

in this instant, Linda!'

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was better to let him have his own way, and

pression of her childhood had subsided into

the worst, and told of his ill health, and the

sorrow and loneliness in which I had found

So I learned whom it was that Linda loved.

And did I not feel all the bitterest pangs

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SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

## COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2, 1858.

For the Columbia Spy. The Last Stake. Two Persians sat at chess, one day, Princes haughty and proud were they,

Poetry.

Playing a deep and desperate play. 'Treasures of gold were lost and won;

The vanquished lord at set of sun, Every treasure had lost but one, His last stake was his lady bright-

Marvel not that the haughty knight Paler grew than his chess-king white.

They played beneath the lady's bower, As stars come out at twilight hour, Dark eyes peeped from the princely tower.

Dark eyes looked on the fatal board Dark eyes fell on the gleaming hoard, Dark eyes smiled on their much loved lord.

Fierce the struggle for death or life-Hark!—a voice o'er the silent strife— "Give your castle and save your wife."

For The Columbia Spy

Leaves from an Artist's Sketch-Book. BY T. A.

Paul Werner and I sat by the water-side, light came dancing under the shadow of the and teased her by turns. old wall behind us, and up through the long slowly along the blue sky; towards the westradiance, flushed with blood-red, crimson, ory furnished me with many examples of it. Ursula, let us have supper!' and royal purple, that melted away in the those who had risen from obscurity to a distance to the softest tinge of pearl. Boats high place among the masters of their gloglided up and down over the shining river, rious art, and I coveted a like career for and we watched their course with longing myself. It is true, I knew there were many eyes, wishing ourselves within them. So difficulties in the way, but that knowledge we sat there until a rising mist hid the love- only increased my desire to grapple with ly view, and the rich tints faded from the and overcome them; yet one, I feared would

sky; then I laid my hand upon Paul's shoul- not be overcome easily. My father had alder, and reminded him that it was time to ways destined me for his successor in husireturn home. This was our favorite idling place when men, with an equanimity of temper which astically fond of his art, because he believed aught from her girlish ignorance which she we were children. Day after day found us was very rarely disturbed, he could at times its inspiration a divine gift, capable of rais- might afterwards regret. She was so young in the shadow of the old wall, listening to evince the most dogged obstinacy of resolve; ing the mind from all that was coarse, and the murmuring waters, for I cared little for and, what was still worse, he looked upon mean, and low, up to the pure empyreal to woo and win her, after I had made all the the ordinary sports of boyhood, and Paul, all poets, artists, and musicians, with feel- heights of virtue and holiness, and that the perhaps in consequence of his frail health, ings very mush akin to those with which a mission of the true artist was to regenerate The thought that perhaps her love might be

still less. When I was not with him, he well disposed, industrious bee would regard the world, he was yet guileless and singlewandered to a nook in the cathedral near the lazy drones cumbering the hive. So, minded as a child. To his teaching, his ing round my heart, but I was too cheerful which we lived, and drank in with ecstacy if I met with no angry opposition, I expected friendship, I owe more than I can ever ex- and sanguine to dwell long upon the possievery note that streamed down from the my designs to be thwarted all the same, with press, and he did that for me by his delicate bility of disappointment, where I hoped for certainly was, he proved my best friend in vast-organ overhead, or, seated before his the comfort of being treated as one suddenly tact which I am sure no one else could have success, and my heart was light and buoyant mother's old piano, improvised wild and bereft of all the sense he ever possessed. And attempted successfully. He induced my pa- as I opened the gate, and passed up the patronage that my pictures sold rapidly, and touching airs. How well I remember his my good mother, quite as practical in her way rents not only to abandon their opposition appearance at such times, when I would as my father, would coincide perfectly in all to my new occupation, but eventually to honeysuckle porch, where Linda generally lection. Among them was a sunset view on enter unexpectedly, and interrupt him, the his views. I often envied Paul his liberty to take a warm interest in it, especially after bright color burning on his pale checks, to devote himself to the study of music, and my brother Heinrich, settling advantageously his whole frame quivering with the strong planned a thousand ways for opening the his affairs in Muuich, returned to Dusselexcitement. And his large, dark eyes would matter to my parents; yet always, at the dorf, and took the place in the old shop framed by the slender pillars bearing the boats upon the river. A little girl with sparkle with pleasure when I praised his moment, my courage would desert me, and which my father had destined one day for heavy masses of leaves and flowers; her golden ringlets and violet eyes looked over performances, and predicted a future filled then the shop would rise before my eyes and me. Heinrich, to my great joy, warmly ap- hands were folded negligently upon her lap the crumbling wall, and a red glow burned

vear or two among the works of the old light, ogether from infancy in a ram- ion good night, and entered the large, com-

