

request Alphonse de Berri was first on the list of those who were to be torn from their peaceful homes. Next morn the sun burst forth in brightness, bathing the vine clad steep of Chamont with floods of living gold, and the glittering dew-drops reflected the lustre in their fairy globules—the light mist as it raised its vapoury folds from the still blue lake, seemed a cloud of incense floating to the sky, so richly was the air laden with perfume. The musk rose, mingled its scents with the jasmine, and the same breath which waved the orange flower, sighed o'er the lowly mignonette and kissed the leaves of the delicate accacia.—Early as it was, Madeline was at her window in her bridal attire—it was simple, but suited well the inimitable taste and grace of a French woman. A wreath of bright bluets, the bridal coronal of France, mingled with her dark tresses. She wore no diamonds, but her eyes would have dimmed their brilliance, and the richest textures of the looms of Genoa, could not have added to the graceful contour of her form or the exquisite loveliness of her face.—Around her stood her young companions, glad with mirth and with the free, light laugh of the unbroken heart, and with the bounding footstep that at once seemed ready to glide into the mazes of the gay quadrille. Never in Madeline's short life had she felt so happy—never had she looked so beautiful.

Some hours passed away—the dewdrops were exhaled from the balmy flowers—the sun was riding high in the blue heavens, and the village yet smiled in his beams; but a change had fallen on some of its dwellers.—On the same spot where she had stood in the light of morn, lay the pale form of Madeline. A few of the maidens yet lingered by her, and in silent sorrow tried to recall her to sensibility; her head reclined on the bosom of the aged priest as he wept over her like an infant. Alphonse had come to lead his bride to the altar, and on the very threshold of the sacred porch, the rude soldiers rushed between them and he was torn from her side, the conscription list was read—he pressed her once more wildly and hurriedly to his heart. A shriek of woe arose from the bystanders—Alphonse and four others of the village youths were borne away by the “gens de armes,” and Madeline fainted in the arms of Father Auboine, but soon she recovered to a sense of her bereavement. Some hope was given to the mother of Alphonse, that application to the Count de Clairville might procure the release of her son; this hope, futile as it was, she em-

braced, and that evening, she and Madeline proceeded to the “chateau.” Madeline alone was admitted to the presence of the Count—with the fervid eloquence of love she told her errand and prayed him to procure the return of Alphonse, not to herself alone, but to his widowed mother, whose life was centred in her son. The Count heard her in silence, and when she had finished, said he would grant her request, but on certain conditions. He well knew that no interest could obtain the release of a conscript from the army of Napoleon, but to say so, suited him not.

Madeline hastily enquired what these conditions were. The Count took her hand, and a few low words were breathed in her ear. Alas! that the sinless heart should ever have its brightness dimmed by a knowledge of the world's dark baseness. The words she had heard transfixed her to the earth, and in silence she stood with “eyes upraised and lips apart like monument of Grecian art;” then recalling her thoughts, she fled from the room, and taking the arm of the old woman hurried her rapidly from the *chateau*, and regardless of her repeated enquiries, she spoke not till she reached home, and then her tears gushing forth in hopeless sorrow told too truly how her mission had sped.

The Count de Clairville, in whom the transitions from vice to virtue were sudden, repented heartily of his conduct—his conscience smote him, for the misery he had caused.—The horror-stricken look of Madeline had done more for his reformation than his love for the fair Rosalie, or all the precepts which the sage has taught, and he inwardly vowed to make a speedy reparation for his misdeeds towards her. Such were his thoughts when a deep sigh sounded through the apartment: he raised the curtain of a recessed window, and on the crimson couch in the pale moonlight lay the Countess Rosalie. Fixed and death-like were the features of her face; she heard the words the Count had spoken to Madeline, and they chilled the warm blood of her young heart. The golden image which love had raised on the altar of her soul was dashed to pieces by their sound, and life and light darkened to her forever.

'Twas long 'ere she revived from that deep trance, and when she did, the rose of health was faded from her cheek, and her dark eye beamed not as it was wont. She spoke not of what caused it to be so, but said it was *malaria* from the calm blue lake of Chamont, which once she loved so much. The Count knew too