

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

OF THE

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS.

FOR

The Huntingdon Journal.

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TREATMENT.

The principal objects to be kept in view are 1st, to free the stomach and intestines from offending materials. 2d, to improve the tone of the digestive organs and energy of the system in removing noxious matters from the stomach, and obviating costiveness. Violent drastic purgatives should be avoided and those aperients should be used which act gently, and rather by soliciting the peristaltic motions of the intestines to their regularity of health, than by irritating them to a laborious excitement. There is no medicine better adapted to the completion of this than Dr. O. P. HARLICH'S GERMAN APERIENT PILLS. To improve the functions of the debilitated organs and invigorate the system generally, no medicine has ever been so prominently efficacious as Dr. Harlich's Compound Tonic Strengthening Pills, whose salutary influence in restoring the digestive organs to a healthy action, and re-establishing health and vigor in enfeebled and dyspeptic constitutions, have gained the implicit confidence of the most eminent physicians, and unprecendented public testimony. Remember Dr. Harlich's Compound Tonic Strengthening Pills, they are put up in small packets with full directions.

Principal office for the United States, is No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia, where all communications must be addressed, and.

Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller who is agent for Huntingdon County.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Cured by the use of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills Mr. Wm. Richard, Pittsburg, Pa. entirely cured of the above distressing disease: His symptoms were, pain and weight in the left side, loss of appetite, vomiting, acid eructations, a distension of the stomach, sick headache, furred tongue, countenance changed to a citron color, difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with a cough, great debility, with other symptoms indicating great derangement of the functions of the liver. Mr. Richard had the advice of several physicians, but received no relief, until using Dr. Harlich's medicine, which terminated in effecting a perfect cure.

Principal office, 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. (don Pa For sale at Jacob Miller's store Huntingdon.)

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—This medicine is acknowledged to be one of the most valuable ever discovered, as a purifier of the blood and fluids. It is superior to Sarsaparilla whether as a sudorific or alterative, and stands infinitely before all the preparations and combinations of Mercury. Its purgative properties are alone of incalculable value, for these pills may be taken daily for any period, and instead of weakening by the cathartic effect, they add strength by taking away the cause of weakness. They have none of the miserable effects of that deadly specific Mercury. The teeth are not injured—the bones and limbs are not paralyzed—no; but instead of these distressing symptoms, new life and consequent animation is evident in every movement of the body. Brandreth's Pills are indeed a universal remedy; because they cleanse and purify the blood. Five years this medicine has been before the public in the United States wherever it has been introduced, it has superseded all other remedies.

Dr. B. Brandreth, No. 8 North 8th St Philadelphia, Pa.

Purchase them in HUNTINGDON, of Wm. STEWART, and only in the county, of agents published in another part of this paper. Remember every agent has a certificate of agency, dated within the last twelve months. If an agent's name does not purchase.

PAIN OR WEAKNESS.

In all cases of pain and weakness, whether it be chronic or recent—whether it be deafness, or pain in the side—whether it arise from constitutional, or from some immediate cause—whether it be from internal or external injury, it will be cured by persevering in the use of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills—because, purging with these Pills those humors from the body, is the true cure for all these complaints and every other form of disease. This is no mere assertion, it is a demonstrable truth, and each day it is extending itself far and wide—it is becoming known and more and more appreciated.

When constant exercise cannot be used, from any cause, the occasional use of opening medicines, such as one of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills, is absolutely required. Thus the conduits of the BLOOD, the fountain of life, are kept free from those impurities which would prevent its steady current ministering to health. Thus morbid humors are prevented from becoming mixed with it. It is nature which is thus assisted through the means and outlets which she has provided for herself.

RHEUMATISM.

Entirely cured by the use of Dr. O. P. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills.

Mr. Solomon Wilson, of Chester co. Pa., afflicted for two years with the above distressing disease, of which he had to use his crutches for 18 months, his symptoms were excruciating pain in all his joints, especially in his hip, shoulders and ankles, pain increasing all ways towards evening attended with heat. Mr. Wilson, was at one time not able to move his limbs on account of the pain being so great; he being advised by a friend of his to procure Dr. Harlich's pill of which he sent to the agent in West Chester and procured some; on using the medicine the third day the pain disappeared and his strength increasing fast, and in three weeks was able to attend to his business, which he had not done for 18 months; for the benefit of others afflicted, he wishes those lines published that they may be relieved, and again enjoy the pleasures of a healthy life.

