

Poetry.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

BY J. T. WILLIAMS.

As we journey thro' life's path way,
As we tread its busy streets,
A confirmation of this saying
Everywhere our senses greet—
In the city, in the country,
On the land and by the sea;
Everywhere the hand of labor
Hath achieved a victory.

Surely "labor conquers all things;"
Naught its progress can arrest,
With resistless steps it marches,
Undeterred it rears its crest;
It hath leveled hills and mountains
It hath tilled the sterile plain,
It hath made the barren desert
Teem with the golden grain.

It has pierced the lonely forest,
Hewn its towering monarchs down,
And created o'er their ruins
The city—village—town;
View the ships upon the ocean,
And the precious freight they bear—
Riches, wealth from every nation,
It hath set its signet there.

Then labor for the present,
From life's pathway cull it flowers,
For our destiny is written
By a wiser hand than ours;
The past is gone forever,
And the future is unknown;
Now is all we have to cherish,
The present only is our own.

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful in all things,
Whatever you do—
Wherever you wander,
The long journey through,
Whatever you hear,
Or whatever you tell,
For "a thing that is worth doing,
Is worth doing well."

Be careful of gossip,
And scandal, my friend,
Be careful when questioned
What answer you lend—
Be careful of diet,
If you would have health;
Be prudent and thrifty
If you would gain wealth.

Be careful of friendship,
So rare on the earth;
Be careful of true love,
Of Heavenly birth—
Be careful in all things,
Whatever they be;
That the end may be sweet,
And not bitter to thee!

Tales and Sketches.

THE FAVORITE.

With gold, prayers, flatteries, and more especially through a peculiar irresistibility, of which he well knew how to avail himself on occasion, he at length succeeded in prevailing upon an old and confidential attendant of Madame Montepan to conceal him in the apartment of her mistress, about the time when she was accustomed to expect the king's afternoon visit. The hour struck—the king came—and Lauzun, who was separated from the pair by only a thin piece of tapestry, lost not a syllable of the conversation of which himself was the principal subject. The slightest movement, a loudly drawn breath, an involuntary cough, might have led to his destruction. Had the King discovered the audacious listener, his fate would have been terrible; but his good angel watched over him, and kept him outwardly still, despite his general agitation.

At length the striking of the richly-ornamented time-piece suspended upon the crimson damask hangings of the apartment, reminded the king that it was time to attend the rehearsal of a new ballet which was in preparation for an approaching court festival. On his departure Madame Montepan retired for a moment to her toilet cabinet, for the purpose of laying on a deeper color for candle-light, and Lauzun's trembling confidant availed herself of the opportunity to release him from his imprisonment. Well acquainted with all the private passages of the palace, he almost flew down some narrow back stairs, and was already standing in the ante-chamber on the other side of Madame Montepan's apartments, when the latter, after a moment, issued forth to follow the king to the rehearsal. The count very politely offered her his arm, and accompanied her through the long range of galleries, corridors, and halls, to the private court theatre, where the whole court were already assembled.

"Have you, good and beautiful fairy, mentioned my affair to the king?" whispered Lauzun to her on the way; "and what said my master?" he further asked, as the lady answered him with an affirmative nod. His voice was agitated, and the arm which supported Madame Montepan trembled perceptibly; yet this was very pardonable under the circumstances.

"Evil tongues which I cannot more particularly designate, have been busy between

you and the king, that cannot be denied," answered Madame Montepan; but his anger is already on the decline; with a little time and with patience on your part, all will yet be well; for, that I did everything in my power to restore you to your former place in the king's affection, Count Lauzun, will not doubt."

"Really?" answered the count, in a singular tone of voice—"really? most worthy lady! did you heartily espouse my cause? did you speak for me? did you defend me?"

