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TOWANDA:

Saturdan Morning, October 11, 1834.

Selected Boetry.

THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on; Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.

I saw thee young and beautiful, I saw thee rich and gay; In the first blush of womanhood, Upon thy wedding day; The church bells rang. And the little children sang-Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet; Sweet to the sweet!
The winter is past, the rain is gone,
Blessed is bride whom the sun shines on."

I saw thee poor and desolate, I saw the fade away, In broken-hearted widowhood, Before thy locks were gray; The death-bell rang.
And the little children sang-"Lilly's dress her winding sheet; Sweets to the sweet!

The summer's past, the sunshine's gone;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.

Selected Cale.

VERONICA: A Tale of the French Recoming.

CHAPTER 1. It was in the month of July, in the year 1793, when a crowd of togitives passed by the Loire towards Names. Large bodies of troops had been sent to that place in consequence of the rising in La Vendee, which, although not entirely surpressed, were then kept within narrower bounds. The good natured inhabitants, full of compassion for the Vendeans, did all in their power in a-suage the sorrows of the unfortanate relugees. For this compas-Fion towards the persecuted-a sin in the eyes of those in authority—the inhabitants of Nantes were

now compelled to suffer. Robespierre, then in power, sent thither a man every was adapted for the execution of the most citted and infamous messures. This man was Carrier, who presented certamly a talent for crime, and a truly diabolicaligib of invention for new tortures. It is a singular fact, that all the men of blood of that unhappy era were distinguished by something grovesque or distinguished in their appearancesand, although the tiger Marat deserved the precedence, in being the " aghest of the ugly," Carrier mulitoome next. In person he was short and I meaure, of a rellowish brown complexion; his forehead low; his eyes were blood-shot and squinting

-his hair fell in simpes down his sunken cheeks, while his nose curved like the beak of a bird of illutand montanous. As soon as titls monster ar- ter could only reply, " My beloved daughter!" saved at Names, he formed a band, it is said of three hundred assassins, and spread them over the city and the surrounding country, filling the prisons, but soon again emplying them by means of his wholesale system of sturder; paying his assistants; place !" liberally for their services. His first vicums were the fugilives from La Vendee, and then the inhabitants of Nantes. He who merely spoke to a royal ist was suspected he who showed pity at an exe cution was the same; until at last every rich man, every vutuous man, every one who was conscientious or moderate in his opmions; was suspected

and to be suspected was to be on the straight road to death. Even women and children were led be. Pickers of the enissery which you-my only benefore the revolutionary tribunal of this tyrant, and lactor—snight be enduring, filled me with griet, then sacrificed gratifulde made me forget the dangers and difficul-

masses shot at once. He also ordered boats to be you everywhere." built, with trap-doors opening by means of ropes in their bottoms; and, as soon as it grew dark, prisaway to the centre of the river, often under the impression that they-were to receive their liberty. Suddealy the falling planks revealed to them the feara ful truth, as with a thrick of agony they sank heneath the waves.

es. Thus, it often happened, that when boats wishwere little else than one dark and fearful grave.

The committee of public satety, (as the then au thorities called themselves,) however re-called tured it was my father, and the next day I came to Carrier from Nantes, where he was perpetrating Mantes. I was told of the imprisonment of many his atrocities, and demanded his presence at Paris; priests, and I feared you might be among them they became afraid, lest his cruelty, carried to such It suddenly occurred to me to go the keeper of the lengths, might ultimately prove dangerons.

Wifen, towards the end of the Reign of Terror, innocence. Indeed, his assertions bordered on inly he guillotine.

Con Tours, was brought to Names, and many of honor went through me, but I recovered myself intends in Paris, we must go more?

had no other opening than a narrow stair, and a mere hole in the wall.

black bread. Not a word, however, was epoken. nor a look of compassion given to the captive, by his jailer, whose occupation had probably hardened his nature; and as soon as his daily duty was fulfilled, he retired as gloomily as he came.

