

of the friend whom I have engaged, to observe the motions of our *protégé*. May we not call him so, though he is unaware of the interest we take in his affairs!"

Deborah sighed, as she folded the letter.

"Alas!" she internally exclaimed. "Does he for whom my earnest prayers are breathed—and for whose sake only life is valuable—does he ever bestow a thought on Deborah?—Be still, my fluttering heart! be still—why should gratitude have power to agitate thee so. Yet is it, after all, a holy feeling; why should I try to check its growth? Is there aught unbecoming a maiden in cherishing the remembrance of a most signal benefit conferred? No, no—be it mine to keep it alive in all its pristine fervor."

Sweet dreamer! thou art not the first, and assuredly wilt not be the last, who admitted one feeling under cover of another. For the present, Deborah devoted herself wholly and entirely to her kind protectress. There was one thing in which she could not comply with the wishes of the *Marchesa*—she could not go into gay society. Her kind friend merely urged it, with a view to recruiting Deborah's spirits, and when once convinced that retirement was more conducive to that effect, she willingly consented. Nay, she herself withdrew as much as custom would permit, from the haunts of dissipation, and many a sweet hour did the two friends pass, seated in the *Marchesa's* oratory, in calm and profitable converse.

It required all Deborah's pious resignation to bear up against her father's cruel desertion. True, he was a cold and stern man—nay, a hard and gripping miser; but Deborah saw not his faults as others saw them. As a good and dutiful child, she threw a mantle over her father's faults and failings, and willingly shut her eyes to all that might impair her filial affection. Besides, she could not forget that she herself was the only living thing that he loved—hard and selfish in relation to others, his bearing towards her, his only child, had been much more gentle, nay, at times, even affectionate. Even for his present harshness Deborah was not without an excuse, and her heart yearned towards her sole remaining parent, all but forgetful of his cruelty.

It was about this time, that there was forwarded to Col. De Lorinval, in Elba, a small parcel, on opening which he beheld a drawing. There was evidently no extrinsic value in the object—it was a simple card, and could boast of no very great superiority in the execution—why was it then, that its sight had on De Lorinval all the effect of an electric shock? Why did he become pale as death, and then again flushed cheek and brow, as

he continued to gaze on the drawing? Answer! for I know not—ye imperceptible links which chain the heart to one place, while the body is far distant—answer ye mystic associations, which even the slightest touch or sound can awaken even from the sleep of years—and say, why was it that yon rough sketch of a domestic scene—and of one, too, of which the features were anything but pleasing—should have such power over the soldier's heart? It was the little room, in Moscow, where De Lorinval had seen Deborah, the Jewess. She was there standing before her father—her young face lit up with the fire of resolution—the soldiers in the fury of their unmanly attack—and he himself was there, too, in the very act of throwing himself between the girl and her adversaries. Then it was that De Lorinval felt a thrill of pleasure run through his every vein, for in the truthfulness with which his lineaments were represented, after more than two years of absence, he fathomed the depth to which his image had sunk in the soul of the artist. As to the identity of the latter the colonel had not the slightest doubt.

"Sweet, sweet Deborah!" he softly murmured, "may I live to call you mine, and then I shall have obtained my most cherished wish! I have often doubted whether your girlish heart had not long since forgotten any impression which my fortunate service had made upon it; but now from this delicate memento I find that time has not effaced my image from your mind. Would that I were rich, that I might have at least competence to offer you, dear one!—but such a mind as yours, or I have been much deceived, can soar above the desire of wealth. Yes, Deborah! I will hope that you can love me even as I am—a mere soldier of fortune—we shall be, at least, out of the reach of want. And my mother!" He suddenly started from his reverie—"ah! yes, my mother!—with her strictly orthodox principles, will she ever consent to my marrying a Jewess? Yet who knows!" he continued, with all the sanguine hope of a lover—"she may delight in having the prospect of making a convert!—Oh! we can get over this—I can trust in my mother's love—she will not oppose my wishes!"

The door was suddenly opened—a message from the Emperor, requesting Colonel De Lorinval's immediate attendance in his cabinet.

Wondering at the sudden summons which he had received, De Lorinval approached a mirror, and cast a hasty look over his dress, to see that all was in order, for Napoleon was as strict a disciplinarian in Elba as at the Tuilleries; he at once descended to his Majesty's apartments. Napoleon was busily engaged writing—some