"Indeed, what a question!" answered the lady. "I tell you that your difficulty is as good as settled. Only yet a little patience, and all your wishes—"

"Miserable Cyprian! base liar! as false as artful, despicable as impudent!" whispered the count in her ear, so low that none but she could hear him, while he remained standing beside her in the most respectful attitude, and with a countenance apparently denoting the utmost deference. "In vain," he continued in the same tone, and still preserving the same outward appearance—"in vain do you attempt to deceive a man from whom nothing is concealed. I know every word that passed between you and the king, not ten minutes since, in your most secret chamber. He told you that Louvats sought him yesterday, during the sitting of the council of finance, drew him to a window and there secretly informed him that I, with unpardonable presumption was everywhere boasting of my approaching promotion to the office of General Field Marshal. He further stated to the king that this promotion would be the cause of incessant difficulties and discontents in the army, while the well-known ungenerosity between Louvats and myself would give rise to constant strife, which he, as minister of the war department, could not avoid. You then said to the king, Louvats considered me a supercilious, importunate, innovating simpleton, who, though possessing tolerable colloquial powers, was totally incapable of managing any important business; and you, madame, sustained the opinion expressed of me by Louvats. That my good master has been prejudiced against me; that he has accused me of indiscretion; that he believes I was induced by vanity and self-conceit to prate when he commanded my silence—for all this I have to thank you alone; you strengthened him in his belief; you poured oil on the flame; and to your falsehood alone am I indebted that the king has broken the solemn promise he gave me."

Lauzun might have long continued his upbraidings, for his crushed listener could hardly stand for astonishment and terror, and was totally incapacitated for making answer or defence. But they had at this moment reached the theatre, where Lauzun was compelled to be silent, and with a low bow he took his leave. The lady, wholly overcome by contending emotions, sank fainting into the nearest seat. The whole court was instantly in a state of alarm, and even the king so far forgot himself as to hasten to her assistance, in the presence of the queen. Madame Montepan was obliged to be carried from the hall, and the affair, inexplicable to all present, became the subject of much unpleasant conjecture and remark.

When the king, at a later hour, visited his mistress in her apartment, to inquire after her health, he found her furious with anger, and trembling with terror. Amid floods of tears she complained to him of the unworthy treatment she had received, tearing her hair with rage, while even and anon a cold shudder ran through her frame, when she reflected that it could have only been by powers of darkness that the count could thus instantly have become acquainted with a conversation which no mortal ear could have overheard. Her superstitious terrors increased every moment; from every corner diabolical faces seemed to threaten her while she was accusing her persecutor, so that she hardly dared to call for vengeance upon him, however much she desired it. Nor could the king, angry as he was, refrain from falling into a fit of anxious reflection.

With what feelings of mutual constraint the king and Lauzun met on the following morning may be easily imagined; and also, that the latter would not suffer matters to remain long in a state so insupportable. He availed himself of the first favorable moment in which he could speak to his master without witnesses, again with his usual freedom of manner to remind him of his promised promotion.

"And do you dare," answered the king, struggling to suppress his anger, "do you really dare to claim Mazarin's place, when you have my great forbearance alone to thank that you yet remain free and unpunished at my court? Did I not charge you to preserve in your own breast the secret of your contemplated promotion, until I myself should proper to make it public? You did not consider it worth your while to obey my commands, and may thank your own indiscreet vanity that you have lost the appointment; may it teach you to take better heed another time."

Lauzun was beside him with anger when he heard what he considered only a lame apology for a plain breach of promise, for he felt himself innocent of the charge of tattling; his fatal communication to the chamberlain was long since forgotten. With flashing eyes and a glowing face, he retreated a few steps, turned himself partially aside from the king, drew his sword from its sheath, broke it across his knee, and threw the pieces before the king's

feet, with the emphatic declaration that he desired no longer to serve a prince who did not regard his plighted word.

During this scene the king stood leaning against a window, playing with a costly Spanish watch which he held in his hand. Pale and trembling with rage, he convulsively grasped it with a threatening gesture; but in a moment he turned towards the window and threw the watch across the court. After seeming for a moment to struggle for breath, he again turned towards the count. "I should never forgive myself should I be so far carried away, even by the most righteous anger, as to treat a nobleman like a serf," said he; and passing coldly and sternly by him, the king left the room.