Principal office, 19th North 8th Street, Philadelphia.

Also—For sale at the Store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon, Pa.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This disease is discovered by a fixed obtuse pain and weight in the right side under the short ribs; attended with heat, uneasiness about the pit of the stomach;—there is in the right side also a distension—the patient loses his appetite and becomes sick and trouble with vomiting. The tongue becomes rough and black, countenance changes to a pale or citron color or yellow, like those afflicted with jaundice—difficulty of breathing, disturbed rest, attended with dry cough, difficulty of laying on the left side—the body becomes weak, and finally the disease terminates into another of a more serious nature, which in all probability is far beyond the power of human skill. Dr. Harlich's compound tonic strengthening and German aperient pills, if taken at the commencement of this disease, will check it, and by continuing the use of the medicine a few weeks, a perfect cure will be performed. Thousands can testify to this fact.

Certificates of many persons may daily be seen of the efficacy of this invaluable medicine, by applying at the Medical Office, No. 19 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.

Also, at the Store of Jacob Miller, who agent for Huntingdon county.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!

More proofs of the efficacy of Dr. Harlich's Medicines.

Mr. Jonas Hartman, of Sunnyside, Pa. entirely cured of the above disease, which he was afflicted with for six years. His symptoms were a sense of distension and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, loss of appetite, giddiness and dimness of sight, extreme debility, flatulency, acid eructations, sometimes vomiting, and pain in the right side, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, faintness, and not able to pursue his business without causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. Hartman is happy to state to the public and is willing to give any information to the afflicted, respecting the wonderful benefit he received from the use of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German aperient pills. Principal office No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia. Also for sale at the store of Jacob Miller, Huntingdon.

CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA.

This disease often originates from a habit of overloading or distending the stomach by excessive eating or drinking, or very protracted periods of fasting, an indolent or sedentary life, in which no exercise is afforded to the muscular fibres or mental faculties, fear, grief, and deep anxiety, taken too frequently strong purging medicines, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and syssmotic affections of the stomach and bowels; the common of the latter causes are late hour and the too frequent use of spirituous liquor.

A. K. CORNYN

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL carefully attend to all business committed to his care in the Courts of Huntingdon & Mifflin counties. Mr. Cornyn may be found at his office, in Market St., opposite the Store of Mr. Dorris, in the borough of Huntingdon.

Hunt. Sep. 9, 1840.



POETRY.

From Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY SPENCER W. CONE, ESQ.

They told me I'd be happy
When I became his bride,
That wealth had store of pleasure,
When all things else denied.
I said, I could not love him!
They answered to my tears,
That love was fancy's shadow,
But friendship grew with years.
Oh God! forgive my madness—
I listened to my pride,
And he who loved so poor a wretch,
A broken reed, hath died.

I stood before the altar:

I did not dare to think;
But many eyes were on me,
And none should see me shrink.
And when the rites were ended,
My father kissed me first,
And told me I was happy!
And this—this!—did not burst;
For he who cursed the liar,
Set here the mark of Cain;—
And when this heart was nearest broke,
He severed it whole again.

How many months have passed me,

Each slower seems to creep;
And he—he yet speaks kindly,
And asks me—why I weep?
Oh, piteous heaven, mercy!
Thou once didst hear the cry,
Nor spurned the bitter anguish
Of one so frail as I;
Oh! in this hourly trial,
This curse of my falsehood, save,
And give to my despair, at last,
A quiet, and a grave!

And they—they still are 'round me,

They who, for paltry gold,
To worse than shame or sorrow,
My woman's weakness sold.
They bow before the idol
Thus moulded to their will,
For, at the feast and banquet,
Each now may gorge his fill.
For this they sold my boy,
But I my soul for pride,
For we were poor, and he was rich,
And lo! I am his bride!

The jeweled gauds that bought me,

Have adders in their glare;
My nights are hells of memory,
My days one great despair;
For in mine ear still hisses
The mocking of the dead—
Why laugh ye not?—you're wealthy,
And perjured, too!—and wed!
Yet—yet I still am living,
It live is HUMAN LIFE,
To live in thought a MURDERESS,
To live, indeed, a WIFE!

MISCELLANY.

