

THE JEWESS OF MOSCOW.*

J. Y. M. A. M.

THERE was consternation throughout all France when the shattered and miserable remains of the Russian Army (as it was called) arrived there. Accounts, it is true, had from time to time reached Paris, of the sufferings endured by these troops; but it was only now that a just estimate could be formed of the extent of those sufferings. "Could it be possible," men asked each other, "that the army which had a few months ago defiled from the gates of Paris in all the pride of military pomp and equipment—so vast in numbers that it seemed as though it might conquer the universe—could it be, that this was all that remained of it?" No—no—what had these poor, sickly, famished-looking battalions to do with the noble columns they had last seen, whose very air and bearing as they proudly marched past, had inspired enthusiastic confidence. But yet there was no possibility of doubt. Strange as it seemed, the sad truth forced itself on every heart—the glory of France was tarnished—the arms of Napoleon had failed of success, and, in short, the spell was broken which had made men regard him as invincible. There was yet another and a sadder reason for the prevailing gloom. The individual members of that gigantic army which had perished, had each left sorrowing relatives, we may suppose, and thus it was that throughout all the provinces one loud voice of sorrow made itself heard. Even from the far north to the southern extremity of the land—from the fertile banks of the Seine, to the lovely shores of the blue Mediterranean, that wailing sound arose. The Languedocian and the Provençal became suddenly silent—hushed were their merry lays; and even the graver peasant of Normandy and Bretagne became still more grave and serious, when the fatal news reached him. All was grief and disappointment—each mourned his own private loss and that of the country at large. Alas! they could not foresee that Leipsic and Waterloo were to follow as almost immediate effects of the disaster which they now bewailed.

A few days subsequently to the arrival of the shattered army, there was seated in a sumptuous apartment of a hotel in the Rue Ste. Honore, a young man attired in the undress of a dragoon regiment. His face was pale and emaciated, and

the thin, attenuated form spoke of much recent suffering, while a feverish lustre lit up the dark blue eyes, showing all too plainly that disease was going on within. Before him on a table lay an open letter, on the contents of which he seemed to reflect. The subject was not very pleasing either, for ever and anon as he referred again to some particular passage, he threw the letter from him with a gesture of impatience. Then leaning back in his chair, he seemed for some time lost in thought.

"Mine is the most affectionate of mothers," he said, half aloud, prosecuting the train of thought which filled his mind. "She is ever judicious and clear-sighted, and studies my interest with unwearying solicitude; but I cannot see why she should urge me on this point. Surely I should be left to judge for myself here. Oh! by-the-by, she reminds me that the large estate in Picardy, which forms the bulk of my fortune—at least of that which I expect—has this condition annexed. I am to marry my orphan cousin when she reaches the age of twenty-one, or forfeit my claim."

He was silent for some moments, but a new thought again found vent in words.

"What if I offered to divide the property?—but unfortunately that depends not on me to do—well, I must only confide in the generosity of Eulalie—that is if she possess such a quality."

The young man seemed wearied with the intensity of his own thoughts. He pushed aside with his hand the mass of shining hair which hung neglected on his burning brow, and his cheek became flushed and heated. Yet still the mind was busy—it had roamed far into the past, and the memories thence conjured up, seemed to excite a tender and even soothing melancholy.

"And yet, Eulalie," he murmured, "there was a time, as my mother justly observes, when the prospect of wedding thee would not have been looked upon as painful;—when in childhood and earlier youth we rambled together through the sunny hills and dales of Provence, I deemed thee the sweetest and loveliest flower there. I love thee still, Eulalie, but it is as a dear and precious sister—thy fair face is before me as I last saw it, bedewed with tears for my departure;