The natural consequences of the occurrence, which the count quietly awaited with manly firmness, soon followed. A *lettre-de-cachet* sent him on the same evening to the Bastille, where the dark cell which received his form, effectually separated him from the breathing world without. How great the contrast between the joyous and brilliant court he had just left and these dark and gloomy walls, within which the light of day was dimly admitted through a hardly visible grated window!

Colorless as the walls by which he was surrounded lay the future before him, without the least prospect of a change in his situation, of a legal trial, of a hearing, or of a defence. These *lettres-de-cachet*, the horrible invention of infuriated despotism, in those days delivered over their victims in secrecy and silence to the most hopeless misery. The king issued them according to his own arbitrary will, and not unfrequently granted them as a boon to his favorites, who often solicited them for the use of such of their friends as feared the actual commission of murder, and yet had powerful reasons for striking some unfortunate being from the list of the living. The effect of long custom, which permitted the king, almost without the idea of injustice, to use this terrible power, fortunately blinded both court and city to a danger always impending over each and all; otherwise no man in Paris could have taken the least pleasure in life, for none were safe from being transferred at any moment from the most brilliant and pleasurable existence to the gloomy night of a damp and loathsome dungeon. Neither rank, nor age, nor sex, not even a spotless life, were any safeguard; it was a matter of daily occurrence, and for that very reason did it scarcely ever occur to any one, that what was his neighbor's fate to-day might be his own to-morrow. The matter was then regarded by them as death now is by us: those who disappeared were soon forgotten, and those who remained lived on as before.

But a better fate was reserved for Count Lauzun; a still small voice was ever whispering to the king's mind for one who had been so dear to him, and whom, although he would not acknowledge so much even to himself, he was unwilling to miss from his side. There were, besides, those who retained a kindly feeling for the poor prisoner, and who lost no opportunity of softening the king's anger. His indefensible violence was for the most part attributed to his hot and excitable Gascon blood. It was suggested to the king, that the momentary self-forgetfulness of the unfortunate man was, in some measure, palliated by overwhelming grief consequent upon the disappointment of the inordinate expectations which the king's plighted word had authorized him to entertain; and at length these representations were so successful that Lauzun, after a residence of some weeks in his gloomy prison, at an unexpected moment heard the unusual sound of hastily-approaching steps. Keys rattled, bolts were withdrawn, the heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and before him stood his devoted friend, De Guित्रy. Tears filled the eyes of the good knight, when he glanced around the room and witnessed the change which circumstances had made in the appearance of his friend.

"Guित्रy!" exclaimed the latter, in pleased astonishment, his cheek for a moment recovering the rosy tint of better days, "do you come to make me a visit, trusty friend? or, with sudden and serious earnestness he added, "have you also been sent to languish here? has your brilliant path led also but to destruction?"

"I am sent by the king as a messenger of mercy, of peace," answered the knight, joyfully clasping the prisoner in his arms.

"Hold, hold!" answered Lauzun, with bitterness; "you see I am too badly provided here to be able to receive so high an embassy with becoming dignity; you have only a choice between this miserable bed and that wooden stool for a seat, on which to repose yourself, whilst I, with all due humility, listen to the grace which my monarch permits to be announced to me through his ambassador."

"Not this tone!" begged Guित्रy; "forget not how very much you have angered the king."

"And has he angered me less?" interposed the deeply-wounded Lauzun; "or is it, perhaps, the duty of a subject to submit with humility to his lord's breach of promise, and reverence faithlessness as a royal peculiarity? Is it our fault that we are exasperated beyond bearing, and driven from our propriety by the insensate conduct of others?"

"Louis is not less kind than just," answered the friendly knight; "he feels that he is not so entirely free from blame as to leave you

without some excuse for your disrespectful conduct, and therefore desires to make reparation for his oversight—yes, even more, he has sent me."

"To announce to me my nomination to the office of General Field-Marshal!" cried Lauzun, suddenly interrupting him.

