

and my sojourn in Paris will admit of no delay. Fear nothing from me, I am but a woman."

The figure withdrew from the window and after an absence of nearly ten minutes, the heavy iron bars that secured the door within, were heard to give way, and the female stranger was admitted to the mansion of the Republican Tyrant. The door was again made secure, and the whole woman, for such was the Cerberus of the mansion, conducted the young female, by the feeble light of a little lamp, through several ancient and curiously formed passages, till at length, they stood before a small door in a gloomy corridor. The old woman gave three distinct knocks upon it, when a tremulous voice within cried, "In the name of the Republic, enter!" She applied her finger to what seemed a secret spring, and the door flying open, the den of the monster was revealed to view. From the roof hung an iron lamp by a chain of the same material, whose light faintly dispelled the gloom of the apartment. At the farther end was seen the head and shoulders of an old and hideous looking man, who was reclining in a bath—his right arm and hand rested upon a block of wood which served as a desk, where were implements of writing, with which he was busily employed. He did not deign to cast his eyes upon the female, but muttered in a low and almost stifled voice; "Your pardon, La Belle Cityoenne, you must wait! Then waving his hand to the old woman, she quitted the apartment.

Thus left alone with the man of blood and terror—it is natural enough to have supposed that fear would have seized upon a young and helpless female, but she trembled not—her pulse beat as regularly as in her most placid moments—her eye was intently fixed upon the minister of murder, and she only felt anxious for a fitting opportunity to plant her poniard in his heart.

Marat, at length ceased writing, and turning towards her, with a ghastly smile exclaimed, "Ah, citizeness, had I been aware that one so young and beautiful as yourself had thus been waiting, those important matters would have been deferred. Now what seek you? Speak, and freely. Marat can refuse nothing to beauty like yours."

"I come, citizen," she replied, "to tell you of danger that threatens the Republic."

"How—when—where," he ejaculated. Nothing but treason! No matter, they must be cunning who can outwit Marat."

"In Paris, perhaps," interrupted the female—but there are spirits beyond it. I come from Caen. I wished to impart my intelligence this morning, but I was rudely driven from your door, and afterwards insulted by your order, in my hotel by the officer of the surveillance."

"Your pardon La Belle Cityoenne. I knew not that it was a goddess who sought me. Well, what seek you? what injuries can I redress? Who has deceived you? Speak, speak, my divinity. The word of Marat is his death warrant." And the old man seized the pen, eager to add another victim to his catalogue of destruction.

The young female advanced nearer to the hoary ruffian. Marat, with difficulty, stretched forth his withered arms as if he expected she would drop into them in thankfulness for his sanguinary proffer. But she paused, and casting her eyes upon him, in which the lightning of revenge was flashing—"you remember Frederic Beauchamp," said she.

Marat convulsively started in the water. The name of Beauchamp seemed to awaken the spirit of the monster. "Ah, ha," he exclaimed, his whole countenance gleaming with demonic fury.—"Beauchamp the traitor. Yes citizeness, he expiated his principles on the scaffold. Caen!—he was the spirit of that province. Is rebellion not yet subdued. Must I find more food there for the guillotine? Speak, speak. What danger threatens the Republic. Tell me, that my fiat may go forth for their destruction. speak, speak!" and as he finished, he sunk back into the bath from exhaustion.

"You have heard of Charlotte Corday?" said the female, standing closely to Marat.

"Yes!" said he, "the betrothed of Beauchamp. She, too must perish. The axe thirsteth for her blood.—Knowest thou aught of the traitress?"

"I do!" she replied, "but Marat shall never live to behold her perish."

"Says't thou—thou speak'st in riddles, my Diana.—Tell me of her—how—where is she to be found."

"Here," exclaimed she, and at the same moment drew from her bosom the poniard. The old man endeavoured to raise himself in the bath, but, like a tigress she

sprang upon him. With her left hand she grasped him by the throat. "Mercy, mercy!" he ejaculated in a voice of desperation and despair.

"Mercy! ha, ha, ha," and she laughed in exultation as the wretch, in the agony of fear, appealed to her pity for preservation. "Mercy, dar'st thou sue for mercy, thou grey headed ruffian, it is a word unknown to the tribunal of murder. Seek it of the elements, into which, as a dog, according to thy creed, thou say'st we shall resolve." She raised her arm to give force to the blow. Marat, rendered desperate from all hopes of rescue being denied to him, struggled fearfully, but in vain. The poniard descended. The blood spouted forth from his heart. And tinged the waters of the bath. He made an effort, to call, but the cry was feeble; his eyes glared wildly in their sockets, and his head fell upon his bosom. "Frederic," she exclaimed, "thou art avenged. The sacrifice is accomplished." She relaxed her grasp of the body, and it fell sullenly among the water. The door of the apartment was thrown open. The servants of Marat rushed in, oaths and imprecations were heaped upon her. She made no reply—offered no resistance, but a smile of satisfaction played upon her beautiful features as they dragged her to the tribunal of the Republic.

