

signs to guide us in our actions, as conscience does our thoughts? Yea, it doth.

Upon my evidence Count Waldren gained his cause. The court was crowded to excess; Sigismund pleaded nobly—touchingly. He gazed upon me as I advanced with a look of appeal I can never forget. I felt it, but I would not head it. He heard his doom with a smile, as one prepared, and with a haughty measured step he left the hall.

I know not what impelled me, on that evening, to wander down to the lordly domain in which still dwelt Sigismund. A space of eight days was allowed him, within which it must be resigned, and immediately upon hearing the decision he had repaired to his castle of Seedoff.

The night had already begun to close, when following one of those mysterious impulses which so often arise within us, I entered the lordly but deserted gate of the vast domain. The moonlight watched over it, and that was the only sentinel, for the guards had left. The bonds of obedience to him, who was whilome lord of Seedoff, were broken, and the proud descendant of unnumbered ancestors was no longer master in his own domain. As I proceeded down the stately avenue, I perceived some one before me walking at a slow and thoughtful pace—it was Sigismund. I drew back; but, I know not why, I could not refrain from following him at a distance. He advanced slowly beneath those venerable elms, and gazed around him with a pale and placid brow, as one with a breaking heart taking a last but calm farewell of dear familiar scenes. He wandered long and far around his ancient park; at length he returned to the terrace of the castle, and then, taking some object from his breast, gazed on it intently, alternately glancing at that and at the lordly towers departing from his sway.—I since learned it was the miniature of Henrietta. He knew (he had told me) she was now lost to him—inevitably lost.

Long and immovably Sigismund stood in that thoughtful attitude, then turning slowly away entered the portal and closed it behind him, as though shutting out the world. I heard his step ascending the marble staircase, I heard it reverberate in the vaulted hall, and every echo seemed to fall upon my heart. I felt as a midnight robber, intruding thus upon the sacred solitude of another's home; but an indefinable feeling forced me to remain. I stood gazing intently on the majestic and beautifully pile before me, that rose surrounded by solitude, silence, and moonlight.

A window at this moment opened in a lofty tower, and I beheld Sigismund leaning his last adieu to his dear-loved home. It was closed; the night wore; and still, as by a charm, I stood riveted to the spot. After a time, a faint red gleam leaped against the casement, and a shot reverberated within the castle. Instinctively I knew the cause. I was motionless with horror; and as I stood thus, methought I heard an echo of that sound in the heavens above me, and a feeling came over me that it was the registry of that deed against me before the throne of God. A consciousness of evil and a remorse seized me, but I soon dispelled it;—the deed is on his head, I reasoned. Poor unhappy man! to peril his soul for earthly baubles!—I have done my duty. I rushed to the castle, and alarmed the household: my fears were true—assistance was in vain.

It was in the midst of gaiety, at the board of my grateful friend, that I heard of the death of Henrietta. They said she had died of a decline—her malady was a broken heart. Although I had never seen her, I was truly grieved, but I applauded myself, notwithstanding, for what I had done. I had followed the dictates of friendship to the utmost: I had fulfilled the laws of honor, and not deviated from that path which the most mature consideration pronounced 'the right.' But yesterday the spirit of God forced upon me the dreadful conviction that I had erred—nay, more, that I had sinned a fearful sin, for I had stifled the voice of the eternal truth, and following the dictates of human wisdom where the finger of the Deity pointed to 'the right.'

The old count paused. Was it exhaustion? was it death? He seemed outspent; but his eyes were still fixed upon the storm, that rolled with unabated fury aloft. He roused himself from his death-like slumber with more than mortal energy.

'The storm is not yet over! We will depart together!' he cried in an impassioned tone.—'But my duty is as yet unfinished; I must proceed,' he resumed, in a cold, sepulchral voice, as one reciting a task. He spoke of the dearest, the best hopes of his life, in the same cold, indifferent manner. It showed that already he felt belonging no more to earth and earthly feelings; his heart had died within him, and his soul still lingered around it, like a spirit around a tomb.

