

Literature.

AFTER THE BATTLE.
From Chambers's Journal.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still.
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill.
And banners of standards averted back with a thrill,
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped Heaven's garner to fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice in the wind like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the master-roll sounding—and who shall reply,
For those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last trump which they may not delay,
Whose hands clutch the sword hilt so grimly?

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,
As the dirge requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;
While Victory looks on like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morning her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomp of the peer-tins are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day;
Nor collars nor shroudings are here;
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe
Like a storm-wave's retreating, spent, fitful and slow,
With sound like their spirits that faint as they go
By yon red glowing river whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but oh! not as they came,
In the pride of those numbers they stalked on the game,
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of time,
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the lead and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and torn,
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn;
Like the giant of Gaza their strength it was born
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of our steel a new day-break seemed born,
As we sprung up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lots are cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last;
Do you dream of you pale form that rode on the blast?
Would you free it once more, Oh ye brave?
Yes! the broad road to Honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye asked but—a grave!

A BEAUTIFUL DEVIL.

Angelique Tiquet is the heroine of an old and prolix chronicle, from which is compiled the following true romance:

Her father, Jean Auguste Carlier, having some capital, entered into partnership with a rich old bookseller and jeweller at Metz, whose only child he subsequently married. The old man died soon after the marriage, bequeathing his whole property to his daughter and son-in-law, whose careful habits daily added to its bulk. Madame Carlier died eight years after marriage, leaving a daughter of seven (this Angelique,) and a two year old son, named Auguste. Carlier did not marry again, but lived for his children. He was a man of some learning, and when the shop was closed in the evening, employed himself in teaching his boy and girl, who both had quick abilities. Madame de Remonet, an aunt of the deceased Madame Carlier, had been one of the loveliest women of her time, and although belonging to the bourgeoisie, had captivated the fancy of a youth of rank, who, in spite of the opposition of his friends, made her his wife, and obtained a post at court, where madame's beauty, wit, and talents for intrigue, forced her into favor. In those days, when Anne of Austria, in the pomp of her regency, was outraging decorum, the standard of public opinion in France demanded no high principle of conduct. Madame lived, therefore, a brilliant and heedless life until the sudden death of her husband left her with a pension far too small to supply the luxuries to which she was accustomed. Yet she made no visible change, except to become more reckless in her mode of life, till after a few more years, when the death or estrangement of some of her patrons, and a severe illness, which seemed to anticipate the work of age, caused her to think of some certainty of a home for her now declining years. Her relations in Metz had, of course, been neglected; but as she knew her brother and niece to be dead, and her nephew to be wealthy, she determined to proceed to Metz, and make herself, if possible, a fixture there. At Metz she was so amiable to her nephew-in-law, so motherly with the children, and seemed to be so happy in their company, that Carlier, whose comforts were the greater for her care of his household, offered her a home with them. She accepted this offer with tears of gratitude, but as the quiet economy of the household by no means suited her taste, she soon endeavored to induce a radical change in all matters of expenditure. In this attempt, however, she did not succeed; for Carlier, though kind and gentle, was in money matters, his own master. Yet he was blind to the real character of the woman whom he gave to his children as guide and companion; a woman selfish, rapacious, avaricious, utterly unprincipled, and heartless. Over the young mind of her niece she gained a complete ascendancy. Auguste was, at first, against her with simplicity of character, and him she hated, though she lavished upon him the tenderest endearments. After three years, finding her health returning, she resolved on a return to Paris. Imposing therefore upon Carlier, with a specious tale that it was necessary for her to go to the capital to save her pension, she quitted Metz, but kept her hold upon the mind of Angelique. She induced him to give his daughter the advan-

tages of Paris training; and she selected a convent of which the nuns were celebrated for proficiency of teaching. Thither Angelique was sent, and she spent all her holidays with her aunt. Carlier often went to Paris after his daughter's removal thither, and was grateful for the attention his aunt paid the girl. On one of these occasions, he allowed the acute lady to discover that his will was made, and that he had left his property, worth more than a million of livres, equally divided between son and daughter, with madame for their sole guardian. He dined with his aunt that evening, and half an hour afterwards left in the diligence for Metz. In three days he was dead.

