

ted, that if we refuse to believe them we should, in consistency reject all historical evidence. The fact I am about to relate is guaranteed by a declaration signed by four credible witnesses; I will only add that the prediction contained in this declaration was well known, and generally spoken of long before the occurrence of the events which have apparently fulfilled it.

Charles XI, father of the celebrated Charles XII, was one of the most despotic, but, at the same time, wisest monarchs who ever governed Sweden. He curtailed the enormous privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the Senate, made laws on his own authority; in a word, he changed the constitution of the country, hitherto an oligarchy, and forced the States to invest him with absolute power.

He was a man of enlightened and strong mind, firmly attached to the Lutheran religion; his disposition was cold, unfeeling, and phlegmatic, utterly destitute of imagination. He had just lost his queen, Ulrica Elenora, and he appeared to feel her death more than could have been expected from a man of his character. He became even more silent and gloomy than before, and his incessant application to business proved his anxiety to banish painful reflections.

Towards the close of an autumn evening he was sitting in his dressing gown and slippers, before a large fire in his private apartment. His chamberlain, Count Brahe, and his physician, Baumgarten, were with him. The evening wore away, and his Majesty did not dismiss them as usual; with his head down and his eyes fixed on the fire, he maintained a profound silence, weary of his guests and fearing, half unconsciously to remain alone. The count and his companion tried various subjects of conversation, but could interest him in nothing. At length Brahe, who supposed that sorrow for the queen was the cause of his depression, said with a deep sigh, pointing to her portrait which hung in the room—

'What a likeness that is. How truly it gives the expression, at once so gentle and so dignified.'

'Nonsense!' said the king, angrily, 'the portrait is far too flattering; the queen was decidedly plain.'

Then, vexed at his unkind words, he rose and walked up and down the room, to hide an emotion at which he blushed. After a few minutes he stopped before the window looking into the court; the night was black and the moon in her first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden now reside was not completed, and Charles XI, who commenced it, inhabited the old palace, situated on the Ritzholm, facing lake Mada. It is a large building in the form of a horse-shoe: the king's private apartments were in one of the extremities; opposite was the great hall where the States assembled to receive communications from the crown. The windows of the hall suddenly appeared illuminated. The king was startled, but at first supposed that a servant with a light was passing through; but then, that hall was never opened except on state occasions, and the light was too brilliant to be caused by a single lamp. It then occurred to him that it must be a conflagration; but there was no smoke and the glass was not broken; it had rather the appearance of an illumination.

Brahe's attention being called to it, he proposed sending one of the pages to ascertain the cause of the light, but the king stopped him, saying he would go himself to the hall. He left the room, followed by the doctor and the count, with lighted torches. Baumgarten called the man who had charge of the keys, and ordered him, in the king's name, to open the doors of the great hall. Great was his surprise at this unexpected command. He dressed himself quickly, and came to the king with his bunch of keys. He opened the first door of a gallery which served as an antechamber to the hall. The king entered and what was his amazement at finding the walls hung with black.

'What is the meaning of this?' asked the king.

The man replied that he did not know what to make of it, adding, 'When the gallery was last opened, there was certainly no hanging over the oak panelling.'

The king walked on to the door of the hall. 'Go no further, for heaven's sake,' exclaimed the man; 'surely there is sorcery going on inside. At this hour, since the queen's death, they say she walks up and down here. May God protect us!'

'Stop, sire,' cried the count and Baumgarten together, 'don't you hear that noise?—Who knows to what dangers you are exposing yourself. At all events allow me to summon the guards.'

'I will go in,' said the king firmly; 'open the door at once.'

The man's hand trembled so that he could not turn the key.

'A fine thing to see an old soldier frightened,' said the king shrugging his shoulders; 'come, Count, will you open the door?'

'Sire,' replied Brahe, 'let your majesty command me to march to the mouth of a Danish or German cannon, and I will obey unhesitatingly, but I cannot defy hell itself.'

'Well,' said the king, in a tone of contempt, 'I can do it myself.'

