

## Poetry.

## IS IT WORTH WHILE.

Joaquin Miller, has written a new book of poems, in which may be found many rare gems strewn among the sand. Here is one from his "Fallen Leaves," which is so full of earnest feeling, and teaches us a so much needed lesson, that it seems worthy of a presentation to our readers:—

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other  
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the  
knife?  
God pity us all in our strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;  
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel  
When a fellow down 'neath his load on the  
heather,  
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than  
steel,  
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey  
On over the Isthmus, down into the tide,  
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Ere folding the hands to be and abide  
Forever and aye in dust by his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;  
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—  
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and  
pain;  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the  
plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble  
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the  
dust?  
God pity us all! Time shortly will tumble  
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,  
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

## THE WANING YEAR.

O Ruler of the waning year!  
How calm, while summer lingers here,  
Is thine enchanted sleep;  
When murmuring woods are full of songs,  
And all green leaves are whispering tongues,  
And fields grow rich and deep.

Till wakened by the thrilling sound  
Of the sharp scythe along the ground,  
Thro' nature's flowering heart;  
Or shouts of jocund harvest home,  
That down the echoing valleys come,  
From laughing hills apart.

How calm a splendor ever lies  
Within thy royal waking eyes,  
O wondrous Autumn time!  
Like glory round a good man's head,  
When angels light about his bed,  
And waken thoughts sublime.

And who could dream yon soft, sweet light  
Were herald of the year's dark night,  
And North wind's stormy breath?  
That all these tints of red and gold,  
Burning through every starry fold,  
Were signs of Nature's death!

Ah, me! thy coming stirs the sense  
At every portal, calling thence  
The troops of awe and fear,  
We think, perchance, of days gone by,  
And days that all as swiftly fly,  
Knowing thine errand here.

We cannot with the swallow flee,  
And shun the gloomy days that be  
So full of Winter snow;  
We pass into our Orient land,  
Across dark seas which some bright hand  
Calls from the deeps below.

Born where the black pine crowned the hills,  
And violets pierced the soil that fills  
The elm-tree's rugged spurs;  
When wore the thorn her snow white crown,  
And chestnut spires fell softly down,  
Among the golden furze.

Still they dread pinions, as of old,  
Thy sylvan hills and vales unfold  
O'er all the spreading land;  
And earth's sweet face, one bright and mild  
As the fair forehead of a child,  
Is veiled as with a brand.

And still man's conscious spirit feels,  
While far and wide the east wind peels,  
'Tis God Almighty's breath;  
While as in prayer all heaven is bowed,  
O'er hill and valley blowing loud,  
The Autumn-blast of Death.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE FAVORITE.

The royal family, with exception of the king, were openly and decidedly opposed to this marriage. The queen was most displeased of all, for she had hoped to obtain the splendid inheritance of her relative for her younger son, the Duke of Anjou, in the event of her remaining unmarried. She was foolish enough to tell this to the princess, and heaped upon her reproaches instead of congratulations. She even tried, by entreaties and threatenings, supplications and reproofs, to make the king withdraw his already pledged consent; but this was not the way to influence Louis XIV. Monsieur, the brother of the king, also saw

in the engagement of the princess the destruction of all his own secret plans. He had been only a few weeks a widower; his wife, Henrietta, of England (whose exceeding grace and sweetness are still preserved to us in the Dresden Gallery, by the masterly skill of Vandyno), was poisoned by the Chevalier De Lorraine, the unprincipled favorite of her husband, and Monsieur only awaited the expiration of the usual period of mourning to ask the hand of his rich cousin. His intentions were well-known at court, and probably hastened the decision of the Princess de Montpensier, who could not endure the thought of such a union.

Reposing unlimited confidence in the king, the princess feared not the anger of her other relatives; and Lauzun, thinking only of his consummate happiness, forgot the whole world beside. Still those who wished well to both of them were not entirely free from anxiety. Amid the rejoicings and congratulations, warning voices were heard, entreating them to hasten the execution of their intentions, and also advising the count not to go out unarmed or without attendants.

