

overgrown with grass, and the little flower plot, about which I had so often seen fair Emma employed, was now rank with weeds. The blinds were all closely shut, and indeed every thing about the cottage looked comfortless and desolate. Presently the door opened and a female appeared bearing in her hand a small basket which she proceeded to fill with vegetables growing sparsely among the weeds and tall tangled grass. Her step was feeble, and she seemed hardly capable of pursuing her employment. As she turned her face to me I started with surprise—I looked at her more earnestly—is it possible—can that be Emma, thought I—can that pale, wretched looking girl be her whom I last saw a happy, blooming bride?

Yes, it was Emma! Alas! how soon are the bright visions of youth dispelled; like those beautiful images which flit around the couch of dreams, they can never be realized.

The history of Emma is one which has oft been written by the pen of truth—a tearful record of man's ingratitude and folly—of woman's all enduring suffering and constancy.

The first few months of Emma's married life flew by with unalloyed happiness. Reuben lived but in her smiles, and life to the young affectionate girl, seemed but a joyous holiday, and she the most joyous participant. Too soon the scene was changed. Reuben Fairfield was a gay and reckless nature, fond of conviviality, of the jest and song, he was consequently a great favourite with the young men of the village, and there had been rumors that even before his marriage he had been too free a partaker of the wine cup. If this were the case, months certainly passed on after that event, when Reuben seemed indifferent to any society but that of his young wife. Little by little his old habits returned upon him, so insensibly too that even he himself could not probably have defined the time when he again found pleasure away from the home of love and Emma. In the only tavern of the village, a room was devoted exclusively to the revels of a band of reckless, dissolute young men, with whom Reuben had at one time been intimate, and it needed but the slightest appearance on the part of the latter tolerate once more their idle carousals, than with one consent they all united to bring back the *Benedict* to his old habits. They thought not of the misery which would follow the success of their fiendish plot; of the crushed and broken heart of the young being who looked up to their victim as her only hope and happiness.

It was in the gay spring time, when Reuben Fairfield bore his bride away from the arms of her aged parents; but what became of the solemn vows he then uttered, to protect their beloved daughter? For when next the forest trees unfolded their tender leaves, and the orchards were white with fragrant blossoms, misery and despair had fallen as a blight upon poor Emma; but her cheek grew pale, and her mild blue eyes dimmed beneath their woe-charged lids.

Reuben now almost entirely neglected his patient, still-loving wife. In vain she reasoned, entreated, implored, yet never reproached. He was alike regardless; daily he gave himself up more and more to the insatiate destroyer, until destruction, both of soul and body, followed. And loud rang the laugh, and the glasses rattled, and the voice of the *Inebriate* shouted forth its loathsome jargon from the *Tempter's Hill!* There were times, it is true, when he would pause in his reckless career; and then once more buoyed up the sinking heart of Emma; and when for the first time he pressed his babe to his bosom, while a tear fell upon its innocent cheek, it is no wonder that the young mother felt her sorrows ended. That tear, the tear, as she thought, of repentance, had washed them all away. But when vice once gets the ascendancy it reigns like a despot, and too soon the holy feelings of the father were lost in the intoxicating bowl.

Poverty, with all its attendant ills, now came upon the wretched wife. One by one the articles of her little menage were taken from her by Reuben, to satisfy the cravings of appetite, and with her babe she was at last forced to leave the cottage where her early days of married life so blissfully flew by, and seek shelter from the winds of heaven in a miserable hut, which only misery might tenant. The unfortunate find few friends, and over the threshold of poverty new ones seldom pass, and therefore it was that Emma was soon neglected and forgotten. There were some, it is true, who regarded her with pity and kindness, but there were also very many who pointed the finger of derision at the *drunkard's wife*—innocent sufferer for her husband's vices! At length the babe fell ill. It died, and poor, poor Emma, pale, disconsolate, knelt by the little cradle alone; no sympathising hand wiped the tear from her eye; no kind word soothed her lacerated bosom; the earthly friend that should have sustained her under this grievous trial, was not at her side, but reveling in scenes of low debauchery.