The morning beams shone brilliantly on the towers and turrets of Paris. The axe of the guillotine waited for a victim. It waited not long. A young and elegant girl ascended the scaffold, in her hand she held a rose. A black veil shrouded her features from the gaze of the populace. The executioner approached to prepare her for the axe. Proudly she waved her hand for him to desist. She removed her veil. She stood revealed to view. Reader, the victim was the destroyer of the monster Marat—the affianced bride of the murdered Beauchamp—Charlotte Corday.

THE WIFE.

WOMAN'S love, like the rose blooming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart—and while, all around it is blank and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful than in that of wife; parents, brethren and friends, have claims upon the affections, but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct, are not such as those which induce a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even remain unaltered at his side, in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hopeless husband; when we behold her in domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being who seems to hold existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should retain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted murmurer to peace and resignation.

Man profits by connexion with the world, but woman never; their constituents of mind are different—the principles of thought and action are moulded variously, and where the character of man is dignified and ennobled, that of woman becomes reduced and degraded. The one is raised and exalted by mingled associations, the purity of the other is maintained in silence and seclusion.

Woman was created by the great Giver of all good, as the help-mate of man; formed in a superior, though more delicate, mould—endowed with purer and better feelings—stronger and more exalted affections, to play a distinct character in the great drama of the created world; in fact, to reward the toil and labors of man. God made her not man's slave, neither to buffet the billows of the troubled sea of life, the jarring elements of public duties, and to share his pleasures, to console his troubled thoughts, to join with him in his joy, and exult him in his happiness, by her participation, and to meliorate his griefs by kindness and endearments. Connection with the world destroys those other traits of feeling.—She beholds man in all his aspects stalking abroad—the creature of evil—

the slave of debased thoughts—the destroyer of innocence—the despoiler of all that is bright and beautiful—and the scenes of guile, fraud and villainy that meet the eyes, that glances at every turn, gradually stifle the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that unsophistical purity of soul, or if you will, those feelings of romance, which are all best; and the most productive of happiness in the sex which "Heaven made to temper man."

NEW WORKS.

Miscellaneous Verses. By Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford.

GENEVRA.

The feelings of Geneva's lover, on the body of his mistress being discovered, after a disappearance of half a century.

Vide Roger's Italy.

These locks, which round my finger's twine,
Are beautiful and bright,
Such as they ever were—but mine
Are withered, thin and white.
Yet, when beneath the ilex shade,
We pledged a fruitless vow;
They clustered, as in light arrayed,
Around my youthful brow.
I was young then, who now am weak and old,
And this heart warm, which is so stern and cold.

Old as I am, thy mother's cries
I have not yet forgot,
When through the dusky galleries,
We sought, and found thee not,
Till sportive wonder became fear,
And laughing lips grew dumb;
For, though we called her far and near,
The maiden did not come.
She had been seen by many, just before,
But the place knew her joyous laugh no more

She must have withered day by day,
With friends for ever nigh—
She must have perished, where she lay,
Still striving not to die.
For throbs of burning hope were given,
(Till the last breath was gone)
Through that fierce anguish!—God in heaven!
Was this a death for one
In whose young heart, so tender and so gay,
Love dwelt—as light inhabiteth the day.

How terrible the rise and fall
Of soul-killing suspense!
I tore myself away from all,
Upon some weak pretence;
I hid myself in darkness black,
Upon the hard cold ground,
That I might hear, when I came back,
"The lost one has been found."
I said unto my heart, why beatest thou?
Let me return—they must have found her now.

There met me, when at length I came,
No such delightful sound;
I left, what I had found, the same
Wan faces all around.
We struggled with our fears to cope,
Throughout that restless day;
But all the while, the tide of hope
Ebb'd, drop by drop, away:
And when the sun went down beneath the sea,
We sunk under the weight of agony.

Now after fifty years of pain,
And toil by sea and land;
I look upon my bride again,
I touch the loved one's hand:
And all the dreary gulf between
Thy last kiss, and this hour,
Is like some dim fantastic scene,
When night and sleep have power.
All is confused within me—and I seem
About to wake from some distressing dream.

A Summer amongst the Bocages and the Vines.

By Louisa Stuart Costello.

We wish we could carry our readers through some of the poetical scenery of Lower Normandy as it is described by Miss Costello. But we must be content with a glance at the waterfalls of Mortain:—

The waterfalls of Mortain were fortunately, when we saw them, swollen with several days' rain; and appeared in great perfection, rushing impetuously along, and tumbling over the huge blocks of granite rocks which impeded the progress of the torrent. From one projection of rock to another the stream goes foaming down: till it rests at last in a rocky bed, and escapes lower and lower, by various passes, into a meadow at the foot of the gigantic piles around; whose height we became aware of, having descended with the roaring torrent from stage to stage, till after much climbing and many admiring poses amidst caves, bowers of foliage, and blossoms, we stood by the side of a placid rivulet, in the midst of a plain of emerald glass fit only for fairies' revels. Here, as we lingered on a rustic bridge, the tumult of the waters, now perfectly silent, yet booming in our ears, we were bewildered with the magnificence of the forms we saw on all sides. It seemed as if every height was crowned with a feudal castle, ruined, but existing in every shape of turrets, and loop-holes, and portals, and windows; some detached like watch towers, and hanging over the valleys; some with walls guarding the pass, and here and there gigantic heads peering over the ravine. We ascended

by a beautiful, though very steep way, and found ourselves close to the gardens where the castle once stood, in a most commanding situation, looking far over the surrounding valleys.