"Oh, then, true Gascon, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed the knight, laughing; "to demand what is impossible is childishness, my friend? That place is already filled; but the king offers you the post of captain in his body-guard. You yourself know that the first men in the realm deem themselves honored by such an appointment, considering it the highest mark of the king's confidence."

"Lay me at the monarch's feet as low and humble as you please," answered the count, with a bitter smile; "but at the same time, give him to distinctly understand, that the poor prisoner, Lauzun, will not permit himself to be negotiated with—that he prefers to remain in his dungeon, living or dead, as a memento of the truth and justice of princes."

After long and fruitless efforts, Guित्रy finally saw himself compelled to communicate the substance of his friend's answer, though in much milder terms, to the king, who did not, indeed, at the time seem to attach much importance to the affair. But the old inclination towards his refractory favorite, which could not, even by all the arts of Madame Montepan, be prevented from reviving the wish to have him again about his person, was perhaps only strengthened by the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment; and consequently, after a few days, to the astonishment of all the world, Guित्रy was again despatched to the prison of his friend, to try a second time his powers of persuasion.

He found him, if possible, more obstinate than at first. "Well have your own way, then!" exclaimed the knight, with mingled sorrow and anger, after having for some hours vainly endeavored to convince the count of his folly. "Have your own way, and may the stubbornness that makes you now so firm, never bend, but give you courage to bear your self-elected fate. How will all who love you lament your hallucination? your sisters, your uncle Grammont, the noble Guित्रy! And what will the princess—"

"Anna de Montpensier!" interposed Lauzun—"deceive me not—thinks she of me? Has she noticed my absence?"

"You deserve neither the love of your friends nor the remembrance of the princess," answered Guित्रy, "for you are not true towards us; how else can the suddenly subdued tone with which you ask this question be reconciled with the unbending pride of your general bearing?"

"Has she really remembered me? has she spoken my name?" asked Lauzun with great excitement.

"I answer thee nothing more," said the knight, turning towards the door; but Lauzun seized and held him fast. For several moments they stood in silence, face to face, and eye to eye, until at length Lauzun's laboring breast was relieved by a deep drawn sigh.

"Guित्रy," said he, "more than your prayers and arguments have the few words you have just spoken brought home to me the remembrance how fair is life in the glorious sunlight, how great the sacrifice I am compelled to make! You have raised a storm in the bosom which—tell me, by your honor, I conjure you, can I step back? will no stain attach to me? Is it true that there is no obstruction but my own will, and that hundreds have left this tomb before me, who—"

"Finish not," exclaimed the overjoyed knight, hastening out; "seek not an excuse for having come to your senses; leave your cause in my hands."

On the following morning Lauzun stood again in the presence of his king, by whom he was graciously received, and, as soon as the first embarrassment was over, treated in a manner that unequivocally evinced how much his majesty desired to compensate him for all he had suffered. That the whole court should follow the royal example was a matter of course; friends and enemies pressed forward to congratulate the re-established favorite, and even Montepan seemed either to have forgotten her former insult, or considered him sufficiently punished to deserve forgiveness. Lauzun received all these demonstrations with indifference; his whole soul was absorbed in the idea of again meeting the Princess de Montpensier; and the unspeakable graciousness with which she constantly drew him more and more within her charmed circle, often banished both the king and the world from his mind.

One morning as, according to custom, he called to pay his respects to the princess, he found her alone in her boudoir. Her glance greeted him with an entirely unusual expression of confusion and embarrassment. It seemed as if a burden of sorrow weighed upon her heart, which she desired to lighten by sharing, without being able to summon sufficient resolution for the purpose. Her apparent perplexity seized also upon the count; already was he on the point of respectfully retiring to the ante-room, when the princess motioned him to approach her.

"You are the friend of the king," she began, after some hesitation, deeply blushing, and in a scarcely audible voice, "you often sustain him with your counsel. I also have need of such a friend; will you be that friend

to me?" Count Lauzun answered only by a low bow, with his hand upon his heart.

(To be Continued.)

HOW THE GIRLS GOT RID OF FRED.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

"If we could get rid of Freddy, we could have some fun!"