He took the key, opened the massive oak door, and entered the hall, pronouncing the words, 'with the help of God.' His three attendants whose curiosity overcame their fears, or who, perhaps, were ashamed to desert their sovereign, followed him. The hall was lighted by an innumerable number of torches. A black hanging had replaced the old tapes-

try. The benches round the hall were occupied by a multitude, all dressed in black, their faces were so dazlingly bright that the four spectators of this scene were unable to distinguish one amongst them. On an elevated throne, from which the king was accustomed to address the assembly, sat a bloody corpse, as if wounded in several parts, and covered with the ensigns of royalty; on his right stood a child, a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand; at his left an old man leant on the throne; he was dressed in the mantle formerly worn by the administrators of Sweden before it became a kingdom under Gustavus Vassa. Before the throne were seated several grave, austere looking personages in long black robes. Between the throne and the benches of the assembly was a block covered with black crape; an axe lay beside it. No one in the vast assembly appeared conscious of the presence of Charles and his companions. On their entrance they heard nothing but a confused murmur, in which they could distinguish no words. Then the most venerable of the judges in the black robes, who seemed to be their president, rose, and struck his hand five times on a folio volume which lay open before him. Immediately there was a profound silence, and some young men, richly dressed, their hands tied behind their backs, entered the hall by a door opposite to that which Charles had opened. He who walked first, and appeared the most important of the prisoners, stopped in middle of the hall, before the block, which he looked at with supreme contempt. At the same time the corpse on the throne trembled convulsively, and a crimson stream flowed from his wounds. The young man knelt down, laid his head on the block, the axe glittered in the air for a moment, descended on the block, the head rolled over the marble pavement, and reached the feet of the king, and stained his slipper with blood. Until this moment surprise had kept Charles silent, but this horrible spectacle roused him, and advancing two or three steps towards the throne he boldly addressed the figure on its left, in the well known formula, 'If thou art of God, speak; if of the other, leave us in peace.'

The phantom answered slowly and solemnly, 'King Charles, this blood will not flow in thy time, but five reigns after.' Here the voice became less distinct, 'Woe, woe, woe to the house of Vasa!'

The forms of all the assembly now became less clear, and seemed but colored shades: soon they entirely disappeared; the lights were extinguished, still they heard a melodious noise, which one of the witnesses compared to the murmuring wind among the trees, another to the sound a harp string gives in breaking. All agreed as to the duration of the apparition, which they said lasted ten minutes. The hangings, the head, the waves of blood, all had disappeared with the phantoms, but Charles's slipper still retained a crimson stain, which alone would have served to remind him of the scenes of this night, if, indeed they had not been too well engraven on his memory.

When the king returned to his apartment, he wrote an account of what he had seen, and he and his companions signed it. In spite of all the precautions taken to keep these circumstances private, they were well known even during the lifetime of Charles, and no one hitherto has thought fit to raise doubts as to their authenticity.

#### SYRIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

There are some superstitious observances which are strictly adhered to by the peasants employed in rearing the silk worm. Thus when the eggs are first hatched, the peasant's wife rises up very early in the morning, and creeping stealthily to the master's house, flings a piece of wet clay against the door. If the clay adheres, it is a sign that there will be a good moult or silk harvest; if it does not stick, then the contrary may be expected. During the whole time the worms are being reared, no one but the peasants themselves are permitted to enter the kitchen or hut; and when the worms give notice that they are about to mount and form their cocoons, then the door is locked, and the key handed to the proprietor of the plantation. After a sufficient time has elapsed and the cocoons are supposed to be well and strongly formed, the proprietor, followed by the peasants, marches in a kind of procession up to the huts, and, first dispensing a few presents among them, and hoping for good, to which they all reply, 'Inshallah! inshallah!—please God! please God,' the key is turned, the doors thrown wide open, and the cocoons are detached from the battens of cane mats, and prepared for reeling the next day.

#### BITTER WORDS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

BITTER words are easy spoken;  
Not so easily forgot;  
Hearts it may be can be broken—  
Mine cannot!

When thou lovest me I adore thee;  
Hating, I can hate thee too;  
But I will not bow before thee—  
Will not sue!

Even now, without endeavor,  
Thou hast wounded so my pride,  
I could leave thee, and for ever—  
Though I died!

The coward blusters, the better to disguise his fears.  
Ignorance is the parent of many injuries.

#### From the International Magazine. SMILES AND TEARS.

BY RICHARD COX.