He had never been a strong man, the time was mid-winter, the weather terribly severe. His death was ascribed to cold and fatigue, acting on an enfeebled constitution.

Madame de Remonet would seem to have had a presentiment of the impending catastrophe, for she had everything ready for a journey when the news arrived, and she set off to Metz, with Angelique, without an hour's delay. On their arrival, they found Carlier buried, and the passionate grief of Madame de Remonet soon attracted universal sympathy.

Angelique was now nearly sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, with hair marvellously long and abundant, so that, when let loose, it almost covered her to her feet; its color was a dark brown with gleams of light in it, as if sprinkled with gold dust.

So lovely a beauty Madame de Remonet was impatient to produce to the world. She hurried the sale of Carlier's effects as much as possible, selecting what they thought fit to retain, and in five months after her nephew's death returned to Paris with her two young wards. The best rooms of a handsome hotel were at once furnished with all the cumbrous luxury of the period, a complete staff of domestics was engaged, and a career of dissipation began. Woosers thronged about the young heiress; and among the rest came a young man named Henri St. Chaubert, whose father, the principal notary in Metz, had been Carlier's close friend. Henri was clever and energetic, and already distinguished in the law. His pretensions were soon set at rest by Madame de Remonet, who acting upon Angelique's vanity and ambition, persuaded her to dismiss (probably) the only lover ever she had, who cared for herself alone. Among the crowd were two, especially distinguished; the one by Madame de Remonet; the other by her niece. The first was Monsieur Tiquet, President of the Parliament of Paris, whose relations with madame had formerly been intimate. He was old, ugly, and disagreeable. He had by extravagance impaired a large fortune, but his position upheld him. The aunt favored his pretensions, for the president had bound himself to pay her a large sum on the day when he should marry Angelique. The girl herself inclined to a young Chevalier de Mongeorge, who was an officer in the King's Guards; handsome, witty, accomplished, and really in love! according to the fashion of the age and country. Mongeorge's family required high birth in his bride, and endeavored to detach him from his mistress. They procured from the king his appointment to a colonelcy in a regiment ordered to a remote part of the kingdom, and while he was gone, Monsieur Tiquet made good use of his absence. Madame de Remonet assisted efficiently. Angelique was assailed on the one side by fetes and costly gifts; and on the other side by fabulous accounts of the wealth and rank which should be hers on becoming Madame Tiquet, and of the envy she would excite in the hearts of all the girls of Paris. Particular mention is made of one present which completely subdued the little power of resistance Angelique had left. It was a bouquet of flowers initiated from nature, the leaves being of gold and emeralds, the flowers of turquoises, rubies, sapphires, opals and garnets, sprinkled with dew-drops of small diamonds. She could not withstand so gallant and princely an adorer, and in a few weeks became Madame Tiquet.

Passionately adoring his young wife, the President was jealous of her slightest looks. As Angelique had been prepared for her married life by an intimation from her aunt that marriage by no means excluded lovers, she insisted on dressing like a princess, and on entertaining a throng of flatterers. Her husband wished for domesticity, and had become, as spendthrifts sometimes do become, miserly, now that he had again a fortune. Constant and violent contention was the consequence, and to make matters worse, Mongeorge, whose friends had been made happy by Angelique's marriage, was recalled to Paris, and became her satellite. Monsieur Tiquet at last refused to supply his wife with money beyond a very small allowance. She applied then to her aunt, who by supplying her with funds, still further established empire over her, while she repeatedly urged on her how fortunate it would be were Auguste to die; for Monsieur Carlier's will had decreed that if either of his heirs died without issue, the fortune of the deceased should go to the survivor. If both died childless, all was to be applied to the use of various charities, except a small sum left for Madame de Remonet. Angelique ran into debt, her husband refused to advance or increase her allowance. Her aunt, professing to be unable to supply further demands, advised an application to Mongeorge, on which Angelique was compelled to acknowledge that she was already his debtor for large sums, which he had heavily involved himself to procure for her. "If Auguste would only die!" was the next terrible suggestion. "He is puny and

frail, does not enjoy life, and cannot live to maturity. Yet he keeps you, who so much need his money, from a vast deal of enjoyment!"

