

he was not to be debarred from my society, and excuses and opportunities were easily found for our meeting. At length, alarmed at the passion of his pupil, the pastor apprized his parent, and De Brian received an order to return immediately to Paris, but before his departure, we were secretly wedded—he trusting that his father would sanction our union when he found it could not be recalled; but alas! the avowal was received with rage and indignation by the infuriated parent, who solemnly averred that I should never be received as the wife of his son. Rich, and possessing unbounded influence, he soon found means to cast a suspicion upon the validity of our marriage, and to prevent more effectually our again meeting, De Brian was despatched to a distant part of the empire, in the service of his country, and spies placed about him to prevent his sending to, or receiving intelligence from me. To add to my afflictions at the same time, both my parents were suddenly called from the world, and I shortly afterwards became a mother. Those who, in my days of happiness had been my friends, now regarded me with contempt, while the odium thrown upon my union, made me a mark for the shafts of scandal. It was almost with difficulty that I even procured employment to support my existence, and that of my babe. Yet even then I found happiness in the hope that De Brian might yet return, and my child behold the father of its being.—Alas! that hope was suddenly dispelled. One evening as I sat before my cottage door, the pastor approached; in his hand he held a letter, which he said was for me. It was the writing of De Brian. I severed the seal, and with the eye of lightning glanced over its contents.—Just Heaven! they were the announcement of his return to Paris—of his being wedded to another, and a request that my child should be immediately forwarded to him, to be reared according to his instruction. Sense forsook me, and I sank to the ground. When I awoke, it was to madness. For months I was the inmate of an asylum, during

which time, my infant was conveyed to its father. On my restoration to consciousness, I departed immediately for Paris in quest of De Brian and my babe.—On my arrival, I found that he had departed for a foreign land, and all tidings of my child were buried in mystery. Destitute of money—almost unable to walk—a victim to grief, and the agony of suspense, I knew not how to proceed. At length I received enough to sustain my life by accepting of the most menial employment, but I felt a comfort in the thought that by remaining in Paris, I might ultimately gain intelligence of my child, but for fifteen years it has been denied me. Two months since I was seized with a dangerous malady, and conveyed to the Hotel Dieu.

On my recovery, I was too weak to labour, and the few articles of clothing which had been left in the hands of the persons with whom I had resided, had been sold in my absence, to defray a small sum in which I was to them indebted, while they refused again to receive me, fearing that I might become a burden. For this past week, the streets have been my home, and the pittance of the charitable passenger my only support. It was thus, Sir, that you found me, and but for your humanity, I might have perished, and my secret remained unknown.” She paused, and regarding the portrait, sighed deeply. I could not reply, but turning aside, gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears.

At length, mastering my emotion. I said—“And is that the likeness of De Brian?”

“It is!” she replied.

“Will you permit me to examine it?” I asked.

She spoke not, but at once placed it in my hand. Looking closely upon it, it struck me that I could recognise a strong resemblance to a nobleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was high in the judicial power of France. My curiosity was excited. A thousand ideas floated in my mind—the possibility that he might be the very individual, and the thought that as mysterious incidents had been by as singu-