

## LITERATURE.

## BE USEFUL.

What is man without design?  
What is life if idly spent?  
What is light that doth not shine?  
What is knowledge closely pent?  
Who has pleasure doing nought,  
When so much remains undone—  
Philanthropic works unwrought,  
Reformation but begun?

When so many evils swarm,  
Social—moral—fierce and wide,  
Need there is that every arm  
Giv'n should be to Virtue's side.  
Nature's dykes are leaking fast.  
Vilest waters still expand:  
Help, O God! the effort vast  
To reclaim the drowning land.

See afloat the gaudy yacht,  
Launch'd for pleasure not for trade;  
Labour's works of use may not  
In its cedar hold be laid:  
Tempests meet the freightless sail;  
Who its safe return await?  
Straining, if its timbers fail,  
Who are mourners o'er its fate?

Hearts that would be pleasure fill'd—  
Minds that would be bathed in light—  
Hopes that would securely build—  
Souls that love a noble fight—  
Active good at once begin,  
Sowing truth, and weeding lies;  
Holy efforts yet shall win;  
Lab'ring hope to rapture rise.

Sweet is virtue's earn'd repose;  
Philanthropic hearts are blessed;  
None whose life is aimless knows  
What is heartfelt, real rest.  
Cheerful is the purpos'd mind—  
Wise and noble—free and great;  
Such alone exalt mankind  
To the height of man's estate.

## THE MASTER'S APRON.

## A MASONIC TALE.

The Count of Cerney and his wife emigrated from Paris in 1793. Notwithstanding they were more cautious than many young persons who quitted France at the same epoch. At the commencement of the troubles of '89, they sent a part of their fortunes to England, so that in their exile they were enabled to live with as much comfort as they would have enjoyed in Paris. The Count of Cerney took up his residence in London, and became very intimate with Sir John Melville, a young man a few years older than himself, and a lieutenant in the English army. The friendship between them increased daily and when, in 1814, M. de Cerney left London in order to return to France, and demand of Louis the XVIII, the recompense due to his exile and fidelity, the only sorrow he left on his departure, was that he was to be separated from so intimate a friend. Nevertheless, a slight disagreement arose between the two friends, at the moment of his departure.

The Frenchman rejoiced at the unfortunate state of France, and the Englishman maintained, that notwithstanding the advantages the French noblemen would derive from the restoration, they should stifle their individual interest and lament over the misfortunes that surrounded their country. The Count of Cerney returned to France, bringing with him a daughter fourteen years old; she appeared at the Court, and his fortune was already very large, was rapidly increased by the gifts which he received from Louis XVIII. Napoleon returned from Elba. The king was obliged to submit to a second exile, which, on account of the defeat at Waterloo, lasted but one hundred days; and in 1817, the Royalists, perdicted a long and happy reign for the elder branch of the Bourbons. It was about this time that Sir John Melville, having attained the rank of Major in the English army, sent his son Edward, to Paris, and placed him under the care of his friend, the Count of Cerney, informing him at the same time, that the young man had come to Paris with the intention of marrying. Edward Melville was in his twentieth year; he was one of those beautiful young Englishmen in whom we find the graces of the female figure combined with all that is beautiful in male. He was the son of a man of wealth and distinction, and was on that account an excellent match for Miss Aldergonde de Cerney. The Count and Countess were aware of this circumstance, and as Sir John had informed them that he wished to have his son married in France, they thought that the project, though singular as it might appear on the part of an Englishman, could not concern any one but their daughter.

It was a happy event. It would strengthen the bonds of friendship existing between the two families, and would not be at all displeasing to Miss Aldergonde, for she had retained a sweet souvenir of young Edward, with whom she had passed her youth. The Count and Countess called her into the parlor. "Aldergonde," said the Countess to her, "I am going to announce to you some joyful news; little Edward is going to pay us a visit." "Yes, mamma," answered Aldergonde, who having been educated in England, had retained some of the nursery customs of the young English ladies.

Our young heroine remained calm and did not even raise her eyes, so that the Countess was unable to say whether the arrival of the young Englishman would, or would not, be gratifying to her daughter. "You must remember, continued the mother, "that the little Edward is at present a handsome young man, and you cannot play with him as you were wont to do when he was a little boy. He is coming to Paris, Aldergonde, to get married."

"Ah! ah! ah!" said the young girl blushing. The Countess did not tell her daughter that there was a young man coming from the other side of the straits to marry her; but she asked if her piano was in tune?—if she had procured for her instructor the latest musical romances? and she informed her at the same time, that her wardrobe was to be renewed. This, we think, was speaking plain enough, without expressing one's self. The Count added, that as Sir John Melville was his intimate friend, his son would stop there; he wished also to have the pleasure of presenting him at the castle. Aldergonde retired, fully persuaded, that before long, she would be the wife of the beautiful and accomplished young Edward.

