

of at least that number,) "who guessed the cause of his misery. I am not, however, one of the two individuals who actually know, beyond a doubt, the cause of his self-deposition."

"I think," said the elder, "you asserted that you would render to him the last honours."

"I did so; and will make good my right. He has for some time considered his life as very uncertain, and I can show you the place in his writing desk where there is a letter, in which I am entrusted with his history, whatever that may be, and with a few pounds, reserved from the claims of the poor and his own absolute wants, for his funeral expenses. Therefore I shall, as was his wish, which is intimated by a separate note, take the sole charge of his funeral."

Benjamin showed his credentials, and not even the elder disputed his right.

After the funeral was over, a few called on Benjamin Foster to be informed of the cause of Mr. Abergaveney having given up his charge, when he read as follows from the letter of the departed clergyman:—

"All who recollect me when I was a boy and youth, must acknowledge that I was mild and peaceful, and also that I was the pet of the family—not a spirited, wrangling pet, who atones for the trouble he occasions by the fun and humour of his freaks. The very child of Peace—Obedience was my motto. Alas! this may be carried too far, and the time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when it will be said, 'that there is a vicious contentment.' My profession was fixed for me, but my criminal acquiescence could not shut out thought. Doubt rose on doubt. O! the agony of those doubts to one who has been told that he *must* believe! At last, as I saw that my doom approached, 'I burst the bands of fear,' and disclosed all in a letter to my brother, the professor of divinity at ——. He replied, urging what has been urged a million times, and clenching the whole by a picture of the situation of my father's family! 'That family,' said he, 'you can preserve in its station merely by teaching men to be good. Can there be a task more consonant to your benevolent nature?' Bad as I was, I could not have been lured by flattery. My attachment to my mother and sisters was the bait. My mind was above the shame of pride or station, for I well knew that he who best obeys the dictates of a good morality, holds the best rank. But I had not courage to see such beloved females reduced to labour. And most especially *why*?—O! I have gnashed my teeth as I again and again repeated that 'why?'—*Because*, the son and brother was a *Doubter*! Alas! was I a worse man except in one deed than all around me? But that *one deed*—and he who knew it daily confronted me. Yes, my brother's answer was committed to unsafe hands, and my secret was torn from me. While I write this, the drops fall from my forehead as I think of the shame and agony I have endured. Then the first grand object for this horrid perjury was soon removed from me, and, one by one, the whole, and I was left without an excuse for my crime. I know that I ought to have removed five years ago; but my compassion was again my bane. I grieved for the wretched—the starving poor; and for their sake I have endured a severe conflict. But it must cease. May the God of Eternal Truth pity and relieve them! But no—this vast globe is launched in the ocean of space, and as surely will the laws of concatenation move on, as if we were under the influence of Calvinistic predestination.

"Yes, the conflict is over. My own provision—how worthless does it seem! I have just one pang left.—Could my mother have foreseen this?"

Benjamin Foster erected over Mr. Abergaveney's grave, with his own hands, a white marble stone, bearing the following inscription:—

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

THIS great general was certainly *one of the heroes of the last century—a century abounding in heroes.* His courage, his force of mind, his integrity, and his piety—will entitle him to that dignified appellation.

In one of his letters to Louis XIII. of France, who had written to him to express his sorrow, at being told that he was dejected on account of Wallenstein's successes in the field against him, he says: "I am not so ill at ease as my enemies wish to give out. I have troops enough to oppose to them, and troops which will never lose their courage but with their life. We skirmish together every day; and I think that Wallenstein begins now to experience what troops well disciplined and courageous can do, especially, when they fight for so noble a cause as that of general liberty, and defend kings and nations who are groaning under the yoke of tyranny and persecution."

When the town of Landshut, in Bavaria, surrendered to him at discretion, the principal inhabitants of it fell down upon their knees before him, and presented him with the keys of their town,—*"Rise, rise,"* said he; "it is your duty to fall upon your knees to God, and not to so frail and feeble a mortal as I am."

Gustavus never engaged in any battle, without first praying at the head of the troops he was about to lead toward the enemy; sometimes with, and sometimes without book. This done, he used to thunder out, in a strong and energetic manner, some German hymn or psalm, in which he was followed by his whole army. The effect of this chaunt, with thirty or forty thousand voices in unison, was wonderful and terrible.

Immediately before the battle of Lutzen, so fatal to himself, but so honourable to his army,—he vociferated the translation of the forty-sixth psalm, made by Luther when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Coburg, which begins—*"God is our strong castle."* The trumpets and drums immediately struck up, and were accompanied by the ministers and all the soldiers in the army. To this, succeeded a hymn made by Gustavus himself, which began—*"My dear little army fear nothing, though thy numerous enemies have sworn thy ruin."* The word given by the king for that day was, *"God be with us."*

The ministers of Louis XIII. of France, were desirous to insert in a treaty between their sovereign and Gustavus, that the king of France had the king of Sweden under his protection. Gustavus spiritedly replied, "I have no occasion for any protection but that of God, and I desire no other. After God, I acknowledge no superior; and I wish to owe the success of my arms to my sword and my good conduct alone."

The uncommon method which Gustavus Adolphus king of Sweden, employed to obtain the friendship of Banier, so celebrated for his attachment to this prince, and distinguished for the many victorious battles he fought,—deserves to be recorded. Perhaps no other king ever adopted such measures to gain a friend.

The father of Gustavus, Charles X., whose reign was marked with blood, killed Banier's father. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with the young Banier, he requested him to quit the chase, and ride with him into a wood; when they came into a thick part of it, the king alighted from his horse, and said to Banier, "My father was the death of yours. If you wish to revenge his death by mine, kill me immediately; if not, be my friend for ever." Banier, overcome by his feelings, and astonished at such magnanimity, threw himself at Gustavus's feet, and swore eternal friendship for him.

"Life," said Voltaire, "is thickly sown with thorns, and I know of no other remedy than to pass quickly through them.—The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us."