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[From the London Court Journal.]

## VIRTUE REWARDED.

A GOOD STORY, WELL TOLD.

On the 3d of January, during the cold which reigned so severely in Paris, at the moment when the snow was falling in heavy flakes, a stoppage of passengers, horses and vehicles took place suddenly at the corner of the Rue St. Honore and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec.

"What's the matter?" asked a young man, whose accent declared him to be an inhabitant of the south of France.

"I really can't inform you, Monsieur—I was going to ask the question myself."

"It's only a man who has fallen on the ice," said an orange woman who had overheard the colloquy—"nothing more. Two sous a piece—come buy!"

"It's a man dead drunk," said a porter, pushing his way out of the crowd.

"Bah!" cried an old woman; "I bet that it's one of those cursed omnibuses which has overturned some poor wretch. I had my leg broken by one two years ago!"

"No such thing," cried a stout man, warmly wrapped up in a thick wrap-rascal, a large handkerchief up to his nose, and his hands fixed in his side pockets—"It's no such thing. It's a man struck with cold and hunger. He is dying—that's evident. Poor man!—These things quite affect me! I should have stopped to lend him some assistance, but the fact is I am too late as it is, for my wife is waiting dinner for me.—Pardon, Monsieur, permit me to pass."

The stranger, however, to whom this request was addressed, pushed the stout man in the contrary direction, and pressed through the crowd of gazers, until he arrived, and without difficulty, at the spot where the cause of this assemblage was lying. There, near the fountain, was extended on the ice an old man scarcely covered with a few rags. The stranger, yielding only to the dictates of a kind heart, stooped down, and was in the act of raising the unhappy man, when a cry broke the silence of the crowd, and a sweet voice exclaimed "It's my poor old man!" At the same moment, a young girl piercing the crowd, joined her feeble aid to that of the stranger.

"You know him, then?" he demanded, without looking at the new comer, but trying to prevent her having any share of the burden.

"Yes and no, Monsieur," she replied, taking out a smelling bottle. "I know him by sight, but am ignorant of his name."

A third person came to add his assistance to the efforts of the young people. "It is old Gerald!" he said. "He must have gone out this morning, the first for these four days. This way, Monsieur," said he, speaking to the stranger; "he lives here, at number 30, and I am the porter of the house. Come, let me take your place, my little woman," continued he to the young girl; "this gentleman and I can take him to his room in the top of the house. It is sheer want that has reduced him to this state. They say he was once rich, and I believe it; for it is only the rich who allow themselves to famish from hunger when they are poor—we have still two stories to go up—It would not be guilty of such a foolish act; I would at once go to the Mayor and demand aid Take care—the stairs are not steep; it is so dark here you can't well see it. It is different with me, I am used to the place—that's the door. Push! He never needed a key to lock up his property, poor man. They say Gerald is not his name. Diable! how cold it is up here under these tiles!"

They placed the old man upon some straw in a corner of the garret, and the stranger hastened to feel his pulse. "He is dying of cold and want," said he.—"Here, my friend, here's some money for you; bring up some soup, some wine, and a fire." The porter held out his hand for the money, when the stranger suddenly exclaimed, after having searched his pockets, "Good heavens they have taken my purse!" and his features expressed most vividly vexation, and fear for the old man's recovery.

"I will get them," cried a gentle voice, it was the young girl, who had followed them unperceived. She hurried out of the room, and returned speedily, for she perceived that the slightest delay might be fatal. A woman followed her, bringing fire and wood, with which she lit a fire, and then retired. The young messenger was loaded with a bottle of wine and the wing of a fowl wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. She placed the whole near the old man, and then, kneeling down, arranged, the fire and stirred it up to a blaze,

The old man by degrees recovered his senses; he was presented with food in small quantities, and in a short time animation was restored. Too weak to thank his benefactors, he could only express his feelings by looks of the most touching gratitude, particularly when they rested on the young girl, still occupied near the hearth. To the stranger she appeared nothing else than a charming and mysterious vision. Who could this young creature be, who was so earnestly and effectively devoted to a work of charity, when her own attire gave every indication of privation and penury? Cold as the weather was, the bonnet which encircled her delicate and beautiful features was of black straw; the silk gloves, mended in several places, served to cover her hands, but certainly not to guarantee them from the cold. An old casamere, worn to the last extremity, was thrown over a faded gown of dark silk, and her whole appearance betokened the absence of any warm garment.