No more was said on that occasion, but at subsequent interviews the subject was revived. Auguste was a boy of thirteen, very delicate and quiet, often and seriously ailing, much neglected by his aunt and sister, but loved and sedulously cared for by an old abbe, who was his tutor. His health grew worse and worse. Violent sickness, internal cramps, and racking pains, soon brought him to the brink of the grave. In about three months from the time of the first attack, he died. No one suspected foul play. The boy had been almost unknown to any one except the servants and his tutor. His fortune went to Angelique; and she some time afterwards, presented her aunt with two thousand livres and a magnificent Cashmere shawl.

Monsieur Tiquet, somewhat mollified by his wife's increase of fortune, conceded to many of her demands, and relaxed somewhat of his vigilance. Gradually, Angelique sank so low in her morality, that at last Monsieur Tiquet gave his porter, who was a Gascon named Catelein, strict orders not to permit the egress of his mistress, unless in company with himself, or on showing a written order from him. Angelique adding this man to her list of lovers, still was free to attend revels and masquerades, until her husband, discovering the connivance, dismissed him, and himself kept the keys.

Of course Madame de Remonet was again taken into council by her pupil, and, in accordance with her advice, Angelique ceased opposition to her husband, and endeavored to regain his confidence. As if to crown his happiness, a little girl was now born, and the consequent seclusion of the young mother gave the president reason to hope that for the future all was well. But with Angelique's returning health returned her taste for pleasure. She was very affectionate in her manner to her husband, but she now and then insisted on attending various places of amusement, at which she knew she must meet Mongeorge. Catelein, although dismissed from the President's service, was still in that of the lady, who gave him money, with which he set up a sort of cabaret in a remote part of the town. To that house, as was afterwards discovered, Madame Tiquet frequently went in disguise to meet Mongeorge and others. About the same time a famous female fortune-teller was turning the heads of Paris, and drew—as the spirit conjuror now draws—crowds of all ranks to her feiences. One day Angelique entered the drawing room of an acquaintance, where there was assembled a large party of both sexes, and displayed so much animation that the hostess asked if anything particularly pleasant had occurred. Her answer was afterwards brought in evidence against her.

"Yes," said she, "I've been to the fortune-teller, and she has solemnly assured me that I shall soon be perfectly happy, and freed from the great plague of my life. Of course I knew that must be Monsieur Tiquet; so I besought her to say if I should soon be a widow, as only then could I be perfectly happy; but she would do no more than repeat what she had said. However, the thought that he may soon die is something to live for."

At this time Monsieur Tiquet was recovering from an attack of asthma, which had for many weeks confined him to his room, where he was attended by a valet, named Servin, as old as himself, who had lived with him thirty years, and who, looking with disfavor upon his young mistress, understood more of her ways than she had supposed. A certain regimen had been prescribed for the invalid, of which a strong broth, to be taken at noon, formed a portion. Suddenly Angelique, once more becoming a domesticated wife, insisted on preparing this broth herself. Servin had his own views on the subject, and resolved to oppose stratagem. On the first day of Angelique's acting as cook, the valet took a pet dog of the president's, a pretty white spaniel, and shut it into his own chamber. Taking care to be in the way at the right moment, he took the broth from her hand to carry to his master; but on his way to the sick room he visited his own, and pouring at least half the contents of the bowl on a plate, set it before the dog, and again shut him up. When he reached his master's chamber, he found Angelique there before him.

"Why have you delayed so long?" she asked.

