

that the insurgents, with a criminality which must ever overwhelm their memory with obloquy, had appealed to the Turks for aid, and that Emerick Tekeli, leader of the rebels, had by the Mohammedans been proclaimed sovereign of the revolted provinces, and in return had acknowledged himself and his realm as under conditions of vassalage to the Porte. Nevertheless the capital was not extraordinarily disturbed; men, trusting in the prowess of the Imperial army, pursued their ordinary course of life in the city, and in the fields without the reapers were busy with the harvest. Matters went on thus until the seventh day of the month, when fugitives belonging to the imperial cavalry arrived before the walls, and rumours of alarm were speedily spread throughout the town, rumours that were confirmed when Leopold the Emperor was seen hastening across the river towards Lintz, providing for his safety. Then the panic became general, and the citizens prepared themselves for flight; nor was it over-soon—if they were to fly,—for that same night a glare upon the horizon here and there proclaimed the burning of villages, and nearer at hand the great convent of the Carmelites on the Kahlenberg made grim announcement in streamers of flame of the advance of Black Mustapha, the vizier, with his army of 400,000 men. Then, to the number of 60,000, terrified throngs hastened away from the city they believed doomed towards Styria; but as well for perhaps the most part had they remained in the town, for they were pursued in their flight and when overtaken were dealt with in the terrible manner of the Mahomedans.

Those who remained behind under the command of Count Stahrenberg, the Governor, and instructed and encouraged by Kollonitsch, the glorious Bishop of Neustadt, long since celebrated during the Cretan war as a Knight of Malta, busied themselves about the defence of the city. Night and day they worked and none were idle; the very women turned out and labored with the men. Then in a few days more the great army of the invaders arrived. 25,000 tents arranged in horse-shoe form were pitched against the town, and for two months was continued a siege obstinately maintained and valiantly defended. At the breaches of the walls prodigies of valor were performed. Soldier and citizen fought alike as heroes, and the women and children were employed in heating pitch and water, which they poured from the summit of the fortifications down upon the assailants, thus disabling many a stalwart Mussulman, and casting him howling with agony into the ditch. Underground, too, the combat raged, for the Turks were noted for their powers of mining, and in this manner sought to force an entry into the town, but the Viennese countermined against them, and thus bodies of armed men frequently met in the bowels of the earth and there fought to the death until it is computed that 16,000 of the enemy so perished.

But all would have been in vain; no human bravery nor skill could have saved the city had not help reached it from without. One of those great men whose existence now and then vindicates mankind from many base imputations, and proves that the race is capable of producing beings who may seem of more than mortal calibre was the elective King of Poland. John Sobieski was his name; and it is a name that must endure for ever as that of a man who was incapable only of anything that was mean or tended towards littleness, and to whom heroic deeds and noble thoughts were the ordinary phenomena of life. An humble Christian, one who could even bear to be openly slighted without endeavoring to resent the offence or swerving from the path of duty, as it is so common in such circumstances. A splendid hero, who knew no fear and was deserving of no reproach, glorious in his public and spotless in his private capacity, the annals of the world show us but few who may worthily be set by his side. Such was he to whom it was reserved to deliver Vienna and consequently Christendom from the danger that menaced.

Early apprised of the peril and appealed to for aid, he only delayed in affording the succour demanded of him until he might successfully act. Then, on August 15, he, having duly honored, on the Feast of her Assumption, our Blessed Lady, set out at the head of his army for the besieged city. With great difficulty he led his troops across the Carpathians, and after surmounting obstacles that well might have appeared insurmountable, he arrived with his forces on September 10 upon the summit of the Kahlenberg, from whence he surveyed the beleaguered city and the long camp of the Turks spread out before it. One night alone did he delay there; the next morning, when the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass had been offered, by Marco Aviano, the Emperor's confessor, reputed as a saint, and which Mass the king served, he led his army to the plain below; a task by no means easy, for besides the natural roughness of the way each ravine was warmly defended, and step by step was the descent opposed by the Mussulmen; but in vain. Sobieski was victorious, and his troops extricating themselves from the passes of the mountain formed in line of battle on the plain beneath, and after a brief respite the attack began.

The Mussulmen fought bravely. The very ardour of the Polish lancers had nearly proved their destruction, and their Bavarian allies were unable to rescue them, when the King arrived to their aid, and all yielded before him. He swept the Mahomedans back upon their camp, and having arrived at its glacis he contemplated desisting from the conflict and resting till the morrow; but fired with indignation at the insolence of Mustapha, and perceiving by an eagle glance some marks of weakness in the ranks of the Vizier's troops, he changed his mind, and ordering the whole line to advance he himself led the attack and breaking the forces of the enemy in their midst he routed them completely.

Thus was Vienna saved, and thus does Christendom owe to Poland a debt that it pays by the blood-red hand and cruel scourges of Russia.

The Madrid 'Imparcial' states that Marshal Serrano has determined to retire into private life.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FINALE.