'I have loved,' continued the spirit broken mourner, 'and Agatha deserved a better destiny than to be linked with me. She inclined toward Gerhard Von Stadenburg; but the heart is weak, and she became mine! Her deserted suitor left the country: we thought no more of him! My lot became one of hardship. Agatha pined and died in the icy north, and I was left with a cloud upon the sunshine of my life. Yet I never accused myself—I sooner murmured

against what I deemed the harsh decrees of Providence. But yesterday the curtain was lifted from before a scene in the past. The self-exiled Gerhard fell in battle, a victim of my selfishness, and the shadow I had cast upon the life of Agatha falls coldly between me and the glory of heaven. Yet I had never one moment regretted having won her heart, never for one moment held myself responsible for Gerhard's exile and end, or Agatha's suffering and death. Alas! I have perverted the innocent mind—murdered the brave—brought ruin into families—broken noble hearts—and destroyed those I loved the best! while I thought myself performing the most laudible actions, and harboring the most excellent intentions, while all who knew me; deemed me one of the best of men.

Thus far the Count had spoken in the same cold voice. He paused, and seemed struggling with his feelings.

'Do you now wonder that I should have no hope? or that even madness should burn in my brain?' he burst forth, with the tone of a maniac. 'Dashed at once from my height of happiness—the strength of self-reliance! Oh mercy, merciful, my spirit is departing; I feel it ebbing; it is passing away from the earth, but the storm is above; and it cannot ascend to heaven, for a lightning will strike it from its path, and hurl it into the fires of the eternal gulf. O save me, save me. See how those lights burn aloft. It is the eye of God, kindling and flashing in anger; it is fixed upon me, and I perish.'

We were horror-stricken. Count Danneberg fell back as one dashed to the ground, and remained motionless. At first we thought in truth a levin bolt had struck him, for the thunder pealed with an awful burst—the walls tottered beneath the overwhelming sound.

'He is dead,' whispered Issendorf; 'his heart beats no longer.'

We knelt by the side of the prostrate form; it breathed not; I cannot describe our feelings.

The storm sunk with a sudden hush, and its retiring lightnings played distinctly across the towers of Heidelberg; still the old man remained motionless as the dead. The moon came forth and laid its light upon his brow, like the hand of a saint imparting a blessing. Was it fancy? A smile appeared to steel over his lips and his countenance appeared more calm. It seemed as though he was being reconciled with his God. And in truth it might be thus; for the misfortunes he caused were not the result of evil intention, but of error. Do they not show that, mistrusting the sophistry of the mind, and the wisdom of the world, we must keep watch above our words and our actions?

Slowly the dying man reopened his eyes, and gazed upon us.

'I am forgiven!' he breathed. 'There is endless mercy in heaven!'

His eyes still dwelt upon us calmly and kindly; gradually they grew dim; he breathed a long, deep sigh, and expired.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for July.

### THE EFFECT OF WAR ON LITERATURE.

It has been observed that a season of rich and rare fertility in the works of imagination and taste has usually followed immediately on the termination of an important conflict, in which the sentiment of patriotism was energetically called forth. The tremendous struggle of Greece, and, in the foremost place of Athens, to preserve its existence from the overwhelming Asiatic despotism, was no sooner decided, than the heroes of Salamis created the tragic drama, and Æschylus led on a numerous band of poets to the lyric theatre, whose genius was not less remarkable for its fecundity than for the vigour and originality of its productions. In modern times, the city republics of Italy and of Germany were encouraged to use the vernacular tongues of Europe in the strains of inspiration, by their successful assertion of civic freedom against the powerful monarchies and feudalisms which were near them; and the most florid, although not the most pure and genuine development of poetical talents in Southern Europe, probably owed some of its vitality to the alert and active spirit which the protracted contests in the Mediterranean and in Hungary, against the Ottoman invader, had tended to excite. English literature, besides sharing these influences with the rest of the world, responded notably to every serious demand upon the valour of Englishmen, in the political relations of this kingdom. Chaucer and Gower, the earliest names in the list of properly English (as distinguished from merely English or Anglo-Saxon) writers, make their appearance in the age of Cressy and Poitiers; the reign of 'good Queen Bess,' whose subjects dispersed the Armada of Spain and of Popery, was characteristically adorned by Sidney and Spenser, and was rendered immortal by one other, one of the greatest and loveliest of human minds; who was accompanied in his mission by many other potent artists in the regions of fancy and of the passions; at a later period, 'the wits of Queen Anne' saw the victories of Marlborough; and, almost in our own day, the triumphs of the British arms, from the Nile to Waterloo, raised the hearts of the last generation of our countrymen whose reputation, in the way of poetic genius, the names of Scott, Campbell, Byron, with others scarcely departed from amongst us, have

admirably maintained. We therefore expect, as a consequence of this Russian war, if it be conducted and concluded in a manner worthy of Britain, no less than a revival of the highest and rarest faculty in the literature of our age.