Nothing could the old priest see as he looked a little straw in a corner for a bed, and rings and chains scattered about. The only sounds were or it might be the wind striking against the corner of his dangeon wall.

ed in through the narrow aperture? the cold, the get all my misery and danger." smell of mould, all gave the place the semblance of the grave he saw, felt, and smelt, the grave. could sleep and often pleasant dreams cheered him. must leave me, Veronica." One marning us usual, the door of the dangeon opened, and the jailer appeared, but not alone; be- sion of deep grief, " and again face dangers from hind him came a young man, who in one hand car- which I have escaped as if by a miracle !" ried a key, and in the other bread.

" Listen," said the jailer, in a hoarse voice, addressing his companion, " until tell you what are to carry my cross, but I must not have the sorrow your duties. "You must bring daily to this prisoner of seeing you perish at my side." his allowance, and you must examine minutely his chains, and see that they are all right. But no hand of the executioner, it will be a consolation for speaking, recollect, no unnecessary looks. Re- me to share your fate; but I have no such dreadmember the pledge I gave you for fidelity, and ful thoughts. I will save you, dear lather; at least your head assuredly will not be safe it you disobey | I will make the attempt. I have a file to break your

well about this business as if I had followed it from place." As the young girl spoke, her eyes shone my childhood. You will never have any cause to and her cheeks glowed, as if at that moment were regret taking me into your service."

the greatest amazement, "It is her voice," he priest smiled with a sad expression, he saidsaid to himself. The young man approached him, him, by lifting up the chains, and holding them be. lold." fore his eyes. While doing so the prisoner felt a a waren tear drop on his fettered hands. "All right," said the youth, " we may now leave."-They both left.

"It is, it is Veronica," murmared the priest: while hope and fear, anxiety and astonishment againsted him by turns. The night which followed

It was indeed Veronica, his adopted child .nerable tather, why do I find you in so fearful a the miserable."

" My daughter," answered the priest, " I contaking seluge among strangers; but God has conduted me to this dungeon. Thus, you see, there eame you here. Verenica, and in that dress !"

" My foster-mother," replied the girl, " was takand gave me no rest. I must go to him, and try At the commencement, the unhappy people were to assist him, I said to my-elf. The feeling of ed too slow for Carrier; he theretore had whole ties of my undertaking, and I resolved to search for

aged priest. the republic. But many were cast into the river ened to be sent to prison. I implored the soldiers in the vicinity of Nantes was soon tilled with corps. | pity, after a short consultation with each other, they told me'l might go where I pleased. Much agied-to cast anchor, they struck against the dead - tated, I reached a hut, where the woman who liv-Everywhere birds of prey flocked to a disgusting | ed in it showed me great kindness, and kept me all meal, while the fishes were so polluted by such hight. "Unhappy days!" she said, looking at me food, that even the poorest persons could no longer full of pity, " Every one is troubled, terror is over partake of them. It seemed as if the angel of death all, whether child or gray haired man, girl or wohad spread his dark wings over the city, as if it man-none can sleep soundly." She related to me how the lately sheltered an old man for a night beneath her roof. From her description I conjecdungeons. I did so, asked alms, but was thrust back. The keeper just at that moment came to Carrier himself gas brought before the National the gate, heard my voice, and said, throwing on Convention, many trom Nantes bore such fearful me a surly glance, "At your age, young man, we testimony to his blood-thirstiness, that even the ought not to beg our bread, but work for it." it I julges, hard as were their hearts, shuddered with wish to doso," was my answer, " but I cannot find horror. His own assertions of having acted justly, employment." "When we seek in reality, we and having been merelyithe avenger of injured in are sure to fluid it," he answered; "but roast nocence, did not save him. He was sentenced to pigeons do not fly into our mouths." I took courdeath, declaring to the last his belief in his own age and replied, "Perhaps you could employ me; for with more prisoners you will require more help. sanity, and a reception into a mad-house would He looked at me with contempt, as I asked the have been more fitting for such a man than death question of Luced," he said, " people of a very different fort from you. Do you know, young man, It was at this period that an aged priest, who had that I make work for the executioner?' A thrill

