

Poetry.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door:
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow in the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers,
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth!
Peace, like a blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell
Rings out upon the gale,
The father bows his head to tell
The music of its tale—
A fresher verdure seems to fill
The fair and dewy sod,
And every infant tongue is still,
To hear the word of God!

Oh, happy hearts—to Him who stills
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily 'neath the hills
So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays, to bless
His labors with increase;—
Such "ways are ways of pleasantness,"
And all such "paths are peace!"

Literary Selections.

THE DIVORCED HUSBAND;

O R,
WOMAN'S LOVE.

(Concluded.)

A few days after this they were married, and the three succeeding years, which glided past so happily with them, are marked in characters of blood in their country's annals. Now it was that the innate nobility of the mind asserted its superiority over the mere hereditary nobility of name and station—that the barriers of rank aristocracy were beaten down, and men owed no limits to their own wild wills. Claude Aubertin was a revolutionist in the best sense of the word—his proud spirit had been stung by the worldly scorn of those whom he inwardly despised; but not for this did he turn upon his oppressors—not for any feeling save the pure and holy love of liberty; and when that name became prostituted to the very worst purposes—when it was the watchword to crime and bloodshed—yet he clung to it as in his first hour of youthful enthusiasm, and trusted everything to its power when the first intoxication should have passed away, and be succeeded by age of reason and rationality.

Lestelle loved her husband too well not to have imbibed his principles; and the costly saloons of *la belle citoyenne*, as she was called were nightly thronged with the leading political characters of the times. But Lestelle was no longer a girl, laughing from the overflowings of a glad spirit. Her smiles were less frequent, and had often a purpose to answer which those who look upon her fair and bright face never dreamed of. There was many a proud aristocrat, who although he knew it not, owed life and fortune to that beautiful and restless pleader.

The only cloud that rested on the happiness of Lestelle was occasioned by the scrupulous reserve of Aubertin on all affairs connected with her property; nor could her fondness and devotion remove the unpleasant feeling which a consciousness of his total dependence upon his wife was likely to engender in his proud and sensitive spirit; and although she tried to obviate the difficulty by a liberality which pained far more than it pleased him, still there were moments when he bitterly felt the want of funds which could only be drawn by her instrumentality and which he would have died rather than ask for.

Of late it had been observed that Lestelle was much altered; she would sit for hours in an attitude of deep thought, and was peevish and abstracted when aroused, as if the plans which she was evidently arranging in her own mind required the concentration of every thought and energy. She would be absent, too, for hours together, no one knew where, accompanied only by her attendant—she the gentle and timid, who but a few months before had feared to venture from home without the protection of

her husband. But Aubertin, though he felt the alteration, asked no questions; he had too much faith in her affection to have the remotest idea of the fearful shock that awaited him.

One morning, contrary to the usual custom, Lestelle took her breakfast in her own department, sending a message by her maid requesting the presence of her husband at twelve exactly in her boudoir; and Aubertin, not being at the moment to invent any decent excuse for refusing to comply with her request, reluctantly promised to attend her at the hour appointed, determined that the meeting should be as brief as possible, as he imagined that it merely related to matters of a pecuniary nature, a subject of which he always entertained a nervous horror.

"Is it possible," thought Claude, "that she can have generously anticipated my wish to possess sufficient funds at my disposal to prove of beneficial service to our country? And yet, even if it were so, and her guardian consented I would never accept them."

At the appointed time, Aubertin presented himself at the door of his wife's boudoir, the first glance at which confirmed his previous suspicions as to the purport of his visit. Lestelle was not there, but M. Dumont—the same whom he had met once before at her guardian's—stood bending over a very business-like sheet of parchment.

"Pray, be seated, Monsieur," said the little notary; "Madame Aubertin will be here directly."

Claude bowed coldly, and took the offered chair in silence.

"Glorious times, Monsieur!" said Dumont, rubbing his withered hands together, "glorious time we live in now! The age of liberty in every sense of the word!"

Claude acquiesced by another bow.

"You have doubtless heard of the new law of revolutionary divorce?" continued M. Dumont, "a very good—and a very excellent law, Monsieur."

"A very convenient one, I should think," replied Aubertin, laughing in spite of himself at the solemnity with which the old man spoke.