### NEW WORKS.

The Rival Roses; a Romance of English History. By the author of "Royalists and Roundheads."

### THE CAPTIVE KING ENTERIN LONDON.

There, near to the pillory on its centre, was the crowned King of England and of France, the unfortunate Henry, meanly clothed, with a placard attached to his shoulders, informing all who could read, that there was a traitor and a mock king. To humiliate the fallen monarch in every possible way, he was also mounted on a nag, with his feet fastened to the stirrups. At the moment when Welwood and his forced their way to the front of the crowd, the Earl of Warwick, in his glittering and gorgeous panoply, pointed derisively to the king, and repeated the words of that scurrilous placard, which by his orders, and to his eternal infamy, had been applied to Henry's shoulders.

'Treason! treason! and behold the traitor!' cried the earl; and then he bade his men lead the royal captive three times around the pillory, still repeating the shameful cry. And the populace shouted and clapped their hands; but one person only, who was on foot, and muffled in a large mantle and slouched hat, had forced his way among the crowd up to the earl's bridle—and as his attendants, in unison with the populace, shouted with laughter, seized the reins of the miserable nag, paraded the king before the mob, and repeated the insulting cry—this person, fiercely grasping the earl's bridle, exclaimed in a bitter tone:

'Oh! but this is well done, my lord of Warwick; a noble and right chivalrous deed for a stainless knight!'

For a moment the earl turned pale with anger, and leaned forward as if to strike the speaker with the flat of his sword; but in so doing he caught sight of his face, when lowering the weapon he said, 'get the gone young man. Art thou mad? I would do thee no harm, but I must need order thine arrest as thou dost retire!'

Whether he was so inclined or not the young man was fain to follow this advice; for the crowd thronged so thickly to feast on the utter humiliation of the unhappy Henry, that the earl himself was inconveniently pressed, and the bold young adherent of Lancaster was compelled, under penalty of a broken arm, to quit his hold of Warwick's bridle.

Then, as the mass of human beings surged to and fro, it chanced that the young man was thrust forward just as the vile pageant made its second circuit round the pillory. First came the unhappy Henry, with his head bare to the pitiless blast, and to all the shouts and gibes of the rabble rout, replying not with a bitter word, yet he quailed not, nor shewed in that dreadful hour a spirit unworthy of his mighty race.—With hands meekly folded on his bosom, and his wan sad face looking only sadder and paler than it was wont, he regarded the cruel crowd with a look of compassion, as if, in the sacred words of the Gospel, he too would have said, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!' But not yet had the ill-fated Henry endured enough. While the heralds again shouted, 'Treason! treason!' and the rabble applauded and mingled foul abuse of the ruined monarch with their applause, that a bulky, greasy citizen, who had spoken to Dame Welford, rushed forward, and hoarsely exclaiming, 'Ho! miserable witting, know the place, and cry, "God save King Edward!"' struck him a buffet in the face. Had not King Henry been fastened to his horse, he would have been levelled with the ground by that heavy blow. 'Forsooth! and forsooth!' he exclaimed, as he turned his bruised and bleeding face towards his tormentor, 'you do foully to strike the Lord's anointed!'

One, there was, however, among the crowd more exasperated by the ill-usage of King Henry than was the meek sufferer himself; and as the burly ruffian retreated, shamed alike by the monarch's mild reproof, and the murmurs which his savage violence called forth even from the mob, a clenched hand, cased in a heavy steel gauntlet, dealt him so furious a blow that, like a felled ox, he measured his length, bleeding and senseless on the ground.

### THE TORTURE ROOM IN THE TOWER.

Dim and dark too was that chamber—dark even amid the blaze of noon, the iron lamps depending from the vaulted roof diffusing but a pale and sickly lustre, as though their ray was subdued by the shadow of death, which brooded for ever within those mysterious walls.—Instruments of strange form, too, the sight of which even froze the blood with a nameless horror, were there. What need for a voice to say that this was the thumb-screw; and that the rack; that here was a diabolical engine to crush the human form of its fair proportions, and there the apparatus for the water-torture, which should cause the blood of the victim to burst from his mouth and ears.