cerated in a prison ten feet below the ground, which again, and, boldly raising my head, said, "No matter; take me into your service, and you shall see that everything you charge me to do shall be then at her husband, with a balf terrified expression conceal him so well, that at length the search very. One day Yeroniza told the priest that a length In this gloomy place he had dwelt fourteen days | done to your satisfaction." He seemed to reflect. without hearing a voice or seeing the face of a hu-l and looked at me as if he would pierce me through man being, except that of the keeper, who brought and through. At length he said, "If you will him each morning a jug of water, and a piece of do what I require of you-if I run no risk of finding you a traitor, or that it were possible the aristocrat walked beneath a mask, I-, You tremble, friend," " With anger," I answered, suppressing ble," and poor Laura burst into an agony of weepmy agitation. "I will," he continued, "take you ling.
"Laura," said her companion, in a voice broken into my service. What do you ask ?" " Only food and shelter," I replied; " for anything more I trust around, but the thick, dark walls of his dungeon, to your kindness." My answer seemed to please him. "Young man." he said in a softer tone. " you will have no cause to regret your determinadrops of water falling from the damp root, as they tion. The times are favorable for jailers and their fell with a monotonous and dismal drip, distinctly servants." Next day I accompanied him on his heard in the stillness. Sometimes he lancied he rounds, and the first place we came to was your heard the low sigh or moan of some other prisoner, dungeon. It required great mastery over myself not to betray my emotion, but the darkness of this cell favored me; and now, worthy lather, that I The almost darkness or the twilight that gleam have found you, I feel a joy which makes me for-

Veronica was silent. The priest, affected by gratitude and nobleness of heart, was much touchbut his spirit did not rest in it. It wandered far ed by the simple recital, He took her hand, and away to brighter regions, and in the consolation of said, "Your presence, my child, certainly gladreligion the old priest was happy and resigned. He dens me, but here you must not, cannot stay; you

"Leave you," replied the girl, with an expres

"Patience, my child, I trust God will soon grant you a better means of living. You would help me

"If you must die, Reverend father, under the chains, and, it all goes well, you must escape in "Be satisfied," replied the youth; "I know as my clothes, during the night, while I take your Julius, until ___." She stopped, afraid of hurting united in her the courage of a man with the sacri-As the youth spoke, the priest was seized with figure faith and constancy of a noble maiden. The

"In that case, Veronica, you would be obliged as it to begin the work that had been transferred to , to exchange my place in this dungeon for the scal

replied the girl. · Do not hope so," replied the priest.

"No matter then," continued the heroic girl "To you I owe my preservation; if I give you back my life, I only repay a debt." "What!" exclaimed the venerable priest, a

seemed musually long. Sleep did from his eyes, feeted by the expression of such elevated sentiand he still felt the warm tear that had bedewed ments. "You have scarcely entered upon life, and his hands, and still heard the voice that had so sur- already you would sacrifice yourself for me, whose prised and touched him. The morning came at last hour cannot in any case be lardi-tant. Look last." The door apened, and the youth of the day at my feeble body, already sinking; look at my hatsh and screeching when in anger, at other times claiming, "My dear benefactor?" while the latone."

> Trembling, she raised the chains by which the girl, " and you may yet do much service in the priest was bound, and said, weeping, "Ah, ve. world. You may console the dying, and succor so dark, I shall not be percesved. The this small

> "Yes, thee soul does the good my child; but not ways were, - and by this token we shall again find without the aid of the body, and mine is weighed our child." sidesed it a duty to save myself from death, by down by years. I can no longer be what I was in my youth. I long for another life, while you may be useful on earth, for you have a constant and is nothing singular in my being here. But how strong will; therefore do not desire my life prolonged." Veronica wept.

> " At least?" she said after a pauce; " suffer me en to prison, and, after much suffering, died. The to remain here, to be near you, that I may help her. The church was dimly lighted—only the you to such to such things as your bodily wants

lest your absence be suspected." 🛴

CHAPTER M.

