

stances romantic as true, are almost daily occurring which illustrate this fact. To make the world perfect, it is only necessary that man's faith should equal woman's devotedness.

We find the following affecting details in a late number of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, translated from the *Courier Francais*. The narrative is by M. Emille de Girardin, and is vouched for as being correct in every respect:

About a year ago, said he, M. Beligue was married to one of my cousins, and enjoyed with her that complete happiness which does not excite envy, because we believe it to be within the reach of us all, when a cruel malady came to interrupt this happiness which would be more common, perhaps, if it were not supposed so easy to be acquired. The physicians called this malady—*hepatoenteritis*. My young cousin being on the point of confinement, was kept in her bed, carefully guarded by her mother, who endeavoured to deceive her with regard to the health of her husband. At length when she had been thus watched over for three days, her anxious tenderness became excited, she threw herself from her bed, and rushed into his chamber—it was deserted. Four days before her husband had died, and she did not know it. Her grief lent her strength. Grief has two stages—apathy and despair. Which is the least painful to endure? Half naked, her clothes in disorder, no longer conscious of her condition, Madame de Beligue rushed through the burrough; her friends saw her pass, she walked with a steady step. They were astonished, and sought the cause of these mad proceedings. She reached the spot, the hammers of two workmen were falling upon a grave stone which they were carving near a tomb, the freshly turned up earth of which still rose above the other graves. The name of Clemence, which she bore, was already engraven upon the stone, below the inscription which recorded the good qualities of the Baron of Beligue—*marechal des camps et armees, de l'ordre de Saint Louis*, &c. &c. With precipitate gesture she motioned them away. They stared at her without understanding her. She made a last effort to speak, but her tears choked her. She no longer retained her senses, but her bare throat, which was violently agitated, the writhings of her delicate arms, attested the extremest degree of suffering. Life was receding before the extremity of her torture. This painful exhaustion was succeeded by a frightful delirium. She overthrew the cradle of her new born babe, whose birth she so much desired. Sleep had closed her eyes for a single moment—all at once she aroused herself, crying out, 'No, he cannot have died without my being near him! he is not dead, I shall see him again.' This thought became fixed in her brain—she pressed her hand up on her forehead, her looks became animated, and she attempted to rise. Her mother, on her knees, sought in vain to oppose her. They were compelled to follow her. She rejects their pretexts, she is conducted by an inspiration, her resolution cannot be shaken.—'My poor daughter is mad!' exclaimed the mother, who wept in despair. Clemence threw her mantle over her shoulders and set out. Her mother, unable to retain her, accompanied her. Two domestics followed them. It was not yet four, by the clock of the Manse. They had already opened the shutters of all the dwellings. They day labourers were setting out with their wallets and tools—for in summer, in haying time, the labours of the field commence early, and these things transpired in the month of July. The gravelly earth which covered the coffin of M. de Beligue was light and easily removed. Clemence assisted with all her strength, and the coffin is soon uncovered. Dreadful spectacle! She threw herself upon the corpse, which she covered with tears and kisses. She raised him and pressed him to her bosom; and her terrified mother could not drag her away. They ran to call the worthy cure of Montrelais. Perhaps Clemence would listen to his voice and his pious exhortations. Through all the borough rumour spread that Madame de Beligue was mad, and that she ought to be buried alive with her husband. Women and children began to collect. The cry of 'Oh! my God!' was heard. All approach: Madame de Beligue has fallen back fainting. They sought to disengage her from the corpse. It was not dead!—it breathed!—and yet four days had it been interred. They were terrified—some passing round, others dispersing, crying, 'A miracle!' The dying Clemence is forgotten. The Cure comes. It is necessary to remove the crowd, whose impiety is yet no proof against their superstition. Clemence is taken to the Manse. There is no longer room for doubt. M. de Beligue is not dead. His pulse is restored; his whole body is found to move. They wrap him up. Two hours are spent in bestowing upon him their care—at length he comes out entirely from the horrible lethargy which had continued his existence in the grave. He, in turn, now demands his wife. She had ceased to live! Death had let one prey escape him only to seize upon another. She was, indeed, dead! Poor Clemence! So young and so lovely! so artless and so overflowing with goodness! Another might, perhaps, describe these things better than I have done: but no words can picture the despair of M. Beligue. Grief restored him to all his faculties. He would have resigned himself to death, he would have regretted his escape from it, had not the child, which they placed in his arms, needed him,—his own child, whom he kissed for the first time,—what stronger tie could bind him to life? And what was severer than tie save death alone?