The intimations were at first little regarded by the happy ones; but they were so often repeated, and by different persons, that the princess felt there must be some reality in the threatened danger. And it was decided at once that, instead of celebrating their nuptials with royal splendor at the Louvre, on the approaching Sunday, they should be quietly married in the country on Thursday.

The king was easily persuaded to consent to this change, and only one day was to elapse before the completion of the happiness of the lovers. Was it strange that from their elevation they overlooked this seemingly considerable space!

The princess spent this last day in placing, through more than royal gifts, the man of her choice in a situation as nearly as possible on an equality with herself, and in the preparation of the marriage contract. She gave up to him in advance four of her provinces, whose value amounted to twenty-two millions. These were the duchy of Montpensier, from which he was to take his name; the Earldom of Eu, the possession of which raised him to the rank of the first peer of France; and the two rich duchies of Saint Fargeau and Chastellerault. Lauzun was burdened by this generosity; he felt like a man who stands at the base of a magnificent building and looks upwards. The gorgeous structure of his happiness seemed threatening to crush him; he could not rejoice; this greatness was not his element, as it weakened love, and fettered him with golden chains quite foreign to his disposition.

Thursday at last arrived, and all was ready for the drive to Charenton, where the priest awaited them at the altar. Nothing was wanting but the signing of the marriage contract, or rather the contract itself. After hours had passed in impatient expectation, intelligence finally came that the contract could not be finished till night, and consequently the bridal must be postponed till the following day. "Friday!" exclaimed the alarmed princess, "a all we approach the altar on that unfortunate day?" Vainly did Lauzun endeavor by entreaties and remonstrances to banish this superstitious terror from her usually calm and fearless mind. With a heavy heart he was forced to leave her unconsoled, as his duty, which on this day he dared not venture to neglect, required him to be near the person of the king.

Anna's apartments were thronged with visitors, and, in the excitement of receiving them, she vainly sought to escape the misgivings which became still stronger after Lauzun's departure. The faces around her no longer appeared the same as on the preceding day. Cold, sneering countenances oppressed her; false smiles mocked her where before she saw only sincerity, love and gratitude. Every hour she sent messengers, laden with threatenings, entreaties, and splendid promises, to hasten the completion of the contract; she would at any price avoid the fearful Friday, and was resolved to proceed to Charenton by night—but in vain. The legal gentleman obstinately maintained the same snail's pace; the most trifling form must be examined ten times over; everywhere they found faults and mistakes; they promised to labor the whole night, and hoped to have it ready by daylight.

Late in the evening her dear friend returned, pale and weary; a thousand provoking accidents had troubled him the whole day; nothing which he had undertaken had succeeded. The malicious friendliness of his open enemies, the cautious deportment of his friends, the many mysterious warnings from every side—all had made him feel conscious of some change since yesterday, the precise nature of which he could not discover.

The king was, apparently, as friendly as usual; but during the whole day he had no opportunity to speak to him in private, for Madame Montespan was ill, and the monarch passed many hours with her.

For the first time during the day a beam of joy sparkled in Anna's eyes when she saw her friend again; she offered her hand to him, and motioned him to a seat by her side, which he declined.

"Permit me to remain standing before you, my royal princess, as becomes the subject of your house," said he; "allow me the satisfaction of not forgetting, in the glimpse of perfect happiness, what I am! I am still bewildered by the unaccountable kindness of

fate. I feel as if I were floating in a heavenly dream; with the consciousness that I am soon to awake deprived of all. Alas! from whom, from what side will the blow come?"

"Lauzun," exclaimed the princess, "you afflict, you grieve me exceedingly."

But he, without noticing these words, fell on his knees before her. "Forgive me," said he, "if I frankly confess to you that I am tormented by the thought, that perhaps you repent of having distinguished me; it may be only your generosity, only an honorable adherence to your pledged word, which leads you, notwithstanding every obstacle, to fulfil your promise. If it be so, consider well—it concerns my whole life, and perhaps my future salvation. Believe me, no one would blame—the world would praise you, if you would now retract.

