

rance to have removed them, ere it could be brought off. It stood, therefore, in a kind of human entrenchment; and strange, a form appeared to be seated upon the heap, reclining against the fatal gun. Duvirier drew near. It was motionless—the martial head-gear, whatever that might have been, thrown off, the face upturned, pale and serene. The light, already faint, fell, for the last time, on that noble countenance in its perfect expression; by the morrow, "decay's cold fingers would have swept its lines." Duvirier could not mistake it—the dark *mustachios*—the placid countenance—it was Alphonse D'Aulincour.

Duvirier dropped from his horse. A lance, most probably of one of the German followers of Mack, had transfixed the brave soldier's heart. He sat, dead, and leaning against the cannon he had won. Soldier, as Duvirier was, acquainted with death both in friend and foe, the sight overpowered him; he sat, too, and for a few brief moments, the scene around—the noise of triumph and of war—the field of slaughter and of victory, struck him with unutterable disgust. Glory even seemed a sickening crime, and life a horrid dream, well escaped from.

Original.

A SONNET.—THE POET.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

It cannot be—the baffled heart, in vain,
May seek amid the crowd its throbs to hide,
Ten thousand others, kindred pangs may bide;
Yet not the less will our own griefs complain.
Chained to our rock, the vulture's gory stain
And tearing beak are every moment rife,
Renewing pangs, that end but with our life.
Thence bursteth forth the gushing voice of song—
The soul's deep anguish thus an utterance finds,
Appealing to all hearts, and human minds
Bow down in awe; thence doth the bard belong
Unto all times. And this, oh, this is fame!
He asked it not—his soul demanded bread,
And ye, charmed with the voice, gave but a stone
instead.

Original.

TO THE WEEPING WILLOW.*

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

WEEPING WILLOW! whose hands have transplanted you
here,
From the soil of Euphrates, so lovely but drear?
Your weeping appearance revives my deep grief,
And nothing, no! nothing can yield me relief.
Our fates are alike: you have lost your green shore,
And I have a country, *loved country* no more!

*From the Polish.

Original.

THE GAITER BOOTS.

A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF "THE PRETTY FEET."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "EYD," AND "THE QUADRANGO."

"Jealousy, with just cause, is virtue,
Groundless, it hath no evil equal to't!"

Two years passed away, two years of uninterrupted conjugal happiness, and each of our lovely brides had become mothers! Never was a man so delighted at being a parent, as Harry Lee, and of a bright, healthy boy, too, on which he could brag over his friend Lionel, whose beautiful wife presented him with a little girl; but as it was the perfect miniature of his loved Caroline, he was as well satisfied as Harry, though Harry's boy was the picture of his "papa."

"This is better than being a bachelor, hey, Linton!" said Harry, one day, when they had dined together at Lionel's house, and the ladies had left the table to look after their treasures in the nursery. "What a delightful creature my wife is! I advise every man to choose his wife for her pretty foot!"

"Pshaw, Harry," said Lionel, filling his wine-glass with ruby Port. "Caroline has rather a larger foot, perhaps, than I should like myself, but she makes as good a wife as if she had the feet of a Chinese beauty. I wouldn't change her for any lady that wears number ones that I have ever seen."

"Not for Ellen? My heavens, Linton, you must have a gross taste, not to admire Ellen's sweet little feet. My boy has got small feet, too—devilish small! But then it don't signify so much in a boy!"

"Here's a bumper to him, Harry! and may he get a wife as lovely as his father has obtained."

"And with as small feet," added Harry, with a cheek flushed with wine, drinking off the bumper.

"Confound your small feet, Harry! Why, what kind of extremities would your grand-children have, in such case?"

"If they are girls, angelic ones!" replied Harry, with animation. "But, by-the-by, Lionel, have you and your pretty wife had any matrimonial scenes together since you have been married?"

"How do you mean?" asked Linton, slightly coloring, and looking into his wine glass, as if watching the reflection of his face.

"Any little misunderstandings, squabbles, you know, eh?" repeated Harry, with a merry twinkle in his mel-low eyes.

"Why, no, not particularly, I believe," answered Linton, embarrassed in his manner. "Why do you ask?"

"Why, between you and me, Lionel, I think she speaks a little sharper to you on occasions than a sweet tempered wife should do."

"Indeed," said Linton laughing and blushing, "how did you discover that?"

"Oh, by accident, several times! But you didn't seem to observe it—at least, very wisely paid no attention to her, and so it passed. And I said to myself,