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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 2, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

FAREWELL.

BY PRESTICE.

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
My midnight dreams are all of thee;
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er hand and sea.
Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart.
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thee?

Forever thine my dreams will be,
What'er may be my fortune here;
I ask not love—I claim not thee
Only one boon, a gentle tear,
May e'er bright visions from above
Play brightly round thy happy heart,
And may the beams of peace and love,
Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart,
Farewell! my dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blossoms depart,
But there is one flower that cannot die—
Thy holy memory in my heart:
No dew that flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a flower of Heaven.
My soul greets thee, unasked, unthought,
Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell! farewell! my far-off friend!
Between us broad blue rivers flow,
And forest waves, and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow,
The wind that breathes upon thy brow
Is not the wind that breathes on mine,
The stars beam shining on thee now
Are not the beams that on me shine,
But memory's spell is with us yet—
Canst thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that you and I
May shed when'er by anguish bowed,
Exhaled into the noontide sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much beloved friend, though we
Far, far apart must live and move,
Our souls, when God shall see fit free,
Can mingle in the world of love.
This was an ecstasy to me—
Say—would it be a joy to thee?

Selected Tale.

Charlotte De Montmorenci.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH CHRONICLES.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

It was the second morning after Charlotte de Montmorenci's first ball; and the enchantments with which that memorable evening had been fraught still floated before her youthful fancy. She had thought of nothing but the Louvre and its glittering pageantry all day; and her pillow had been haunted with dreams of Henri Quarte, and the gay and gallant nobles of his court who had vied with each other in offering the most intoxicating homage to her charms. Charlotte de Montmorenci was the most beautiful girl in France, and the sensation produced by her first appearance at court, was enough to dazzle the mind of a damsel only just emancipated from the sober restraints of a conventual education. She had danced the *paron** with Henri himself, who had been lavish on that occasion, of the seductive flattery which he was so well skilled to whisper in a lady's ear. Charlotte had found this incense only too agreeable; but the pleasure with which she was disposed to listen to the compliments of royalty, received something very like a check from the impertinent *espionage* of a pair of penetrating dark eyes, which, whenever she raised her own, she encountered, fixed upon her with looks expressive rather of reproof than admiration.

How dared any eyes address language so displeasing to the reigning beauty of the evening, especially when her affianced lover, the sprightly heir of Bassompierre, appeared highly gratified with the brilliant success that had attended her presentation at court? Bassompierre was the handsomest and most admired of all the peers of France. He stood very high in the favor of his sovereign; and so generally irresistible was he considered by the ladies, that his choice of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci had entitled her to the envy of half the females of the court, who had vainly endeavored to fix his roving heart.

Charlotte, in accepting him, had driven a hundred lovers to despair; for the beautiful and wealthy daughter of the most illustrious peer of France, from the moment she quitted her convent, had been surrounded by suitors. The provoking dark eyes, whose impertinent observations had annoyed and offended her in the *salon de danse*, did not belong to any of these luckless gallants. It would have been difficult, perhaps, for any lady, however fair, to reject addresses of a man with such a pair of eyes, if their owner had rendered them as eloquent in impassioned pleading as they were in reproof. These unauthorized monitors, too, pertained not to the grave and stately Sully, or any of the elder worthies of the court, whom wisdom, virtue, and mature years, might entitle to play the moralist, but to a pale, melancholy stripling, who engaged the attention of no one in the glittering circle but the neglected queen. With her he appeared to be on terms of affectionate confidence; and it was from behind her chair that he directed those glances which excited the surprise and displeasure of the fair Montmorenci.

The expression of those eyes, to say nothing of their singular beauty, haunted Charlotte after her return to the hotel de Montmorenci; and she regretted that she had not asked Bassompierre who the person was that had

conducted himself in so extraordinary a manner. She had thought of propounding the inquiry more than once during the evening, but was unwilling to call her lover's attention to a circumstance that was mortifying to her self-love. She fell asleep with the determination of amusing Bassompierre, when he called to pay his *devoir* to her the next morning, with a whimsical description of the pale dark-eyed boy; trusting that her powers of mimicry would elicit from her sprightly lover the name of the person she sketched, without betraying her curiosity.

