UNTOLD.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A face may be woful white to cover a heart that's nothing;
And a face may be full of light over a heart that's breaking!

'Tis not the heaviest grief for which we wear the willow;
The tears bring slow relief which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be burdens borne, though friends would fain unbind them;
Harder are crosses worn where none save Christ can find them.

For the loved who leave our side our souls are well nigh riven;
But ah! for the graves we hide have pity, tender Heaven!

Soft be the words and sweet that soothe the spoken sorrow;
Alas! for the weary feet that may not rest to-morrow!

—*Independent.*

THE WHITE LADY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. ZIMMERMAN.

It was late on a winter's evening, in the year 1852, that a small but lively company of ladies and gentlemen were assembled in a large drawing-room of the villa belonging to Count G——, not far from the city of Stuttgart, in Wurtemburg. The conversation, which in the early part of the evening, had fallen upon politics, the theatre, and other common topics of the day, now, as the hour of midnight approached, turned naturally upon the solemn subjects, presentiments, omens, and ghostly appearances.

"Then she has actually been seen?" said a young lawyer.

"Certainly," replied the lively Frau Von R——. "Three persons who had been in constant attendance upon her for many years, saw her appear before them exactly as she was in life."

"Was it in the day or in the night?" asked the lawyer.

"It was just at dusk," answered the old clergyman. "She appeared for two consecutive days about the same time; but on the second occasion it was a little later. The first time, the waiting-woman was sitting in the ante-chamber near the door; in the inner apartment, by the window, sat an old relative of the deceased, and the nurse was watching by the cradle of the sick child. The two latter were talking softly together when suddenly they stopped. They tried to scream, but could not, they were speechless with horror. The door opened, of itself, and the deceased lady, clothed in a long white night-dress, glided slowly across the antechamber, and through the open door of the inner room. She was seen by them all, and distinctly recognized, the features as plainly marked as in her earthly frame; although the appearance was that of a spiritual body, a pale white mist, the veil, as it were, of the immortal soul. She approached the cradle, remained a moment bending over it, and then returned as silently as she had come.

"'Did you see her?'" gasped the old lady, at last.

"'It was she!' gasped the nurse.

"'As she was in the body,' said the waiting girl.

"There were three witnesses," said the lawyer; "but not one man among them, and a woman's imagination is always livelier than a man's."

"But on the second evening," said Major Von M——, "the husband of the deceased, with others who were sitting with him, witnessed the same thing. Everything was repeated exactly as on the previous evening. She came in silently, and as silently retired, no one daring to speak or move. But a cool breath seemed to pass over those present, and 'Did you see again? Yes, it was she,' were the first words uttered by her husband when the door closed of itself behind her as it had opened of itself when she entered.

"During the night the child died, without suffering."

"Very strange," said the lawyer; "since the husband of the deceased, whom I know well, saw it with his own eyes, my position as a doubter is poor indeed."

This apparition, in the garrison city of L——, distant only a mile and a half from Stuttgart, was at the time the talk of the day in both cities. The spirit, whose motherly love for her sick child was stronger than death or the grave, was the wife, not long before deceased of Captain Von S——.

"It is ever better in such cases," said the clergyman, "to doubt than to believe blindly; but the possibility of such an appearance does not belong to the inconceivable; indeed, probability is on its side, and where this is so, one is forced to believe. It is even so," he went on, "with thousands of phenomena in nature. The doubter says, 'It is not clear to me. I do not know.' Every thoughtful man feels within himself that he is akin to higher beings; that he stands in certain relations to them, and that, for those who dearly love each other, death may sever the earthly but not the spiritual bond. We ought not, indeed, to seek intercourse with spirits; that has often led to extravagance and folly, to errors of serious nature, to lying and deceit, but we will not, therefore, deny the possibility of such intercourse."

"So much the less," said the major, "since, even now, we understand so little what man really is, and it is yet more inexplicable to us what we will be after this life."

"Still less," added the Herr Von G——, an Austrian, who was present, "when so many instances and so many witnesses can be produced to prove its truth. Only think of the apparition of our White Lady!"

"You call her your White Lady?" cried the Frau Von R——, in a tone of surprise.

"We, in Wurtemburg, call her our White Lady."

"You are right, too, said the Austrian. "The tradition of the White Lady is found in almost every part of Europe; in Stuttgart and in Berlin, in Lyons, in Paris, in London, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, has she appeared many times, for she was related, in some way, with all these royal houses. She was descended, indeed, from the ancient race of the Rosenbergs, and the house of the 'Ursine' of Rosenberg, an old line in the Italy of our middle ages, is related to most of our German princely houses."