"Yes," replied Mr. Greenwood, "no brigade has seen more constant, active, honorable service than this, and the Heads of the Department make special mention of General Leighton and Colonel Benton. I suppose Harold will be ready to marry now."

"Yes, Dora dear," interrupted the Doctor, "you will have a real fighting Colonel all to yourself for awhile, who will play croquet with you all day long."

"O, that will be much nicer than 'old Uncle Ned'!" cried the child, giving his hair a smart pull as he pinched her blooming cheek.

"But he's going to be married," he retorted, "and will care no more for you."

"Dora knows better than that," said the mother. "Uncle Harold's heart is a large one; but did you know, Ned, the marriage may be here? Father Nelson has been ordered by his physicians, as well as his superiors, to try a change of climate, and he is to bring his sister with him. His health is much broken, and papa hopes to persuade him to rest here this winter, and we all think perhaps you may be able to help him."

Dr. Hartland shook his head. "No hope for a Catholic priest," he said, "if he once begins to run down, for they will not stop work. I have had several on my hands—never succeeded in saving one."

There was a grave pause for a moment, when Mr. Greenwood remarked: "Then we may really have a wedding in our midst before we think of it. I'm sure the young couple have waited patiently for this 'cruel war' to be over."

"A double wedding, possibly!" said the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders, and elevating his eyebrows as of old, when the lady in black approached the verandah with her companion.

"What, are you going to be married, Uncle?" inquired the playful, teasing child, who still held her position on his knee.

"No, darling," he replied; "I'm waiting for you, so make haste and grow up."

"Indeed!" she said pertly, drawing herself up; "I guess it isn't right to marry uncles. I heard Father Roberts say cousins mustn't marry."

"Little pitchers!" whispered the Doctor, in quite too serious a tone; for the small miss jumped from her seat with a great frown on her face, and ran to meet her Aunt Marion. There was a very sweet, subdued face under that widow's cap; ten years of heavy cross-bearing had graven their lines on her cheek; she was still the elegant, graceful Mrs. Stapleton, with money and servants at command, but in the early stamping out of her earthly ambition by the heel of shame and sorrow, like those plants that give out sweetest odors when crushed, her better nature had revived, and she had learned through much tribulation, that there are nobler ends in life than the applause or envy of the world; in training her little Lily came many a lesson to her own aching heart, and in teaching her infant lips to pray, she had learned the use of this, the human soul's most powerful weapon. Past suffering was written on her brow, but more plainly was it written in her warm sympathy for suffering in others. She had made many dear friends, but like all true souls, the earliest was the best loved. A week at Hawthorndean with her daughter, who in spite of Dr. Hartland's prophecy of early death, had grown into a quiet, lovely young woman, brought to Marion more of happiness than years of style and splendor in the city. Mr. Stapleton had died after a lingering illness, leaving in his will a development of his meanness which he had never displayed during his life. The widow who had so faithfully tended his days and nights of terror, and wasted her bloom in efforts to chase away the phantoms that surrounded him, was left the recipient of all his wealth with this restriction, she was always to remain his widow; failing this, his riches were placed in trust for his child. Such things are; but if any man wishes his name branded with odium, let him go and do likewise.

Marion had now been a widow five years, and though the sadness of disappointed hope was indelible on her countenance, she moved with a fiercer air, and was more like her former self in cheerfulness, than Rosine had thought was possible.

Aleck Hartland did not come to the piazza with the others of the croquet party, but lingered among the wickets, talking with a small boy who was evidently demanding something for the letter which he held. At length the conference ended, and Captain Hartland came forward, with the missive between his fingers, held aloft above his head. "A telegram!" he cried, "Harold will be here to-night with his friend."

"Who can he be?" innocently inquired Rosine, turning to her husband. A glance between the Doctor and Harry just then struck her as peculiar, and Aleck looked at her keenly, with his finger on his lip. "What can they mean?" she thought.

Her question seemed for a moment to damp the whole company, save Laura and Marion; they mused away together, in soft drony voices, apparently uninterested, or unnoticing the thought that had seized the mouths of the rest of the company. At length Mrs. Stapleton seemed to awaken to a new impression.

"Did you say Harold comes to-night, and Philomena and Father Nelson next week? Then I suppose comes the wedding. I wish I might stay, but it is time Lily was at her books again."

"Marion, my child!" spoke the clear, full voice of Philip Benton, who joined the group, "You keep Lily too closely to her studies; a month longer out of school will be a blessing to her; you know her cough is not gone—you must be careful of our delicate casket."

The fair young creature rested her head on his breast, and whispered, "Dear Grandpapa."

"Besides," added Mrs. Benton, mildly, yet decidedly, "you know, Marion, that Mina has the promise of Lily and Ladora for bridesmaids."

Harold did not come that night; weary eyes kept vigil till near dawn, but there was no arrival. About sunrise next morning, two