

SHAKSPEARE.

By WILLIAM EMPSON Esq.

Oh surely, Willie Shakspeare
We are not parting too!
Yet now we meet not daily,
As we were wont to do.

For more than bone of my bone,
Heart of my very heart,
In all my schemes of pleasure
Thou once went art and part.

At night beneath my pillow,
In hand at every stroll,
Thy words like second nature
Came bounding o'er my soul.

But now—I scarce believe it—
Whole weeks may pass away;
And with thy boon companions
I shall not spend a day.

Like Hal I am reforming:
For a good month or more
That fat old Knight of Eastcheap
Has never crossed my door.

I have not fool'd Malvolio
To his fantastic walk,
Nor with the gipsy Rosalind
Devised a jeering talk:

Nor lent adventurous Portia
A Lawyer's gown and guiles:
Nor tangled wanton Antony
In Cleopatra's smiles:

Nor gone a gallant masquer
To Lord Capulet's ball,
And vaulted with young Montague
That midnight garden-wall.

When was it last, sweet Imogen,
We left for love our home?
And thou and I, brave Martius,
Canvass'd the mob of Rome?

It seems an age, since, maddening,
I wander'd forth with Lear,
Or stuck Titania's roses
In Bully Bottom's ear:

Or woo'd with saucy Benedict
A yet more saucy maid,
Or learn'd from hot Petruchio
To make myself obey'd:

Or sang with pretty Ariel
His blossom-waving song,
Or brooded with poor Hamlet
Over a father's wrong:

Avenged the world on Cæsar,
Echoed Othello's groan,
Or saw from Duncan's chamber
Macbeth steal out alone.

My darling Willie Shakspeare
This coldness must not grow:
I love thee far too dearly
To think of parting so.

I've grasped the hand of Manhood,
In generous anguish, fast;
I've kiss'd the lip of woman,
And known it was her last:

I've watch'd what's worse than all this—
A friendship waste away,
And love believ'd immortal
Like vulgar loves decay.

No form of bitter trial,
Alas, is new to me:
So much the more 'twould cost me,
To say, farewell, to thee.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE BORROWED PELERINE.

In a fancy millinery establishment situated in the faubourg Saint Germain was seated a young girl, lovely as Spring, gay as a lark and confiding as goodness itself. She was busily engaged trimming a dress which she was anxious to finish in order to be at liberty to set out on a party of pleasure. 'Mon Dieu! I hear Saint Surplice sounding vespers,' she exclaimed, 'and I have promised to be at a house in the Champs Elysees by four o'clock, where the lady awaits me to accompany me to Versailles, and I have no time to dress myself. My dear Rose, pray finish this trimming, and I will oblige you in the same way when it is your turn to go out.'

Rose could not refuse the supplicating Julie, but, putting, took the dress of her companion saying, 'You will have a superb day. Rain and tempest reserve themselves for my visiting day.'

Without replying to this ill-natured observation, Julie prepared to quit the counter, but stopped with an air of indecision at the door of the back shop. Fear and desire were both expressed on her charming countenance. She hesitated, but vanity overruled discretion in her heart, and, pretending to have forgotten something, she returned to the counter. She cast a glance at Rose,

who was seated at a distance, occupied with the trimming, and quickly opening a box she took from it an embroidered pelerine, and covering it with her pocket-handkerchief, tripped up to her chamber. 'Madame will not come home until after I have returned,' she said, 'and I can then replace the pelerine in the box, and no one will ever know I have borrowed it; and then Gustave will be so charmed, for Gustave does so admire elegant dress.'

Gustave was the head clerk of the merchant who supplied the shop to which Julie was attached. It was there they first became acquainted. Affection soon followed, and, as the young man was ardent and Julie candid, their vows were soon exchanged. Gustave had frequently urged Julie to ride out with him in the country, but she had refused; but when he proposed taking a relative with them she consented to the wishes of her lover.

'I am afraid I have kept you waiting, madame,' said Julie, as she entered the parlor of Madame Mulner, the relation of Gustave. The lady assured her she was in time, while Gustave presented a friend of his who, he whispered, was soon to espouse the widow Mulner. A delta which was waiting at the door received the four young people, and they were soon on the route to Versailles.

The hours pass quickly to those who love, and while our party were wandering among the shady lanes, illumined by the moon's rays, and imbibing the fresh air, fragrant with the perfume of orange trees, the clock struck ten.

'It is so late!' exclaimed Julie, with dismay, 'I shall be locked out. Do let us go hence.'

'We shall soon be in Paris,' said Gustave, 'and, if it should happen that your house is closed, Madame Mulner will with pleasure receive you at hers.'

'That will never do,' cried Julie, weeping, and heedless of the offers of Madame Mulner and Gustave. The carriage stopped a few steps from the shop, and Gustave, who cared not, on Julie's account, to be seen with her, begged his friend to give her his arm to the door. It was, however, in vain they called and knocked. They received no answer. Probably the inmates had been ordered not to arise; and, seeing their efforts were useless, the young man led Julie back to the carriage.

The distress of the young girl was great. 'Oh, Gustave,' she exclaimed 'you have ruined me for ever!'

In vain were all their efforts to soothe her, and Gustave regretted the pleasure he had enjoyed should have been the cause of sorrow to his Julie. When they arrived at the house of Madame Mulner, he wished to enter and console her, but she begged him to leave her.

'Come to-morrow,' she said, 'to encourage me to appear before madame, for she is so severe, especially towards an orphan who has no one to defend her.'

'Cannot I defend you, Julie?'

She shook her head while the tears dropped from her eyes. 'Ah, by what title can you declare yourself my protector?'

Gustave embraced her in silence and departed, promising to return in the morning. Julie slept so ill that night that she arose at six o'clock, begging Madame Mulner to accompany her home, and speak for her to her mistress.