The following day, at as early an hour as courtly etiquette permitted, the salons of the Duchess de Montmorenci were crowded with visitors of the highest rank, all eager to offer their compliments to her beautiful daughter. He of the mysterious dark eyes, and Francois Bassompierre, were, however, not among the visitors. Charlotte was surprised and piqued at this neglect on the part of her lover, and resolved to punish him by a very haughty reception the next time he entered her presence; but he neither came nor sent to inquire after her health that day.

The next morning the Duke de Montmorenci, after his return from the king's levee, said to his daughter:—

"Charlotte, the king has forbidden your marriage with young Bassompierre."

"Very impertinent of the king, I think!—What reason does he give for this unprecedented act of tyranny?"

"That you are worthy of a more illustrious alliance."

"I wish King Henri would mind his own business, instead of interfering in mine," said Charlotte, angrily.

"My dear child, you are ungrateful to our gracious sovereign, who has expressed his intention of marrying you to his own kinsman, the first prince of the blood."

"And who may he be?"

"The young Prince de Conde, the illustrious descendant of a line of heroes, and, after Henri's infant sons, the heir-presumptive to the throne of France. Think of that, my daughter!"

"I will not think of any thing but Bassompierre," replied Charlotte, resolutely. "It is very barbarous of the king to endeavor to separate those whom love has united."

"Love!" repeated the duke. "Bah! you cannot say that you seriously love young Bassompierre."

"I think him very handsome and agreeable, at any rate; and I am determined to marry him, and no one else. Ah! I comprehend the reason of his absence now. He has been forbidden to see me by that cruel Henri."

"You are right, Charlotte; it is in obedience to the injunctions of the sovereign, that Bassompierre has discontinued his visits to you.—You will see him no more."

"Have I not said that I will not resign him?"

"Yes, my daughter, but he has resigned you."

"Resigned me!" exclaimed Charlotte, starting from her chair with a burst of indignant surprise; "Nay, that is impossible; unless, indeed, you have told him that I am faithless, or that I wish him to sacrifice his happiness in order to contract a nobler alliance."

"On the word of a Montmorenci, he has been told nothing, except that it was the king's pleasure that he should relinquish his engagement with you, and marry the heiress of the Duke d'Aumale."

"How, marry another? But I know Bassompierre too well to believe he will act so basely."

"My poor Charlotte, you are little acquainted with the disposition of men of the world and courtiers, or you would not imagine the possibility of your hand being placed in competition with the loss of the royal favor. Bassompierre, instead of acting like a romantic boy, and forfeiting the king's regard for the sake of a pretty girl, who cares not a whit more for him than he does for her, has cancelled his contract with Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorenci, and affianced himself to Mademoiselle d'Aumale."

"The heartless minion!" cried Charlotte, with flashing eyes; "would that I had some means of evincing my scorn and contempt for his baseness!"

"The surest way of doing that, my child, will be to accept the illustrious consort whom the king has been graciously pleased to provide for you."

"I think so too," replied Charlotte, after a pause; "but what sort of a man is the Prince de Conde?"

"He is said to possess great and noble qualities," said the duke; "but he is at present only in his minority, and is withal of a reserved disposition. There is, however, no doubt but the companionship of a wife of your brilliant wit and accomplishments will draw out the fine talents with which this amiable prince is endowed, and render him worthy of his distinguished ancestry."

"I confess," observed Charlotte, "that I should prefer a man whose claims to my respect were of a less adventurous character. I respect like to be the wife of a hero."

"So you will, in all probability, if you marry Henri de Conde. He is the last representative of a line whose heritage is glory, and of whose alliance even a Montmorenci might be proud," returned the father.

He then hastened to communicate to the king the agreeable intelligence that his daughter had offered no objections to a marriage with his youthful ward and kinsman, the Prince de Conde.