The young man would undoubtedly have been struck by the extreme beauty of her features, had there been no other charm to attract him; but there was about her that indescribable something which pleases more than mere beauty—and that is, a union of goodness and elegance, which is, indeed, but seldom to be met with, but when seen is irresistible. At last herself imposed task was over—she approached the old man, and stooping down towards him, nodded her head kindly, as she uttered the words, "I will soon return."

She then took up a small case which she had put down on her entrance, and saluting the stranger, she left the room and decended the narrow stairs with a rapid step.

The young man gazed on her a moment and then turned towards the invalid. "I, on the contrary, shall not return, for I leave Paris this evening; but you shall soon hear from me." He then pressed the old man's hand kindly, and departed. When he emerged from the gateway of the house into the street, though hopeless of seeing his young assistant in the work of benevolence in which he had been engaged, he still could not avoid looking around to see if by chance she was still in sight. As chance would have it, she was standing as if undecided at the door of a jeweller's shop at some distance. At last she appeared to have formed her determination, for she opened the door and entered. Without exactly analyzing the cause of his curiosity, the stranger approached the window of the shop and observed what was going on within. He saw the young girl take off her gloves, and whilst he was admiring the dazzling whiteness and aristocratic form of the hand, she drew, with some emotion, a ring from her finger, and presented it to the person at the counter. He took it, examined it carefully, rubbed and tested the stone, and then methodicaly took a small pair of scales, and having ascertained the weight, offered his customer a price, which it was easy to see she accepted, from the movement of assent with which she bent her head. The jeweller opened a drawer and counted out some money, which he pushed over the counter; and having written down the name and address, he cast the ring into another drawer, amongst a heap of jewels of all sorts and colors. The girl then departed, and in a minute afterwards the young man entered the shop.

In a short time a terwards she turned into a plain looking house, in one of the streets off the Rue St. Honore; and opening the door of a room en the rue dechausee, she entered hastily, crying, "Here I am, dear mother—you must have been uneasy at my long absence?"

Madame Revial, the person to whom these words were addressed, appeared infirm, though more from trouble than from years. She was stretched on a sofa, and appeared in delicate health. Her features, unusually pale, assumed an appearance of animation when her daughter entered, and then immediately became more sombre than before.

"Dear Anna," said she, "I have an unpleasant piece of news to acquaint you with, it was this, perhaps, that made me rather fear your return, than take note of your prolonged absence."

Anna, having cast on a chair her shawl and bonnet, immediately seated herself on a low stool near the end of the sofa which supported her mother's head. The latter passed her hand affectionately over the dark hair of her daughter, and then continued.

"You knew that your father had promised your hand to the son of M. Barsac, of Bordeaux, his oldest friend. The death of your father—the lengthened illness which has so much reduced me—had not overcome my courage, as long as I could live in the hope of seeing you one day rich and happy, under the protection of a worthy husband. This very morning the scaffold of happiness, which I loved so much to build up for you, fell to the ground. This letter, addressed to our old habitation ought to have come to hand yesterday. Here, read for yourself."