Paul did not answer for his eyes were know no more about than the cat under the kept my love hidden in the depths of my to make his name immortal. His last words at home when I reached there but the store ito his comfort in many ways of which he table. You will like business well enough heart; yet the thought of a happy home with were, 'In a year or two I will join you in fixed dreamily upon the stars. when you are in it. Yes! and you will Linda beside me supplied a new incentive Rome, Carl.' 'Linda, Linda!' called a shrill voice, 'come thank me for putting you there, I know you | for exertion, and I worked away with pal- | From my dear old master I received sev-

'Oh, I must go!' she said hurriedly-will!' 'Never, father!' I replied calmly, for I felt 'Aunt Gretta will be so angry! Good-bye

brought the sound of her rapidly retreating rived. This is no new thing with me, and glanced across my easel. Paul Werner's influence has nothing to do

footsteps. with it. I have always longed to be painter, She lived in an old and decayed house, standing near the brink of the river. It had and if you allow me, I will study and work perhaps been handsome a century before, hard for proficiency and success. I am sure was copying. He was standing beside me, upon classic ground, hallwed by all the powhen occupied by a small community of I shall win them; but I am not suited to a regarding me attentively. My thoughts etic inspiration of past centuries. With nuns, and there were many ecclesiastical business life, and I should be perfectly were elsewhere-and I felt conscious of what intense delight I wandered through the present residence, I departed in search of designs carved round the narrow doors and wretched shut up in the shop.' high loop-holes of windows-angels heads, angrily, 'wretched! when you might be parture. and lilies, and crosses, which pleased my earning money, and growing a rich man!' boyish fancy. It stood in the midst of an 'Might look out in the street all day long!' extensive, but utterly neglected garden, of murmured Katchen. which the wall I have mentioned, formed

My father threw himself back in his chair one of the boundaries. Thus it happened that two years before, the lonely and orphan Linda had made our acquaintance, by shyly closed his eyes, and I listened anxiously to than you were wont to be. Never for one some of them possessing no inconsidereble peeping over at us through her golden curls, as we sat beneath, and Paul and I succeeded tween comments on my conduct, and the la- boy. You are richly dowered with youth, Camillo brought many admiring visitors to at last in coaxing her warm affection; for

gazing at the sunset. The waves rippled regard us as such, and we often made her her blooming hand maiden. It was not till come, every triumph achieved, a stepping tention by the frequentcy of his appearance softly beneath our feet, and warm rays of the companion of our rambles, and petted their preparations were completed, that he stone to mount still higher, and recollect among us, and the interest with which he resumed the conversation, by saying, The stars shone out brighter and brighter 'Peace, both of you! Carl, I have been

streets, gilding the projecting gables and as we strolled leisurely homeward. Paul considering this matter, and have deterquaint time-worn carvings and mouldings of was tilent, and so was I. That bright sum- mined to let you have your own way, for the old fashioned houses, and lighting the mer afternoon, the brilliant sky and the two reasons; because, in the first place, I window panes, until they seemed all aglow restless waters had filled my mind with an see you will be good for nothing if you don't appeal, and before I left my master's studio was finishing, when chancing to look up I eyes, those gropping hands? Alas! I underwindow panes, until they seemed all agiow store in an inter any inter the and in the second, you will soon see I had determined to start for Rome one espied the old gentleman peering curiously stood it all, even before the words came from name; but I went on, determined to know had haunted me all my life long; a dream the folly of it if you do. I will send you to- week from that date-the day after my over my shoulder. ern horizon, shaped like the enchanted pal- of the myriad forms of real and ideal loveli- morrow to the Herr Von Siegel's studio; that nineteenth birthday. ace of some fairy tale, their lofty towers and ness starting into glowing life beneath my will soon disgust you with grinding paints, snow-white domes blazed in the deep golden hand, upon the painter's canvas. My mem- and daubing canvass, so say no more about