"It is well," replied the monarch; "I will myself present the Prince de Conde to his fair bride, and the contract shall be signed in my presence this evening."

The Duke and Duchess de Montmorenci were charmed at the idea of an alliance that offered to their only daughter no very remote prospect of sharing the throne of France. As for the fair Charlotte, her pride alone having been wounded by the desertion of Bassompierre, she took the readiest way of dissipating any chagrin his defection had caused, by making *une grande toilette* for the reception of the new

candidate for her hand. So long was she engaged in this interesting occupation, that a pompous and continuous flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the royal *cortège* at the hotel de Montmorenci, before she had concluded the arrangement of ruff and fardingale to her own satisfaction.

Her entrance was greeted with a suppressed murmur of admiration, and the graceful manner with which she advanced to offer her homage to her sovereign, excited fresh applause.

"Ah, my cousin," cried the enamored monarch, turning to the Prince de Conde, "what an enviable man am I not about to render you, in uniting you to so charming a bride! By the mass, if I were a bachelor, I must have kept her for myself, and laid my crown at her feet; and, even as it is, I feel more pain than I am willing to confess in bestowing her upon another."

Henri Quarte felt the hand of the youthful beauty, which he had retained in his own, while addressing this high-flown compliment to her future husband, tremble in his grasp. Charlotte was conscious that her sovereign was availing himself of his opportunity of pressing her fairy fingers, with more ardor than became the paternal character he had assumed. A deep blush overspread her countenance as the question suggested itself to her mind. "Wherefore has he taken so much pains to separate me from Francois Bassompierre?" and, at the same moment, she stole a furtive glance at him, whose destiny was, from that hour, to be so closely connected with her own, and encountered the dark penetrating eyes, whose scrutiny had so much disturbed her at the Louvre. They were still bent on her face with the same grave, mournful expression, as if intended to pierce into her very soul. Those beautiful and searching eyes belonged to Henri de Conde. Scarcely had she made this startling discovery, when the king, assuming the imposing characteristics of majesty, which so much better became his mature age than the light and reckless tone of gallantry in which he had before indulged, presented the Prince de Conde to her in due form. Then, putting her hand into that of his pale, thoughtful kinsman, he pronounced the patriarchal blessing of the *suzerain* on their approaching union.

Charlotte started, and impulsively drew back from the icy touch of the cold hand that then faintly closed on hers. There was nothing of tenderness, or encouragement, in the sternly composed features of Conde; no trait of that silently expressive homage, which is so dear to the heart of woman; nothing, in fact, to compensate for the absence of manly beauty and courtly grace in a very young man. Though the habits of politeness and self-control, which are so early impressed upon the daughters of the great, prevented the fair Montmorenci from betraying her secret dissatisfaction, she ventured to direct an appealing look to her parents, as if to implore their interference; but her mother turned away, and her father gave her a glance which intimated that it was too late to recede.

The marriage contract was read, and subscribed by the king in his three-fold capacity of *suzerain*, or paramount liege-lord of the contracting parties; and also as the next of kin and guardian of the illustrious bride-groom, who was an orphan and a minor. It was next witnessed by the parents of the bride. The pen was next presented to the Prince de Conde. He paused, and appeared irresolute; darted a glance of suspicious inquiry at the king, and bent one of his searching looks on the face of her to whom he was required to plight himself. Mademoiselle de Montmorenci was unconscious of his scrutiny. Overpowered by the strangeness and agitating nature of the scene, she stood, with downcast eyes and a varying color, leaning her clasped hands for support on the shoulder of her only brother, afterwards so celebrated in the annals of France, as the illustrious and unfortunate Henri de Montmorenci. Never had she appeared so charming as at that moment, when the feminine emotions of fear and shame had lent their softening shade to beauty, which was, perhaps, too dazzling in its faultless perfections, and calculated rather to excite wonder and admiration, than to inspire tenderness. The stern expression of Conde's features relaxed as he gazed upon her, and observed the virgin hues of "celestial rosy red," and "angel whiteness," that came and went in her fair cheek. His countenance brightened, he took the pen with sudden animation, and, with a firm hand, and in bold characters, subscribed his name to the contract.

Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorenci, your signature is required," said the duke, her father, to the evidently reluctant damsel.

"I have a great mind not to sign," said Charlotte, in a confidential tone aside to her brother, who was two years younger than herself.

"Are you minded to offer an unprovoked affront to an honorable gentleman, and to afford a triumph to a recreant lover?" was the whispered response of the youthful heir of Montmorenci.

Charlotte advanced to the table, and signed the instrument. She received somewhat coolly the congratulations with which her friends and relations overwhelmed her; and when the folding doors of the saloon were thrown open, and the king gave his hand to the Duchess de Montmorenci to lead her into the banqueting-room, where a sumptuous entertainment had been laid out in honor of the occasion, she took the offered arm of the man to whom she had just affianced herself, with an averted head, and a sigh escaped her.

"I fear," said he, in a low voice, "that you have been compelled to do violence to your feelings in signing that contract."

These were the first words that Conde had ever addressed to his beautiful *fiancee*, and there was a deep and tender melody in the rich but melancholy tones of his voice, that thrilled to her heart not less strangely than the penetrating glances of his fine dark eyes had previously done.

"I shall not hate him quite so much as I thought I should," was her mental response to this considerate question; but instead of answering the prince with reciprocal frankness, she replied with some hauteur—

"I am not accustomed to do anything on compulsion, Monsieur."

It was now Conde's turn to sigh—he did so from the bottom of his heart; and Charlotte felt angry with herself for the perverseness which had prompted her to repel his first advance towards a confidential understanding.

A ball succeeded the banquet. The Prince de Conde did not dance, though reminded that courtly etiquette required that he should at least tread one measure with his bride elect; and Charlotte found a more gallant, if not a more suitable partner, in her admiring sovereign, with whom she once more danced the graceful *paron*, and bounded, with flying feet, through the light *courant*, heedless of the grave looks of disapprobation with which her vivacious enjoyment of her favorite amusement was regarded by him to whom her hand was now pledged.

An early day had been fixed by the king for the nuptials of Bassompierre and Mademoiselle d'Aumale. Charlotte expressed a wish that her marriage should precede theirs, and, in the meantime, the Prince de Conde availed himself of the privilege of a betrothed lover, in passing much of his time at the hotel de Montmorenci; but when there, his attention appeared more engrossed by the parents and the youthful brother of his *fiancee*, than by herself. In conversation with them, the "shy reserved boy of Conde," as Henri Quarte was accustomed to call his studious cousin, could be eloquent, graceful, and even witty. He possessed talents of the finest order; his mind had been highly cultivated, and there was sound sense, and beautiful morality in every thing he said—Charlotte, seated at her tapestry frame, beside her mother, could not help listening, at first with girlish curiosity, but, by degrees, with profound attention, to the observations which he addressed to her brother on the course of history he was reading; and when she saw his pale cheek kindling with the glow of virtuous and heroic feeling, and his dark penetrating eyes beaming with intellectual brightness, she blushed at the thought that those eyes should have witnessed so much vanity and frivolity in herself.

Sometimes she felt mortified that he addressed so little of his conversation to her; and then, without reflecting that she had chilled and repelled him in the first instance, she was piqued into a haughty imitation of his reserve, when alone with him; and when surrounded by the gay crowd of her courtly admirers, she endeavored, by the exercise of coquetry, to shake his equanimity, and provoke him either into a quarrel, or an acknowledgment of love.

She was convinced that he had ceased to regard her with indifference; for she had more than once detected his lustrous dark eyes fixed upon her with that intense expression of passionate feeling, which can never be mistaken by its object; yet he had resolutely refrained from giving to that feeling words; and it seemed hard to the most beautiful girl in France, that she should be wedded, unwedded, by him of all others, from whom she most desired to hear the language of love.