"Yet the White Lady belongs more especially to us Austrians, together with the Bohemians; for the Rosenbergs came from Rome to Bohemia; and there lived until the house became extinct. She haunts the homes of the Rosenbergs, wherever they may be—the Silesian castles of Kynast and Kynsberg, and, in Bohemia, the castle of Teltsch, Neuhaus, and Kruma, Teltsch is more especially favored by her. As in the ancestral house of the Kolowrate, when a stone sweats blood, so surely a Kolowrate must die; so, in the same way, the ringing of a bell of itself in the chapel of the Teltsch family fortells the death of the lord of the castle; let him be where he will. And the White Lady is seen and heard oftener in the Teltsch and Neuhaus than elsewhere."

"If it is really true that the spirits, as you have before stated in the case of the Frau Von S——, appear exactly as they were in life, I should like very much to see the White Lady, for her painted form has quite exhausted me."

"Have you then seen her picture?" cried many voices at once.

"In the Teltsch Castle," said the Austrian, "hangs her picture. According to this she was of middle statue of a slender form, her shin as white and soft as a May flower; her forehead was narrow at the nose, somewhat retrousse; deep-sunken, melancholly eyes; but the mouth was particularly beautiful, like the opening rose-bud."

"She is represented in a long, white velvet dress; a white cap is placed a little on one side of the luxuriant hair; her sleeves are very richly ornamented with gold, and display a very beautiful arm, and the most delicate hand. This is the White Lady. Her name was Bertha while she lived upon this earth. Her father was the hero Count Ulrich II., or Rosenberg Neauhaus. In her nineteenth year she was given in marriage to the wild Count from Styenmark—to Count Haus of Lichtenstein-Nicolsburg. Ill-treatment, received in exchange for the love she had given, jealousy, made furious by his unfaithfulness, embittered her youth and her short marriage; in revenge, she plunged headlong into sensual indulgences and excesses of every kind. Left a widow at an early age with two minor children, she was still a charming young-woman. She lies buried in the old vault of the Benedictine monastery, in Vienna. After the death of her husband, she built the larger part of the Castle of Neuhaus, and, in requital for the assistance rendered by her subjects for this purpose she instituted a banquet, which was to be continued to their descendants through all time—a "Sweet Bake," as it was called in the language of the people. Every year, at an appointed time, for many a long year after her death, each of her subjects at Teltsch, Neuhaus, and Kruman, both young and old, received a wheaten cake, a loaf of bread, a fish, vegetables, and frumenty, a measure of table-beer, and some money. After the year 1784 this was all given out in money. If at any time the Sweet Bake was omitted, then the White Lady appeared very angry and wild. In the year 1654, when the Swedes had taken possession of the city and castle of Neuhaus and the Swedish major had not allowed the Sweet Bake to be prepared at the appointed time, she appeared again, and gave him no rest. Night and day she tormented him and his soldiers. They even received blows from an invisible hand, until the Sweet Bake was provided for the poor. The common people looked upon her as a purified and blessed spirit. On all joyful occasions in her family, at births and marriages, she is present and ever busy; the clinking of the great bunch of keys which she wears hanging from her girdle is distinctly heard, and the rustling of her long white dress as it sweeps the ground behind her; she cradles the new-born child, bears it upon her arm, and smiles upon it. But, when one of her family is about to die, she appears wearing black gloves, she knocks by night at the confessor's door, she herself speaks of the approach of death. The upper classes and her own relatives suppose her to be still in purgatory, waiting the time of her release.

"I have heard that she stands in peculiar relations to the house of Wurtemberg, and more particularly to one of its princes. You can, perhaps, give us the particulars." concluded the Austrian baron.

"All we know of it," said the Major, "is to be found in the 'Pilgen,' a romance of Count d'Arlincourt. He received the account from a nephew of the King of Wurtemburg, Prince Napoleon. The Wurtemburg prince, of whom the fair Bertha became enamored, found her a widow—so runs the tradition of the house of Wurtemburg. Also, according to this tradition, the White Lady was very beautiful. But we will let prince Napoleon speak for himself. The White Lady appeared in Stuttgart shortly before the death of his mother."