> He kept his word, and the next day opened Linda. Paul was not with me. I had not a new era in my life. Four years passed away, four bright and none other companionship than my own

happy years. Revelling among the glorious thoughts. I was leaving home with many the good and gifted, my own endeavors with many fears. If Linda only loved mecrowned with a success which I had scarce but I knew she did not; not at least as I dared to hope for, how could they be otherwise? My master, Adrien Von Siegel, was to risk all by a frank confession; the next, ness, and although the most indulgent of one of the best and noblest of men: enthusi- I felt it would be ungenerous to obtain

ette and brushes, dreaming of her pure and eral introductory letters addressed to his bons in bows over her blue dress, prepar. | lieving him indeed to be as he said, mad .-delicate loveliness, and seeing the ripple of friends in Italy, one of them to a very emi- tory to following their example. I asked My father's reasoning was characteristic: -good-bye, Paul!" and the next moment the time for a final decision had now ar- her golden hair in every sunbeam that nent artist, in whose atelier I placed myself for Paul. upon my arrival. Signor Comillo interes-'Carl,' said my master to me one day, ted me much less than von Siegel, yet I from there soon after his sickness. Would he would not hear reason, I concluded it 'when are you going to Rome?' I looked up from the St. Francis which I ment under his care. Then too I was

blushing, as I answered hesitatingly, that I magnificient galleries of the Vatican, and 'Wretched, you silly boy!' said my mother, had not yet decided upon the time for de gazed upon the colossal works of Michael Angelo, the exquisite grace and glowing

'So I feared,' he said, 'but this is not tints of Raphael and Titian, or gathered well, Carl! remember, art is a jealous mis- materials for many a sketch from the pie tress; those who seek her favors must offer turesque groups of lazzaroni, which met me no divided hearts, and I have fancied of late, at every turn. My fellow students were all again, replaced his pipe in his mouth, and you are somewhat less ardent in her pursuit gay, genial young men, chiefly Italians, my mother, whose mind was divided be- moment must your interest flag, my dear degree of talent, and the fame of the Signor ter, as I observed the air of discomfort and through all her rapidly maturing lovliness, bor of placing supper upon the table, in vigorous health, and talent. Go on bravely his atelier. One of them an elderly gentlehaving no brothers of her own, she came to which she was well echoed and assisted hy as you have begun; make every difficulty over- man, evidently a German, attracted my atthat energy and perseverance are the true contemplated every easel. I enquired his near the window with his back towards me, my long absence, and again the hopes which elements of success.

He was right, although he knew not the Count von Leichtenfels. cause of the slight obstruction which he had One day I was very busily engaged in noticed; but I recognized the force of his giving a few slight touches to the picture I it mean, that trembling form, those strained glanced anxiously at her, and saw the red 'You are very industrious, my young

countryman,' he said. One lovely summer evening I walked through the long streets to the old house by the river side, that I might say farewell to [ replied.

'True, true,' said he, 'though few think Are you from Munich?' sought him, for at that moment I desired 'From Dusseldorf,' I answered. Dusseldorf. Oh! And I doubt not you creations of art, with the companionship of bright anticipations for the future, and yet have come to Italy expecting to equal, if not surpass, all the painters who have existed

since the art was known!' 'No, indeed," said I, provoked by his sarwished. One moment I was almost resolved castie tone, 'I expect nothing of the sort;

but if I cannot rival the great masters of ample.'

'Very right, very right! persevere and you -scarce sixteen; there was yet time for me will do well. Come and dine with me tomorrow;' and throwing his card into my honors my own, to which I was aspiring. lap, my eccentric companion sauntered off, leaving me much surprised by the convergiven to another would send the blood chillsation.

Singular as the Count Von Leichtenfels Rome. It was partly owing to his powerful grassy and dew-laden walks, to a little several found a place in his own choice colthe Rhine-a quaint old house near the wa-

She was there, and I stood for a moment | ter's edge, and two boys sitting in the shadgazing upon her, as an exquisite picture, ows of a broken wall, watching the gliding

and rosy Katchen, who informed me all the was not aware. He had first exacted a folks had gone out 'pleasuring,' as she stood promise that none would tell me of his albefore the glass, arranging some scarlet rib- tered circumstrnces, and they gave it, be-

'Poor boy!' said he, 'we did our best to 'Oh he had gone away,' she said, 'gone comfort him, and keep him with us, but as

felt conscious of making rapid improve. I have some dinner?" I refused her offers, for I saw she was not worry him with opposition that could longing to show her finery in the street, and do no good; he will soon see his fully, and when I had obtained the place of Paul's come back."