The Phantom Portrait.

OR

THE COUNT AND THE PEASANT GIRL.

A SKETCH.

The autumn wind swung the branches of the old trees in the avenue to and fro, and howled amid the battlements—now with a shriek, like that of the sufferer whose frame is wrenched by sudden agony. It was one of those dreary gales which bring thoughts of shipwreck, telling of the tall vessel, with her brave crew, tossing on the midnight seas, her masts fallen, her sails riven, her guns thrown overboard, and the sailors holding a fierce revel, to shut out the presence of death riding the black wave around them, or of a desolate cottage upon some lone sea beach, a drifted boat upon the rocks, and the betrayed widow weeping over the dead.

Lucy Ashton turned shivering from the casement. She had watched the stars one by one, sink beneath that heavy cloud, which, pall-like, had spread over the sky, till it quenched even that last and lovely one with which, in a moment of maiden phantasy, she had linked her fate.

"For signs and for seasons are they," said the youthful watcher, as she closed the lattice.—"My light feet will soon be hidden, my little hour soon passed." She threw herself into the arm chair beside the hearth, and the lamp light fell

upon her beautiful but delicate face from which the rose had long since departed; the blue veins were singularly distinct on the clear temples, and in the eye was that uncertain brightness which owes not its lustre to health. Her pale golden hair was drawn up in a knot at the top of her small and graceful head, and the rich mass shone as we fancy shone the bright tresses of an angel. The room was large, lofty and comfortable, with cornices of black carved oak, in the midst stood a huge purple velvet bed, having a huge bunch of hearse-like feathers at each corner; the walls were old, and the tapestry shook with every current of the pressing air, while the motion gave a mockery of life to its gaunt and faded group. The subject was mythological—the sacrifice of Niobe's children. There were the many shapes of death, from the young warrior to the laughing child; but all struck by the same inexplicable fate. One figure in particular caught Lucy's eye; it was a youthful female, and she thought it resembled herself; the outline of the face certainly did, though "the gloss had dropped from the golden hair," of the pictured sufferer.

"And yet," murmured Lucy, "far happier than I! The shaft that struck her in youth did its work at once; but I bear the arrow in my heart that destroys me not. Well, well, it's time will come."

The flickering light of an enormous chimney—whose hearth was piled with turf and wood, now flang its long and variable shadows round the chamber;—and figures on the tapestry seemed animated with strange and ghastly life. Lucy felt their eyes fixed upon her, and the thought of death came cold and terrible.

As, resigned, he hopeful, be brave as we will, death is an awful thing. The nailing down in that close black coffin, the lowering into the darksome grave—the damp mould, with its fearful dwellers, the slimy worm and the loathsome reptile, to be trampled upon you—these are the realities of dread and disgust! And then to die in youth—life unknown, unenjoyed; no time to satiate of its pleasures, to weary of its troubles, to learn its wretchedness—to feel that you wish to live a little longer, that you could be happy!

"And," added the miserable girl, "to know that he loves me—that he will kneel in the agony of last despair by my grave?" But no, nor; they say he is vowed to another—a tall, dark, stately beauty. What an I, that he should be true to me!

She wrung her hands, but the paroxysm was only transitory, and fixing her eyes on the burning log, she sat listlessly watching the dancing flame that kept struggling through the smoke.

"May I come in, Miss Ashton?" said a voice at the door, and without waiting for answer, an old crone entered. She approached the hearth, placed in a warm nook a tankard of mulled wine and a plate of spiced apples, drew a low cushioned settee forward, seated herself, and whispered in a subdued, yet hissing tone, "I thought you would be lonely; so I came up for half an hour's chat; it is the very night for some of your favorite stories."

Lucy started from her recumbent position, cast a glance round, and seemed for the first time conscious of her companions presence.

"Ah, is it you dame Aliston?" Sooth it is but a dreary evening, and I am glad of a companion—these old rooms are so gloomy."

"You may well say so, for they have many a gloomy memory; the wife has wept for her husband, and the mother for her child; and the hand of the son has been against his father, and that of the father against his son. Why, look at yonder wainscot, see you dark stains there? In this very room—"

"Not in this room; tell me nothing of this room," half screamed the girl, as she turned from the direction in which the nurse pointed. "I sleep here; I shall see it every night; tell me of something far, far away."