'Art thou happy, little child,  
On this clear bright summer's day,  
In the garden sporting wild,  
Art thou happy? tell me, pray.'  
'If I had that pretty thing  
That has flown to yonder tree,  
I would laugh, and dance and sing,  
Oh! how happy I should be.'  
Then I caught the butterfly,  
Placed it in his hands secure,  
Now, methought his pretty eyes  
Never more will look demure.  
'Art thou happy now?' said I,  
Tears were sparkling in his eye;  
Lo, the butterfly was dead—  
In his hands its life had fled.

'Art thou happy, maiden fair,  
On this long, bright summer's day,  
Culling flowerets so rare,  
Art thou happy? tell me, pray.'  
'If my Robert were but here,  
To enjoy the scene with me—  
He whose love is so sincere—  
Oh how happy I should be!  
Soon I heard her lover's feet,  
Sounding on the gravel lightly,  
To his loving words so sweet,  
Tender glances answer brightly.  
'Art thou happy now?' I said,  
Down she hung her lovely head,  
Robert leaves for distant skies—  
Tears were in the maiden's eyes.

'Art thou happy, mother mild,  
On this bright, bright summer's day,  
Gazing on thy cherub child,  
Art thou happy? tell me, pray.'  
'If my baby-boy were well,  
Thus the mother spake to me,  
'Gratitude my heart would swell—  
Oh how happy I should be!  
Then the cordial I supplied,  
Soon the babe restored completely;  
Cherub faced and angel-eyed.  
On his mother smiled he sweetly!  
'Art thou happy now?' I said,  
'Would his father were not dead!  
Thus she answered me with sighs,  
Scalding tear-drops in her eyes.

'Art thou happy, aged man,  
On this glorious summer's day,  
With a cheek all pale and wan,  
Art thou happy? tell me, pray.'  
'If I were but safe above,  
Spake the old man unto me,  
'To enjoy my Savior's love,  
Oh how happy I should be.'  
Then the angel Death came down,  
And he welcomed him with gladness,  
On his brow so pale and wan  
Not a trace was seen of sadness.  
'Art thou happy now?' I said;  
'Yes!' he answered with his head;  
Tears of joy were in his eyes,  
Dew drops from the upper skies.

#### New Works.

##### From Bancroft's "American Revolution." GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In this volume we first meet with the great character who is to be the hero of the Revolution now looming before the reader. Mr Bancroft treats us to no full-length portrait of George Washington:—instead of a picture he presents us with the man. Washington comes before us at twenty-one,—in the chamber of Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia; from whom he is accepting a perilous but most important mission—to cross the forests, rivers, and mountains which separate Williamsburg and Lake Erie, in the depths of a severe winter, and there endeavor to detach the Delaware Indians from the French alliance. All the elements of Washington's greatness—his courage, hardihood, military prescience, and merciful disposition—are stamped indelibly on this the first act of his public life:—

'In the middle of November, with an interpreter and four attendants, and Christopher Gist as a guide, he left Will's Creek, and following the Indian trace through forest solitudes, gloomy with the fallen leaves, and solemn sadness of late autumn, across mountains, rocky ravines, and streams, through sleet and snows, he rode in nine days to the fork of the Ohio. How lonely was the spot, where, so long unheeded of men, the rapid Alleghany meet nearly at right angles 'the deep and still' waters of the Monongahela! At once Washington foresaw the destiny of the place. 'I spent some time,' said he, 'in viewing the rivers; the land in the fork has the absolute command of both.' The flat well-timbered land all around the point lies very convenient for building.' After creating in imagination a fortress and a city, he and his party swam their horses across the Alleghany, and wrapt their blankets around them for the night, on its northwest bank. From the Fork the chief of the Delawares conducted Washington through rich alluvial fields to the pleasing valley at Logstown. There deserters from Louisiana discoursed of the route from New Orleans to Quebec, by way of the Wabash and the Maumee, and of a detachment from the lower province on its way to meet the French troops from Lake Erie, while Washington held close colloquy with the half-king; the one anxious to gain the west as a part of the territory of the ancient dominion, the other to preserve it for the Red Men. 'We are brothers' said the half-king in council; 'we are one people; I