The next day saw me at the old house by the river side, sitting near Linda, gazing

Many strange misgivings crowded through | into her glorious eyes; listening to her sweet my mind as I approached it. Knowing voice; abandoning myself unresistingly to nothing more of him than I have already the influence of her intoxicating presence. stated, except that the last letter I received She was, if possible, more beautiful than from Heinrich, in Italy, told of his mother's ever; for the mirthful, half mischievous exrecent death, I felt perplexed beyond measure by his long silence and neglect. These the softer glow of deep feeling and awakened reflections assumed a more painful charac- thought. Yet I saw, or funcied I saw, poverty about the house to which I had been a slight tinge of something like sadness, and directed, but I was told upon opening the her cheek paler than it was wont to be .--door, that the person whom I sought lived But this impression soon vanished before there, in an upper room; thither I repaired. her affectionate greeting and the eager in-Paul did not observe my entrance; he sat terest with which she questioned me about name and learned he was of high rank, the his face buried in his hands. I advanced, had ever gilded my future glowed brightly

calling him by name, then he sprang up, within my heart. I spoke of Italy and its and come forward. Oh, Heaven! what did wonders; of my return; and of Paul. I his white and quivering lips.

'Oh, Carl! blind! blind! blind!' I raised him, for he fell like one dead into him. My voice faltered as she turned aside,

never known!'

'What?' I asked anxiously.

my arms. For a few moments neither of covering her face with her hands to hide the 'Success cannot be won without industry, us spoke; I could not; he burst into a pas- starting tears, and sighed out, in a tone of sion of tears, and sobbed until I feared he inexpressible mournfulness, 'Ob, Paul! would pour out his life in the long pent-up | Paul!' agony.

'Why did I not know of this?' I said, 'Oh, Paul! why did you keep it from me?'

of disappointment? Only for a moment .---I could not bear to let them tell you; I Then there arose before me a pale form, have been mad, Carl, mad! You were with sightless eyes, and feebly groping making your way steadily onwards to suchands, and I heard a voice crying in my cess and fortnne, while I lay writhing be-lears, 'This is more than I can bear; living neath the weight of this fearful curse, with in rerpetual darkness, going down to the antiquity, I will at least emulate their ex- all the hopes of my life utterly blighted. I grave in such utter loneliness.' In my prayed for death, Carl. I would have heart I blessed God that it would not be so. sought for it long ago, but for my poor My plan was soon formed; I told Linda of all Paul's wores-all the deep love he had mother, and now-'Hush, hush!' I exclaimed, alarmed no avowed for her, and though her tears fell less by his terrible despair, than by dread faster than ever, I saw they were partly of its effect upon his worn out frame. tears of joy; and when I said, 'You have 'I cannot!' he cried. 'They tell me it is loved Paul, Linda, will you love him less the will of God; a chastening sent in mercy, now that he is blind and suffering?' she

but I cannot believe it; it is more than I can raised her eyes to mine, with a look of pitybear, living in this perpetual night; going ing tenderness, an angel might have worn. 'Oh, Carl! she replied,' how little either 'Oh, Paul, Paul!' was all I could say, you or Paul know of a woman's heart! He 'God pity and help you!' would be dearer to me, far, far dearer: I

By degrees he grew calmer, and avoiding would watch; him, tend him, aye, even toil all mention of his late terrible byreavements, for him. My love should guide him through I led him on to speak of other things. The the darkness, and be his interpreter for the flush on his check grew deeper, when he light of which he is now bereft. Oh, most mentioned music, and the compositions at gladly would I do this, Carl!'

which he had labored with so much ardor; 'I know it. Linda, my sweet sister: I but otherwise he betrayed no emotion .- know your noble and unselfish nature, would with that impossible success which exists only in youthful imaginations. Our ages were almost the same, and we parently with much interest, when I told true affection there can be no selfishness,

bling old house in one of the quietest streets fortable kitchen, our usual sitting room, masters, which was finally agreed upon, and ance over her snowy dress and shining curls. even among his own rank, to any degree of of Dusseldorf;-Paul's widowed mother, a when the long-dreaded explanation came I looked forward with eager interest to the A slight rustling I made attracted her at- intimacy. Unmarried, and posses ing imgrave and silent woman, in very limited cir- rather sooner than I had expected.