That night was marked by a storm of terrific violence. The rain poured down in torrents; dreadful thunder rent the heavens, the whirlwind uplifted even the largest trees, while the incessant flashing of the lightning only added tenfold horrors to the scene. But the bereaved mother, the forsaken wife heeded it not; with her cheek pressed against the scarce colder one of her dead babe, she remained for hours totally unconscious of the wild war of the elements—for more complete desolation reigned in her heart. At length the door opened and Reuben entered. With an oath, he was about to throw himself upon the wretched straw pallet, when his eye casually fell upon the pale, marble like face of the little babe. His senses, stupified as they were, aroused at the sight.

"What ails the child?" he muttered.

"Reuben, our darling babe is dead!" replied Emma, lifting her pallid features to the bloated gaze of her husband. Then rising from her knees, she approached him, and led him to look upon the pallid countenance of their first-born.

We will not dwell upon the scene; remorse and grief stirred the heart of Reuben almost to madness. On his knees he implored forgiveness of his much injured wife; he swore a solemn oath, that never again would he swerve from the path of sobriety, but that years of penitence and affection should atone for his past abuse of life and love.

The day came for the funeral. Reuben had promised his wife that he would not again leave the house until the remains of their babe had been given to the earth; he intended to keep his promise, but as the day wore on the insatiable cries of habit tempted him away. Only one glass, he thought—but another followed—and then another, until alike forgetful of himself and his unhappy wife, he soon became grossly intoxicated.

In the meanwhile a few of the neighbors had assembled; the clergyman, too, had arrived, and the funeral rites were only delayed by the absence of Reuben. Minutes wore on.

"He will not come," whispered one. "Ah, it is easy to guess where he is," added another, and looks of pity were turned upon the heart stricken mother, as with her head bowed upon the little coffin she hid her grief and shame. The clergyman approached the mourner, in a low tone demanded if the ceremony should proceed.

"Has he come?" eagerly asked Emma. The clergyman shook his head.

"O wait, wait, he will be here, he promised me. Oh yes, he will come!"

But another half hour rolled, and still Reuben came not. The neighbors now moved to depart, when rising from her seat, her pallid countenance betokening the agony of her heart Emma signified her assent that the solemn rites should proceed. But suddenly in the midst of that earnest prayer for comfort and support to the afflicted mother, a loud shout was heard, and Reuben was seen staggering toward the hut. With a brutal oath he burst into the room, but happily for poor Emma she saw him not, the first sound of his voice had deprived her of consciousness, and she was placidly fainting on a bed. Reuben was overpowered and dragged from the hut—the funeral service ended, and leaving the unconscious mother in the care of a few compassionate neighbors, the little procession wound its way to the church yard.

It was nearly a year after this sad scene, that one evening a stranger alighted from the stage at the Inn, announcing his intention to remain there for the night. Entering the bar room he ordered a glass of brandy which he was about to carry to his lips, when his eye encountered the wistful gaze of Reuben Fairfield, who now without means to allay the death worm upon his vitals, was stretched upon a bench at one end of the room.

"I say neighbor, you look thirsty," ejaculated the stranger in a gay tone. "Here, take this, for faith thou hast a lean and hungry look!"

Eagerly seizing it, Reuben drained the contents of the glass to the bottom, and for a moment the worm was appeased! The stranger now made some casual remark, to which Reuben replied in language so well chosen, and evidently far above his apparent station in life, that the former was astonished, and by degrees a lively conversation took place between them, during which Reuben more than once partook of the young man's mistaken kindness. While conversing, the stranger drew from his pocket a handsome gold watch, and the chink of silver fell upon the famished ears of Reuben with startling clearness. Apparently with that feeling of *envie* which so often seizes upon the solitary traveller, the stranger now strolled from the bar room to the hall, a door leading into a room opposite was open, and sounds of loud merriment attracted his eyes in that direction. A company of young men were playing at cards—without ceremony he entered, and advancing to the table appeared to watch the game with some interest. He was invited to join them, and after some hesitation accepted.

Reuben had followed the young man into the room, and now eagerly watched the pile of silver, and an occasional bank note, which rather ostentatiously, as it would seem, the stranger displayed. The evening wore away, and with a promise from Reuben that he would awaken him betimes to visit a singular cave in the neighbourhood, the stranger retired to rest. Not so Reuben. A fiendish plot entered his brain—that money must be his—and even at that moment when robbery, perhaps murder, was at his heart, he dared to think of the pure minded Emma as a sharer of his ill gotten wealth! All night he paced the dark forest contiguous to his abode, where long after midnight the feeble lamp shone upon the haggard features of the once lovely girl, as she strove with trembling fingers to render the apparel of the *inebriate* decent for the morrow.