"I spilt some of the soup, madame, and could not appear before my master till I had changed my coat, which was greatly spashed."

"Ah!" The cry was from Angelique, and was caused by Servin, whose foot slipped on the waxed and slippery margin beyond the carpet, so that he fell and broke the bowl. Angelique was enraged, but her anger only convinced the old man that he was right in his suspicion. Yet to his astonishment the dog did not suffer, but continued perfectly well, although he had eaten the portion allotted to him. The valet was therefore obliged to conclude that no poison had yet been mixed in the soup.

Angelique continued to prepare the broth, and Servin persevered in always taking out a portion for the dog before he gave it to his master. It was excellent, and both the dog and his master appeared the better for it. So things went on for about three weeks, and then Servin, on taking the bowl from his mistress one day, fancied that he discovered a certain nervous agitation in her manner; in his hearing, too, she ordered her footman to accompany her directly, on a

visit to Madame de Remonet. Servin hastened to feed the dog, having first made sure that his mistress was gone out. He was in the act of pouring out the broth, when an angry exclamation startled him, and he saw his master standing by.

"Do you dare to give my luncheon to the dog?" he said; and made Servin precede him to his chamber, where he seated himself before the tray.

As he raised the first spoonful to his lips, the faithful valet arrested his hand.

"Do not taste it, my dear master," he said; "it is poisoned."

"What do you say?"

"Your soup is poisoned."

Servin brought the dog, and gave him all the broth.

Not a word was spoken either by master or valet for more than a quarter of an hour, during which the dog, heavy with a full meal, had gone to sleep before the fire. At last it seemed disturbed, rose, whined, rolled itself on the floor writhing in convulsions, and was violently sick. In ten minutes more, the dog was dead.

There was now no doubt of Angelique's intention, but the old president implored Servin, with tears, not to betray her to justice. The man solemnly promised, on condition that his master neither ate nor drank anything but what he himself prepared and brought. It was resolved between them to conceal their knowledge of the attempt as much as possible, and to allow Angelique to believe that the broth had been taken by her husband, who would fall ill. He therefore retired to bed, and was scarcely there, when Angelique entered.

"In bed!" she exclaimed; "I hope you are not worse!"

He made no answer, but Servin, in a whisper, told her that his master had suddenly become very ill, and that perfect quiet would be necessary for him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

QUIET PEOPLE.

Did you ever think, ambitious, energetic, bustling reader man or woman, what a blessing it is that the great majority of the people of the world are not like you? If you have not, stop a moment and consider, and you will thank fortune that it is so. Men that never talk at town meetings, and don't try to become Postmasters at every change in the Administration, and don't stick their thumbs into you in a crowd, are very likely to pass unnoticed through the world, and you have the mistaken notion that they never did you any good. Women who attend to the baking and babies, who never talk scandal at sewing societies, and don't insist on making the tour of the fashionable watering places every Summer, who live and die nobodies in the estimation of all but their immediate household circle, Thank God for such nobodies. What a hubbub we should live in else! The very thought of it is painful, how much worse would be the fact!

Quiet people must be those angels in disguise that imaginative persons talk so much about. Very likely they will never do us any positive good. The blessings we receive from them are negative, and we pass them by unnoticed. They let us alone, and the inhabitants of Secession are not the only persons who wish to be let alone—we all of us have had that feeling more times than we can tell. We get tired of the incessant rattle of the machinery of society, and long to shut down the gate. When we appreciate the unobtrusive attention of our quiet friends, they don't talk to us when we wish to be quiet, or at least they only address us with that silent language of the eye, which expresses so much, but never wearies us. They never anger us by telling us of our faults. They don't flatter us when present; and don't slander us when away. Indeed, they pass through the world silently and unnoticed, like the feather that falls from the wing of a soaring bird.