"For Heaven's sake, what language?" interposed the princess; "how is it possible—how can it be that such a thought has entered your soul!"

Lauzun concealed his drooping head in his hands, like one overpowered.

"Misfortune hovers over me; I hear the rustling of its wings," he murmured to himself; "the blow that is to annihilate me must and will fall—would it not be a consolation that it came from the beloved hand—"

At this moment the door opened; Lauzun sprang upon his feet, and with pale countenances they both eagerly looked to see who was about to enter. It was one of the ladies of the princess, who informed her that the king expected her in his cabinet in a quarter of an hour. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the princess, "the contract is ready at last; they have brought it to the king for his signature, as was agreed, and my kind cousin disregards the lateness of the hour, in order to relieve me from my suspense."

Lauzun willingly took the same view of the matter as the princess, and his heart became lighter. In the greatest haste the arrangements for the following day were made. But they could not part, even for a few hours, without a return of their secret forebodings. Lauzun left her with assumed calmness, but Anna burst into tears as soon as he was gone. "It is truly joyful," she said, to one of her ladies, "to be so near the end—to have succeeded at last before the expiration of this day;" and her tears flowed more abundantly, but without relieving her heart.

She found the king in his cabinet—he was troubled, and apparently embarrassed; folding her in an embrace, he held her in his arms a long time without speaking.

"My dearest cousin," he said, at last, "you find me in trouble, but it is best for you to hear what is unavoidable, and without delay, through me, whose sympathy will lessen your pain. My dear Anna, we kings stand in the world conspicuous as the sun in the heavens, and therefore must there be no spot or blemish on us. In Paris, throughout the whole kingdom, and even at foreign courts, I have certain knowledge it is reported that I am about to sacrifice you, my dearest cousin; that you, because it is my will, are sacrificed to the Count Lauzun, my favorite, that I may raise him to the rank of a prince of the blood. My kingly honor must not suffer in the eyes of my subjects and the world. I feel the distress, the injustice you suffer; but you must bear it with resignation—it concerns the most sacred thing of the world—the honor of your king. You must give up all thought of this marriage with Lauzun."

Who can describe the scene that followed! Who can describe Anna's distress, her remonstrances, her entreaties, her complaints, her passionate implorings rather to be put to death than separated from the only man she had ever loved!

The immovable monarch complained with her—he knelt near her, when with despairing supplications she fell at his feet—he held her a long time in his arms, he was melted with pity, but he remained firm.

His own glory was of more value in the eyes of Louis than all other considerations; and those who desired the rupture of the marriage, had so artfully worked upon this, his weakest side, that they had moulded him at will. Madame de Montespan, Lauzun's secret but powerful enemy, had neither forgotten nor forgiven his former offence. She, and the hostile members of the royal family, spared no means to attain their end, and had well improved the single day allowed them by the unfinished contract. Their success was such that the king thought he was acting nobly when he showed himself weak and cruel; and no proofs, no arguments that the poor princess could command, were allowed to move him.

The sorely stricken lady reached her room in a state of almost insensibility. She had scarcely returned when the door opened, and the pale and trembling Lauzun entered, supported by his faithful friend, Guity, and accompanied by the Duke de Montansier and Marshal De Crequi.

"The king has commanded us," said the duke, "to conduct Count Lauzun here, in order that he may thank your royal highness for the favor you intended him. The king is much pleased at the submission with which you both have yielded to his wishes; he entreats your royal highness to be convinced that he will do everything but this to show love and grateful considerations."

"What can he do," cried the despairing princess; "what can he do—the powerless one—when he has trodden my peace, my repose, my happiness under his feet? Oh, Lau-

zun! how can you—how can we both bear the future?" She then suddenly rose from the couch on which they had laid her fainting, and seizing Lauzun's hand, said, with a dignity in look and tone which awed his companions, "At least I may be permitted to take leave of my happiness, of the man whom I shall never cease to mourn, without witnesses."