Frau Von R——gave the major the book of the Count d'Arlincourt, and he read from it as follows;

"The White Lady of Stuttgart," wrote the prince, "was not of noble birth; but Heaven has endowed her with wonderful beauty. The reigning duke burned in passionate love for her. Unhappily, she was a widow, and had two children of tender age, a boy and a girl. A marriage between her and the duke appeared therefore to be impossible. One day the duke, listening entirely to his passion, let fall the following words of tenderness and regret; 'I would make her my wife—I worship her; but there are two obstacles between us.' These words were repeated to the widow. She had often observed the duke cast upon the children a look of dislike, mingled with impatience. 'Oh, they are, without doubt, the two obstacles!' repeated the unhappy woman. She spent many days hovering between hatred and love for the two small beings whom she had before loved with such passionate tenderness. Often would she press them to her heart murmuring 'Dear children!' then would thrust them violently from her, with the exclamation, 'Unhappy hindrances!' Her mother's love wore itself out in struggles between that love and her womanly ambition. One evening she took them with her to a small chapel, where the duke's picture, as large as life, dressed in his princely garments, fair in countenance, hung upon the wall. She fell upon her knees before this picture, while the fires of madness and despair gleamed from her sparkling eyes. 'My children!' cried the unhappy woman, 'I brought you forth into the world; but behold this man, this prince!' and with her raised dagger she pointed to the duke, 'oh, he, he, my children, has obtained the victory over you. I love no one but him; and on the path of glory, which I would fain tread, you alone hinder me from advancing; for he, whom I adore, hates you! Children I have chosen between you and him, and you must die! The poor little victims, too young to understand such words, looked wonderingly upon their mother. 'Well, fold your hands, pray,' she continued in a hoarse voice, with convulsive sobs, swinging her murderous weapon above their heads. 'You, you are going to God, my children; but I devote myself to the devil. My heaven is love; love crowned with a diadem. This paradise will be but of short duration, and hell will follow! It matters not, you must die!' The two little creatures uttered cries of horror and fright when they beheld the dagger waved above their heads. They fled, shrieking, to the other end of the apartment, uttering but one word, that sweetest word of all, 'mother!' Trembling they fled to an altar over which hung a Madonna with the Christ-child in her arms, instinctively they pointed to it. 'My God, I spoke from hell!' screamed the infuriated woman, 'I am already there. I burn! I burn! Her eyes started from her head, her reason was shaken. 'Strike! strike!' she shrieked again; 'put an end to this infernal pain!' Saying these words, she flew to her children, and bathing them with her tears pressed them to her bosom. 'Kiss me,' she cried, madly, 'give me a last farewell!' My poor children, whom I love so well, ye shall be blessed and stainless spirits. Ye shall be angels in heaven; but I shall go hence a cursed spirit. Neither my weal nor your own allows us to live longer here on earth together. My breath has polluted yours, yes, I kill you, but I save you!' With these words, she seized them by the hair, threw them to the ground, and plunged the dagger into their hearts. The blood sparted forth, the brother and sister were dead. Good God! A man approached, it was the duke. There stood the widow, with dishevelled hair, the dagger still in her hand, surveying the last struggles of her little victims.

"The two obstacles have fallen," cried she to the prince, with the solemn tones of madness and despair. "I worshipped the poor children; but they separated me from you; for your love have I slain them; for your sake will I slay myself; and for your sake would I willingly sacrifice the whole world; and for your sake also have I delivered over my soul to perdition.

"'Wretched woman!' cried the prince, 'these were not the obstacles I spoke of that separated us; they were the reproaches of my father; and the non-approval of my sister; these two hindrances have this morning been removed. You deserve no other than the scaffold, and no other husband than the devil!'

"Shuddering with horror, he turned away from her.

"'Stay,' cried the widow, throwing herself upon him. 'Stay, shameless murderer, for it is thou who hast done this, thou who didst show dislike to the fruits of my first marriage, thou who had just uttered those bitter words which I cannot yet understand, which call for more crime and blood; thou who didst take possession of my heart through devilish means, that thou mightest drive it into hellish deeds! Thou hast murdered my children!'

"'Vile woman,' retorted the duke, tearing himself from her violently. 'Out of my sight forever! Away! I abhor thee.'

"'And go thou forever from my sight,' repeated the murderess with a look of horror and a wicked smile. How could I have loved thee? Thou seemst to me now cursed and horrible. Fear not, I ask neither thy love nor thy crown. Marry thee? Belong to thee forever? No, I abhor thee, I curse thee. My daughter, my son, dear children! How! was this man my idol? No, no. I love thee no more. Thou hast devoted me to hell, thou hast said it. Be it so, but thou shalt follow me there! But I will come again, I hope to terrify thee and thy race forever, to announce to them misfortune and death. Farewell, but tremble! I shall arise again!'