Anna took the letter which her mother held out to her, and looking at the signature, remarked, "It is from Jules Barsac himself," she then read the contents aloud,

"MADAME—As long as fortune smiled on me, I thought with delight on the alliance which M. Revial and my father contracted for me; but the late failure of the firm of Dandelas & Co., has drawn on ours; and as a man of honor I deem myself bound to restore to you your promise. If your daughter and myself were well acquainted, and if mutual affection had been the basis of the projected union, I would have bent my knees before you, Madame, and prayed to wait until I repair the disaster; but have I the right to call on another to partake in my poverty, and to join in my labors? Do I even know what space or time it may take to acquire a fortune worthy of that which you have lost? He that is above can only tell. Your daughter, brought up under your protecting care, is, so I am informed, both amiable and lovely. Who is there, then, who will not be proud and happy to give her an honorable name, and a position in society equal to that in which she was born? As to me, I have nothing left, and unwillingly I am forced to renounce the favor designed for me. You will pardon me, Madame, for leaving Paris without paying my respects to you; but I should fear, after having seen your daughter, to carry with me a keen regret, which might trouble the calm of an existence now consecrated to labor.

Farewell, then, Madame; believe me to be penetrated with every sentiment of respect for you, and to remain.

Your most humble and obedient serv't,

JULES BARSAC."

The young girl paused a moment after reading the note, and then raising her eyes to meet her mother's she remarked, as she placed it on the work table, "Do you not think, mother, that letter is perfect? except the too high opinions expressed of me? I really think that M. Barsac writes with the utmost good sense. I almost regret that I had not seen a man whose conduct is actuated by such honorable motives."

"This letter," said Madame Revial, mournfully, "certainly augments my regret. I feel that I could have loved this young man as a son. Now what a different lot awaits you! Are you not terrified at the idea of being obliged to work for your poor mother!"

"How unkind," said Anna, "how unlike yourself! Why, what is it after all? Formerly, I embroidered to amuse myself, now I do the same to contribute to your comfort. The latter will be surely the most agreeable. Besides, I can do it now so much more cheerfully. Look, I have disposed of the collar,', and she showed the empty case which she had brought, too, "and here's the price obtained for it," placing three pieces of money on the table.

A light knock at the door interrupted the conversation; Anna cast a look of inquietude at her mother, for since the loss of their fortune no visit had broken their solitude.

"Go and open it," said the lady. With a smile she obeyed, and the opened door gave entrance to a man, whom she immediately recognized as the stranger who had assisted the poor old sufferer.

The countenance of Mademoiselle Revial at once assumed a grave and severe expression. Her mother perceived the change, but before she could make an inquiry into the cause, the stranger advanced and saluting her with respect, said, "Madame, you are, I presume, the mother of this young lady?"

Madame Revial made a sign of assent, and pointed out a chair to the stranger. He took it and continued, "chance this morning brought Mademoiselle and myself together in affording assistance to an unhappy—"

"Oh! mother," interrupted the young girl whose neck and face was covered with blushes at this allusion to the morning's adventure, "I have not had time to tell you about it. Do you remember the poor old man who generally took up his station at the door of our hotel formerly? He always wore a green bandage over his eyes, to conceal his face from the passers by, and held a small basket of matches in his hand."

"Yes," interrupted Madame Revial in her turn, "I remember him well; your father always dropped some money in the basket when returning from the Bourse. You always used to call him *your poor old man*; and you, as little as you were, delighted in giving him every thing you could scrape together."

"Well, since our departure from the hotel, we have asked each other a hundred times what could have become of him."

"Yes," said Madame Revial, with evident interest.

"Well, mother, I found him to day, at last, but in such a wretched state that I was really shocked.—Stretched on the snow, dying, absolutely, of cold and hunger; and, without the kind assistance of this gentleman, he must have perished where he lay."

"Say rather without yours," said the young man earnestly. "I could do nothing, for I had lost my purse. To you, and you alone, is he indebted for life. But," continued he, in a different tone, seeing the color again mounting to Anna's face, "it is not for the purpose of disclosing to this lady the secret of your good actions, that I have followed you here; it is to request you to take the trouble of buying a bed and some other little necessaries for this poor child of misfortune. Here are a hundred francs, that you will have the kindness to employ for this purpose. I pray you to believe that if I was not a stranger in Paris, and on the point of quitting it this very evening, I would not take the liberty with persons to whom I am unknown. I trust that you will excuse my request."