She led Lauzun into the adjoining cabinet, the same to which she had repaired a few days before, for the purpose of revealing the secret of her heart. There she fell weeping upon his breast, and, for the first and last time, was clasped in the arms of her lover.

The firmness which he had hitherto preserved now deserted him; his eyes overflowed with burning tears, heavy sighs escaped from his heaving bosom, and when he recovered, he saw the unhappy one in his arms had found a short relief from trouble in unconsciousness. From this unconsciousness she subsequently recovered only to endure a long struggle between death and the now joyless life.

Long before this struggle was decided, the unhappy Lauzun was again banished, by a second *lettre-de-cachet*, from the living world; for notwithstanding all the species arguments and persuasions of Lauzun's enemies, a voice in his own heart importunately accused the king of injustice; and one is never so cruel as when he feels that he has been unjust. Louis persuaded himself that he believed what he did not—he received as true the accusation that Lauzun, under the appearance of submission, conceived the design of being secretly united to the Princess de Montpensier, and punished the supposed crime with incredible severity, that the presence of the man he had injured might not be to him a continual reproach.

Silently, abstractedly, Lauzun entered the carriage which was to convey him he knew not where. At every point upon his long journey his hard fate excited innumerable expressions of sympathy; but he received them with the same indifference as if they had been uttered in a foreign and unknown language.

The accompanying officer made every possible effort to lighten the mournful journey. With true French politeness, he sought to draw him into conversation, that he might relieve his overcharged heart by complaints; but Lauzun continued silent. Only once, when they were passing a dangerous place in Savoy, and he was requested to leave the carriage, a bitter smile played upon his lips.

"Count Lauzun has nothing now to fear," he answered, remaining in the carriage, and gazing unmoved into the deep chasm by the side of the narrow road.

At last they reached the high fortress of Figuerol, situated on the Piedmontese mountains, and surrounded by mournful pines, where he perhaps was destined, for his whole life, to atone for a few careless words spoken to a courtier; for it is probable that it was this imprudence which had excited the anger of Madame Montespan, and thus had finally proved his destruction.

Following his gaoler as silently as he had traversed the route, he now entered the gloomy subterranean dungeon assigned for his prison. Carefully examining the mournful abode, "In *societas neculorum*," he said, as the clanking and rattling of the bars and keys announced his farewell to light and air, to joy and life, and he was now, like thousands before him, forgotten by all but one loving heart.

THE END.

## WHY I EXCHANGED.

AN OFFICER'S STORY.

Some five years ago I was a subaltern in a marching regiment, and quartered in a large garrison town in England. My duties consisted of the usual round of morning and afternoon parades, visiting the men's dinners and teas, and other regular work. In addition to this I had occasionally to mount guard, and to pass twenty-four hours in a sort of half imprisonment.

It is one of the regulations of the service that when officers or men are on guard they should always be in a state of readiness to "fall in" on parade in a moment's notice. If you feel very sleepy and desire rest, you must take it whilst you are buttoned up to the throat and strapped down to the heels; a lounge in an arm chair, or perhaps a little horizontal refreshment upon a sofa, is the extent of rest which an officer on guard is supposed to indulge in.

Among my brother subalterns in garrison it was our usual practice to infringe upon this strict letter of the law; and when the principal part of the duty had been accomplished we used to indulge ourselves by divesting our limbs of their armor, and seeking refreshment between the sheets of a little camp bed that was placed in the inner guard room.

It was part of the duties of an officer on guard to visit all the sentinels during the night, the time for visiting them usually an hour or so after the field officer had visited the guard; the field officer being colonel or major who was on duty for the day, and who came once by day and once by night to see the guards, and to see that all was as it should be. There was no exact number of times that the field officer might visit the guards, but it was the usual thing, and had become almost a custom for him to come once by day and once by night, so after the usual visit the subaltern usually waited an hour or so, walked round

the limits of post, visited all his sentries, and then turned into bed.