"But how came you to Nantes?" inquired the relation of Veronica with her benefactor, we must arose, and went a short distance, in order to obglance at an event which took place at an eather serve if any one took up the child. By degrees "I know," said Veronica, "that, in order to period of our story. It was on the evening of the the cathedral became almost empty; the worship me of my means, therefore it is right thay should, in a position to impart a fact of importance to you." ber, were distributed in these boats, and rowed reach the sea, you must pass through Nantes; so 1 sixth of October, 1777, when in the Rue Baroche, pers, one by one, had disappered, until there only packed up a few things, and with the kittle money at Tours, a young and handsome man shoul at the remained that officiating priest. The priest was Parked up a new mings, and wish are units aloney door of one of the best houses in the town. His our friend of Tours, who years after was imprison I understand not, seeing I have given no cause for of the aliar. Unhappy, yet pious mother Wonon the road, for, through fear of falling into evil countenance was melancholy, and wore the traces; ed, as we narrated, in the dungeon of Nantes. hands, I took ways not smuch frequented. When of wornout expectation. Hastily be wiped the pers. When he saw that there remained no one, as he in a londer voice than before, recommenced his seeming evil bringerh good the said nothing, howeight hours distant from this city, I was seized, in piration from his forehead, bent his ear to the door thought in the church, he prepared also to depart; song. Poor man but was a sad sight, indeed, to ever, of his suspicious to Veronica; until he tecase the waves.

This the wretch mockingly called the bap ism of consequence of my want of a passport, and threatposition, and pared backwards and torwards, ap- where tay the infant of Laura. He knelt down for without any such preparation as this, and the Loire to set me fice, and, as they were not destitute of parently in great anxiety of mind. After the lapse a few moments, he heard a low mean, he heard of half an hour, a young woman came out, and ed, and heard another; and then to his astonishhastily closed the door after her. She looked very ment, perceived a child at the foot of the after pale. The man glanced at her anxiously, but did. The then helpless infant became the Veronica cannot help pnying him? distance from the house. "I was very well," he priest, who had, at that critical period of her des- more compassionate looking of the gentlement ray, then said, "that she refuses to receive us again,"

" Alas, yes!" was the sad answer.

with her?" "I told everything," replied the woman, with a sigh. "She said we might do as we liked, just us we had done before, that is, marrying without her

" Did you not speak of our child?" asked the man with increased agitation. "Certainly," answered the young wife; " but

my anni said she cared nothing about it." "Yes, she has a hard heart," exclaimed the man, in the greatest indignation. "She shall re-

pent. She shall--" " Stop, Julius," said his wife, interrupting him. us beg---"

" Beg!" repeated the unhappy young man, standing still, and gazing on the face of his wife in profound sorrow. "Beg, Laura! Yes, we must beg. But how are we to begin! We must, in the

of countenance.

" We must leave it here," answered the young man, speaking with an effort.

Leave my child!" impetuously exclaimed the nhappy mother, becoming pale and red by turns. Do not speak to me, Julius, of what is impossi-

and agitated, "do you think that I suffer less than ou in proposing such a step? Were it not an imperative necessity, could I, think you contemplate uch a proceeding? But it must be. We cannot take our poor little daughter with us to Paris, when we may be obliged to perform the journey on foot. Besides, dear Liura, we shall leave it only for a short; we shall return and claim it,"

Laura looked up, and asked what he meant setiously to do with the child.

"That which other unfortunate ones often do place it in the Foundling hospital."

These words were uttered as if wrung from eart of the unhappy young father.

" No Julius;" cried his wife, with yet greate rehemence; " rather that consent to this, I would see my child perish in my arms. What kee our know that the children are often given over to this daily beggars. What kindness could be expected from such women!"

"Your own aunt showed no greater kindness, replied Julius, with bitternes, "than any of those women may be expected to show to a child. Perhaps you had better retrace your steps, and ask her As we approached him, he cast on us a look of fury, aid once more."

" Do not be unjust, Juliue. My aunt was kind to me, and cared for me as any mother would have done; for my education, for all I ever received I have to thank her. And she was kind to you, too, her husband's feelings, by alluding to their mar-

"Go on," observed the latter, with impatience-Much depends on her appearing to me in a more favorable light."