## LINES.

Where shall we make her grave?

Oh! where the wild flowers wave  
In the free air!

Where shower and singing bird

Midst the young leaves are heard—

There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her!

Now may sleep minister

Balm for each ill.

Low on sweet nature's breast

Let the meek heart find rest,

Deep, deep and still!

Murmur glad waters by!

Faint gales with happy sigh

Come wandering o'er

That green and mossy bed

Where, on a gentle head,

Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain

Falls now the bright spring rain,

Plays the soft wind?

Yet still from where she lies

Should blessed breathing rise,

Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew

Thence in the heart renew

Life's vernal glow!

And o'er that holy earth

Scents of the violet's birth

Still come and go.

Oh! then where wild flowers wave,

Make ye her mossy grave,

In the free air!

Where shower and singing bird

Midst the young leaves are heard—

There—lay her there!

**MADAME LAMARTINE.**—The wife of Lamartine is an English lady, whose maiden name was Birch. We learn from the *Manchester Guardian*, that, while no longer in the bloom of youth, she became passionately enamored of Lamartine from the perusal of his 'Meditations.' Becoming apprised, from the newspaper statement, of the embarrassed condition of his affairs, and of the necessity of calling a meeting of his creditors, she immediately wrote to him with an offer of the loan of the whole of her fortune, unconditionally, and with the smallest possible reserve for her own immediate wants. It appeared that Lamartine was so touched at this proof of generosity, that he immediately set out to throw himself at the feet of his benefactress. Believing that such unsought interest could have its mainspring in one sentiment alone, he chivalrously resolved to make her an offer of his hand and heart. The pair were soon after married, the fortune of the bride amply repairing every breach which youthful extravagance had made in that of her husband. She is remarkable for her religious enthusiasm, and is very popular with the priests, from whose influence, it is said, Lamartine has derived a good deal of support.

**A REFORMING POPE.**—Before Pius IX. applied the axe to the numberless abuses which he found spreading even to the very steps of his throne, he commenced with that which was nearest to him, his own household. Sixty horses were fattening in the royal stables. 'These are too many by half,' said the Pope, and thirty of them were immediately sold for the benefit of the poor of the city. His establishment he also reduced to the number absolutely necessary. Enormous sums had been lavished in keeping up the pontifical gardens, he modified the system without in the least degree derogating from their beauty or utility. 'I am a priest of Jesus,' he said to his clerk of the kitchen, and not a Lucullus. Serve me in future as a poor priest.' From that day his table has been furnished with only three plain dishes and very ordinary wine. After a long conversation with Cardinal Gizzi one evening, upon the subject of the reforms he contemplated, he asked for some lemonade. His valet retired to give the necessary orders, and in the course of a few minutes the servants entered bearing two splendid gilt trays, laden with refreshments of every description, and prepared as if by enchantment. 'I only asked for some lemonade,' said the sovereign pontiff.—'It is true, most holy father,' they replied; 'but we have only conformed to the prescribed ceremonial, and according to custom, have to offer to your holiness these various refreshments.'—'Very well,' replied the pope.—'Be good enough to bring me a lemon.' It was brought immediately. 'Now give me the sugar, and a glass of water.' Then, having made the lemonade, he added, 'Take away these dishes; distribute the refreshments they contain to the first poor persons you find upon the place of the Monte Cavallo; give each of them ten baiacci, and for the future never offer me anything beyond that for which I ask. Go!'—*Life of Pius IX.*

**AN EXAMINATION.**—Speaking of the Established Church in Ireland, and the contrast between its past and present ministers, he related an incident illustrative of Episcopal 'good nature.' A Mr. Barry, brother of Lord Barrymore, had, in the course of the last century, been desirous to qualify himself—by taking orders—for the

enjoyment of an excellent living in the gift of his lordship. The bishop to whom he applied for ordination had expressed some fears that Barry's theological knowledge was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the pulpit, and recommended further study to the postulant. Not long afterwards Barry was ordained, and appointed to the living. A friend who knew him intimately, asked how he had contrived to get over the examination? 'Oh, very well, indeed,' replied the Reverend Mr. Barry. 'The Bishop was very good natured, and did not puzzle me with many questions.' 'But what did he ask you?' inquired the other. 'Why, he asked me who was the greater Mediator between God and man, and I made a rough guess, and said it was the Archbishop of Canterbury.'—*Daunt's O'Connell.*