"Claude Aubertin," said the notary, after a pause, "I am a man of few words—a man of business—and it is as well to come to the point at once. Lestelle would avail herself of the opportunity to be divorced from you, and has purposely left us together in order that I might inform you of her wishes, to which she intreats that you will offer no opposition."

"Thrice accursed liar! it is false! exclaimed the enraged husband—"I will never believe it."

"Claude," said a gentle voice by his side, "as I hope for your forgiveness hereafter, he has spoken nothing but the truth! And now, for both our sakes let this scene be a brief one. At a future time all shall be explained, if you will only sign the paper that sets me free to act as I please."

"Lestelle!" exclaimed the bewildered Aubertin. "Can it be my Lestelle—or do I dream? What have I done that you should deceive me thus? Have I denied you ought in reason?—Have I loved you less? Have I ever spoken one harsh, one unkind word to you, that I did not strive the next moment to atone for, and obliterate from your memory by my caresses?—Have I not for your sake prostrated my proud spirit, and dared the sneers of the world? Ay, and deserved them—for I trusted—I consented to be dependant upon a woman—and now she scorns, despises, deserts me!"

"Dumont," said Lestelle, looking imploringly towards him, "I cannot bear this."

Aubertin had forgotten the presence of the little notary, but he looked proudly up, and recovering his usual calmness, said—

"One more question, and I will sign. Lestelle, as you hope in Heaven's mercy, do you do this deed willingly?"

"I do," said the wife, faintly.

"And our divorce will insure your happiness?"

"It will," she replied, more firmly.

"Then be it so!"

But as the pen trembled in his hand, he looked once more upon the flushed countenance of her who was soon to be lost to him forever, and added in a hoarse voice—

"Do you remember the last deed we signed in this man's presence?"

"Perfectly," replied Lestelle, "and it is that recollection which gives me strength to act as I am doing."

"Aubertin bent down his head and a hot tear fell upon the parchment, but there were no traces of it as he returned the document, with a low bow to the trembling girl.

"You are obeyed, *Mademoiselle*," said he, with a mocking smile, as he moved rapidly towards the door.

The white lips of Lestelle moved fast, but they uttered no sound. She attempted to rush forward and arrest his progress, and her feet seemed glued to the floor; but M. Dumont understood her wishes, and hastened after the offended Aubertin.

"Well, I never could have believed it—so attached as they seemed to each other!" said a young citizen to his companion, De Tours—the same aristocratic Count who, but a short time before, would scarcely have condescended to breathe the same air as his plebeian friend, but whom a proper regard for his own safety had conformed to the equalizing spirit of the age.

"I always told you how it would end!" said De Tours; "the romance of the young heiress has had time to cool, and she seizes the first opportunity that presents itself of becoming free again!"

"And poor Aubertin, what has become of him?"

"Why, they say that he takes it very much to heart; and no wonder, seeing that her fortune is scarcely reduced, and herself, if possible, more beautiful than ever."

At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Claude Aubertin himself, with Lestelle leaning on his arm, or rather clinging, in her sweet, graceful manner, while her bright eyes sparkled with happiness as she listened with flushed cheek to the whispered accents of her husband, on whose countenance was a smile of triumphant exultation mingled with deep love.

"What's this?" inquired De Tours of a person who stood near him, and who happened to be the notary, M. Dumont. "I thought the Aubertins had availed themselves of the new law, and were divorced?"

"And so they were, and married again this morning," said the notary with a knowing twinkle of his cold grey eyes.

"How strange," said De Tours.

"Not at all. According to the first marriage settlement, when took place when Lestelle was a minor, the whole of her property was so tied up by her guardian, that, without her permission, Aubertin had no power to draw a single sou of it, but on coming of age she availed herself of a new law of divorce, in order that the money may be re-invested in her husband's name only."

"It was a noble deed!" said De Tours, "but Aubertin did not at first know her reason for wishing to be separated from him—for I met him, late last night, in the Rue St. Honore, without his hat, and singing the Marseillaise Hymn in a frenzy of despair and wild excitement."

"The brief trial which his feelings have undergone was unavoidable," said the notary, "as his proud spirit would never have been brought to consent to the sacrifice."