cumstances, renting a few rooms, and my A bright fire burned upon the hearth, fill- of the seven-hilled city, and gaze upon the gaily, as she was always wont to do. father's family occupying the remainder .- | ing the room with a cheerful glow that was | immortal works enshrined amid its faded By the departure of my my two elder broth- reflected from rows of shining tins upon the and melancholy grandeur. ers, one for Munich, the other for America, wall, danced merrily over the face of the old Paul was still the same-still the earnest I should have been very much alone, had it clock in the corner, and deepened the flush and impassioned dreamer he had ever been. in my mother's cheeks, as she leaned over We were now necessarily much separated not been for Paul's companionship. We went to the same school, and conned the blaze, preparing some savory dish for by our different pursuits, yet whenever I

the same tasks, rarely neglecting them, for supper. Katchen had drawn out the table, entered his room, I found him as I had alwe were both fond of study. Every holiday and was covering it with a snow white cloth, ways done, sitting before the piano, with hour was employed in unchecked rambles, while my father, leaning back in his wide his fingers wandering over the keys, and the through the town or along the beautiful arm chair at the open window, with the floor strewed with music and blotted manubanks of the Rhine, which my father, a smoke from his pipe curling lazily round his scripts. Not that there was aught of listflourishing tradesman, was too good natured, head, appeared to be listening sleepily to lessness or indolence in his nature! Beneath and my nother too busy superintending the the singing of the kettle, and the murmur the show of a calm and reticent exterior operations of her maid Katchen, to restrain. of insects among the leaves in the garden. burnt the hidden fires of intense feeling, So we sat gazing over the water, while He looked earnestly at me as I approached, proud self-reliance, and ambition powerful

the dim shadows of twilight were creeping and said, 'You are late this evening, son Carl!' round us. The sound of dipping oars, and 'It was such a beautiful sunset,' I replied, the boatmen's song came floating towards us from the distance, and one clear bright 'that I staved out later than I intended.' star shone out from the depths of the sky 'Hum!' said my father, and he resumed above. Suddenly a shower of rose-leaves fell on our heads, and I turned round just ments, in silence, which was only broken seemed paler, and his tall, slight form, still in time to see a beautiful head with long by my mother inquiring if Paul was with slighter. There is a head of St. John in the golden curls, disappearing behind the wall. me.

'Carl!' he exclaimed suddenly, "I have which is a striking resemblance of Paul 'Oh. Lindal you wild child,' I exclaimed, 'you need not hide your face, for I see you!' something to say to you which may as well Werner, as he looked then; it has the same Where have you been all this afternoon, be settled at once. You will be fifteen very dark spiritual eyes and straight features.

soon, and have more learning than I ever the same massive and transparent brow, Linda?' asked Paul. 'Aunt Gretta keeps me in,' said she, re- had. I am going to give you a place in the half shaded by wavy masses of rich brown

appearing from hor hiding place, with a shop next week. It is quite time for you to hair, and is a model of noble intellectual vered look upon her fair features. 'She know something of business, and you are beauty. How often, in after years, it has says girls should not play with boys. I growing flighty.' wish I was a boy: you would have taken 'Oh, Father!' I cried, in an agony-'I

wish I was a boy; you would have taken me a fine stroll Carl, wouldn't you?' she cannot learn business-I hate the shop!' added. 'Hate the shop,' repeated my mother, my heart throb with strange emotions which

'Certainly,' I replied patronizingly, for my three years' seniority gave me much boy mad?'

importance in my own estimation. 'You cannot think how much you lost this aftermy father. 'Neighbor Bertha shows very noon, Linda; there are beautiful yellow but- little sense in the way she spoils that child, in her was centered all my hopes of earthly and I rose to depart with many kind wishes ter-cups growing all over the fields; they are and he has none at all. Why, what do you happiness. She was so simple and innocent from Aunt Gretta. fairies, and when they are tired of staying mean, Carl? Do you expect to doze away that I feared to startle her by avowing the on their stems they spread out two golden your life over sunsets and musty books? wings and fly up through the air. Don't What do you want to be?'

you wish you had seen them? And great 'A painter, father!' I answered promptly, dragon flies are there too; you might have 'I want to be a painter.'

gone riding upon one of them, with a tond-'Give up the shop which your father and stool for a cushion. How delightful that grandfather kept before you, to be a miserwould have been!' able painter. Oh, Carl! Carl! I wish you were

'Oh, Carl, Carl!' said she laughing, 'you afternoon: have you Paul?'

sat.