will send back the French speech-belt, and will make the Shawnees and the Delawares do the same.' On the night of the twentieth of November, the council fire was kindled an aged orator was selected to address the French, the speech which he was to deliver was debated and rehearsed; it was agreed that, unless the French would heed this third warning to quit the land, the Delawares also would be their enemies; and a very large string of black and white wampun was sent to the Six Nations as a prayer for aid. After these preparations, the party of Washington, attended by the half-king, and envoys of the Delawares, moved onwards to the post of the French at Venango. The officers there avowed the purpose of taking possession of the Ohio; and they mingled the praises of La Salle with boasts of their forts at Le Boeuf and Erie, at Niagara, Toronto, and Frontenac. 'The English,' said they 'can raise two men to our one; but they are too dilatory to prevent any enterprise of ours.'—The Delawares were intimidated or debauched; but the half-king clung to Washington like a brother, and delivered up his belt as he had promised. The rains of December had swollen the creeks. The messengers could pass them only by felling trees for bridges. Thus they proceeded, now killing a buck and now a bear, delayed by excessive rains and snows, by mire and swamps, while Washington's quick eye discerned all the richness of the meadows. At Waterford, the limit of his journey, he found fort Le Boeuf defended by cannon. Around it stood the barracks of the soldiers, rude log-cabins, roofed with bark. Fifty birch-bark canoes, and one hundred seventy boats of pine, were already prepared for the descent of the river and materials were collected for building more. The Commander, Gardeut de St. Pierre, an officer of integrity and experience, and for his countless courage, both feared and beloved by the Red Men, refused to discuss questions of right. 'I am here,' said he, 'by the order of my general, to which I shall conform with exactness and resolution.'—And he avowed his purpose of seizing every Englishman within the Ohio Valley. France was resolved on possessing the great territory which her missionaries had revealed to the world. Breaking away from courtesies, Washington hastened homeward to Virginia. The rapid current of French Creek dashed his party against rocks; in shallow places they waded, the water congealing on their clothes; where the ice had lodged in the bend of the rivers, they carried their canoe across the neck. At Venango, they found their horses, but so weak, the travellers went still on foot, heedless of the storm. The cold increased very fast; the baths grew 'worse by a deep snow continually freezing.' Impatient to get back with his despatches, the young envoy, wrapping himself in an Indian dress, with gun in hand and pack on his back, the day after Christmas quitted the usual path, and, with Gist for his sole companion, by aid of the compass, steered the nearest way across the country for the Fork. An Indian, who had lain in wait for him, fired at him from not fifteen steps, distance, but, missing him, became his prisoner. I would have killed him, wrote Gist, 'but Washington forbade.' Dismissing their captive at night, they walked about half a mile, then kindled a fire, fixed their course by the compass, and continued travelling all night, and all the next day, till quite dark. Not till then did the weary wanderers 'think themselves safe enough to sleep,' and they encamped, with no shelter but the leafless forest-tree. On reaching the Alleghany, with one poor hatchet and a whole day's work, a raft was constructed and launched. But before they were half over the river, they were caught in the running ice, expecting every moment to be crushed, unable to reach the other shore—Putting out the setting-pole to stop the raft, Washington was jerked into the deep water, and saved himself only by grasping at the raft-logs. They were obliged to make for an island. There lay Washington, imprisoned by the elements; but the late December night was intensely cold, and in the morning he found the river frozen. Not till he reached Gist's settlement, in January, 1724, where his toils lightened.

Washington reported the state of affairs on the Lakes,—and active measures were consequently adopted. Of the rapid and brilliant development of his military genius, we are not now to trace the progress; but it is scarcely possible to read without a shudder of 'the hair-breadth' escapes of the young man whose life was of such inestimable consequence to his country. Thus, in the battle fought by Braddock—to whom Washington acted as aide-de-camp—against the French and Indians in 1755, he appeared to others as well as to himself to bear a charmed life. In this action says Mr Bancroft,—

'Of eighty-six officers, twenty-six were killed—among them Sir Peter Halket—and thirty-seven were wounded, including Gage and other field officers. Of the men, one half were killed or wounded. Braddock braved every danger. His secretary was shot dead both his English aids were disabled leaving the American alone to distribute his orders. 'I expected every moment,' said one whose eyes were on Washington, 'to see him fall.' Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him. An Indian chief—I suppose a Shawnee—singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors do the same. Two horses were killed under him; four balls penetrated his coat. 'Some potent Manitou guards his life,' exclaimed the savage. 'Death' wrote Washington, 'was levelling my companions on every side of me, but, by the all powerful dis-