"Had you been in her place," whispered Laura, taking the hand of her husband, " perhaps you would have acted as she has done. Here is a church," she continued, in a low voice, sad, " let us go in and pray that God may direct our steps; and she drew her husband with her into the cathdral of the town to which they were close.

" A thought occurs to me," said her husband they entered. "Let us lay down our child before the altar, and among the pious who come to evening prayers, some one may take pity on the infant." The thought seemed to please the unhappy mother, as she pressed the child tenderly to her heart, Yet she felt uncertain. The separation was sor rowful. It was so hard for a mother to part with her infant. Observing her hesitation, Julius said, to the altar, lay her down, and watch at a little dis-"But your soul is strong," suswered the intrepid tance who approaches. I will remain near the ldoor, and observe who goes in or comes out. It is medal round her neck," pointing to one Laura al-

> Poor Laura prepared to follow the advice of her husband, and slowly approached the altar with her anconscious child-unconscious alike of as mother's tears or its father's wretchedness.

Laura steps softly, learful of drawing observation on herself by any of those who were kneeling near/ lamps in the choir were burning, and a few others at one or more of the side chapels. She reached "Be it so," abswered the ariest; " but go now, one of the latter, where she had been accustomed to pray in her gulhood. With a throbbing heart and a heavy sigh, she gently laid down her little daughter before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, In order to afford the render an meight into the commending her to the mercy of God. She then

not venture to speak, until they were both some who wished to give her life for that of the good child, resolved to take charge of it; the more es- tyranny destroying both mind and body " He at "The cruel one?" multered the man. "Did you pecially, as he thought, by the medal suspended tenwards took me aside and said, "Young man, I not tell her that we would not have remained long round its neck, that its mother must have been an have observed your conduct. Here, I give you her child should be religiously educated.

was anxiously watching his movements. Her joy May you possess the same virines. Are you parwas so great when she saw the priest take up her child, that she was on the point of speaking to him, but shame and lear kept her silent. " Heaven be praised!" murmured the father, as he saw the of emotion stood in his eyes, as he and Laura went of you, reverend father. on their sprrowful journey.

The priest gave the child the name of Yeronica. benefacior to receive instruction, and the worthy may be forgotten-1 will consider of it." priest became much attached to the little fondling,

infant, which she held beneath her mantle, and ed to take the civil oath; but Veronica contrived to the prisons; few, indeed, received as yet their libseemed to be abandoned. However, he again from Tours had just been imprisoned, who knew drew observation upon himself, by persisting in him by name, although she had not been persondispensing the sacraments; and he assuredly must ally acquaigted with him. " She wishes me to have been taken before the fearful tribunal, had he carry a letter from her to you; but in these times it not withdrawn himself from Tours.

> CHAPTER' III Several days elapsed, when, one morning Vero-

nica entered the dungeon, looking more cheerful than usual.

"I bring you hope, my father," she said -Some persons of importance have come to inspect the prisoners. I accompanied them to different dungeons, and I observed one of the officials showed pity and compassion, and I feel certain that he will exert himself to alleviate the sufferings he witnessed, and perhaps release many of the unhappy prisoners. Ah," continued the young girl, " what sad sights I have seen! First, we visited a poor widow, whose husband and son had been guillotined; then we came to the cell of a young orphan girl, whose helpless state and melancholy tale would have made the heart tender .-But one man in particular I must mention, who arrested the attention of the inspectors. Ah, it was a painful sight !" exclaimed Veronica; " those horrid speciacles make me shudder. The man of whom daughter in the midst of crime and shame! You I speak was about thirty years of age. His gestures betrayed pride, as he paced up and down his eyes rolled wildly. I'pon his forehead he wore a band of black silk, and round his left hand was twisted a piece of finen cloth. He was dressed in uniform. In his right hand he held a paper, whereon were written some lines in a red color of ink. and, drawing himself proudly up, he began to sing, in a loud voice,

parody of the "Marseillaise." "Who are you," demanded the inspector, " wi

dare to profune our glorious hymn? 6 A republican," replied the prisoner in a hangh

Then, why are you under acrest !"