"The window against which she leaned looked out upon a deep moat; she opened it and, throwing herself from a considerable height, fell upon a heap of sharp and pointed stones. There was a cry of horror, and she lay below mangled and dead.

"When, a few years afterward the prince fell ill, a white woman appeared in the outer corridor of the castle. One of the officials of the place received her in an opposite wing of the building; she raised her arms and pointed, with a demoniacal smile upon her lips, to the chamber where the sick man lay. He recognized the widow whom the duke had loved; he hurried towards her, but the apparition vanished. With the breaking day, the prince breathed his last sigh.

"I certainly do not believe in the existence of the White Lady," continued the prince; "but here is, nevertheless, a circumstance that concerns myself, and which, at the time, made a deep impression upon me. My mother, the king's sister, lay sick in Lausaunne, yet not dangerously so in the estimation of the physicians, and her state caused no anxiety. One night (I was living at that time in the old castle) I heard an extraordinary commotion. 'What is the occasion of this uproar? Why is this noise? I asked. The White Lady has just passed through the familiar gallery and knocked at my door. The guards had seen her, and were rooted to the spot with horror.

"'Set off at once for 'Switzerland,' said the king to me. 'I tremble for my sister's life.'

"I started immediately for Lausaunne. My mother lay upon her death-bed. I received her last sigh.

"I will relate now to you," continued the Prince Napoleon, "many well authenticated appearances of this same White Lady. You may think of them what you will;

"Night had fallen upon the city of Stuttgart, and the thousands within its walls were slumbering peacefully. What breaks the deep stillness? A carriage, drawn by six horses, rolls over the pavement. It stops before the old castle. The steps of the carriage are let down, and, in the sight of the guards, who were looking from the corridors above, the White Lady descends. The door does not open; but she passes quickly through it, as if its solid framework was no thicker than the mist of night. With her accustomed solemnity, she glides through the well-known corridor; the guards dare not move. And what happened in consequence of this appearance? Duke Ferdinand Von Wurtemberg, the uncle of the present monarch, died.

"At the time when my father was King of Westphalia," continued the prince, "his minister in Prussia wrote to him the following letter, which I have read and preserved:

"'There is nothing new in Berlin except that the court is in a state of great excitement over the appearance of the White Lady in the castle. But I believe myself that this will give rise to no serious consequences, for all the members of the royal family are enjoying perfect health.'

"Soon after this letter, a dispatch arrived announcing the death of the young Queen of Prussia.

"Here ends the narrative of the young prince," said the Major, as he closed the book. "Some years afterward I myself learned these additional instances, which I will relate to you. The wife of the present King of Wurtemberg, a sister of the Emperor Nicholas, was ill and confined to her bed. All at once the door of her chamber flew open, as if blown by the wind. 'Shut the door,' said the queen in a tone of surprise. The lady who was sitting by her bedside reading to her, rose and obeyed her command. When she returned to her seat, she saw the White Lady sitting in her arm chair. Two days after the queen died.

"I have also heard that when, about fifty years ago, the reigning head of another royal house sought the hand of an Italian princess, the mother of this princess inquired of a pious nun concerning the future of her daughter.

"Your daughter will be happy; but, in the thirty-fifth year of her life, she will be called away from this world.'

"The princess ascended the throne with the conviction that a brilliant life, but a short one, was before her. She often spoke of it to her children, for as yet she had not begun to dread her thirty-fifth year; it still lay a long way before her in the future. But the years passed quickly by, and the nearer she approached the fatal year, the more she thought to banish from her mind the recollection of the prophecy. Finally she ceased to speak of it. Her thirty-fifth year arrived. One day her little daughter, a girl of eight or ten years, who afterwards ascended a distant throne, fled horrified, to her mother, with the words:

"There, behind the chair, I have just seen ——"

"'What?'

"'The White Lady!'

"Fear not, my child, answered the mother, she comes not for you. She is calling me! My time is come!'

"And, on the following day, she died."

—Spiritualists in Bangor, Maine, who have been receiving communications from an acquaintance supposed to be dead for some time, were considerably surprised by his appearance in their city a few days ago.

☞INFORMATION WANTED,

Concerning Lewis Everick, his wife Eliza, and their children, Mandy, Creasey, Hannah, Julia, Rachel, five daughters; and Vincent and Hilliard, two sons; all owned and named after their last master and mistress, Wm. Young and wife Mandy. In 1864, when Emancipation was proclaimed, they then lived three quarters of a mile from Baptist Poplar church—composed of colored and white members—and ten miles from Winsboro, down Horsebranch, South Carolina

In 1860, they were all living with their old master, Alexander Young, in Florida. Wm. Young, his son, with the above named slaves removed back to Charleston, South Carolina, the same year. When the war of the rebellion broke out, Wm. Young and his brother Werter joined the rebel army, and took Arthur with them to cook and take care of horses. Soon after Arthur joined the Union army, and after the war was over came to New York.