It was not long before Edward arrived in Paris, and took up his residence at the Count's. He appeared tall and handsome, and although he was a true Englishman, and his manners were somewhat harsh, he appeared in the eyes of Miss Aldergonde more amiable and polite than the young Frenchmen of his age, spoiled by the education of the empire and by a few voluntary ideas, of which they had conserved the germ. The Count and Countess Cerney looked at Edward in a different light. The young man appeared to them to be charmed with the love of liberty—which was both hazardous and pernicious. When they proposed presenting him at the castle, he did not show all the enthusiasm they expected; he also made use of some expressions which were at the same time disrespectful towards the august family of the Bourbons, and displeasing to the Countess of Cerney. On the other hand, he did not conceal his admiration for the captive of St. Helena; for the man whom they still upheld in the saloons of the suburbs of Saint Germaine, as the invincible of Corsica. Edward used all the poetical expressions of Byron, in speaking of Cæsar vanquished; but he merely commended the king in prose. He was however, according to the family of Cerney, a perfect gentleman; his political opinions, which would have been insupportable in a Frenchman, were nothing but a little English, eccentricity; and without doubt Sir John Melville, his father, had no other intention in uniting his son to a family so monarchical, than of opposing, by a good marriage a bulwark to the ridiculous inclinations of his son. Miss Aldergonde de Cerney would (they thought,) be the guardian angel who would reclaim Edward and make of him a true loyalist. "Those young folks seem to agree very well," said the Count to his lady; adding, at the same time, that he thought the dreams of Sir John were about to be accomplished.

M. de Cerney understood all the reserve of Englishmen; but as though he was aware of the project of his friend, he inquired of Edward if his father would come to Paris to assist at a marriage, which, according to all appearances, would be consummated without difficulty. "Oh yes, oh yes," answered the young man; "my father will be here in fifteen days."

There was at this time at Paris, in the suburbs of St. Antoine, and nearer to the gate which conducted to the throne than to the bastille, a small haberdashers' shop. The name of the indigent proprietor was Mrs. Mathiew. She was a widow hardly forty years of age, and passed for a handsome woman. She had been the wife of a soldier. Seated beside her in the work shop, was a young girl of sixteen, glittering with all the eclat of youth and of astonishing beauty. The neighbors were aware that Mrs. Mathiew had refused to accept a number of advantageous proposals of marriage which had been made to her, and she watched over so much assiduity that Miss Julia. (which was the name of the young girl,) was unable to perform a single action, or utter a word without her knowledge. The young gentlemen who were in the habit of resorting there, seeing that there was no hope of gaining the affections of the mother and daughter, abandoned the shop, and the young ladies, influenced by that sort of jealousy, which beauty is very apt to cause, followed the example of the young men; so that the mother and daughter were at last left by themselves. False reports were circulated in every direction, and the virtue of the mother was frequently brought into question. Some went so far as to say, that the mother had been the mistress of a rich and influential married gentleman, who resided at the castle, and that Miss Julia was the result of an adulterous union, which had been broken by the religious susceptibilities of the Duchess of Angouleme. Others thought that Mrs. Mathiew had been placed there by the police to inform them of the opinions of Mrs. Mathiew, and not putting too much confidence in her submission, kept a constant watch near the house.

It was before this shop that Edward Melville, a few days after his arrival in Paris, ordered his coachman to stop. On entering, he saluted, politely, both the mother and the daughter, and called for a skein of pack-thread, or whip cord. He told them he wanted it to make a snapper for his superb gold whip, which in reality wanted no such thing. Mrs. Mathiew could not be deceived by our young hero; she supposed that he had seen her daughter Julia, at a distance, and he now wished to have a closer view of her; for, allowing that the whip wanted a snapper, the groom, who at that moment stood holding the reins, would naturally come for it, instead of his master. The mother cast a look of distress at the young Englishman and rose in order to give him what he wanted. "Can you tell me, Miss," said Edward, addressing the daughter, "if I am far from Vincennes?"—The young girl, struck by the genteel appearance of this handsome young man, who spoke French as fluently as herself, became as red as the rose, and was leaving her seat to

point out to him the road to Vincennes, adding at the same time, that the distance would appear short, with the beautiful carriage that stood before the house, when her mother stopped her: "Go up stairs, Julia," said she, "you have some work to do there. And with a look of sadness, that never abandoned her, she said to Edward, "You will leave Paris by the gate which is but a few steps from here: the road to Vincennes is straight on; your horse can carry you there in ten minutes."

