

Literature, &c.

SMILES AND TEARS.

A TALE.

By Rosalie Gray.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May when I first entered the village of Glenforne. The sun was shining with unclouded brilliancy and the bells were ringing merrily; every face beamed with joy, and each heart beat high with hope. When I had alighted at the little inn in the centre of the village, where I had stopped to change horses, I inquired the cause of the tumultuous gaiety I beheld, and was quickly informed by my loquacious landlady, one of the daughters of their beloved pastor had just been united to the being of her fondest affections. Many were the praises bestowed on the fair bride and her young bridegroom, 'who was as good as he was handsome,' they said. In fact, I heard quite enough from all quarters to interest my feelings, and to induce me to await with eager impatience and pardonable curiosity the arrival of the bridal party, who were shortly expected to pass. Presently the hum of voices, with that confused buzz which always announces the approach of a crowd, quickly warned me of their arrival; and I leaned forward from the balcony on which I was standing, in order to catch a more distinct view of them; but vainly did I try to discover through the thick folds of her rich lace veil the features of the bride. The bridegroom, I could perceive, was in the prime of youth, and interesting in the extreme; but time was not allowed me for making any further comments; for the crowd gave way, and the carriage dashed on, followed by the huzzas of the men, and the heart-felt blessings of the women and children, who vainly endeavored to check the tears which now fell in torrents, as they caught a last glimpse of their beloved young lady. I sent for the landlady, and eagerly desired to know more of the young and most interesting actors in this day's drama. Delighted to gratify her usual love of talking, she immediately commenced with the following narrative, which I shall give to my readers in nearly her own words:—

Mr Fortescue, the father of the bride, had been vicar of the Parish of Glenforne for above twenty years; he was much and deservedly loved by his parishioners. His family had once been numerous; but the same hereditary disorder which had deprived him of the beloved partner of his early days, had also carried off six of his children, and four now only survived, two sons and two daughters (the latter of whom were twins), who endeavored by their affectionate attentions to supply the place of their lamented mother and sisters. The eldest son is in the army, and is at present in Ireland with his regiment; the second is a clergyman, who resides on his curacy in a distant county.

It was while on a visit which the sisters paid to this brother that Annie Fortescue had first become known to her husband, who was curate of a neighbouring parish. Annie was not pretty; but there was a degree of softness and gentleness about her, together with the sweetest expression in her large liquid dark eyes, which caused her to be generally thought so. Her manner, too, was playful without levity, graceful without affectation. Emily Fortescue, on the contrary, was exquisitely beautiful; a perfect contrast to her sister. It would have been impossible to have known they were twins, except at times, when a slight shade of thought would have crossed the expressive face of Annie, and then she would resemble her sister, who was at all times usually grave, and, on most subjects, cold and indifferent. In one thing, however, the sisters closely resembled each other; their voices were so exactly alike that, unless you beheld their faces, it was difficult to distinguish them even when together. There was also a similarity in their figures both were slight and elegantly made; but here the likeness stopped. Eyes of the richest, darkest brown; a forehead of chiseled marble, braided back from which was that luxuriant hair,

Whose glossy black to shame might bring The plume of the raven's wing.

All this was beauty, perfect, indeed, like sun; it dazzled the beholder, but did not fix him. Annie, on the contrary, was formed to steal upon the heart by slow and imperceptible degrees; but, when once known and loved, she could never be forgotten. A similarity of tastes and pursuits, without the smallest resemblance as to character, gradually drew the newly married couple together. At first, indeed Henry Montmorency seemed

struck by the perfect beauty of Emily, and many imagined that she would have been the object of his choice, especially as her usually cold manner unconsciously softened towards him; but, in the mean time, the bewitching sweetness of Annie's character had gradually unfolded itself to his view; and, within three months of their first acquaintance, during which time scarcely a day had elapsed without their meeting, the welcome gift of a living soon betrayed the state of his heart, and Annie was made truly happy by a disclosure of the love which she only too warmly returned.

Henry Montmorency was indeed a being formed to be loved; not tall; his figure had scarcely anything to recommend it, but his perfect grace. None could resist the playful witchery of his manner, the sweetness of his smile, and the gentleness of his voice. His face, however was faultless; his eyes were large, soft, and expressive; his forehead high and white; very pale; almost light brown hair; an aquiline nose! and a mouth and teeth of the perfect beauty; but his character was his chief charm; none could ever cast a blemish on that; and his wonderful brilliant talents were such as gave a fair promise of his becoming one of the first men of this day. With such a prize, drawn from the lottery of life, was not Annie Fortescue blessed?

'Yes,' I said; 'but she deserves her happiness.'

'Deserves it ma'am,' continued my worthy; ah, that does she! for her chief delight was ever in giving pleasure to others.'

'But Miss Emily,' I said, 'what of her?'—'Have you nothing to say in her praise?'

'Oh! ma'am,' said she; 'Miss Emily is very good, very kind; but, somehow or other, the poor don't love her; she is too much of a lady as it were. Then she is so grave, that one is ever afraid of presuming. But Miss Annie, she was ever the life of us all; she had a kind word or a smile for every body, and her innocent gaiety cheered all our hearts. But now she is gone,' continued the good woman, wiping her eyes.—'We shall be sadly at a loss; but I know we ought not to grieve, for she is happy, and I must say that, good as she is, his Reverence is quite worthy of her.'

I thanked the landlady for her tale, and my carriage being at the door, proceeded on my journey.

