

me to your mother. Good night!" he added, moving towards the door.

"Have you been well?" she inquired almost tremulously. He continued his progress as fast as the throng permitted him— affecting not to hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon his arm, and stopped him.

"You surely are not well now," she said in a tone of solicitude.

"No," he replied, passing on till he reached the door.

"St. Aubyn!" she exclaimed, heedless of those who surrounded her, "stay a little longer!—an hour—half an hour—the quarter of an hour."

St. Aubyn stopped; and turning, looked upon her, with an expression so tender, yet so stern, that she half shrank as she met his gaze.

"Not a moment!" he replied; "I should be only a clog upon your pastime. I do not waltz!"—Then snatched her hand—raised it to his lips—kissed it—and dropping it, hurried down the staircase, and departed.

Amelia, at once perceived the awkwardness of her situation, recovered her self-possession, and with well-dissembled mirth, affected to laugh.

"A poor lunatic," she exclaimed, "whom I pity, notwithstanding his extravagant aberrations of mind. He is innocent, in his madness. But come, let us forget him."

The dance was resumed. She was the queen of the mirthful hour that shone, surpassing all. She laughed, she rallied, she challenged, she outdid herself—her spirits towering the more, the more the revel waned. Party after party dropped off; still she kept it up till she was left utterly alone—and then she rushed to her chamber, and cast herself upon a couch—dissolved in tears.

She loved St. Aubyn. Vanity had been touched before—but never sentiment, till she visited the little fishing hamlet, on the coast of Devonshire. At first, she could not persuade herself that St. Aubyn would not return;—but a month set that point perfectly at rest. She drooped. Society, amusement, nothing could rouse her into her former self. Her partner in the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with him again. She declined the honour; his visits were discouraged. Her mother anxiously watched the depression of spirits that had taken possession of her, and seemed daily to increase. The winter passed without improvement—the spring. Summer set in; bloom and fruit returned—but cheer was a stranger to her heart. Change of scene was recommended. She was asked to make choice of the place which she would go—she replied, with a sigh, "to the little fishing hamlet."

She and her mother arrived there early on Sunday morning; and re-occupied the identical lodging which they had taken before. The landlady, a kind hearty creature, expressed her surprise and sorrow at the altered appearance of her young lodger.

"Ah," the young gentleman would be sorry to see this—though he has had his turn of sickness too; but he is now quite recovered."

"Mr. St. Aubyn?" breathlessly inquired Amelia.

"Yes!" replied the landlady, "that same handsome, kind young gentleman."

"Merciful heaven! is he here?" she vehemently demanded.

"He is, my lady," returned the landlady.

"Mother!"—she exclaimed, as she turned upon the latter a look, in which pleasure was painted, for the first time since the momentous night of the ball.—"Where does he lodge?" asked Amelia, turning to the landlady.

"In the same place. He came back, about a month after he left," added the landlady. "Poor young gentleman!" she continued; "we all thought he had come to die amongst us—so pale, so melancholy. He would keep company with no one—would speak to no one, and at last he took fairly to his bed."

Amelia laid her head upon her hand, covering her eyes; her tears had begun to flow.

"But the daughter of our neighbour, who had a rich brother that sent his niece to school, and had determined to adopt her—having completed her time, came upon a visit to her father, shortly after the return of the young gentleman, and her mother made her read to him constantly, to divert him; and he grew fond of listening to her, and well he might, for a sweet young creature she is, and at last his health took a turn; and he was able to quit his bed, and to walk, as he used with you, my lady, rambling, whole hours, along the shore with her."

The eyes of Amelia were now lifted to the landlady's face. Her tears were gone, all but the traces of them; they seemed as they were glazed. The landlady had paused at the sound of several voices and a kind of bustle without; and now ran to the window.

"Come hither, ladies!" she said, "they are just coming out!"

Amelia, by a convulsive effort, rose, and hastily approached the window with her mother.

"Here they come!" resumed the landlady, "and this is the end of my story. The young gentleman, at last, fell in love with

his sweet young nurse, and offered to marry her. She had already fallen in love with him: she accepted him, and, this very morning they are going to church. There they are! look! did you ever see so sweet a sight?" What a couple! God bless them! They were made for one another!"

The landlady started and looked around. Amelia had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour her mother was on her way with her from the little fishing hamlet.

In a month she dressed her in a shroud!

From the New York Mirror.

### THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LADY of England—o'er the seas  
Thy name was borne by every breeze,  
Till all this sunset clime became  
Familiar with Victoria's name!

Though seas divide us many a mile,  
Yet, for the Queen of that fair isle  
From which our fathers sprung, there roves  
A blessing from this Land of Groves!

Our fatherland?—fit theme for song!—  
When thou art named what memories throng!—  
Shall England cease our love to claim?  
Not while our language is the same!

Then, royal maid! so live and reign  
That when thy nation's swelling strain  
Is breathed amid our forests green,  
We too may say "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

### PREVALENCE OF PEACE.

War, so long the favorite amusement, and often the sole employment of men, has been for many years gradually growing unpopular. Peace societies are not alone of the opinion, that

'Too long at clash of arms, amid her bowers,  
And pools of blood, the earth hath stood aghast.'

