

the excess of her emotion, Adelaide fainted at his feet, and the procession passed on; when Adelaide recovered from her swoon, a messenger appeared, desiring her to follow him to the palace; Adelaide hastened, and with trembling steps was conducted to a small, plainly furnished room where the King awaited her coming; a writing table stood before him, he laid down the pen as she entered,—Adelaide bent her knee to the ground, and bowed her head in shame. The King came towards her and took her cold hand.—“Adelaide,” he said, “kneel not to me; here is your husband’s pardon—’tis thus Louis Phillip repays the injuries of De Valmont. I have forgotten all—I see you retain on your finger a memorial of De Valmont—let me place this by its side—it may bring happier recollections;” and he placed a splendid ring by the simple signet of De Valmont.

Adelaide heard him in silence; her heart was too full for utterance, and found relief in a flood of tears.

“Farewell, Adelaide,” said the King, as he led her to the door; and once, and once only, he pressed his lips to her glowing cheek. Adelaide hurried to the prison—her husband was liberated.

The very day after Montague’s liberation, which was that appointed for his execution, a notorious miscreant named Martella, was placed on his trial. He confessed his crime, and of his having been the person who had left the money with Montague, who being a stranger, was more likely to incur suspicion. Adelaide and her husband returned to Washington, the follies of her youth were gone, and her talents and the naturally fine qualities of her mind shone forth in all their splendor, aided and encouraged by her amiable husband. If at times the ring of Louis Phillip caused a stealing sigh to escape her bosom; she looked at her husband and children, and in love for them, forgot the magic visions which once allured her.

For The Amaranth.

THE BRIGAND’S PRAYER.

MAY the winds that rush on and the wild billows roll,
Still emblem the tempest-woke thoughts of my soul;
Wide, flickering, and high, may my passion still tower,
Unsubdued till all bending acknowledge its power.
Then, then let me die in the clime that I love,
With the desert around me and tempest above!
Let a gloom-moaning river beside my grave leap,
For my life was as lonely, my emotion as deep;
And though death shrouds my form there, a slumbering hate,
For the men who have spurn’d me and laugh at my fate—
Let the fiercest of beasts guard the spot where I lay—
Let it never acknowledge the brilliance of day.
May a sky that is blackest, uncheer’d by a gleam,
Around spread its pall, whence the lightning shall stream;
Where thunder and storm may engender, whence burst,
Till the tempest I love crush the men I have cursed.

St. John.

FREDERICK.

How Should we Approach the Lord.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How shall we sinners come before
Our blessed Saviour’s dazzling throne;
Or how acceptably adore
The great redeeming God we own?
Shall fatlings on his altar burn,
Or oil in bounteous rivers flow?
Will God be pleased with such return
For all the mighty debt we owe?
Or shall we burst the tenderest tie
That binds the throbbing seat of sense,
And with our body’s offspring buy
A pardon for our soul’s offence?
Ah! no—a humble, contrite heart,
Is all the offering God requires;
Our only sacrifice, to part
With evil loves and false desires.
Oh, let us, then, no longer stray
Along the dangerous paths we’ve trod;
For he has plainly shown the way
Which will conduct us back to God.
’Tis but to regulate the mind
By the pure precepts of his word;
To act with truth and love combined,
And humbly imitate the Lord.

WE have never seen an unmarried lady whose age exceeded thirty years, who could tell precisely the year in which she was born.