Linda?

and restless enough to soar like the pinions of an eagle, up to the sun bright heights of Fame. He worked, nay toiled, among his

compositisns, with a sort of feverish and impatient ardor, rarely satisfied with the fruits his pipe, and smoked away for some mo- of his labors; and every day his cheek rive them to me?'

altar piece of one of the chapels in Rome

recalled the past to my mind! There was one, however, whose sweet influence could wile even Paul from his studies, and make dropping the spoon in amazement, 'is the I could scarce define. Our little playmate,

Linda, still a playful child in heart, was fast This is all Paul Werner's nonseuse,' said approaching the dawn of a most perfect wo-

> love I felt, willing, rather, to wait patie . y until I discovered some signs of reciprocity; the tears shone again in in her eyes when and in the meanwhile she called us her I said: 'Farewell, dearest Linda, God bless brothers, as in the days when we roamed you forever;' yet I felt her response was

the fields together, and treated us both with that of an affectionate sister, nothing more. perfect impartiality-perhaps she was some-

what gayer and more unreserved with me,

which poured a flood of silvery radi- artists, although he admitted few persons, time when I should tread the classic ground tention, and she welcomed me frankly and mense estates, he spent his time chiefly in gratifying his passionate fondness for music 'This is a farewell visit,' Is 'd 'tomorrow and painting. My fellow students noticed,

I start for Rome.' perhaps with some little jealousy, that he 'Are you going tomorrow, Carl? I am always sought my society, and at last, invery sorry,' and war- stole into her eyes, as sisted upon my constant visits at his house, and they attributed it entirely to my being she turned them towards me.

'Then you will not forget me, dearest his countryman. I soon found his brasque and odd manners, hid a warm and most be-

'Never,' she replied; 'but I fear you will nevolent heart, whilst his superior knoworget me among the pictures and statues of ledge of the world, great learning, and keen, Rome. You will study and paint, and be- critical acumen, made his advice most usecome a great artist, and you will never ful to me. think again of poor Linda.' Year after year stole by, and found me

'I will think of her at all times; she shall still lingering in Italy. I examined the e my guiding star, my inspiration. buried treasures of Pompeii, and the stately

Linda laughed merrily at my raphsody, ruins of imperial Rome, and gazed upon the and taking up the flowers in her lap, com- sunset from the bay of Naples, and stood menced anew the garland she had been upon the Rialto and watched the gondolas glide by moonlight through the streets of braiding.

'I must have that wreath for a keepsake, Venice. I still worked hard; not so much and one of your ringlets, Linda; will you from ambition, as love to her whose sweet memory had been indeed my inspiration;

She complied promptly with my last re- for, from the moment of my arrival, till now quest by taking a pair of scissors which lay when fortune, and some little fame seemed near her and severing a long tress which dawning upon me, through all the difficulshe placed in my extended hand. I had ties which I had met and conquered, the beajust hidden its glossy curls in my bosom con which Hope kindled before me was when Aunt Gretta joined us, arrayed as happiness with Linds, and my deepest deusual in the highest of starched caps, and sire was to be worthy the affection of her the most immaculate of white aprons, apx- innocent heart. I received frequent and encouraging letters from my old master, in a much more cheerful mood. ious to hear all the particulars of my pro-Adrien Von Siegel, and very affectionate. iected tour.

though raro messages from my parents, I happened to be a great favorite with the Heinrich, and Paul.

old lady, and although not very well pleased with the interruption I entered into There was a mystery which I could not the full history of all I had been doing and solve. Paul wrote often during the first expected to do, and Linda listened with the two or three years of my absence-pleasant, warmest interest depicted upon her sweet hopeful letters, giving me news of the old for the absence which my negligene had zingly in my face. manhood, and I had long since learned that face; so the hours flew past all too rapidly, town I had left; of Linda; of the great ora- occasioned, for I had not told them when to - Your account has touched me,' he said torio which he had been composing. Then his letters ceased. Heinrich, indeed, told

me of a long and terrible illness from over-Linda accompanied me for a short disexertion, and I wrote to him frequently, but tance through the moonlit shrubbery, and received no answer. I could only suppose that some unknown cause had estranged him, but what it might be, I could not even guess.