" Why! Because we are under the yoke of the most cruel tyrant."

"When did your arrest take place!" again ask-

ed the inspector. 'That will be heard of yet " exclaimed the man furiously. "I will communicate it to the whole world. You would prevent me making your evil deeds known, but that you will not be able to do. You refuse me ink; I have found it in my veins.— It is my blood with which I have written this book. shall never forget it) Laura suddenly rushed into Look!" he wildly cried, bolding up to us the bit of my presence. She was pale, wasted, and, paper, and then burst out into a fearful laugh,-Read! read!" he continued, and his countenancannot discover much from this; so listen, gentle- aunt, have you no pity for me !" and she took hold men, listen:—It was shortly after my marriage rith a fair and virtuous woman that the war broke ishe held it fast, and raising her chil ou. Inspired by love for my country, and obedient to its taws, I became a soldier, tors myself steeled against herself." I remained inexorable, from the arm of my young wite, neglected the en and she left me in a state bordering on despair. treaties of my mother, and went against the ene- I aferwards made inquiries privately for them, but my. For twenty days I endured many privations, but the moment increased my torture. My whole body was indeed, like one huge wound. Now, army. The Revolution, with its torrent of misery, gentlemen, comes the horror. I entered my dwellng-oit was empty; no one there except an aged was drowned in the Seine. Men, greedy and cruel as ugers, had seized on my property. The sight rated in this dungson." inflamed me, and gave me back my strength—the strength of despair. I ran to the executioners ; I interest of the priest, and he speedily sent an anscreamed in their ears that, during the space of swer, to inquire likewise more patticularly about fourteen days, they had committed more shameful dates, whether her niece wore a medal, and what deeds than all the tyrants of fourteen centuries put | was its inscription. "Recalf all this to your metogether. Murderers I called them, and therefore, mory," wrote the priest, " and answer me quickly, gentleman I am in this dungeon. They robbed for, should your reply be such as lanticipate; I am

"Mistoriane has deprived him of his senses, this wild mood. Someties he weeps like a child, this wild mood. Someties he weeps now and prays and and sings in a gentle voice. We her eyes.

"Faith," she said, "your correspondence with the inter-

" We left him and I overliked the younger and the officer's widow is at an end; death has inter tiny, taken compassion on her. He lifted up the [6 It is high time that such tyrauny were ended-a unfortunate Christian parent, who was desirous that this money, (placing a rott of silver in my hands) use it for the benefit of the prisoners." He then In going away, he almost touched Laura, who said, you resemble one who was very dear to me. ents alive?" he asked alimpily.

"I have never known them," I answered. He became deadly pale. After a panse, he said, If you were not a young man; I would question priest pass out, and knew he had his child. Tears you further. Emboldened by his language, I spoke

"A priest!" he exclaimed, shrugging his shoul ders, as it indicative of the difficulty of saving one. and sent it to be taken care of by a respectable "A priest," he again said, "this is not a favorable as her teats tell fast. " It is a sin to wish svil. Let widow, who lived a short way from Tours. When time for them, perhaps it may be, later. Meanten years of age, the young girl came daily to her while, however, he will probably be safe. He

"Now, dear father, this is my good news. who early gave proofs of no ordinary intelligence. And, saying so, the young girl left the dungeon. The Revolution broke out. The aged sisters of A considerable time elapsed, and still there came first place, leave Tours," he continued "I have the priest, who had lived with him, died, and he no liberation for the prisoners. Arrests were fewwent to reside with Veronica and the widow .- et; and so were executions. Still the previous "I regret much," said the priest, "that her

"And our child?" said Laura, looking at her Search had often been made for him, as he retus- word of freedom was very rarely heard in any of is so dangerous to perform even the slightest act of kindness, that I would not promise until I had first consulted with you."