It is doubtless wisely ordered that some men should be willing to be the leaders of society, and should enter the lists as candidates for the honors of the world. There are men who can no more restrain their ambition than they can dam up the ocean. Their blood grows stagnant in the country and they rush to the city to engage in its more active and more exciting pursuits. Their goal is ever before them, never reached, and they are happy only from incessant toil. But the mass of mankind always come in and go out of the back entry of life, and are never seen in the parlor or on the great thoroughfares. They are substrata of mankind, rarely seen, but supporting the rest. The minister furnishes them with their theological opinions, the newspaper gives them views of other things. They do their own work in their own way, and live and die, peaceful, contented, and happy. Let us never sneer at quiet people, then. They will fill their appropriate places exactly, and perform their duty faithfully. Can as much be said of us?

A few years ago, a minister, who unfortunately had a number of liquor dealers in his flock, being asked by a friend why he did not take a more decided stand on the Temperance question, replied:

"Don't you know sir, ministers must live!"

"No," said the friend, "I was not aware of that fact, I thought they might die for the truth's sake."

Fifty years ago, not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this age.

How MEN ARE MADE.—A man what he is capable of until he has tried. There seems to be no bound to city. Insight, energy and will producing results. How often modest circumstances to undertake some grueling work, has felt its untold and his scious powers rising to grapple and afterwards stood amazed at his success. Those circumstances, those misadventures, those friends, those misadventures are our greatest benefactors, and our greatest benefactors. Undertaking and prosecution do more for us than any seeming good fortune. They develop the latent fire of the young, anathemas of the angry church of the reformer, Tyranny, threats, up heroes, martyrs, who might of sleep away slothful and thoughtless, buried beneath their bosoms. An but the wrongs of society are perennials of the fine gold which is beaten out of ore of humanity. Here is truth and here is life. Are you in poverty? Have you time? Are you in there depressed? Spend no time in idle whining. Make no complaint if it is you, but roar your defiance. You—this is your necessary discipline, your are your masters—but use them as given you and you shall be. Fear of failure is the most fruitless. What seems failure at first is Accept the lesson, trust and strike shall always gain, whatever the day's or to-morrow's battle.

TOO EARLY AND TOO LATE.—whom I found lighting a fire, was with a young man who was sitting of a little stair leading up into the He was smoking a pipe. On my boy, within a month of two years running in with a toy, a tiny woe he called "Dada." At sight of stairs he ran into a corner of the el up a pipe (one of the short with a small box containing some ral, he immediately took to the pressed some tobacco into the creature lighted it at the flame, in one hand and pipe in the other, I could perceive he did the tube; and it was only my eye took him by the hand in aston caused the tobacco to fall out of ed at the accident, he stuffed in supply; ran up to the man; played the cap of the latter, and very ed the bowl of his own pipe to in the bowl of the other smoker hard, and in a second or two light smoked away merrily, while I ed twenty. The little fellow's arrived at that moment with the mother said "Marie, show m Come, Pierre, come here!" Lit laid down his pipe, climbed on lap, and was suckled! "Earl exclaimed. His mother seemed a matter of course.—Bye Road in Picardy.

REMARKABLE PARROT.—The belonging to a friend of our fair gentleman who had married and resided in England. The parrot was in the house and he was equally to the company of its of the household, was familiar as well as English words and I evidently had the power of application between the twolangu addressed its reply would always employed. The bird less song about itself and its man the words of which I cannot would not sing this song if as English language. Saluted would answer in the same lan never known to confuse the ter. Towards dinner-time it excited, and used to call the she was late, "Sarah, lay th dinner!" which sentence it great volubility, and at the to as soon as its master's step w house, its tone changed, for him for screaming by flapping would get off the perch very bottom of the cage, put its d instead of shouting for its d imperious tone would whisper "Want my dinner; Sarah, my dinner!"—Routledge's

"What's the matter, my to her husband, who had sat his face buried in his hands. "Oh! I don't know," said like a fool all day."—Well consoling, "I am afraid y better; you look the very feel."

Fear is a prodigious where it has been excited No traveller ever saw a sm over experienced a gale at tado.