

out his own fortune among strangers to his blood and name. For wrongs like these, have you any atonement to make, any apology to offer? or can you plead any thing in excuse for the power you have abused, for the wealth you have squandered, for the oppressions you have practiced, for the injustice and the cruelty of which you have been guilty, till the voice of the lowly and the humble crieth aloud against your enormities. You speak not, you have nought to urge in your defence; hear, then, our decree, and we should deserve to forfeit the title of *Just*, pronounced we any other. Depart forever from these halls, where you have too long reigned as a usurper, and yield quietly to the true heir, the just possession of his rights. We send you not forth to poverty, but France cannot afford you a home. Repair to that Italian estate which was your unfortunate mother's, whose revenues you yearly enjoy, and there, by penitence and an humble life, strive to atone for the sins which are now bringing a heavy punishment upon your head."

The king paused—every heart seemed smitten with the fearful effects of guilt, brought thus immediately to view, and for a minute or two, not a sound broke the deep and breathless silence that reigned throughout the vast hall. Adrian alone strove to speak, but no sound issued from his livid lips, and his conscious eye cowered with shame beneath the stern and steadfast gaze of the king. A minute passed thus, but when Louis arose and motioned him to depart, the crimson blood rushed back to cheek and brow, and burning words poured fast and fiercely from his lips.

"Bear witness all," he said, with a rapid gesture of his arm towards the company, "that I protest against this sentence. I swear to you, that I am falsely and maliciously accused; foully and unjustly condemned. But a king's arm and a monk's tongue are leagued against me, and I fall the victim of power and treachery." Then, with a menacing gesture towards Julian, and a look which curdled the blood in woman's gentle heart: "See to it, young traitor and usurper," he exclaimed, "for if I live, a day of terrible retribution shall yet overtake you!" and with these words he strode fiercely from the hall.

No one sought to detain or follow him, but the guests sat silent and aghast, gazing at each other, while the papers that detailed his perfidy and guilt were passed around, convincing all who read the fearful confession, that the punishment which had at length befallen him, was far more lenient than his deep offences merited.

The ensuing morning witnessed the bridal of Julian and his gentle Geneviève. Arrayed, by the King's command, in the becoming dress of *La Rosière*, and conducted by a gallant train, from her humble home to the church of Salency, she there pledged her vows to the object of her earliest and

only choice. A splendid banquet awaited them at the chateau, and in the evening its old walls rung with sounds of happiness and mirth, such as of late years had seldom echoed within them. Every lip was gay, every heart light, and when on the succeeding day the King and his small suite departed from Salency, they left the new baron and his lovely bride blest in each other, and commencing at *De Montville*, a new era, from which promised to flow those blessings and improvements that must ever issue from the well directed energies of enlightened and beneficent minds.

October 20.

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(ORIGINAL.)

### IT IS NOT THE ROSE.

It is not the Rose in the pride of its bloom,  
Whose leaves are unruffled and gay;  
Which has blossom'd afar from the wintry gloom,  
That would banish each beauty away.

It is not the flower which has never yet known,  
In the warmth of its own sunny clime,  
A breath o'er its charms too rudely blown  
From the withering hand of time.

It is not the Bard who has sportingly flown,  
Through the garden of beauty and song,  
With spirits as light and as gay as his own  
Heedlessly floating along.

It is not the heart that has lived upon smiles  
Unchecked in its wandering course,  
Untutor'd by sorrow, untaught by the wiles,  
That mingle our cup with remorse—

That can picture this life as it passes away  
Aught but a revel of bliss;  
And smiling as ever, that each coming day,  
Will be but a picture of this

Ah no!—'tis the pathway of sunshine and sorrow,  
All brightness today,—all sadness tomorrow,  
That truly reveals what our pleasures are here  
What we gain with a smile, what we lose with  
a tear.

J. D. M'D.

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TO A MISER.

Thou wretched miser, whose whole life has passed  
Without one act of justice, or of love,  
Now art thou willing to reform at last,  
And, by repentance, smooth thy path above.

"My wealth I'll give the poor when I am dead."  
Such words, in whispers, shake your trembling  
breath—

You would grow wise when wisdom's day has fled  
And do your first good action after death.