" You do right to be prudent, my daughter, answered the priest, ' yet I cannot see any barm could come from bringing me the letter. Perhaps the lady may have something of consequence to reveal to me. She may wish religious consolation. I think you may venture to oblige her in this; only impress upon her, that, lest the communication might prove injurious to her were it seized, she must he careful how she writes." Two days after, Veronica handed a letter to the

priest, part of the contents of which seemed deep-

ly to interest him. The brief statement ran as fol-

lows !- I became a widow in early life. Rich, and without children, I had many offers for my hand, but I refused them all. My affection was centred in a youthful relative—an orphan, who lived with me, and was as my daughter. At the age of eight een, she was one of the most accomplished girls in Tours; rich in knowledge, and still richer in the qualities of her heart. Two years after, a proposal of marriage was made to her, every way advantaone or that one, frequently to needy women as dungeon. His countenance was inflamed and his geous, but she declined it, saying she would never marry, rather than take one she did not love. "I atterwards found out that the refusal was in consequence of her loving some ous else. This other proved to be a youth of great talent, in whom I had taken much interest, and aided in the pursuit of act. to which he was devoted. I wished him to instruct my adopted daughter indrawing. He came, and the end was, that he gained her affections, while I thought they were entirely occupied with their studies. I torbade him the house, and strictly watched the actions of Laura. I was deceived after all. One day they both entered my sittingroom; I would have retired, but they withheld me, threw themselves at my feet, and earnestly entrested my consent to their union. They promised to do everything possible to make me happy, never to leave me, and to follow my will in every respect. "Well," said I to them, "begin now, for my will is, that you never more show yourselves here." They married: the young man occupied biguself unceasingly in order to try and maintain his wife; but, in spite of every effort, he could not earn sufficient for their support. Many times they sought interviews with me, but vainly, for my ba tred had rather increased than diminished, and I desired to hear nothing of them. One evening (1 fragile, as a withering flower. In her arms the carried her infant. She wept, and, in a voice ale assumed a gloomy aspect. But perhaps you most choked with sobs exclaimed, "Oh, dearest of my dress. I tried to pull it from her grasp, but sought me " to have pity for it, if my heart were never could, discover in what direction my unforfaced many dangers. On the 21st there was a bat- tunate niece and her husband had gone. I became tle. But what a battle! Frenchmen fought against afflicted with profound melancholy, in consequen-Frenzimen. After a fearful shedding of bood we ce of my harshness to my poor Laura. Some conquered. I had six wounds I was sent home, years after, lonely and sad, I did not refuse to form an alliance with an old and Lonorable officer in the soon broke up our quiet. The Vendeans rose in in arms. My hysband joined the adherents of the beggar My mother had been guillotined on the King, and I accompanied him to La Vendee, to same day I had shed my blood in battle; my wife share his dangers. He fought with bravery, and fell. I now well know, was arrested, and incarce-

This was the communication which roused the lodge and feed me; and why the knife of the guil Doubtless, thought the priest, her niece must have latine has not yet servered my head from my body, been the person who laid my Veronica at the foot I delay." He again drew himself up proudly, and, derful indeed are the ways of God, who out of perved an answer, he resolved to be silent.

On the following day, when as usual, Veronica entered the dungeon, her countenance wore a de

rupted it "

What!" exclaimed the priest, in amazement " Is the lady, Jead 1."

"You shall hear the sad tale, for I was present," repited the young girl. "Yesterday, she was led believe the tribunal, accompanied by several others. and I was among the number of keepers. In the President I recognised again the official, who, of all the inspectors who had visited the prison, was the most cruel and severe. The instant I saw him I had small hope for the prisoner, and the issue manified my lears. After going through the mock ry of a trial, the unfortunate lady was septenced o death, having replied to the interrogatories of the terocreus judge Liavely. "The wife of a French Soldier knows how to die," she said, when she heard her sentence pronounced, " but I entreat a chart respite, not for my own sake, but for take of a near relative whom I had distuberted, I now am anxious to do hor justice. It expect to hear of her shortly, and for this purpose, President, Tentreat delay." " Justice is mexorable and speedy."

answered the cruel President, " and can brook no delay." A few hours afterwards, the dungeon was exchanged for the scaffold."