The speaker was Gracie Medford, a bright impetuous girl of nine, and the sister of chubby little four year old Fred, who was toiling on after her through the woodland ways, and whose lagging, short footsteps had made her very impatient for the last hour.

"Don't hurry so, Kitty," she said a moment after. "If you do we shall lose Freddy; and I do feel sometimes as if I wouldn't much care. I never can go anywhere, or do anything, with him to drag along. There, I can't keep up with you, and that's the end of it!"

Kitty Smith turned round her sparkling, spirited, brunette face.

"I declare," she said, "I think it's too mean of your mother. She might have a nurse for him just as well as not. I don't know what good staying in the country is going to do you, if you can never run, or climb, or do anything else just because you've got always to see to that tiresome boy. I do declare I'm glad I haven't any little brother."

"Me 'ove oo, Kitty," said little Fred, trying to make peace. "Me 'ove oo very much, Gracie."

And Gracie turned impulsively, then, and hugged her little brother, and kissed him.

"So you do, Freddy; and sister won't complain of you any more."

"Not a-n-y more?" Fred asked, with a little quiver of hope and fear commingled on the "any," which made of it almost a sob.

The little Medfords were Kitty Smith's cousins, and their mother had brought them out of the hot, dusty city to pass July and August in the pleasant country home, where her sister Smith lived all the year.

There had been some talk about bringing Freddy's nurse with them; but Mary, who had been steadily confined for the last four years to her little charge, wanted a two months' vacation in which to make a journey to her Nova Scotian home, and see again the dear old faces from which she had never been parted till four years ago, when her aunt, who was Mrs. Medford's cook, procured for her the place of nurse girl in the Medford establishment, and she commenced her campaign with little Freddy. Mrs. Medford really wanted to give Mary this pleasure, and, moreover, she was reluctant to incur her sister's household with too many inmates; but she hesitated over the matter for a while, because her own health was delicate, and she knew that she should be quite unequal to constantly be looking after her sturdy, tireless little boy. The affair was finally settled by Gracie.

"You might let Mary go, I think mamma," she said, when the discussion was going on. "I shall be out of school, you know, and have nothing to do but play all day long; and Freddy can just play round with me and give you no trouble at all."

"If you are sure you wouldn't get tired of him," Mrs. Medford said, doubtfully. "You know Mary has always taken care of him, and you have never been used to have him interfere with any of your pleasures. You know you do like to have your own way."

"I think I do not like it better than I love my brother," Gracie answered with earnest voice and somewhat heightened color; and so the matter was settled. Mary went to Nova Scotia, cook stayed to keep house for Mr. Medford, whose business obliged him to remain in the city, and Mrs. Medford took Gracie and Freddy to her sister Smith's home in Borrowdale.

They had been there three weeks now, and the mother had been watching the course of events in silence. She saw very often that Gracie found little Fred an annoyance, though she had never confessed it in so many words in her mother's presence. At first Mrs. Medford was disposed to regret the leave of absence she had given to Mary; but she concluded, at last, that she had done the very best thing for Gracie; for what would she or any other child be worth if she grew up without ever learning the lesson of self-denial, or tasting the sweetness of giving up her own pleasures for some one else? Surely she had too much conscience, Mrs. Medford thought, every really to neglect Freddy; and, even though she might find it wearisome, the silent struggle with herself was sure to do her good.

But, on this summer afternoon of which I am telling you, the tempter had drawn very near to Gracie. She tried for a while to resist his beguilements. Kitty's words roused for a moment, her sense of justice.

"Mamma is not to blame," she said. "She did not make me undertake seeing to Freddy. She would have brought a nurse, but I begged her to let Mary go home. I thought it would be just nothing to take care of Fred; but, oh dear! it is an awful bore sometimes, when I want to do something."

Freddy did not know what bore meant; but he understood clearly enough that he was in Gracie's way, and his sensitive little heart ached just as sorely as if it had not been almost a baby's heart. If Gracie had looked at him just then she might have seen some great tears on the tips of his long, curling