"A SURPRISE."

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is cold."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids, with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;

Which were the whitest, no eye could choose!
And drew on her white shoe to shut her toes—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away!" they said.—"God understands."

And then there was Silence;—and nothing there
But the Silence,—and scent of spicy incense.

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lift his lamp and took the key,
And turned it!—Alone again,—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice?—no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct,—intense?

"See, now,—I speak this word, soul, and ear,—
What was the secret of dying, hear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or, was it a creeper marvel to feel
The pressure of Death—O lily of spicy zeal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?"

"O, perfect dead! O, Dead, most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen;—as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven;—and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, Darling, if I were dead,
And I were your lost tears upon your shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise;—

"The very strangest and saddest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Death!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
While the soul stood by, that the dead did pray:—

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear;

"And am your Angel who was your Bride;
And know, that though dead, I have never died."

E. A.

—*Every Saturday.*

Ex-King Ludwig of Bavaria, Lola Montez's Friend—Retrospective.

The news reporters of the Atlantic cable announced the alleged death a few days ago, the death of the King of Bavaria in such form that it was assumed the report was true—nevertheless, young Otho, was "deceased. By mail from Europe we learn that it was the old King, Ludwig, a much more remarkable man, the "friend" of the late Lola Montez, who departed this life. The English papers contain lengthy obituary notices of the late monarch, and Mr. Moncure Conway of the London *Herald* furnishing the following interesting particulars of his life:

You have doubtless received by telegraph the news of the death of King Ludwig. I propose, as briefly as I can, to furnish you with a sketch of the departed monarch, which I have had good opportunities of sketching. Ludwig's whole sphere of action was so connected with art matters, the celebrity attaching to his name is so mixed up with what he achieved for painting, sculpture, architecture, that it is impossible to give a sketch of his career without dwelling on the patronage and influence of this early manhood, on his stay in Italy, his occupation there, and especially on his friendships with those men whose counsel he sought and for whom he retained through life a unchanging friendship. The childhood of Prince Lewis had been passed in his native Munich. He was born at Strasburg, where his father, Maximilian Joseph, Count Palatine of Pfeat Zweibrucken, afterwards commanded the religiant Alsace, in the service of France. The boy of the Rhine, the great, and the grandsiers of the regiment cut off their beards and moustaches to make a musket-stock, and wore velvet, for the little son of their colonel. Three years later his father died, and mdure in Darmstadt, afterwards in Mannheim, and in this last place he was twinged by the French he sent his family into the interior of Germany. He afterwards settled in Munich. His son's education was confided to a celebrated, and in due time the youth pursued his studies at the Universities of Landshut, Halle, and Gottingen. His father had become the ally of France, and it was while at Landshut he learned the check which Bavaria had experienced in presence of the Austrians. In the campaign of Austerlitz Bavaria was raised to a kingdom. The Prince Hereditary was made a colonel in the army, and saw his much part in the war. In March, 1807, he passed the Alps and took an active partin the combats which occurred round Palermo.....He afterwards commanded a division under Lefebvre against Austria, and when the battle of Ratisbon was gained Napoleon embraced him, saying, "I regret not to be able to speak German in order to thank the Bavarians." But this service under France was repugnant to him. The political news reaching him at this time show what servanism he felt for the conqueror in spite of his bravery and courage. And it was when the *bronze horses* of Venice were force, above the triumphal arch of the Tuileries that the young Bavarian prophesied the downfall of the usurper. When after the treaty of Vienna the circles of the Inn and the Salzach were ceded to Austria, Prince Lewis established his residence at Salzburg. In 1810 he issued a proclamation, in which he gave utterance to his long pent up feelings and called on the nation to rise in arms against Napoleon. He was in London at the time the allied sovereigns were there, and his letters written thence on the subject of the Elgin marbles show how sound his judgment was and that he was cognizing more than a mere amateur of art. He was present in the great year of Vienna After the great battle which terminated the war and the return of the King of Bavaria, he assisted in enforcing the restitution of those works of art which had been carried away by order of the French capital. From time to time he returned to Italy, and it was during one of these sojourns in Rome (1818) that he planned with Bonaparte the frescoes which were to adorn the walls and ceilings of the Glyptotheca. Both the Glyptotheca and the frescoes were resolved on before he went to Rome for the first time in 1820, although the latter was realized but forty years later. Indeed, all his undertakings give evidence how true he was to the words he chose as his motto, "Vivat and perseveratge" and a resolve once formed and decided on was pursued assiduously