As the day was breaking, Reuben passed softly into the cottage, for he knew that Emma now slept; approached the bed side, something like a shade of pity stole over his countenance. She smiled in her sleep and called upon his name—this was too much for the miserable man. Hastily opening a table drawer, he drew forth a sharp knife which he concealed beneath his coat, muttering as he did so—"I may need it," and then without daring to cast his eye toward the bed, left the house and proceeded to the inn, where the stranger already awaited his arrival.

With each point of view as they proceeded on their route, the latter expressed himself de-

lighted, particularly as his guide, too, endeavored to give interest to every scene by the relation of some anecdote or history attached. At length they reached the neighbourhood of the cavern. Here the river which before had rolled so gently along, reflecting the varied hues of autumn in its translucent depths, now suddenly changed its course, and leaping over a precipice some thirty feet in height, pursued its way for some distance between high masses of shelving rocks, crowned on either side by dark gloomy forests. After a laborious descent they arrived at the mouth of the cave, situated about mid way down the bank. Reuben entered first, the stranger was about to follow, when traing suddenly upon him with a blow of giant strength, Fairfield hurled him from the precipice, and he fell senseless upon the jagged rocks below! Leaping quickly down, Reuben now rifled the pockets of the unfortunate man of both money and watch, and then drew him, still breathing, up the rugged cliff, and far into the cave. More than once as he saw life yet stirred the limbs of his victim, his hand was upon the knife—but he drew it not forth!

Covering the body with fragments of rock and under wood, he left the hapless man to his fate, certain that even if consciousness returned, his efforts to extricate himself from the mass would be unavailing, and as he had taken the precaution also to closely bind his mouth, he could utter no cry for assistance.

Returning now to the village, he boldly entered the inn, and stating to the landlord that the stranger had been tempted by the fineness of the morning to pursue his journey a few miles on foot, proceeded to hand him a sum of money which he said he had charged him to deliver as equivalent to the amount due for supper and lodging. This all appeared very reasonable, and no questions were asked. But ere the day was over, some boys who had strayed in the vicinity of the cave, came running home pale and frightened, declaring they had heard dreadful groans issue thence, and that many of the rocks around were stained with blood! Immediately every eye was turned to the spot where a moment before Reuben Fairfield had been standing, and although no one spoke, probably the same terrible conviction flashed through the mind of each; but guilt is always cowardly. Reuben had already disappeared.

The party of villagers immediately set forth to search the cave. The result may be imagined—the stranger was discovered still alive, although but for this timely aid, a few hours would doubtless have determined his fate. Reuben attempted to make his escape, but was soon overtaken and delivered up to justice—found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' hard labour in the State Prison!

This sad history I learned from my friend; and now poor Emma had come back to die! Come back to that home she had left with so many bright visions of happiness before her, a heart broken, wretched being. It was not long ere from the same little gate, whence but a few years before I had seen her led a happy, blooming bride, I saw her coffin borne to the still grave yard!

"Ah!" thought I, as the hot tears gathered, "thou art but another victim at the shrine of Intemperance!" Rest thee in peace, poor Emma!

From the same.

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE. BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

I stood in that cathedral old, the work of kingly power,

That 'midst the clustered roofs of Aix lifts up its mouldering tower;

And, like a legend strange and rude, speaks of an earlier day,

Ere saint and knight and mystic art had passed from earth away.

Above me rose the pillared dome, with many a statue grim,

Fell through the chancel's lofty lights a lustre soft and dim,

Till sculptured shrine and painting old glowed in the twilight wan;

Below me was a marble slab—the tomb of Charlemagne!

A glorious burst of music rang so grandly, sadly slow,

'T was like a thunder-anthem o'er the dead who slept below,

And with the sound came thronging round the stern men of that time,

When best was he who bravest fought, and cowardice was crime.