"Well, well, dear it is only to amuse you. It shall not be of this room, nor of this house, nor even of this country; will that please you?"

Lucy gave a slight inclination of the head, and again fixed her eyes steadily on the bright and sparkling fire; meantime the old woman took a draught from the tankard, disposed herself comfortably in her seat, and began her story, in that harsh and hissing voice which rivets the hearing whereon it grates.

"Many, many years ago, there was a fair peasant, so fair, that from her childhood all her friends prophesied it could lead to no good. When she came to sixteen, the count Ludolf thought it was a pity such a beauty should be wasted, and therefore took possession of it—better that the lovely should pine in a castle than flourish in a cottage. Her mother died broken-hearted; and her father left the neighborhood, with a curse upon his disobedient girl who had brought desolation to his hearth and shame to his old

age. Is needs little to tell that such a passion grew cold—it were a long tale that accounted for the fancies of a young rich and reckless cavalier; and after all nothing changes as soon as love."

"Love!" murmured Lucy, in a low voice, as if unconscious of the interruption; love, which is our fate, like fate must be immutable. How can the heart forget its young religion?"

"Many," pursued the sybil, "can forget, and do and will forget. As for the count, his heart was cruel with prosperity, and selfish with good fortune; he had never known sickness which softens sorrow, which brings all to its own level—poverty which, however, it may at last harden the heart, at first teaches us our helplessness.—What was it to him that Bertha had left the home which could never receive her again? What, that for his sake she had submitted to the appearance of disgrace that was not in reality hers—for the peasant girl was as proud as the count; and when she stepped over her father's threshold it was as his wife."

"Well, well, be weared, as men ever weary of woman's complaining, however bitter may be the injury which has wronged her, the unwilling lip. Many a sad hour did she spend weeping in the lonely tower, which had once seemed to her like a palace—for then the radiance of love was around it—and love, forsooth is something like furies in our own land; for a time it can make all that is base and worthless seem most glittering and precious. Once every night brought the ringing horn and eager step of the noble hunter; now the nights passed away too often in dreary and unbroken splendor. Yet the shining steel of the shield in the hall, and the fair current of the mountain spring showed her that her face was lovely as ever."

One evening he came to visit her, and his manner was soft and his voice was low as in the days of old. Alas! of late she had been accustomed to the unkind look and the harsh word.

"It is a lovely twilight, my Bertha," said he,—"help me to unmoor our little bark, and we will sail down the river."

With a light step and still lighter heart she descended the rocky stairs, and reached the boat before her companion. The white sail was soon spread, they sprang into the stream, and the slight vessel went rapidly through the stream. At first the waves were crimson, as if freighted with rubies, the last love gift of the dying sun, for they were sailing direct to the west, which was one flush, like a sea of blushing wine. Gradually the tints became paler, shades of soft pink just tinged the far off clouds, and a delicate lilac fell on the waters. A star or two shone pure and bright in the sky, and the only shadows were flung by a few wild rose trees that sprang from the cliffs of the rocks. By degrees the drooping flowers disappeared—the stream grew narrower, and the sky became darker; a few soft clouds soon gathered into a storm; but Bertha heeded them not; she was too earnestly engaged in entreating her husband that he would acknowledge their secret marriage. She spoke of the dreary solitude to which she was condemned; of her wasted youth, worn by the fever of continual anxiety. Suddenly she stopped in fear—it was so gloomy around; the steep banks nearly closed overhead; and the boughs of the old pines which stood in the tempest cleft hollows, met in the air, and cast a darkness like that of night upon the rapid waters, which hurried on as if they disturbed their gloomy passage.

"At this moment Bertha's eye caught the ghastly paleness of her husband's face; the rough torrent, and to her sakes; tenderly she leaned towards him—his arm grasped her waist, but not in love; he seized the wretched girl and flung her overboard, with the name of God upon her lips, appealing to her sake! Twice her bright head—Bertha had ever gloried in her sunny curls, which now fell in wild profusion on her shoulders—twice did it emerge from the wave—her faint hands were spread abroad for help, he shrunk from the last glance of her despairing eyes—then a low moan; a few bubbles of foam rose on the stream; and all was still; but it was the stillness of death. An instant after, the thunder burst from above, the light reverberated from cliff to cliff, the lightning clave the black depths of the storm, the billows rose in tumultuous eddies; but Count Ludolf's boat cut its way through, and the vessel arrived at the open river.