Any information as to the whereabouts of the within named relations, and addressed to the "Powell House," 153 Thompson street, New York. will confer a great favor on their absent son and brother.

THOMAS ARTHUR EVERICK.

mar 7-4t

☞INFORMATION WANTED.

I would like to hear of my father, Sandy Alexander; my brother, Sandy Alexander; my brother, Joseph Alexander; also, my brother, Lawson Alexander. Any information concerning them would be thankfully received. I would be happy to receive some knowledge of my sister, Mrs. Rebecca Gray: and my sister, Julia Alexander; my cousin, Miss Leanna Hughes; my cousin, Mrs. Milley Pearson; my cousin, Mrs. Martha Long; and lastly, an old friend of mine by the name of William Butler. All of the above mentioned persons formerly resided in Washington city, D. C. Please address

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New York Tribune

For 1872.

The consolidation of Italy, so long fragmentary and impotent, into one powerful State, with Rome as its capital; the humiliation of France through a series of crushing defeats, ending with the siege and capitulation of her proud and gay metropolis; the expulsion of the Bourbons from the Spanish throne, and the substitution for them of a scion of the most liberal among royal houses; the virtual absorption of the kingdoms of Saxony, Wurttemberg, Bavaria, with Baden, Hesse, the Hanse Towns, &c., under the headship of Prussia, into the triumphant and powerful empire of Germany; and the arming of Russia to reassert her preponderance in the councils of Europe, or to prosecute her often postponed but never relinquished designs on the great city founded by Constantine and the vast but decaying and anarchical dominion of the Sultan, all combine to invest with profound interest the ever-changing phases of our tidings from the Old World. *The Tribune*, through trusted corrospondents stationed at all points in Europe where great movements are in progress or imminent, aims to present a complete and instructive panorama of events on that continent, and to mirror the prolonged struggle between middle-age Feudalism and Ecclesiasticism on the one hand and Nineteenth-Century skepticism and secularism on the other. Recognizing a Divine Providence in all that proceeds and is, it looks hopefully on the great conflicts as destined (like our own recent convulsion) to evolve from strife, disaster, and seeming chaos, a fairer and happier future for the toiling masses of mankind.

In our own country a war upon corruption and rascality in office has been inaugurated in our City, whereby the government of our State has been revolutionized through an initial triumph of Reform which surprises the most sanguine anticipations. It is morally certain that the movement thus inaugurated cannot, in its progress, be circumscribed to any locality or any party, but that its purifying influence is destined to be felt in every part of the Union, rebuking venality, exposing robbery, wresting power from politicians by trade, and confiding it in those worthiest and fittest to wield it. To this beneficent and vitally needed Reform, *The Tribune* will devote its best energies, regardless of personal interests or party predilections, esteeming the choice of honest and faithful men to office as of all New Departures the most essential and auspicious.

The virtual surrender by the Democratic party of its hostility to Equal Rights, regardless of Color, has divested our current politics of half their by-gone intensity. However parties may henceforth rise or fall, it is clear that the fundamental principles which have hitherto honorably distinguished the Republicans are henceforth to be regarded as practically accepted by the whole country. The right of every man to his own limbs and sinews—the equality of all citizens before the law—the inability of a State to enslave any portion of its people—the duty of the Union to guarantee to every citizen the full enjoyment of his liberty until he forfeits it by crime—such are the broad and firm foundations of our National edifice; and palsied be the hand which shall seek to displace them! Though not yet twenty years old, the Republican party has completed the noble fabric of Emancipation, and may fairly invoke thereon the sternest judgment of Man and the benignant smile of God.

Henceforth, the mission of our Republic is one of Peaceful Progress. To protect the weak and humble from violence and oppression—to extend the boundaries and diffuse the blessings of Civilization—to stimulate Ingenuity to the production of new inventions for economising Labor and thus enlarging Production—to draw nearer to each other the producers of Food and of Fabrics, of Grains and of Metals, and thus enhance the gains of Industry by reducing the cost of transportation and exchanges between farmers and artisans—such as the inspiring task to which this Nation now addresses itself, and by which it would fain contribute to the progress, enlightenment, and happiness of our race. To this great and good work, *The Tribune* contributes its zealous, persistent efforts.

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