NAPOLEON, were he to revisit now the glimpses of the moon would find his occupation, and a good deal of his reputation, gone. He has strutted his hour upon the stage, where he was once 'accounted a very great actor.' True, the tragedies in which he performed, were got up in stupendous style, 'with music of cannon volleys, and the murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights were the fires of conflagration; his rhyme and recitative were the tramp of embattled hosts, and the sound of falling cities.' Whole hecatombs of men whiten the gray sands of Egypt, bleach in the snows of Russia, or are garnered on the plains of Italy, who assisted, as nameless and fameless supernumeraries, in his renowned performances. Ah, reader! did you ever consider what was the net purport and upshot of war? Let that imaginary German, (who once, we confess it with shame-facedness, we condemned before we understood,) paint you the picture:

'To my own knowledge, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxta-position; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, (shells of men, out of which all the life and virtue has been blown,) which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.'

Turn from this sketch, to the falling-out 'governor'—a BONA-PARTE, perchance, luxuriating in his warm bath in Italy, and there, by a word, giving orders to force a distant march, wherein the foot are directed to be driven forward by the horse with such cruel violence, that thousands perish by the way! Or look back upon the desolate track the army has traversed, and pause at the hospitals, where the numbers of the wounded render assistance

impracticable; where novices in surgery serve the apprenticeship of their art amidst hurry and interruption, and the agonizing cries of their suffering patients. All these, as well as the envied dead, who, by a happier fate, were sent suddenly into eternity, are linked by ties of affection to hearts which as yet know not their own bitterness!—*Kaickerbocker*.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—After having gained the battle of Wagram, the Emperor Napoleon established his head-quarters for a time at Schoenbrunn, and there occupied himself, pending the negotiations for his Austrian alliance, with reviewing his troops, and distributing among them rewards and honours. One old and brave regiment of the line was drawn out before him for this purpose, his custom being to examine every corps individually, under the guidance of the officers. After having formed the regiment into columns, Napoleon entered among the ranks, and bestowed praises and decorations on all who appeared worthy of them. Five hours he spent on this occupation, and at length, when he had satisfied himself that no one man's claims had been overlooked, he finished by saying aloud to the colonel, "Now present to me the bravest soldier in your regiment." In some cases this might have been a difficult matter; it did not appear so now. The colonel, indeed, hesitated for a moment, but the question was caught by the soldiers, and one universal answer came from the ranks. "Morio! Corporal Morio!" was the cry. The colonel approved of the decision, and Morio was called forward. He was a man still young, but embrowned by service, and he already wore on his person three badges of merit, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. Napoleon looked at him attentively. "Ah," said he, "you have seen service?" "Fifteen years, my emperor," replied Morio; "sixteen campaigns and ten wounds—not to speak of contusions." "How many great battles?" asked the emperor. "Sire, I was at your heels at the Bridge of Arcola; I was the first man who entered Alexandria; it was I who gave you my knapsack for your pillow at the bivouac of Ulm, when forty thousands Austrians capitulated; I took five hussars prisoners with my own hands on the day of Austerlitz; it was I who served you—." "Hold! it is well, very well! Morio, I name you baron of the empire, and to that title I add a hereditary gift of five thousand francs a year." Acclamations rose anew from the soldiery. "Ah, my emperor," said Morio, "this is too great a reward for me. But I will not play the usurer with your bounty. None of my companions, while I have it, shall want food or clothing."

Morio still lives. He only quitted the service when his master fell, and, in spite of that change, Morio still enjoys the emperor's gift. He has kept his word to his companions. No old soldier in the department to which he has retired, wants wherewithal to drink the health of Napoleon.—*French newspaper*.

THE CONSEQUENCES.—An old gentleman having an occasion for a footman, desired his nephew to look out for one.—The nephew after much examination, not being able to find any other whom he thought would answer the purpose, desired his own servant Robert to hire himself to his Uncle. Robert quitted the service of his young master with reluctance, but concluding it would be advantageous to his future arrangements, he repaired to the old gentleman, who being confident that his nephew would not recommend him an improper person, only asked him if he understood sequences.

"I do not know, sir," replied the man, "but if you will be pleased to explain yourself, I hope I shall be able to give you satisfaction."

"I mean," said the old gentleman, "that when I order you to lay the cloth, you should understand by it all the things connected with it, as the knives, forks, spoons, etc. etc.—And so upon all occasions, not to do barely what you are bid by the word of mouth, but to think of the consequence, sequences, or dependencies of any one thing upon another."

The man assured him that he had not the least doubt of pleasing him; accordingly he was hired, and for some time they agreed perfectly well; but at last his master finding himself suddenly ill one morning, ordered him to get a nurse as soon as possible. Instead of returning with speed he was absent for several hours; and the moment he came into his master's presence he severely reprimanded him for having staid so long away, when he had sent him on business that required despatch. The arch fellow waited until the old gentleman's passion was abated, and then proceeded to justify his conduct in the following manner.

That he went and found the nurse, who was below; that the consequence of a nurse might be an apothecary, he had been for one, who was also below; that knowing a doctor always followed an apothecary, he had likewise engaged a physician, who was in waiting. A surgeon was often, he said, the sequence to a doctor, and an undertaker the consequence of all, he had, therefore, brought them, and hoped he had thoroughly understood his orders.

The old gentleman was so pleased with the humour of the man that he ordered him to fetch a lawyer to make a codicil in his will, by which he left him a valuable legacy.