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## RECOLLECTIONS OF CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

LIFE OF MADAME LA MARQUISE DE LISLE.\*

BY A VISITOR.

“Four days had now passed since the abdication of Charles. Order was restored throughout the city—a new government established—national pride gratified, and individual valour rewarded. But, with the cessation of the violent struggle, the tension that had strung the feelings beyond a sense of personal calamity, also slackened, and widows now turned to mourn, and desolate orphans to bewail, the dire effects of civil contentions. Up to this time I never entertained the slightest apprehension for my father’s life; although his wounds healed but slowly, and the one inflicted on his side showed symptoms of irritation and unhealthiness, the idea never flashed upon my mind that he could leave me lone and friendless in the world. The possibility was as remote, as when hale and well he stood before me, in the full enjoyment of his vigorous frame. Thus is it with affection, when health and pleasure attend upon the objects of our love. Fears will at times arise within the breast—the heart becomes chilled at the possibility of danger—the cheek will blanch in the anticipation of remote evil; but when the stern reality is at hand, when death stands at the portals, the soul rejects all fear: hope becomes brighter as its final extinction becomes inevitable, and not till the last pang is past, and the pallid lifeless form of the dead forces conviction, will the mournful wretcher believe that the object of solicitude and love is mortal.

Every expedient that affection could devise was tried to cheer the tediousness of my father’s confinement. The periodicals and daily papers were duly gone over, and whatever intelligence I could obtain of passing events, that these vehicles of public information failed to convey, I related to him. He loved society; but, as exciting conversation was strictly prohibited by the physician, this indulgence was limited to those friends on whose prudence I could rely. Amongst those I

counted the banker in whose hands our fortune was placed. He was a man of quiet, pleasing manners, of a well-informed and reflecting mind, and his company always afforded us pleasure. I was little prepared for the change the disasters caused by the revolution had wrought on his feelings. The object of his visit, which unfortunately I learned too late to prevent the sad result, was to apprise my father of the utter and irretrievable ruin of his affairs, and the consequent loss to us of the money entrusted to him. The sudden reverse of fortune had impaired his reason; and, poor man! he subsequently passed many years in a mad-house! But to my father the shock was more immediately fatal.

“When our ill-omened visitor departed, he desired the attendant to call me. His voice was weak, almost extinct with deep emotion—his countenance deadly pale—his looks wild and haggard. I had scarcely time to note the alarming change, when he drew me closely to his breast: ‘My poor, poor orphan!’ he exclaimed, ‘my own, my darling Agalé! is it—must it be—that I leave you destitute and friendless to the neglect and scorn of an unfeeling world! Forgive me—oh, forgive your doting, your distracted father, if he leaves you but wretchedness and sorrow for an inheritance! O merciful God! could I but live to shield her youth, to spare her the humiliation of dependence—could I—’ A choking sensation impeded his words, his utterance failed. With difficulty I extricated myself from his close embrace; and, summoning the medical attendant, waited in trembling apprehension, his report.

“‘There was danger,’ he said; ‘the agitation of his mind had increased a fever, to which he was before predisposed, and he feared a tendency to mortification; but, notwithstanding these symptoms, all might yet go well.’ This was poor food for hope; yet for two days it sustained

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