra guard or two, and returned to my billet. The next morning, however, it was the same story—Heinzl again absent, and had not been at his quarters all night. This required investigation, I could not think he had deserted; but he might have got quarrelsome in his cups, have fallen out with the Spaniards, and have been made away with in some manner. I went to the house where he was billeted. The stable, or rather outhouse was very small, only fit for two horses, and consequently Heinzl and one other man, a Pole were the only troopers quartered there. I found the Pole furnishing his accoutrements, and singing in French, most barbarously broken, the burden of a *chanson a boire*. He could give no account of his comrade since the preceding day.

Towards evening Heinzl had gone out with another German, and had not since made his appearance. I enquired the name of the other German. It was Franz Schmidt. This immediately suggested very different suspicions from those I had previously entertained as to the cause of Heinzl's absence. On further questioning, the Pole said that Schmidt came into the billet, and spoke to Heinzl loudly and vehemently in German, of which language he (the Pole) understood little, but yet could make out that the words used were angry and abusive. Heinzl replied meekly, and seemed to apologize, and try to soften Schmidt, but the latter continued his violence and at last raised his hand to strike him, overwhelming him, at the same time with opprobrious epithets. All this was extracted from the Pole by degrees, and with some difficulty. He could not or would not tell if Heinzl had taken his sabre with him, but there could be little doubt, for it was not to be found. The Pole was afraid of getting himself, or Heinzl into trouble, by speaking openly; but he evidently knew well enough that the two Germans had gone out to fight. I immediately went to the captain of Schmidt's troop,

and found him in great anger at the absence of one of his best men. Several foreigners had deserted from the regiment within the last few months, and he suspected Schmidt of having followed their example, and betaken himself to the Carlists. What I told him scarcely altered his opinion. If the two men had gone out to fight, it was not likely that both were killed; and if one was, the survivor had probably deserted to escape punishment. The affair was reported to the Colonel, and parties of foot and horse were sent to patrol the environs, and seek the missing men. At last they were found in a straggling wood of willows and alder bushes, that grew on marsh land about a mile from the town. Heinzl was discovered. He lay upon a small patch of sandy soil, which had manifestly been the scene of a desperate struggle, for it was literally ploughed up by the heavy tramping and stamping of men's feet. He had only one wound, a tremendous sabre thrust through the left side, which must have occasioned almost instant death. From his corpse a trail of blood led to that of Schmidt, which was found about a hundred yards off. The conqueror in this fierce duel had fared little better than his victim. He had received three wounds, no one of them mortal, but from which the loss of blood had proved fatal. He had made an effort to return to the town, but had sunk down exhausted, probably in a swoon, and had literally bled to death.

Both the deceased men being Protestants, the Spanish priesthood would of course do nothing for them, and we had no chaplain. They were buried soldier fashion in the same grave, near the place of their death, and the funeral service of the Church of England was read over them. A rough block of stone that lay near at hand, was rolled to the grave, and partly imbedded in the earth; and I got a soldier, who had been a stone cutter, to carve on it a pair of crossed swords, a date, and the letters T. W. None could understand the meaning of these initials, until I told that evening after mess, the story of the intercepted Letters.

From Little's Living Age. MORTALITY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The house is old, the house is cold,
And on the roof is snow;
And in and out and round about,
The bitter night-winds blow;
The bitter night-winds howl and blow,
And darkness thickens deep;
And oh, the minutes creep as slow
As though they were asleep!

It used to be all light and song,
And mirth and spirits gay;
The day could never prove too long,
The night seemed like the day!
The night seemed bright and light as day
Ere yet that house was old;
Ere yet its aged roof was grey,
Its inner chambers cold.

Old visions haunt the creaking floors,
Old sorrows sit and wail,
While still the night winds out of doors,
Like burly bailiffs rail!
Old visions haunt the floors above,
The walls with wrinkles frown;
And people say, who pass that way,
'T were well the house was down.

From Wilson on the Skin.

NATURAL USES OF THE HAIR.