"There is no necessity to offer an apology," said Madame Revial, "on the contrary, we ought to thank you for having selected us to complete a benevolent action."

"Now, Madame," added the young man in a hesitating and timid manner, "it only remains for me to inquire the name of my young sister in this work of kindness."

"Madamoiselle Anna Revial."

A cry of astonishment broke from the stranger—"The daughter of M. Revial of Bordeaux, who lost his fortune by trusting in a friend, and died of grief?"

"Alas you have but too truly stated the case. How does it happen that you are acquainted with these facts?"

"I am Jules Barsac," said the young man in a voice scarcely audible.

Anna grew pale, and went and placed herself near her mother's seat. A mournful silence succeeded for a short time, and it was Jules who broke it.

"Oh! Madame," said he, suddenly rising, "I perceive that I yesterday sent you my renunciation of a life of happiness. This letter," he repeated as he slightly touched it with the finger of his right hand with a look of disgust—"permit me to destroy it and to forget that it was ever written." Looking from one lady to the other, and seeing no sign of opposition, he tore it down the middle, and threw the portions into the fire. He watched them until the flame had seized on every part; and then, as if content that it was wholly and irrecoverably destroyed, he approached Madame Revial and bent his knee before her, as she regarded alternately with the utmost satisfaction, her daughter, and him whom she would have chosen for her son-in-law, if the choice had been in her power.

"Or if the memory of this unhappy letter cannot altogether pass away, and it must still be in remembrance, think only of the words, which say, 'If your daughter and myself had been acquainted.' We are acquainted, and know each other already as if we had never been apart. I just now called Madamoiselle by the name of sister; let me call her by another name, not less kind, but more sacred—that of wife. I have no fortune to offer her, but I feel animated by double courage and hope. For her—for you, Madame, who will never quit us, I will work with energy and determination, and I feel that I shall succeed in my efforts. Oh, Madame, deign to answer me! But you weep—you give me your hand—you consent to my request?"

"And you, Anna, what do you say?" asked Madame Revial, as she held out the other to her daughter.

"Have I ever any other will than yours, dear mother?" and she pressed the hand to her lips.

"You consent, then, Madamoiselle?" said Jules; "then you will allow me to present you this ring as a mark of our engagement."

He handed her a little ring set round with turquoises.

"It is Anna's ring!" said Madame Revial, with surprise.

"Yes, mother," said Anna, quite confused; "I was obliged to sell it to replace the money I had received for my embroidery."

"It was in purchasing it that I discovered your address, although you entered in the jeweller's book only the name of Anna. It is to this ring that I owe the happiness of again beholding you." He took, as he spoke, the unresisting hand of the young girl, and placed on her finger the pledge of their union.

The same evening, in order to fulfil the benevolent intentions of M. Barsac, who was obliged to leave town for Bordeaux, Anna returned to the old man's lodgings. He was no longer to be found; he had disappeared without pointing out his new abode!

† * * * *

A month after, in the humble lodging of Madame Revial, a few were assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract before the notary, who soon make his appearance; he was followed by an elderly man, richly attired. As the latter was not introduced, no person took much notice of him, for each was too much occupied with the ceremony for which they had come together. Madame Revial was still an invalid, and had her daughter seated near her. Jules Barsac was standing on the other side. The notary placed his portfolio on the table, and took from it a contract of marriage, which he proceeded to read aloud. After having specified the little property of the bridegroom, he went on to detail the fortune of the lady: "Madame Revial makes over to her daughter the sum of £1,000 per year."—

"You are making a mistake, Monsieur," interrupted Madame Revial; "formerly, indeed, I did intend"—

The notary, without paying any attention to the interruption, continued—"£1000 a year, arising from money in the public funds, for which here are the securities."