No trace was there of the storm; the dewy wild flowers filled the air with their fragrance, and the moon shone over them pure and clear, as if she had no sympathy with human sorrow, and shuddered not at human crime. And why should she? We might judge her by ourselves; what care we for crime in which we are not involved, and for suffering in which we have no part?

The red wine cup was drained deep and long in Count Ludolf's castle that night, and soon after, its master travelled afar into other lands—there was no pleasure enough for him home. He found that bright eyes could gladden even the ruins of Rome—and Venice became his chosen city. It was as if revelry delighted in the contrast which the dark robe, the gloomy canal, and the death black gondola, offered to the orgies which made jocular her midnights.

"And did he feel no remorse?" asked Lucy.

"Remorse!" said the crone with a scornful laugh; "remorse is the word for a child, or for a fool—the unpunished crime is never regretted. We weep over the consequences, not over the fault." Count Ludolf soon found another lover. This time his passion was kindled by a picture but one of a most strange and thrilling beauty, a portrait, the only unfaded one in a deserted palace situate in an eastern leaune. Day after day he went to gaze on the exquisite face and the large black eyes till they seemed like his own. But the festival of San Marco was no time for idle fantasies, and the Count was among the gayest of the revellers. Amid the many masks which he followed, was one that finally riveted his attention. Her light step seemed scarcely to touch the ground and every now and then a dark curl or two of raven softness escaped the veil; at last the mask itself slipped aside, and he saw the countenance of his beautiful incognita. He addressed her, and her answers, in brief, were at least encouraging—he followed her to a gondola, which they entered together. It stopped at the steps of the palace he supposed deserted.

"Will you come with me?" said she, in a voice whose melancholy was as the lute when the night wind wakes its music; and as he stood by the sculptured lions which kept the entrance, the moonlight fell on her lovely face—lovely as if Titian had painted it.

"Could you doubt?" said Ludolf, as he caught the extended hand, "neither heaven or hell should keep me from thy side." And here I cannot choose but laugh at the exaggerated pleasures of lovers; why a stone wall or a steel chain might have kept him away at that very moment. They passed through many a gloomy room dimly seen in the moonshine till they came to the picture gallery, which was splendidly illuminated—and strange contrast to its usual desolation, there was spread a most magnificent banquet.

The warm tapers burned in their golden candlesticks; the lamps were fed with perfumed oil, and many a crystal vase was filled with rare flowers, till the atmosphere was heavy with fragrance. Piled up in mother of pearl baskets, the purple grapes had yet the morning dew upon them; and the carved pine reared its emerald crest beside peaches, like topazes in a sunset. The count and the lady seated themselves on a crimson ottoman; one white arm leaned negligently, contrasted with the warm color of the velvet; but extending the other towards the table, she took a glass; at her sign the count filled it with wine.

"Will you pledge me?" said she, touching the cup with her lips, and passing it to him. He drank it—for wine and air seemed alike freighted with the odor of her sign.

"My beauty!" exclaimed Ludolf, detaining the ivory hand.

"Nay count," returned the stranger, in that soft and peculiar voice, more like music than language—I know how you hold the lover's vow."

"I never loved till now!" exclaimed he, impatiently; "name, rank, fortune, life, soul, are your own."

"She drew a ring from her hand, and placed it on his, leaving hers in his clasp." "What will you give me in exchange—this?" and she took the diamond cross of an order which he wore.

"Ay, and by my knightly faith will I and redeem it at your pleasure."

"It was her hand which now grasped his; a change passed over her face. I thank you, my sister, in death for your likeness, said she, in an altered voice, turning to where the portrait had hung. For the first time the count observed that the frame was empty. Her grasp tightened upon him; it was the bony hand of a skeleton. The beauty vanished; the face grew a familiar one—it was that of Bertha! The floor became unstable like water; he felt himself sinking rapidly—again he rose to the surface; he knew the gloomy pine trees over his head; the grasp on his hand loosened; he saw the fair head of Bertha grasp in its death agony amid the waters, the blue eyes met his; the stream flung her towards him; her arms closed around his neck with a deadly weight; down, down they sank beneath the dark river together—and to eternity."

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A blind man having a shrew for his wife, was told that she was a rose. I doubt it not, replied he, for I feel the thorns.