"De Tours," said the young citizen, impressively, and after a short pause, "ages to come, when our fearful struggle for independence will be remembered only with a shudder, the conjugal devotion of this young girl shall remain as a tale to tell around the peaceful hearthstone of a winter's night; and her name be added to that golden scroll on which the recording angel notes down 'THE NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMEN!'"

SCHOOLMASTER—"Bill Tompkins, what is a widow?"

Bill—"A widdier is a married woman that han't got no husband 'cause he's dead."

Master—"Very well, what is a widower?"

Bill—"A widderrer is a man what runs arter widders."

Master—"Well, Bill, that's not exactly according to Johnson, but it will do."

GLORY AND CRUTCHES;

Or, How Jim Harvey got Wounded at Waterloo.

Jim Harvey was an old veteran of the Peninsular Campaign—participated in all the battles in which Wellington won glory, and many of the other participants, either death or a pair of crutches for life. Let us describe him.

He was apparently about sixty years of age, but had worn well, and, although somewhat inclined to paunch, was active and jaunty still. Although thirty years must have well-nigh elapsed since he stood in the ranks, he still retained his setting up. Of middle height, but broad-shouldered and strong-limbed, he had at one time been the model of an infantry linesman; add to this light eyes and hair, a broad, good-humoured face, with a nose decidedly Bardolphian, and the picture, barring the drape, is complete. But the custom of an old soldier is invariably the same; a frock-coat is the height of his ambition, and, when attained, is paraded on every occasion. The garment in question that usually bedecked the person of Jim Harvey, formerly of her Majesty's 69th foot, once sergeant, and twice private, was of dark cloth, roomy and capacious, matching well in every respect with its accompanying waistcoat and continuations; and but for the gut-lines and the swarm of artificial flies that adorned his long-napped beaver, he would certainly rather have been taken by a stranger for a comfortable country tradesman, than what he really was.

The old veteran, as we said before, had participated in many of the hard fought battles of the Peninsular campaign. At Waterloo, he done his share of the fighting; but like many of his comrades, his recompense was severe wounds, and a discharge after they were healed. How he got his wounds, we will let him tell himself.

"Why, you see, sir," said Harvey, setting himself as if for a story he liked to tell—"you see, it was near the end of the day, although the fighting was anything but all over; yet, we had been out skirmishing, and the bugles had just sounded our recall, when my comrade was knocked over by a musket shot in the breast. My comrade and I had joined the 69th on the same day; we had gone through the campaign in Holland together, and when both of us were sergeants had been broke by the same court-martial for the same offence—love of liquor at the wrong time that was; so Joe Watkins and I were sworn friends. He would have run any risk to serve me, for we had lived together like brothers, and it was not a little danger that would prevent my trying to help him when he needed it; so you see, when the skirmishers retreated, I ran to Joe to see where he had got hit, and help him in if I could; so I raised him against my knee, took off his belts, and opened his coat. 'I'm hit hard, Jim,' says he; 'I'll never see to-morrow.' But I tried to encourage him, and get him on his feet, although I felt myself that it was useless, and that he had not very long to live, for only a few drops of blood had trickled from the little blue hole in his left breast, and he spoke as if he was suffocating. I had seen many a fine fellow die in the field, but I never felt for any of them as I did for Joe; so I lingered beside him, giving him drink from my flask, and couldn't make up my mind to quit him in that state, till I found it was too late, when I saw three French cuirassiers spurring across the field to where I was supporting Joe. 'Them three chaps look as if they were coming to fetch me, Joe,' says I. 'Leave me, Jim,' says he, 'and God bless you; you can do me no good by staying, and I shouldn't like you to come to hurt; they're too many for you.' 'They are coming to fetch me, Joey,' says I. 'Look out, Jim,' says he, 'look out, Jim.'—And that was the last words he said, poor fellow. I felt as if I could have cried; said I would come back to him, squeezed his hand, and sprang behind two dead gun-horses that lay close by, thinking they might be some protection to me, and be a kind of rampart. I had time, too, to ram home a cartridge and take a good, sure aim before they were on me. I was thought one of the best marksmen in my company then, and felt as steady at the moment as though on parade in a barrack-yard, for I knew that my life depended on my coolness; and when a man feels that, he'll do his best; be-