Saying this, he displayed the coupons on the table, and Madame Revial, the daughter, and Jules Barsac, all made a movement as if about to speak, when the aged stranger arose and made a sign for them to remain silent. Surprised at this interference, they awaited with interest the result of this strange scene.

"What!" said the old man with a broken voice, and addressing Anna, "what, Mademoiselle! do you not remember *your poor old man*?"

While she was looking earnestly at him, trying to read in his venerable countenance the marks of misery and suffering, he continued:

"You have then forgotten ten years of daily kindness? You have forgotten the 3d of January with the assistance you gave so opportunely—the fire, the wine and the wing of a fowl wrapped up in a piece of newspaper? All forgotten? Well, that very piece of newspaper is he cause of all my misery being at an end. In an advertisement it here, I read the intelligence that a French gentleman named Francois de Chazel, ruined, like him in the revolution? and that, by his will, he had ordered an advertisement to be inserted every week for three years, that the brother might come forward and claim his ample fortune,—That Jacques de Chazel stands now before you; it is I.

"Without delay I set out for London, and only returned yesterday. Your notary," continued he, speaking to Madame Revial, "is mine? from him I heard of the intended marriage of your daughter. To that angel I owe my life, and the least I can do is to present her with a part of that fortune, which without her, never would have reached my hands."

"But, Monsieur," said Madame Revial, with emotion, "perhaps you have a family?"

"Yes Madame," replied he, bowing low as he spoke, "if you will admit me into yours."

"Ah you have made part of our family for such a long time!" said Anna, pressing in her hands those of M. de Chazel; then, with a gesture full of naivette and grace, pointing to her intended husband, she added, in a low voice! "It is he who took you up. Do you recollect him? Ah! you say that to me you owe your life, if you only knew how much I am indebted to you—if you only knew it! But we will separate no more, and I shall have time to tell you all about it."

Jules came forward to present the pen to his bride, and they both signed the marriage contract. Formed under such auspices, who can doubt that it was a happy one?

## ARROGANT AND OVERBEARING PIETY.

BY REV. DR. NOTT.

Never do haughty egotism, captious animadversion, and acrimonious rebuke appear so unsightly as in the minister charged from the meek and lowly Jesus with an embassy of peace. And yet, alas! unsightly as these appear, we are sometimes compelled, with regret and sorrow, to behold them.

A particular profession or pursuit does not alter the nature of human passions, but only gives to them a different direction. The wrath of Paul was as deadly as that of Herod. The one assassinated out of complaisance to a giddy girl, the other persecuted for conscience sake. This circumstance, however, made no difference to the wretched victims whom his malignant zeal pursued to death.

Under the cover of religion, men perhaps more frequently indulge the bitterness of passion without compunction than in any other situation. The wretch who wantonly, and without some "*salvo* to his conscience," attacks private character, feels self-condemned. But the sour, sanctimonious, grace-hardened bigot embarks all his pride, gratifies all his revenge, and empties his corroded bosom of its gall, and, having done so, smooths over his distorted features of a countenance on which sits the smile of Judas, and says, and half believes, that *he has done God service.*

The proud, ambitious, arrogant clergyman takes his stand in the church with the same views that the proud, arrogant, and ambitious statesman takes his in the world.

Is self aggrandizement the motive of the latter? so it is of the former. And this is to be sought in pursuits and studies which ought, above all others, to sweeten the temper and humble the pride of man.—But these studies and pursuits, where grace is interposed, do not alter human nature. The arch casuist soon, indeed, acquies a zeal for religion, but it is cruel; he learns to contend for the faith, but he contends with acrimony; and even the *cross*, the sacred symbo of his Saviour's sufferings, is borne about him as an ostentatious emblem of his own humility. His own creed is the standard of doctrine, his own church is the exclusive asylum of faith. He fancies that he possesses, *solus in solo*, all the orthodoxy, all the crudition, all the taste of the kingdom; and swaggering, like Jupiter on the top of Olympus, he seats himself as sole umpire in all matters of faith, of fact, of science. If any one dares to pass the boundary he has fixed, or to adopt a mode of expression he has not authorized, he brands him with the appellation of *heretic*, and instantly hurls at his devoted head a thunderbolt.