**DIFFICULTY.**—Walk up like a man to look difficulty in the face. Don't be scared out of your wits, or tremble like a school-boy, ready to be flogged. Have you ever been down—clear down in the mud—and stuck there? The moment you plucked up courage and gave a spring, were you not surprised at the change that came over your spirits? Did you not feel like a new-moulded, better-created man? You did, we know. And now, even now, since you have been taught better by your experience, you are in the suds again. The sun has hid away, and a black veil covers the face of nature. Shall the past lesson be forgotten? Don't be a sucking calf, but show yourself a man, and face the difficulty, in whatever shape it has come. Rise from your knees—go forward, and keep right on, and you will again be surprised at the change which four and twenty hours will produce. Or if you prefer it, stick fast in the mud, and let the bloodsuckers and poliwogs kick you to death.

**PURGATORY VRS. MATRIMONY.**—By the way, the 'ghost of the departed' reminds me of Joe Kelly's ghost coming to his wife. 'Molly,' says he, 'I'm in purgatory at this present,' says he. 'And what sort of a place is it?' says she. 'Faix,' says he, 'it's a sort of half-way house between you and heaven,' says Joe, 'and I stand it mighty aisy after laving you,' says he.

**THE LAZY CLUB.**—There was formerly (I know not of its present existence,) in the town of B—, not a thousand miles from Worcester, Mass., a duly organized association of anti-workies, under the name and style, in legislative parlance, of the 'B— Lazy Club.' Over the beautiful common in the centre of the village one of the members of the club was seen on a certain time, riding on horseback at full speed. This being in direct violation of the bye-laws, he was called up before the club to answer for this misdemeanor. He frankly confessed as to the speed, but exonerated himself from blame by stating that the bridle reins having accidentally fallen on the neck of his horse, he chose to be run away with, even at the hazard of his neck, rather than take the trouble to pick up the reins again. He was declared to be a worthy member!

'A woman's heart is an abyss,' said a philosopher. 'If it be an abyss, it must be a very pleasant one,' replied his friend, 'since every man is impatient to throw himself into it.'

**NOT CATCHING.**—Somebody cribs the following item from somewhere:

'Come and see me,' said a young man to a friend, whose appearance was rather poverty-stricken, 'come and see me in my new lodgings, it overlooks a boarding school of the loveliest girls—so I pass the whole day at my window, and have hopes of being before long—you understand.' 'My poor fellow,' said the friend, tapping his vest pocket, without eliciting the slightest metallic chink—'My dear fellow, I have been living five years close to the Bank of France, but you see it has done no good.'

## PROTRACTED LOVE.

'I love you,' oft the youth did say;

'I love you,' oft the maiden sighed;

Thus echoed both from day to day,

Till one waxed old, the other—*died.*

## LANDSCAPE.

The moisten'd lowlands, delicately clear;  
Through the thin haze and morning gleam appear;  
On the smooth herbage cattle graze or sleep,  
The neatherds by the rushy streamlet keep  
Their quiet watch, until the day expire,  
And slanting sunbeams gild the village spire.

**UNEXAMPLED GENEROSITY.**—Mr. Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, in the course of a recent lecture in the hall of the London Law Society, recounted the following incident:—'A short time ago,' said Mr. Warren, 'a gentleman of large fortune—a man, in fact, worth his £40,000, was indignant with his only child, a daughter, for marrying against his wishes. He quarrelled with her, he disinherited her, he left his whole property of £40,000 to his attorney, and to two other gentlemen, all of whom were residing in Yorkshire. What did the attorney do? He went to his two colleagues, got them to sign their respective claims over to himself, and then made over every sixpence of the £40,000 to the daughter and her children!—When I mentioned this circumstance this very morning to a friend of mine, one of the most distinguished men at the bar, he exclaimed, "God bless that man!" The above gratifying circumstance is literally true. The gentleman of fortune was a manufacturer in a town nei-