I thought upon the day when he, whose dust I stood upon,

Ruled with a monarch's boundless right, the kingdoms he had won;

When rose the broad Alps in his realm, and roared the Baltic's wave;

And now—the lowest serf might stand unheeded on his grave!

His kingly halls have mouldered down, his kingdom is no more,

Another race dwells by the Rhine and on the Danube's shore;

All traces of that iron age, like morning clouds have fled,

And even ruthless hands have laid their hands upon the dead.

They found the monarch sleeping there, begirt with regal pride,

With a crown upon his fleshless brow, his good sword by his side—

The "joyeuse," that he wielded well, is dim with age and rust.

An emperor since has worn his crown, but now like him, in dust.

I stood awhile upon his grave, while pealed the organ high,

Rose many a gilded shrine around, and worshippers passed by,

And through the cloud of incense-smoke burned many a taper dim,

And called the priest to matin prayer—I could but think of him!

Yet though I loved his honest heart, his bold and manly mind,

I still rejoice that age no more a worshipper can find—

That gone are all its robber knights, its scenes of blood and crime,

And men will learn, in coming years, a lesson more sublime.

Lo! pealed the glorious organ tone, through chancel-arch and nave,

While folded in its trancing spell I stood upon his grave,

And when the morning anthem ceased, and solemn mass began,

I left that chapel gay and old—the tomb of Charlemagne!

New Works:

From Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1840, 1842, and 1843. By Mrs. Shelley.

THE ITALIANS.

I love the Italians. It is impossible to live among them and not love them. Their faults are many—the faults of the oppressed—love of pleasure, disregard of truth, indolence, and violence of temper. But their falsehood is on the surface—it is not deceit. Under free institutions, and where the acquirement of knowledge is not as now a mark inviting oppression and wrong, their love of pleasure were readily ennobled into intellectual activity. They are affectionate, simple, and earnestly desirous to please. There is life, energy, and talent in every look and word; grace and refinement in every act and gesture. They are a noble race of men,—a beautiful race of women; the time must come when again they will take a high place among nations. Their habits, fostered by their governments, alone are degraded and degrading; alter these, and the country of Dante and Michael Angelo and Raphael still exists.

This evening my friends are gone to Como, and I sat long on my seat, listening to the ripple of the calm lake splashing at my feet—to the murmur of running streams, and to the low roar of the mysterious torrent—the *Fiume Lario*—which is borne, softened by distance, from the opposite shore; viewing the magnificent mountain scene, varied by the lights and shadows caused by the setting sun. My heart was elevated, purified, subdued. I prayed for peace to all; and still the supreme Beauty brooded over me, and promised peace; at least there where chance is not, and love and enjoyment unite and are one. From such rapt moods the soul returns to earth, bearing with it the calm of Paradise.

It has seemed to me—and on such an evening, I felt it—that this world, endowed as it is outwardly with endless shapes and influences of beauty and enjoyment, is peopled also in its spiritual life by myriads of loving spirits; from whom, unawares, we catch impressions which mould our thoughts to good; and thus they guide beneficially the course of events, and minister to the destiny of man. Whether the beloved dead make a portion of this holy company, I dare not guess; but that such exists, I feel. They keep far off while we are worldly, evil, selfish; but draw near, imparting the reward of heaven born joy, when we are animated by noble thoughts, and capable of disinterested actions. Surely such gather round me this night, and make a part of that atmosphere of peace and love which it is paradise to breathe.

I had thought such ecstasy as that in which I now was lapped, dead to me for ever; but the sun of Italy has thawed the frozen stream—the cup of life again sparkles to the brim. Will it be removed as I turn northward? I fear it will. I grieve to think that we shall very soon leave Cadenabbia—the first sad step towards quitting Italy.

THE FRENCH.

By this time I became aware of a truth which had dawned on me before, that the French common people have lost much of that grace of manner which once distinguished them above all other people. More courteous than the Italians they could not be; but, while their manners were more artificial, they were more playful and winning. All this has changed. I did not remark the alternation so much with regard to myself, as in their mode of speaking to one another. The "Madame" and "Monsieur," with which stable-boys and old beggarwomen used to address each other, with the deference of courtiers, has vanished. No trace is to be found of it in France. A shadow faintly exists among Parisian shopkeepers, when speaking to their customers;