

haunts of men, and to seek the lonely, sequestered scenes of nature, which are so greatly in unison with my taste, and desirous of passing some time in retirement, while I am engaged in literary pursuits, I have rented a small but elegant villa, at the distance of a few miles from town, which is already furnished, and I have procured a carriage. I am alone in the world; and you, Mrs. Douglas, and your daughter, are the nearest connexions I possess. Already I regard you with affection; and if you would only consent to become inmates of my residence, I would feel the greatest happiness. I perceive already that there is a congeniality in our dispositions, which I feel certain will ensure harmony. Should you weary of the seclusion in which we shall live, you can revisit the city; but until you experience revived health, I beg you will make my home your place of abode."

To this proposal Mrs. Douglas willingly assented; for, although there was much singularity in the sentiments and manner of Madame De la Rue, there yet was much that was estimable; and she could not help feeling her heart warm towards her almost sole remaining connexion.

"Delightful! most charming!" exclaimed Madame De la Rue, as soon as she had obtained the consent of Mrs. Douglas to their speedy removal to the villa. "My dear Miss Douglas, you must now abandon that beautiful work, and banish that melancholy expression which your face wears, but which, I own, to your style of beauty, is most becoming. Your colorless cheek will soon be tinged with the roseate hue of health, when you dwell at —; but I must first find an appropriate name for my rural home."

So, with an affectionate farewell, Madame De la Rue, and her fashionable Parisian costume, disappeared through the door.

(To be continued.)

KEEPSAKES.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN ALBUM.

BY CHIOZ.

KEEPSAKES are melancholy things—melancholy in their origin—melancholy through the tenor of their existence, and we feel melancholy when they take departure from us. They are proffered with trembling hand and averted countenance; our murmur of thanks as we receive them is mingled with a sigh. Yet how anxiously we seek, how carefully we guard them. Keepsakes

are consigned to our most sacred repositories, and we love to look upon them only when we are alone. See yonder youth, mark with what avidity he seizes the coveted flower, which has by an innocent wile been so temptingly dropped at his feet. Regard that fair maiden, and heed with what playful anxiety she divides the lock from the head of the sleeping loved one. Then see her pale face and glistening eye, bent over the open album; while she repeats with heaving breast and quivering lip, the honeyed words once so fondly trusted in.

Watch that little fellow as he sails his tiny bark upon the pond; see a cloud has passed over his face, and he pauses in his play; he is thinking of his playmate, the once companion of his pleasures, and the constructor of his plaything. As he calls to mind their shutting him up (cruelly as he thinks,) in the dark box and silent tomb; he sits him down upon the bank, and with the corner of his little pinafore wipes away the tear drop from his eye.

The rugged soldier, as he takes up the blade of his ancient comrade, thinks of their enlistment, their numerous adventures together, the long talks over the bivouac fire, the anxious night before the battle, the hurried interment, and the soldier's keepsake; as he passes the blade before his face he brushes off a something, perhaps a silent tribute of remembrance, with his sleeve.

Behold the pale face of the widowed mother, as she gazes on the portrait of the departed; her mind returns to their first meeting, the many happy hours and years spent together; the first complaints of uneasiness, the short cough, the long nights of watching, his taking no medicine save from her hand; the sunken eyes, the inroads of disease, the rally and the dying struggle; when supporting his head she could hear her own name mingled with his latest breath. She, indeed, truly feels her loneliness, and calling her little son towards her, she puts back the curls from his forehead, and loves to trace a resemblance to him who is no more; the little fellow looks up as he feels the warm drops descending on his neck.

Thus keepsakes have almost always their origin in painful separations or bereavements; their existence is nursed with tears—tears, the refreshing dew-drops of our affections,—nourishing and continuing their verdure, until their bright sun rises on the morrow, when all signs of mourning are borne away, and they enter on a fair and sorrowless existence.