If an individual stands in his way, and particularly if that individual possesses an influence which he envies, or fills a place which he covets, he marks him as his victim. The sacrifice, however, must be orthodoxically performed, and attended with all the external forms of sanctity. To prepare the way for this, disingenuous insinuations are thrown out against the hated object; his sentiments are misstated, his language is prevarted, and his performances are dissected and combined anew, and held up in opposition to sound doctrine, in order to awaken jealousies, to weaken the confidence, and steal away the affections of his Christian friends.

In the mean time, and the more effectually to conceal the ultimate design, the sacred names of friendship, of sincerity, of candor, are flung around the devoted individual, like the garlands with which the pagans covered the victim they had selected for the alter. Profession swells on profession; a sense of duty, a love of truth, and even thy glory, God of mercy, is declared by the insatiate executioner to govern him, while he feels at the moment of the malice of *hell* rankling in his bosom, and dips his pen in the venom of the *damned*. The assault, indeed, is conducted under the banner of Jesus Christ. But it is immaterial whether it be the banner of Jesus or Mahommed. A proud, haughty, persecuting spirit, would transform the mild accents of heavenly grace to execrations, and steep as soon the Evangelists as the Alcoran in blood. To the victim who is sacrificed to pride or arrogance, it matters not whether the ceremony be performed on the scaffold or at the altar.

*Spirit of Love.*—Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature, that there is efficacy, divine, unspeakable efficacy in love. The exhibitation of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animals into subjection Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane, you can thrust your hand into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast and unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kidness.—If love such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far more cheering, far brighter than the fabulous age of gold, it would annihilate every sting; it would pluck every poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud and flower and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and briar, would spring up the fig-tree ane myrtle, the desert would blossom and the solitaay place be made glad.—*Upham.*

*An Anecdote.*—The following anecdote of the distinguished Lawyer, Thaddues Stevens, Esq. was related to us by a country gentleman, who visited us last week. He had a short time previous been at Mr. Steven's office on professional business, when a gentleman from the interior of the State entered with a son, whom he desired to place in the charge of Mr. Stevens, for instruction in the law. After having propounded certain interrogatories touching the general characetr of the young gentleman, Mr. Stevens wound up with:

"*Is he perfectly honest?*"

The gentleman signified that he thought he was. "Well sir," said Mr. Stevens," if he be not thoroughly honest, you had better make a preacher of him, but for a lawyer, it is *necessary* that he should be *perfectly honest?*"

Mr. Stevens did not state *why* this quality is necessary in a Law student but our friend intimated that as, from his peculiar avocation, a Preacher would soon find it necessary to *acquire* that quality—a Lawyer on the other hand, was in imminent danger of *losing* it; so that, as Mr. Stevens remarked, it was necessary that he should be perfectly honest at the commencement!—*Lin Farmer.*

## WORKING FOR A LIVING.

The following excellent article in the *Offering*, edited by the factory girls of Lowell breathes the right spirit:—"Whence originated the idea that it was derogatory to a lady's dignity, or a blot upon female character, to labor? And who was the first to say sneeringly, 'Oh, she works for a living.' Surely such ideas & expressions ought not to grow on republican soil! The time has been when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to busy themselves in domestice employment. Homer tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs, and wash with their own hands the linens of their respective families. The famous Lucretia used to spin, in the midst of her attendants; and the wife of Ulysses, after siege of Troy, employed herself weaving until her husband returned from Ithaca."