Paul was much with me during the week Five years had passed since my absence preceeding my departure, interrupting there-Why, you are talking of things which you nature, she was dear only as a sister. So I future, and of the grand works which were season of some church festival. None were

him of my life in Italy, of the pictures I had | Carl!'

finished, and of the one I had painted from No, there could not. Those words sank memory; the sunset of Dusseldorf, and the deeply into my heart, and I resolved thencetwo boys gazing at the water, from the forth to purify and ennoble my love, by shadow of the old wall. Then he turned being to her the brother she had ever thought deadly pale, and grasped my hand tighter, me. Day after day found me by Paul's saying: bedside, for he sank into a low nervous 'Oh, Carl! my own brother, you have fever, and I would gladly have administered

to him the sweet cordial of hope, had it not been for the physician's prohibition of all 'How inteasely and adoringly I have al- that would tend to excite him. So I watched ways loved Linda. It is the bitterest drop beside his restless pillow-waiting the fitter in my cup of suffering, to feel she is lost to season of returning health, and through

those anxious hours my mind resolved many me forever. 'And Linda' does she love you, Paul?' I plans for removing the obstacles in the way asked, while I felt a faintness like death to his happiness. Yet I could decide upon none; for I knew he would shrink from accreen over me.

'I cannot tell; yet sometimes I have be cepting pecuniary obligation, even from me. lieved that she does. But I have not seen. The only person whose advice might have her for a long time. I came here to hide aided me, my master, Herr Von Siegel, was then absent in France, and every day saw myself from every one-even from her." Poor Paul! I saw how he had shut himself me plunged deeper in solicitude and perin this gloomy place, broading over his sor- plexity. Two weeks after my return, I rows, till his proud, silent, impassioned na- found the following letter awaiting me.

ture was goaded almost to frenzy. And he My Dear Carl:-Ere you receive this I too loved Linda! had long loved her! and I shall be in Germany, call saw he believed, as I had believed of him, that she was nothing more to me than a dear by the 20th; then come to me. Ever your riend; for had it been otherwise I knew he friend. LEOPOLD VON LEICUTENFELS. would have concealed his passion until that This unexpected intelligence gave me the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be truest pleasure. Knowing the Count's revealed, rather than cause sorrow to a friend kindness of heart and generosity, I deter. and brother. I remained with him for seve- mined to confide in him. Accordingly, a ral hours, and when I left he appeared to be day or two after his arrival, I told him of Paul, our early friendship, of his blindnes.

'Come often, Carl,' he said, 'you have com- his love. I have often thought since that he forted me by this visit; you were always my learned more than I intended he should; but he made no comments as I proceeded. good angel."

The warmest of welcomes and the most walking thoughtfully up and down the profuse of suppers awited me on my return room, with his hands clasped behind him, home, and my parents blamed themselves then stopping suddenly, he gazed scrutini-

expect me. Time had dealt kindly with my |'I will see this young friend of yours. Take kindred, and as I looked around the cheer- me along next time you visit him.'

ful apartment and marked the evidences of I did so, merely introducing the Count as domestic comfort on every side, the happy an old friend, by his desire. Paul was then and beloved faces near me, I could scarce slowly recovering, and his mind seemed repress a sigh-my thoughts went back to gaining a healthier tone. I had removed the scene I had just left. We spoke of Paul, him to another room, lighter and more cheerand I found my conjectures respecting him ful than one he formerly occupied, and he

were all correct. At the death of his mother, now received with pleasure all those friends from Dusseldorf, when I returned thither. following so closely upon his blindness, whom he had formerly shunned. He wellike your brothers,' he said, in a tone which than she was with Paul, but I regarded this by the completion of a piece of sacred music It was a bright afternoon, and the streets caused by intense and injudicious exertion, comed me more cheerfully than he had done are making fun of me, I know, and I don't betrayed much irritation. 'Franz and Hein- as a good omen for my future success, and upon which he had been deeply occupied. were filled with gay groups in their he left the house, refusing to see any one for a long time, and the racy conversation believe you have been near the fields this rich never would have dreamed of such folly. persuaded myself that to his under on the holiday garb, reminding me that it was the whom he had known before. But Heinrich of the Count Von Leichtenfels seemed to re-