"If I could but once see this youthful stoic at my feet, I should feel prouder of that triumph than of all the homage which has been offered to me this night by 'him of the white plume,' and his gallant peers," sighed Charlotte to herself, as she was returning from the last ball at the Louvre at which she was to appear as Mademoiselle de Montmorenci.

It was the most brilliant she had ever attended; and though on the eve of her bridal, Charlotte ventured on the hazardous experiment of exciting the jealousy of her betrothed. She succeeded only too well, and Conde, unable to conceal his emotion, quitted the royal saloon at an early hour. All the interest that the beautiful and admired Mademoiselle de Montmorenci had taken in the gay scene, departed with the pale agitated stripling, whom every one present suspected of being the object of her aversion; and pleading a headache to excuse her from fulfilling her engagement of dancing a second time with the king, she retired almost immediately afterwards.

On entering her own apartment her attendant presented her with a billet. It was from the Prince de Conde—the first he had ever addressed to her.

"To every woman of sensibility it is delightful to see her name traced, for the first time, by the hand of the object of her secret regard. Who can describe the sweet suspense of that agitating moment which must intervene ere the seal can be broken, and the thrilling mystery unfolded? Alas, for Charlotte de Montmorenci! Her recent conduct rendered her feelings on this occasion the very reverse of those blissful emotions. Her color faded, her knees shook, and it was with difficulty that her agitated hand could open the letter. It contained only these words:—

"Charlotte de Montmorenci—
"Late as it may be when you receive this, I must see you before you retire to rest. You will find me in the east saloon."
"Henri de Conde."

"Not even the common forms, unmeaning though they be, which courtesy requires, observed in this his first, his only communication to me!" thought Mademoiselle de Montmorenci as she crushed the paper together in her hand. She turned her eyes upon the dial that surrounded her tall dressing glass,—it still wanted five minutes to midnight. Those five minutes decided her destiny. She took the silver lamp from the toilet, and dismissing her damsel, repaired to the appointed trysting place; then, unclosing the door with a tremulous hand, she stood before Conde with a cheek so pale, that when he caught the first glimpse of her dimly shadowed reflection in the cold glassy surface of the mirrored panel, opposite to which he was standing, he absolutely started; so different did she look from the sparkling, animated beauty, whom he had left, scarcely an hour ago, leading off the dance with royalty in the glittering saloons of the Louvre. Conde had, in fact, neither anticipated her early return home, nor the prompt attention she had paid to his somewhat uncourteous summons; far less was he prepared for indications of softness and sensibility, where he had expected to encounter only coldness and pride. He advanced a step—one step only—to meet her; then

paused, and silently awaited her approach.—The glance which Charlotte ventured to steal as she placed her lamp on the marble table at which he stood, revealed to her the air of stern resolve with which his lofty brow was compressed; the only trace of the passionate emotion that had so recently shaken his firm spirit, was a slight redness about his eyes.

"Charlotte de Montmorenci," said he addressing her in a low deep voice, "I hold in my hand the contract of our betrothment. That contract was signed by you with evident reluctance, and it will cost you no pain to cancel it." He paused, and fixed his dark penetrating eyes on her face as if to demand an answer.

Charlotte tried to speak, but there was a convulsive rising in her throat that prevented articulation. The glittering carcanet that encircled her fair neck appeared, at that moment, to oppress her with an insufferable weight, and to have suddenly tightened almost to suffocation. She drew a deep respiration, and raising her trembling hands, essayed to unloose the clasp, but in vain. It seemed to her that the hysterical emotion that oppressed her was occasioned by the weight of this costly ornament and its rich appendages, and that her life depended on her instant release from their pressure; and after a second ineffectual attempt to unclasp the jewelled circlet, she actually turned an imploring glance for help upon the real cause of her distress, her offended lover. Conde's assistance was promptly accorded; but, either through the intricacy of spring, or his inexperience in all matters relating to female decorations, or, it might be, that he was at that moment not less agitated than his pale and trembling *fiancee*, his attempts to unclasp the carcanet were as unsuccessful as her own. While thus employed, her silken ringlets were mingled with his dark locks, and more than once his brow came in contact with her polished cheek; and when, at last, by an effort of main strength, he succeeded in bursting the fastening of the jewelled collar, she sunk with a convulsive sob into the arms that were involuntarily extended to receive her. For the first time, Conde held the form of perfect loveliness in his bosom, and forgetful of all the stern resolves that had, for the last few hours, determined to part with her for ever,—forgetful of pride, anger, jealousy, and reason itself, he covered her cold forehead with passionate kisses, and implored her, by every title of fond endearment, to revive. Those soothing words, those tender caresses, recalled her to a sweet but agitating consciousness; and when she perceived on whose breast she was supported, a burst of tears relieved her full heart, and she sobbed with vehemence of a child that cannot cease to weep even when the cause of its distress has been removed.