That hair effects an important purpose in the animal economy, we have evidence in its almost universal distribution among the mammiferous class of animals; and if we admit the analogy between the feather and the hair among all warm blooded animals, additional evidence is obtained in the perfection of its structure, and again in its early appearance in the progress of development of the young. As a bad conductor of heat, it tends to preserve the warmth of the body; and in man it would have the effect upon the head, and serve to equalize the temperature of the brain. It is also a medium of defence against external irritants, as the heat of the sun's rays and the bites of insects, and against injuries inflicted with violence. Of special purposes fulfilled by the hairs, we have instances in the eyebrows and eyelids, which are beautifully adapted for the defence of the organs of vision; in the small hairs which grow in the apertures of the nostrils, and serve as guardians to the delicate membrane of the nose, and in similar hairs in the ear tubes, which defend those cavities from the intrusion of insects.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor, LOVE AND FAITH.

BY MRS. CHILDS.

I thank my heavenly father for every manifestation of human love. I thank him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with blessing. "What shall be our reward," said Swedenborg, "for loving our neighbor as ourselves in his life? That when we become angels, we shall be enabled to love him better than ourselves." This is a reward pure and holy; the only one which my heart has not rejected, whenever offered as an incitement to goodness. It is this

chiefly which makes the happiness of lovers more nearly allied to heaven than any other emotions experienced by the human heart. Each loves the other better than himself; each is willing to sacrifice all to the other—nay, finds joy therein. This it is that surrounds them with a golden atmosphere, and tinges the world with rose colour. A mother's love has the same angelic character; more completely unselfish, but lacking the charm of perfect reciprocity.

The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word—LOVE. It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles if we will.

Love is the story without an end, and angels throng to hear,
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart.

From the highest to the lowest, all feel its influence, all acknowledge its sway. Even the poor despised donkey is changed by its magic influence. When coerced and beaten, he is vicious, obstinate and stupid. With the peasantry of Spain, he is a petted favourite, almost an inmate of the household. The children bid him welcome home, and the wife feeds him from her hands. He knows them all, and he loves them all, for he feels in his inmost heart that they all love him. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog; and he delights to take the bit on his back, and walk him round, gently, on the green sward. His intellects expand, too, in the sunshine of affection, and he that is called the stupidest of animals becomes sagacious. A Spanish peasant had for many years carried milk into Madrid to supply a set of customers. Every morning he and his donkey, with loaded panniers trudged the well known road. At last the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market. His wife proposed to send the faithful old animal by himself. The panniers were accordingly filled with canisters of milk, an inscription written by the priest, requested customers to measure their own milk, and return the vessels; and the donkey was instructed to set off with his load. He went, and returned in due time with empty canisters, and this he continued to do for several days. The house bells in Madrid are usually so constructed that you pull downwards to make them ring. The peasant afterwards learned that his sagacious animal stopped before the door of every customer, and after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, pulled the bell with his mouth. If affectionate treatment will thus idealize the jackass, what may it not do! Assuredly there is no limit to its power. It can banish crime and make this earth an Eden.

The best tamer of colts that was ever known in Massachusetts never allowed whip or spur to be used, and the horses he trained never needed the whip. Their spirits were unbroken by severity, and they obeyed the slightest impulse of the voice or reign with the most animated promptitude; but rendered obedient to affection, their vivacity was always restrained by graceful docility. He said it was with horses as with children; if accustomed to beating they would not obey without it, but if managed with untiring gentleness, united with consistent and very equable firmness, the victory once gained over them was gained for ever.

In the face of all these facts, the world goes on manufacturing whips, spurs, the galleys and chains, while each one carries within his own soul a divine substitute for these devil's inventions, with which he might work miracles, inward and outward, if he would. Unto this end let us work with unflinching faith, great is the strength of an individual soul, true to its high trust—mighty is it even to the redemption of a world.

A German whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church, a day or two after he had landed in this country, and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in a most discordant fashion, and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air, and leave the hated sounds behind him. But this too he feared to do; said he, "lest offence might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume, when lo! I distinguished amidst the din the soft clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord, but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones; to the gentle influence, and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony."

I have often thought of this story as conveying an instructive lesson for reformers. The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own voice amid the braying of the multitude, and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they and drown the voices that cannot thus be forced into perfect tune. But this was a pitiful experiment, the melodious tones cracked into shrillness, would only increase the tumult. A stronger and more frequently comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work; but blessed are they that endure to the end—singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing into submission the free dis-