

her way to Naples, or have sought her in Rome whilst located in some out of the way bathing-place, chancely recommended by Lady Huntingdon's physician. Still, that reflection served but in a very slight measure to dispel her uneasiness. There were so many dangers and trials surrounding the young couple, of which poverty and pecuniary embarrassments were the most trifling. The impetuous thoughtlessness of her brother's character, the inducements constantly held out to him by former friends to join again the reckless circle of which he had once been the life and favorite, and the utter inability of his wife to counteract either by her own personal influence, or by her counsels, those powerful temptations. The differences and estrangements too that had so early risen between them, promising so ill for a union that admitted the like whilst both were in the spring time of existence, on the threshold of wedded life, afforded ample cause in themselves alone, for fear and anxiety. True, Carry had shed tears of repentance, had fervently promised, whilst clasped to her husband's heart, amendment and patience, but were the purposes of a young inexperienced girl, infallible? were they, not even as frail as those of the thoughtless, boyish being, who instead of being able to direct or support her, was, alas! as yet, unfit to guide himself? Four years! four, long, years! What changes might not have taken place during then! Her own watchful presence and unceasing efforts, her admonition to the wife and her influence with the husband, had scarcely sufficed to keep clear their domestic horizon for one short year, how, had it faded with them, then, abandoned entirely to themselves, without friend or counsellor in the difficult journey of life? In anxiety for them, her own regrets and cares were forgotten, and the last purpose of her waking thoughts, was to seek them out without delay, even on the morrow itself.

To be Continued.

### ALOISE SENEFELDER.

At Munich, in the year 1795, a new comedy was acted one night at the theatre. The part of one of the characters, whose duty it was to keep the audience in a perpetual roar of laughter, was sustained by a young man, whose mournful actions and spiritless gestures were strangely at variance with the drolleries he uttered. He seemed to be about seventeen years old, his figure was tall and

slender, his countenance pale, and his large blue eyes wore an expression of profound melancholy. The piece was unmercifully hissed; and, as soon as it was over, while the young actor was changing his dress, one of the attendants made his appearance.

"Mr. Aloise Senefelder!" said he, "the manager wishes to speak to you immediately."

"Tell him I am coming," replied the young man; and hastily finishing his toilette, he repaired to the manager's room.

"Mr. Senefelder," said the man in authority, "do you know I am the author of the play acted to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said Aloise, timidly.

"Do you know the piece is condemned!"

"Sir," said Aloise, "I did my best—"

"To make it fail, and you have succeeded," said the incensed author. "From this moment you are no longer one of my company. Here is what I owe you—take it, sir, and withdraw."

Astonished at these words, Aloise stood like a statue. He seemed without power either to take the money, or to move. At length the box-keeper who was present, took the few coins and placed them in his hand; and the cold contact of the silver recalling him to recollection, he clasped his fingers convulsively together, and falling on his knees, burst into tears.

"Ah! don't send me away!—don't send me away!" he cried.

"I want an actor, not a mourner," said the manager-author, in whose ears the hisses were yet ringing. "In place of laughing you weep."

"Sir, my father died two days ago, and he is not yet buried, for want of a coffin to contain his dear remains. My mother and my five little brothers and sisters have only me to depend on. Try me, then, Mr. Sparman—try me once more, I beseech you."

"Sorry I can't grant your request," said the manager, taking up his hat and moving towards the door. As he passed Aloise, on whose pale face the burning tears seemed frozen, the better feelings of the man partly conquered those of the author.

"Double the salary, and pay for the father's funeral, Mr. Fitz," he said to the box-keeper, and went out.

Fitz took a few crowns from a drawer, placed them in the hands of Aloise, helped him to rise; and then giving him his arm, assisted him out of the theatre.

Kindly supporting the poor boy's tottering steps, the box-keeper led him to an undertaker's shop, and gave orders for an humble coffin. Then see-