It was a bitter cold morning in January that was my turn for guard came on. I marched my men to the post, relieved the old guard, and then, having gone through the regular duty and dined, endeavored to pass the time until the field officer had visited. The previous evening I had been at a ball in town, and in consequence was very tired and sleepy, and looked with considerable longing to the period when I could refresh myself by unrobing and enjoying a good snooze.

At length I heard the welcome challenge, "who come there?" which was answered "grand rounds," and "guard turn out!" was a signal which I willingly obeyed, for I knew that in an hour afterwards I should be in the arms of the god of sleep.

Slipping on my cloak and cap, and grasping my sword, I placed myself in front of the guard and received the field officer, who asked me if everything was correct, directed me to dismiss my guard, and rode off without saying good night, a proceeding that I thought rather formal.

Giving directions to the sergeant to call me in an hour, for the purpose of visiting the sentries, I threw myself into my arm chair and tried to read a novel. The time passed very quickly, as I had a nap or two, and the sergeant soon appeared with a lantern to conduct me round the sentries.

It was a terrible night, the wind blowing hard, whilst the rain and sleet were driving along before it. The thermometer was several degrees below freezing, and I felt that I deserved much from my country for performing so conscientiously my arduous duties. The sentries were very much scattered, and I had to walk nearly two miles to visit them all. I accomplished my task, however, and returned to the guard room where I treated myself to a hot cup of coffee, and throwing off my regimentals I jumped into bed, feeling that I really deserved the luxury.

In a few moments I was fast asleep, not even dreaming of any of my fair companions of the ball, but sound asleep. Suddenly I became conscious of a great noise, which sounded like a drum being beaten.

At first I did not realize my position, and could not remember where I was, but at last it flashed across me that I was on guard, and that something was the matter. Jumping out of bed, I called to know who was there. The sergeant answered in a great hurry, saying:—"Sir, the field officer of the day is coming, and the guard is turning out."

I rushed to my boots, pulled them on over my unstockinged feet; thrust my sword arm in my regimental cloak, which I pulled over me; jammed my forage cap on my head, and, grasping my sword, looked to the outward observer as though "fit for parade." I was just in time to receive the field officer, who again asked me if my guard was correct. I answered rather in a tone of surprise, and said, "yes, sir, all correct."

I could not imagine why my guard should be visited twice, as such a proceeding was unusual, and perhaps my tone seemed to imply that I was surprised. Whether it was that, or whether a treacherous gust of wind removed the folds of my cloak and exhibited the slightest taste in life of the end of the night shirt, I know not; but the field officer instead of riding off when he received my answer, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and said:—

"Now, sir, I want you to accompany me around the sentries."

Had he told me that he wanted me to accompany him to the region below I should scarce have been more horror struck, for already I had found the change of temperature between a warm bed in a warm room, and the outside air—and to walk two miles on a wintry frosty night, with no raiment besides boots, night shirt, and cloak, was really suffering for one's country and no mistake.

I dared not show the slightest hesitation, however, for fear the state of my attire might be suspected, though I would have given a week's pay to have escaped for five minutes. A non-commissioned officer was ready with a lantern, and we started on our tour of inspection.

The field officer asked questions connected with the position and duties of the sentries, to which I gave answers as well as the chattering of my teeth would permit me. The most nervous work, however, was passing the gas lamps, which were placed at intervals of one or two hundred yards. The wind was blowing so fresh that it was with difficulty I could hold my cloak around me, and conceal the absence of my under garments. A heavy snow and then an extra gust of wind would come round the corner, and quite defeat all precautions which I had adopted to encounter the steady gale. I managed to dodge in the shade as much as possible, and more than once ran the risk of being kicked by the field officer's horse when I slunk behind him when the gas might have revealed too much.

It was terrible cold to be sure, the wind and now almost numbing my limbs. I had a kind of faint hope, the officer would think that I belonged to a highland regiment, and if he did not observe the scantiness of my attire, might believe that the kilt would explain it. I struggled and shivered on knowing that all things must have an end, and that my rounds must come to an end before long. But I feared that I could not again get warm during the night.

We had nearly completed our tour, and