"Speak but one word," cried Conde.—"Have I occasioned this emotion—these tears?"

Charlotte could not speak, but her silence was eloquent.

"Nay, but I must be told, in explicit terms, that you love me," cried Conde; "it is a point on which I dare not suffer myself to be deceived."

"Mighty fine!" said the fair Montmorenci, suddenly recovering her vivacity and smiling through her tears; "and so you have the vanity to expect that I am to reverse the order of things, and play the wooer to you, for your more perfect satisfaction, after you have informed me of your obliging intention of cancelling our contract of betrothment?"

"Ah, Charlotte! if you did but know much I have suffered before I could resolve to resign the happiness of calling you mine!"

"Well, if you are resolved, I have no more to say," rejoined Charlotte, proudly extricating herself from his arms.

"But I have," said Conde, taking her by both her hands, which he retained in spite of one or two perverse attempts to withdraw them. "Fie, this is childish petulance!" cried he, pressing them to his lips; "but, my sweet Charlotte, the moment is past for trifling on either side. These coquetries might have cost us both only too dear." His lips quivered with strong emotion, as he spoke, and the large tears stole from under the downcast lashes of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci. "We have caused each other much pain for want of a little candor," pursued he.

"Why, then, did you not tell me that you loved me?" whispered Charlotte.

"Because I dared not resign my heart into your keep before I was assured that I might trust you with my honor."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Charlotte, becoming very pale; "and is it possible that you could doubt?"

"Charlotte, I was to well acquainted with the king's character to behold the undisguised manifestations of his passion for my affianced bride with indifference. The attentions of a royal lover were flattering, I perceived, to the vanity of a young and beautiful woman. The complacency with which they were, at times, received, and my knowledge of the motives which induced the king to break your first engagement with Bassompierre, were sufficient to alarm a man of honor," said Conde with a darkening brow.

"You are talking in enigmas, Henri de Conde," replied Mademoiselle de Montmorenci.

"If you are ignorant of the fact, that Henri of France separated you from his handsome favorite, because he feared that such a husband would be a formidable rival to himself, no one else is; for Bassompierre has made the particulars of his sovereign's conversation with him on that subject too public for it to remain a matter of doubt. You look incredulous, Charlotte, but you shall hear the very words in which the king made this audacious declaration.—I am, myself," said he to Bassompierre, "madly in love with your beautiful Montmorenci."

"Ha! did he, a married man, dare to make such an acknowledgment?"

"Yes, Charlotte; and, moreover, imprudently added, 'If she loves you I shall detest you.—You must give up either her or me. You will not of course risk the loss of my favor. I shall marry her to my cousin Conde.'" Yes,

Charlotte, the plain "shy boy of Conde," as he generally styles me, was designed for the honor of being this husband of convenience; but had I known his guileful project at the time when he required me to sign the contract, not all the powers of France, nor even the influence of your charms, should have bribed me to subscribe that paper."

"It is not now irrevocable," said Charlotte, proudly.

"It is if you are willing to accede to the conditions on which I am ready to join in its fulfillment."

"Name them."

"You must see the king no more after our marriage."

"That will be no sacrifice; and, after your communication, I could not look upon him without indignation. How little did I imagine that such baseness could sully the glory of him of whom fame has spoken such bright things?"