'Then you will not wait for Gustave?'

'No, I cannot, but you will see him and make my excuses to him.'

Julie appeared so wretched, that Madame Mulner consented to accompany her. In vain, however, was her intercession, Madame B. would not listen to Julie, but ordered her instantly to collect her clothes and never appear before her again. Madame Mulner endeavoured to speak a few words in her favor, but with a glance of contempt Madame B. turned from her and entered another apartment.

'Come with me,' said the irritated Madame Mulner. 'I will send by and by for your things.'

She seized Julie's hand and carried her off, while she, overcome with grief at being so roughly dismissed, lost all recollection of the fatal borrowed pelerine.

* * * * *

Seated at the bar of a court of justice is a young girl, her head upon her bosom, her hands clasped at her knees, and so pale, so motionless, as to resemble a marble statue of Grief. She had been weeping, but the tears had dried upon the cheeks they had withered. A curious crowd were around her, gazing on her with various sentiments, among which, however, compassion prevailed.

'Poor child!' said an old man, 'they say she is already condemned.'

'She is pretty,' said another, 'but what a pity she is so pale!'

'Of what is that young girl accused?' asked another who had just entered the hall. This was addressed to an orange woman who had left her shop to the care of a neighbor, that she might sooner learn the determination of the jury, who were shut up deliberating the case.

'They say,' she replied, 'the young girl is accused of stealing an embroidered pelerine from the lady for whom she was working. A friend of the accused affirms on oath the unhappy girl only

borrowed it to wear one evening, with the intention of replacing it, and was about to send it back when she was arrested on the suit of that wicked woman whom you see there. But let me tell you she will fare the worse for having brought that poor child here merely on account of a vile piece of flowered muslin!'

'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed an old soldier, gazing at the accused 'it is Mademoiselle Julie, the daughter of our colonel, who was killed at Wagram,' and dashing the tears from his eyes he disappeared from the court.

While the audience in the court-room were thus occupied gazing upon and talking about the unfortunate Julie, the jury were busily weighing the case, and at last felt forced by the laws and by their consciences to condemn her. One jurymen alone listened in silence and earnest attention to all which had been said, and felt great regret that one so young and hitherto so good should have her young days so cruelly blasted, merely for a movement of vanity, and without having committed a premeditated fraud. He addressed the jury with fervor, and the holy eloquence of charity spoke to their hearts, softened the rigor of justice, and at length every one concurred in the opinion of the defender of Julie. As the jury entered the court a solemn silence prevailed. The foreman stood forth and declared the case had been faithfully examined, and the jury now pronounced the accused acquitted.

Thunders of applause burst from every voice and every heart around. A young man rushed through the crowd and stood beside Julie. She started on hearing his voice, and crying, 'O, I am not a thief!' fell insensible into the arms of Gustave, and the crowd gave way as he passed out with his tender burden. Madame Mulner joined them, whispering, 'A carriage awaits us before the court-house,' and the party disappeared from the eyes of the commiserating spectators.

The above narrative was obtained from the compassionate jurymen, who had the pleasure of saving the young girl from a sentence of infamy. He has often said that was the happiest day of his life.

E. R. S.

AN INCIDENT.

At the time of the war of 1812 Mrs. W. lived in Buffalo with her father, mother, brothers, and sisters. In 1814, just when the war was becoming fearfully terrific on the frontier, her aged father and eldest brother were drowned in crossing the neighbouring ferry. Six months after this accident the danger of Buffalo was so great that the younger children of the family were sent away into the country with their married sister, under the charge of their brother-in-law, who was to return with his wagon for the mother and two daughters who were left behind, and for the clothes of the family. For three weeks there had been so strong an apprehension of a descent of the Indians, the barbarous allies of the British, that the ladies had snatched sleep with their clothes on, one watching while the others lay down. It was with some difficulty, and after many delays, that the wagon party got away, and there were still doubts whether it was the safer course to go or stay. Nothing was heard of them before night, however, and it was hoped that they were safe, and that the wagon would come for the remaining three the next morning.

The ladies put out their lights early, as they were desired; and at eight two of the three lay down to sleep, Mrs. W., then a girl of sixteen, being one. At nine she was called up by the beating of a drum, the signal that the Indians were at hand. No description can give an idea of the loathing with which these savages were then regarded; the mingled horror, disgust, dread, and hatred. The Indians were insidious, dangerous, and cruel beyond example, even in the history of savage warfare. These poor ladies had been brought up to hate them with a deadly hatred; they were surrounded with persons burning with the injuries inflicted by Indian revenge and barbarity; for weeks they had lived in hourly dread of death by their hands; their strength was worn, and their nerves shaken by the long suspense; and now the hoarse drum woke them up with news that the hour was come. A deadly sickness overspread their hearts as they started from their beds. They looked from their windows, but could see nothing through the blank darkness. They listened, but they knew that if the streets had been quiet as death, the stealthy tread of the savages would have been inaudible. There was a bustle in the town. Was the fight beginning? No. It was an express sent by the scouts to say that it was a false alarm. The worn-out ladies composed their spirits, and sank to sleep again. At four they were once more awakened by the horrid drum, but now there was a mustering in the streets which looked as if this were no false alarm. In the same moment the sister who was watching what passed in the street saw by torchlight the militia part asunder and fly; and Mrs. W., who was looking through the back window, perceived in the uncertain glimmer that a host of savages was leaping the garden fence; leaping along the walks to the house like so many kangaroos, but painted, and flourishing their tomahawks. She cried out to her mother and sister, and they attempted to fly but there was no time. Before they could open the front door the back windows came crashing in, and the house was crowded with yelling savages. With their tomahawks they destroyed everything but the ladies, who put on the most