Device of the Evil One. The torture-cham-

ber, invented to wring, not the truth, but false accusation from the lips of the tortured; vain art thou, as such a device is wont to be! There was another light in the torture-chamber than that of the pale lamps, a red and sullen glow, which revealed the grim features of the chamber without dispersing its shadows; and by this glow and the wan ghastly ray of the lamps might be dimly seen cauldrons and braziers, the latter filled with the burning charcoal which diffused that lurid light, amid which gilded figures either wearing masks and wrapping garments of black, or with arms bare to the shoulders, and faces that looked cadaverous no less than hard and cruel in that fearful glare. There, too, were all the minor adjuncts that might help to appal the mind weakened by the pangs of the body; that was the mockery of the majesty of justice—raised seats, cushioned and canopied with black for the judges, and one more elevated than the rest for the chief. These were now assembled, and mingled with and seated among them were several cavaliers, whose rich garments, glistening with embroidery, made a strange contrast with the black robes of the assistants of the court, the half-naked bodies of the torturers, the grim outline of the rough stone arches, the mysterious obscurity that hung over the more remote parts of the chamber, the dim light of the lamps, and the fires in the lamps, and the fires in the foreground, and all the other accessories of that scene, which might have been imagined for the regions of the condemned. A profound silence hitherto reigned in that awful chamber; for the judges and the gaily attired cavaliers had taken their seats in silence, as if the horror of the place awed and oppressed even them, and the assistants glided about as noiselessly as though they feared that an infraction of the silence would subject them also to the torture. The note of a clock over the judgement seat, striking the hour of seven though it broke the silence, seemed to have in it something terrific, as though the atmosphere of that chamber communicated to sights and wounds alike the infection of its horrors.

### THE MURDER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Surrounded by his principal officers, and by his brothers, the Duke of Clarence and Gloucester, in his company, King Edward stood triumphant on the field of Tewkesbury. A litter, made of lances, was borne past him, and on that litter was extended a seemingly lifeless form. The face was pale as alabaster, the eyes closed as if in death, and the gory golden hair that swept over that rude bier was wet with blood. The eyes of the king fell with a stern and sorrowful look upon the sad couch; and then some of the soldiers whispered their comrades as it passed, of the king's great love for his young page, who was wounded, it was feared, unto death; and others there were who had helped to raise up the young Hildebrand as he fell, who told how the corselet of the seeming page had been buckled over the aching heart of some hapless damsel, who in the self-devotion of her unhappy love, had long served Edward in that disguise, unknown even to the king himself, till she had received in her bosom the shaft that else had found a mark in his.

Some there were, too, among the knights and nobles of King Edward, the companions of his free moments, as dissolute as himself, and as incapable of understanding one generous or noble emotion as the departed minister of his vice, Sir Gilbert Malton; and these men would have coarsely jested on the luckless damsel and the kings protested ignorance, that she, whom he scrubbed not to own he had dearly loved, had been so long near him; but now they perceived a real anguish in her broken tones—in the dark despairing look which he cast upon the fragile bleeding form of her who had so fatally loved him; and, moreover, that on that dread battlefield, even in that moment of victory, there was a deadly frown, and the red spot upon his brow which betokened the mood with which it was dangerous to tamper.

Sorrow and self-reproach still more soften a humane and generous nature; but the sense of pain and personal suffering only inflamed and exasperated the fierce impulses of the cruel and selfish Edward. He cursed not his own vile arts, which had betrayed to ruin and a piteous untimely death a creature who once purser than the mountain snow; but heaped his maledictions on the unconscious hand which had directed the shaft that drank her life blood, and the officious eyes of the soldiers which, on the removal of the corselet, had penetrated her disguise. He had loved her so truly that he felt in some sort humiliated by her public shame, and he dared, he would have wreaked his fury and mortification on his own nearest friends. He glared around him like a famished tiger; he wanted but some object on which to vent his wrath.

At this inauspicious moment, the young Edward of Lancaster was dragged before him. A smile then lighted up the features of the king; but the frown and the angry flush rested on his brow as his eye roved over the group of captives, consisting of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Blanche Nevil.

'We can scarce give ye welcome, sweet ladies,' he said, 'right glad as ye are of your fair company; but thank your own misproud, ambitious kinsmen that ye come in to our presence on a