Three years had passed away ere I again visited Glenforne; it was then the bursting of the spring; it was now the closing of the summer. But, oh! what changes had taken place in that brief period! I stopped at my old quarters; but, on finding my humble friend the landlady absent from her accustomed place, I strolled towards the vicarage; it was a soft rich sunset, not a leaf was stirring; not a zephyr moving; the rippling of the pebbly brook alone broke the silence of the scene. I stood on an elevated spot of ground, surrounded by trees; and so close was the drawing room window, that I could scarcely avoid seeing those within, myself unseen. Near the window, which opened into the garden was placed a sofa, on which reclined a young female, apparently in the last stage of a consumption; at least, to judge by her quick breathing, and the short and hollow cough, which are too surely the precursors of decline. A young man stood by her, administering all these little attentions, which are so needed by an invalid, and so doubly prized when coming from those we love. A violent fit of coughing shook the poor sufferer, and I shall never forget the agonizing expression which passed over the finest countenance I ever beheld, as he witnessed this fresh proof of weakness. I dared not look again; but hurried away to the inn, where I soon learnt from my old friend all that had occurred during my absence. For some time tears impeded her utterance; but at length she commenced her melancholy narrative.

'From the time of Annie's wedding a visible change had taken place in Emily. She no longer took delight in her accustomed occupations; music, drawing all were thrown aside, until, at last, her father became alarmed for the health of his child, and instantly consulted the most eminent physicians; but all was of no avail; the fatal blow was struck, and, in a few short weeks, Mr Fortescue's seventh child was numbered with the dead. It was then, when feeling herself dying, the agony of her fond father had wrung from her the secret of her heart, and she confessed to have long felt the most devoted attachment to the husband of her sister.

Those soft and delicate attentions which he had, unconsciously as it were,

paid her when first introduced to the sisters, and which, coming from an every day man, would have been received as they meant;—(the finished and refined politeness of a perfect gentleman)—but which, from the young curate, not even the usually callous heart of Emily could long resist. And, as I have remarked it was observed that the icy coldness of her manner changed; and, long before she was herself aware of it, she loved him with a fervor, of which merely casual observers could not have believed her capable; but this was not all: a paper of verses descriptive of her feelings, which had been found under her pillow after death, had accidentally fallen into the hands of her sister, and revealed in one instant the whole of the fatal truth to her. 'And, oh, ma'am!' continued the kind hearted woman, 'our dear young lady, who was ailing before, has never been herself since, and all the doctors have given her over, and Mr Montmorency is hourly expecting her death. These are trials! To think of the grief of the poor father, and her blessed husband, who they say, is little less than angel!'

How long the poor woman would have run on I know not; but at that instant the stillness of the air was disturbed by the solemn tolling of the passing bell. My poor friend wrung her hands. 'O!' she cried, 'then it is all over with our young lady! and, Heaven rest her soul! if she is not happy, I know none who can expect to be.'

My carriage was now at the door, and I immediately took my departure, assured that the grief of the poor woman would be better borne alone, but as I would round the hill, and the death knell was lost in the distance, I sighed, nay, I am not ashamed to confess, I dropped a tear as I thought of my last visit to Glenforne. Then all was gaiety and bustle. Three short years had passed away, and now all was darkness, misery and woe! The gay, the lovely—where were they? All, all gone, save two, the sorrowing but resigned mourners! Oh, the uncertainty of life! Why do we ever fix our hearts on anything in this transitory world, where the cup of joy is so frequently dashed from the lips, ere its sweets have been tasted? Yes, such is life! however bliss full it must have an end!

A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

WHAT a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to marry! or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead not to marry some twenty five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn, desolate, kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice social dinners, pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the deuce is the reason my breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot, my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose the young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this house keeping eats up all the profits, with such a family as this. Let me see, how many mouths have I feed every day? There's my wife and her two sisters, that's three, and the four boys, seven, and Lucy and Sarah and Jane and Louisa, four more, eleven; then there's the cook and the housemaid, and the boy, fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house, fifteen, then there's the nurserymaid, sixteen, surely there must be another, I'm sure I made up seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church, there must be another somewhere, let me see again, oh it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other they all have most furious appetites, but then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the buckwheat pancakes of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humour—no dawning intellects, whose developments he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his

wishes, and keep all his comfords ready. Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet?

I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boy's being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. O, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day. Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their school bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself, but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let us see, when does his birthday come? next month, as I'm a Christian; and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of the mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite foot but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me, when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe, in my soul, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed strongly perfumed with cigar smoke.

Heigho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It is astonishing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes there she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight-forward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the daytime, when I am out of the way. Then again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and sent off post haste for the doctor, as I was, on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets.

By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon: his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctor to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock, and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, staring here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal, Tom, has carried it off, I dare say, to read it in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment that boy. But no matter, there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and trouble do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away: nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

From the New Monthly Magazine, for March. LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS FAMILY.

AND now look at those young Princes distributed about the long gallery of lights, paintings, gold, glitter, marbles, and beauty, in which we are assembled, only look at them. The Duke of Orleans is talking to the daughter of a banker; not one of the first, but of the second class, who could not change a thousand pound note without having two days' previous notice, and yet how freely he is chatting with them. To be sure, they are very pretty girls, and dressed *à la Anglaise*, that is neat, simple, natural; and every one knows the attachment of the Duke to the English women. The Duke is dressed as an artillery man of the national Guards, the least ornamental, and, perhaps, the least good looking of this citizen soldiery. But he has an excellent figure, lounges well, curves in his back delightfully, and stands pensively in a proper attitude. The poor banker's daughters both look as if they loved him for his own sake; and, verily, he deserves it, for a more kind hearted, generous, Prince does not exist in all Europe. The eldest of these girls is to dance with him presently, and, as the music is giving the note of preparation, her eyes and feet are all moving with ecstasy.