"What a pretty girl!" said Edward, watching Julia, who was leaving the room, (being so struck with admiration he made use of his natural idiom in giving vent to his exclamation:) "Is your daughter's name Julia?" said he to her mother.

"There is the pack-thread you asked me for," said Mrs. Mathiew, without answering Edward's question.—The young man made a bow and inquired the price of the purchase he had made. "Two groats, sir," said Mrs. Mathiew. And as our young Englishman appeared not to understand this small coin, she added: "The half of a sou, sir, a half a sou."

Edward payed it, and seeing that it was impossible to keep up a conversation, he saluted her, left the shop and entered his buggy, saying to himself, "The daughter is very handsome! but the mother has no great love for Englishmen." In leaving, he forgot two things; the first was, to use the snapper he had just procured, and the second was, that he did not take the road to Vincennes. "I was not mistaken," thought Mrs. Mathiew.

An instant after, Julia stole softly into the shop, and opening little by little the door of the backroom, she cried out "Is he gone mother?" The answer was, "yes, my child." "Oh, is he not a beauty, mother?" "Never mind," said the mother, abruptly; he is an Englishman. The last word uttered by the mother, put an end to the conversation, and the young girl, perplexed, went up to her mother's room to put the things in order. There existed in France, at this time, a perfect hatred for the English nation, which had united with all Europe to contend against and to vanquish Napoleon, as the French seemed to hate all Europe; but they still kept alive their hatred for Englishmen; for England was in reality the cause of the defeat. The unhappy event at Waterloo had greatly increased the antipathy of the two nations.

After this fatal battle, we supported with patience our misfortune and our lot; at the same time the arrogance of the English, who had acquired all the honor of the memorable day, increased, although it was in reality the Prussians who had conquered us. Mrs. Mathiew took part in the general feeling, and went even farther than others; her feelings were wounded at the exclamation of her daughter, some. They said no more of Edward's mysterious visit. However, eight days had hardly passed before an Englishman entered the shop. He was an elderly gentleman, who, although of a grave masculine appearance, had nevertheless a remarkable expression of mildness; he came on foot, and having cast a glance at Miss Julia, he addressed himself to Mrs. Mathiew:

"Is it to Mrs. Mathiew," said he, "that I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Yes, sir."

"The widow of the Imperial Mr. Mathiew, who died at Waterloo?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am Major Melville," said he, saluting her: "I came from London on purpose to see you and to conclude with you an affair which interests us both. Is that the daughter of captain Mathiew?" said he, presenting his ungloved hand to Miss Julia.—Julia, whom the appearance of the stranger had inspired with confidence, and who heard her father praised, placed her delicate little hand in that of the Major, who added softly:—

"Well then, my child, you must leave me alone with your mother; I have to relate to her something which concerns you, but which you cannot hear till after her."

Mrs. Mathiew shewed the Major a pair of steps which led to another room; he went in first; Mrs. Mathiew soon followed, leaving Julia in the shop. The Major having taken a seat, he found the room decorated with neatness, which is the luxury of the poor. On the mantle piece there was neither clock nor mirror. He saw but one solitary portrait, which he immediately recognized for captain Mathiew, and at the bottom of it was a cross of honor, of which one of the branches was wanting. Mrs. Mathiew looked at the Major without speaking, expecting every moment that he would explain himself. The Major remained some time silent; at last, putting his hand on his heart, he said:—

"Madam, God save the Emperor!"

"Ah! yes," said the poor widow with her eyes full of tears, "Yes, God will save him!"

"Without doubt," said the Major, "for there is no one but God that can save him. That is all well," added he: "now we understand one another. Listen to me. I told you that I was Major Melville; I have a very comfortable house in London, a pleasant country seat in the county of Sussex, with fifty thousand pounds sterling invested in the India Company stock, and I came to Paris to marry you!" Mrs. Mathiew was seated along side of the Major; in an instant she was at the other side of the room. This man had cried out God save the Emperor, but he was an Englishman. The widow answered not, but her beautiful eyes, which were still filled with tears, were turned towards the portrait of her husband. "That is not all," continued the Major calmly; "I have a son, a handsome boy. You know him, Mrs. Mathiew; he came here to your house eight or ten days ago, and purchased a snapper for his whip; I sent him to Paris to marry Miss Julia, your daughter, and the child of the brave captain."

Mrs. Mathiew, believing that she could not have been chosen as an object of pleasantry, thought at least that she was exposed to the persecutions of a fool. Notwithstanding, as the Major appeared to be in earnest, she said with mildness and downcast eyes, that it was impossible for her to accept the double honor with which