"Charlotte, it is his prevailing foible. The sin that was unchecked in youth, gained strength in middle age, and now amounts to madness. There will be no security for our wedded happiness if we remain in his dominions; but can I ask you to forsake friends and country for me?" said Conde.

"Shall I not find all these things, and more also, in the husband of my heart?" returned Charlotte, tenderly.

"Ah, Charlotte, can you forgive my ungentle doubts?" said Conde, throwing himself at her feet.

"Yes, for they are proofs of the sincerity of your affection; and had you been less jealous of my honor, I should not have loved you so well," said she. "From this hour we are as one; and it will be the happiness of my life to resign myself to your guidance."

"Then, my sweet Charlotte, I must, for the sake of the fading roses on these fair cheeks, dismiss you to your pillow, without further parance," returned Conde. They exchanged a mute caress, and parted.

The marriage was celebrated with royal pomp on the following day, at high noon, in the church of Notre Dame. Conde received his lovely bride from the hand of his royal rival; but the king's exultation in the success of the deep laid scheme, by which he had separated the object of his lawless passion from her first lover, to unite her with one from whom he vainly imagined he should have little to fear, was of brief duration. The nuptial festivities received a sudden interruption on the following morning, in consequence of the disappearance of both bride and bridegroom; and what was stranger still, it was soon discovered that they had eloped together. The good people of Paris were thrown into the most vivacious amazement at an event so entirely without parallel, either in history, poetry, or romance, as the first prince of the blood running away with his own wife; and their astonishment increased, when the circumstance of this lawful abduction transpired, by which it appeared that the Prince de Conde, accompanied by his illustrious bride quitted their chamber an hour before dawn, and that he had actually carried her off, riding behind him on a pillow, disguised in the grey frieze cloak and hood of a farmer's wife.

The enamored king, transported with rage at having been thus outwitted by the boy-bridegroom gave orders for an immediate pursuit.—The wedded lovers were, however, beyond his reach. They had crossed the Spanish frontier before their route was traced, and Philip the Third afforded them a refuge in his dominions.

The refusal of that monarch to give up these illustrious fugitives, produced a declaration of war from Henri. He was, in fact, so pertinacious in his attempts to obtain possession of the object of his lawless passion, that it was not till after his death that Conde ventured to return, with his lovely wife, from the voluntary exile to which they had devoted themselves as a refuge from dishonor. The splendid talents and noble qualities of Henri de Conde have obtained for him so distinguished a place in the annals of his country, that the title of the "Great Conde" would undoubtedly have pertained to him, if the renown of his illustrious son, by Charlotte de Montmorenci, had not, in after years, transcended his own.

History has, with her usual partiality, passed lightly over this dark spot in the character of the gay, the gallant, the chivalric Henri Quarte, without bestowing a single comment on the lofty spirit of honorable independence that characterized the conduct of his youthful kinsman on this trying occasion; and has left wholly unnoticed the virtue and conjugal fervor of the high-born beauty, who nobly preferred sharing the poverty and exile of her husband, to all the pomp and distinctions that were in the gift of a royal lover.

"Samba I see got a conumbus to promulgate to you."

"Propel, darkey."

"Well, den, why am you like a tree?"

"Why am I like a tree? I gib dat up."

"De reason why you am like a tree is because you am *elber green*! Yah! yah!"

"Clem, I see got a conumbus to propound to you."

"Expatriate den, Samba."

"Well, den, why is you like a tree?"

"I gibs dat up for sartin, darkey."

"Den, Clem, I can demonstrate de fact—De reason why you am like a tree is because you am a *low cus*!"

"Good-bye, darkey, I exchange no more salutations wid you."

"Samba, why am your head like de moon?"

"Ise gib dat up, child! Prognosticate."

"Because, it is supposed to be inhabited—Yah, yah!" Samba turned up the white of his eyes, and scratched his wool!

"It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex, as to convince each other."

"God beats the heart without words but he never hears word without the heart."