

among them his working tools, and the simple furniture of his small hut? Was it surprising that Bianca and her husband, as they sat on the green grass, with waving trees and a cloudless sky above them, while the summer breeze bore with it full tides of freshness and fragrance from their magnificent gardens, and they beheld the pure rose-colour of health begin to tinge the cheek of their delicate child, was it surprising that they should turn with feelings of affectionate sorrow to the dark and dreary mines of Idria?

I must not forget to mention, that Ernest and his wife were publicly reinstated in all their former titles and possessions. A short time after their return to Vienna, they made their first appearance at court for that purpose. At the imperial command, all the princes and nobles of Austria, gorgeously dressed, and blazing with gold and jewels, were assembled. Through the midst of these, guiding the steps of his feeble and venerable mother, Alberti advanced to the throne. A deep blush seemed fixed upon his manly features, and the hand which supported his infirm parent trembled more than the wasted fingers he tenderly clasped. The empress herself hung the order of the golden fleece round his neck, and gave into his hands the sword which he had before forfeited; but, as she did so, her tears fell upon the golden scabbard; the young soldier kissed them off with quivering lips. But soon every eye was turned to the wife of Alberti, who, with her young child sleeping in her arms, and supported by the noble-minded general who had obtained her husband's pardon, next approached. Bianca had not forgotten that she was still only the wife of an Idrian miner, and no costly ornament adorned her simple dress. Not a tinge of colour had yet returned to her cheeks of marble paleness, and a shadowy languor still remained about her large hazel eyes: but her delicately-shaped lips had almost regained their soft crimson dye, and her dark-brown hair, confined by a single ribbon, shone as brightly as the beautiful and braided tresses around her. She wore a loose dress of white silk, adorned only with a fresh cluster of roses (for since she had left the mines, she was more fond than ever of flowers). Every eye was fixed on her, and the empress turned coldly from the glittering forms beside her, to the simple Bianca. Descending from the throne, Maria Theresa hastened to raise her, ere she could kneel; and, kissing her with the tender affection of a dear and intimate friend, she led the trembling Bianca to the highest step of the throne. There she turned to the whole assembly, and, looking like a queen as she spoke, said, "This is the person whom we should all

respect, as the brightest ornament of our court. This is the wife, ladies of Austria, whom I, your monarch, hold up as your example—whom I am proud to consider far our superior in the duties of a wife. Shall we not learn of her to turn away from the false pleasures of vanity and splendour, and like her to act up, modestly, but firmly, to that high religious principle, which proves true nobility of soul?—Count Alberti," continued the empress, "every husband may envy you your residence in the mines of Idria. May God bless you both, and make you as happy, with the rank and wealth to which I now fully restore you, as you were in the hut of an Idrian miner."

### TO THE MEMORY OF J. E. MILLS, ESQ.

WHO, while Mayor of Montreal, devoted his life to the alleviation of Irish misery, in that Emigrant lazaret beyond the City, in a swamp, by the Lachine Canal.

BY ULAD-DE-CANADA.

Here was a man, though Fortune bless'd,  
Sublimed by Heaven afar,  
Beyond all thought in life possess'd  
By those who mortal are.

His glory o'er the deep oppress'd,  
Such halo soft did throw,  
As they can tell, whom he caress'd  
By that Canal below.

Where on the cold and moistened sod,  
All typhus-torn they lie,  
With glassy eyes turn'd up to-God,  
As in that swamp they die.

Then wilt thou pilgrim, drop no tear,  
While wandering through this clime,  
O'er him whose love had known no fear,  
When sickness wild was thine?

Yes! Erin's exile, as he roams  
Along this land, in ills  
Derived from Erin's ruined homes,  
Shall drop a tear to Mills.

### SONNET.

Poets of Italy, I love you well!

Whether you sing in your immortal strains  
Of wars and warriors, or you joy to tell  
Of gentle maidens and of faithful swains:  
Whether I list to thee, whose mighty pow'r  
Bade the dark house of Woe her guests display;  
Or thee, who in the solitary hour  
Hast won my ear with many a love-lorn lay;  
My heart is so deceiv'd, that it prefers  
E'en to the majesty of classic song  
Your wilder notes. Yet half the charm is hers  
Who taught me what you are. To her belong  
My thanks—to her my gratitude is due:  
I love you, for my Laura loves you too.