

vice, was given her; she felt much revived, and leaning on Madeline's arm she hastened from the chapel and proceeded to her home, which was not far distant. They soon reached it and the door was opened by an aged porter: at the sight of his lady, he fell with a heavy groan to the ground;—they passed him, and the Countess led the way to her own apartments, where Madeline left her and went in search of her husband. Bitterly had the Count de Clairville repented of his conduct while he watched by the fading form of Rosalie. She had become convinced of his amendment and for his sake again wished to live. Her health began to recover, when suddenly at the time when hope was brightest she apparently died. The Count had settled his wealth on different charities, and to Madeline he had assigned a noble gift, as an atonement for the injustice he had done her, intending himself to retire to a monastery and there end his days. The morrow was to witness the interment of the Countess, and he was on his way to the chapel to look once more on that loved face when Madeline met him. He followed her, and Rosalie—the living Rosalie, was pressed once more to his bosom.

The Countess had always been subject to fainting fits, and had been thought dead when labouring under suspended action of the involuntary muscles. Had Madeline's sorrow not driven her to seek a shelter in the lonely chapel, the death might have been real, but "out of evil cometh forth good."

Madeline remained at the mansion of the Count de Clairville, the cherished friend of its master and mistress. The gift which the Count intended he now presented to her. Time was when her heart would have bounded with delight at the thought of Alphonse sharing it with her, but now it lay uncared for before her.—Some days after Madeline saw the same carriage and the horseman who once before had passed her stop at the entrance of the "Hotel de Clairville;" lightly Alphonse sprung from his horse—the carriage door opened, and the lady leaning on his arm ascended the marble steps and entered the house—"Oh!" said Madeline, "might this not have been spared me?" She turned from the window and wept bitterly; another instant passed—the door was opened and Madeline was clasped in the fond embraces of her own Alphonse. A few words explained all—once in the field of battle a bomb fell at Napoleon's feet, another instant and the mighty spirit might have been quenched, but a soldier caught him from behind and dragged

him to the earth; the fated missile burst and its contents spread far, bearing death in their course—the Emperor was unhurt, but his deliverer had received a severe wound in the arm. The young soldier was Alphonse de Berri; he was made a Colonel on the spot and sent to the Tuilleries to recover of his wound, when Josephine herself became his nurse. She was the lady whom Madeline had seen, and the tale Alphonse was telling was but the story of his love for her.

A month after, the palace of Versailles was gaily illuminated—music rung from the balconies and the dance was held in the lofty halls—again it was the bridal night of Madeline St. Clair. The Count de Clairville gave away the bride. Napoleon himself fastened diamond bracelets on her graceful arm, and the peasant maiden of Chamont with her conscript lover, shone the brightest ornaments of the elegant court of the Empress Josephine.



THE OLDEN TIME.

A GLORIOUS theme for the poet's dream

Are the ages long gone by;

When hearts beat light, and the wine-cup bright

In the chieftain's hall rose high!

When brave men strove in the lists of love,

Nerv'd by its potent spell;

And sought their prize in the beauteous eyes

Of the fair who loved them well!

No bard need wait at the castle gate,

His place is the huge hearth-side;

And still as death was the yeoman's breath,

As he touched his harp of pride.

His hand grew bold as the deeds he told

Of those in the Holy clime;

Of Paynim foe, and the hosts laid low

By the Knights of "Olden Time!"

The Palmer here would receive good cheer

Whilst resting him on his way;

And with rich store of monastic lore

Would their courteous greet repay.

The jest would pass, and the wassail glass

Would ring with the merry chime;

And full of glee and of minstrelsie,

Were the days of "Olden Time!"



As lathes must first be nailed on, and then the plaster must be applied and smoothed over them with a trowel; so must he who would win the affections of a young damsel, not only possess qualities to be admired, but he must lay the plaster of flattery on thick and smooth as a velvet cushion.