The Town of Dinan is surrounded by the most romantic stretches of wood, water, and mountain, interspersed with ruined chateaux and farm houses and all sorts of suggestive scenes to allure and gratify the pedestrian. The chateau de la Garaye is one of the points for a morning's excursion; and here Miss Costello met an adventure which is quite a little melodrama in itself:—

We were contemplating this, when a wild looking figure of a man suddenly appeared before us, and in a jargon which I supposed to be Breton, offered to guide us where we could have a better view; though we did not much admire his manner nor his looks, we felt almost afraid to refuse; and followed him as he stalked gloomily before us across a little desolate ruined bridge into a more miserable looking court than we had seen before—it seemed the interior of one of the rooms by the remains of a fire place and the extent of the ivy covered walls; through rank grass and weeds we waded on, when, with a half savage grin and bound, the guide reached a pile of broken stones and invited us to ascend. I was weak enough to give him my hand to mount to where he pointed, exclaiming "Biaux ici," but found when I had gained the point desired, and stood perched on a single stone by the side of the half clad being, whose wild black hair hung over his shoulders, and whose naked feet clung like those of an ape to the ruin—that the only thing to see was a mass of brick and stone huddled together in what might have been a cellar, and beyond that, a deep dark abyss, which I instantly conjured into a frightful oubliette, there was something so unearthly in the expression of the man who held my wrist tight, something so fearful in the den below, and the gloomy scene around, that I was alarmed, and disengaging my arm, gave a spring back and reached the ground.

This feat of mine was followed by a low chuckling laugh from the savage immediately followed by an ominous scowl. We were two females alone in the midst of ruins and dungeons, and the conviction flashed upon us that our guide was either a madman or an idiot, and in either case a dangerous companion if offended. We collected our courage; and thanking him very humbly for his kindness, offered him a piece of silver, our fears rather than our sense of his services prompting its value. He took it, looked angry, and, as we were hurrying away as fast as the long grass would let us, called after us in his strange dialect, evidently dissatisfied.

We did not stop to parley, but hastened on till we reached the open space before the chateau, where, finding that he did not follow, and half ashamed of our fears, we sat ourselves down on a stile, intending to quit the scene of our adventures when a little recovered. Presently, to our dismay, our persecutor started up near us, and advancing quickly as we rose, jumped over the stile and disappeared in the direction of the farm. We felt uneasy, for we observed a peculiar smile on his face as he passed us, and we decided to retrace our steps homeward, when we were startled by the hoarse barking of a dog, and the sound of a human voice as if exciting him, and in another moment we beheld bounding towards us from behind a rising ground, an enormous brindled mastiff, growling and barking furiously.

We stood in considerable consternation at this unpleasant apparition, and were not sorry to see at a distance, advancing towards us, a peasant woman with a basket on her arm, whose eye and voice recalled our enemy to order in a moment, and relieved us from our uncomfortable position. Like all other persons who keep fierce dogs that have no respect for strangers, she assured us that he was a perfect lamb, except when irritated; but she was extremely annoyed at finding him loose, and hearing our story; nor did she diminish our disquiet by informing us that the man to whom we owed this greeting was a poor creature lately discharged from the mad house of St. Esprit in the neighbourhood, who, being looked upon as harmless, was occasionally employed by the farmers during the harvest when hands were scarce. Her cheerful good humor and kind commiseration restored us to tranquillity, and we resumed our walk, not sorry to quit La Garaye, and with no wish to return.

The story of Agnes Sorrel is connected with the remains of the Castle of Chignon, but the Caves Peintes, situated beneath the coteau on which the town is built and extending for many leagues, have a stronger interest for us. We give only a portion of the description:—

They are immense exhausted quarries which for twelve centuries have supplied stone for all the required buildings in their vicinity. The castles, bridges, churches &c., are all built from hence, and the foundation of these tremendous towers are carried down to the lowest depths of these caverns. We traced the cemented stones of the walls of Agnes Sorrel's tower amongst the huge masses which lie in picturesque confusion piled into fantastic shapes by the sports of nature. Occasionally basins of clear water are to be met with in these retreats, and some crystallizations are seen clinging to the dripping roofs; but it is from their strange forms and enormous and awful extent than from any positive beauty that these painted caverns, as they are called, present a mysterious interest.