

weaker every day, and although she frequently tried to avoid Alphonse, he continually contrived to frustrate all her schemes. Fluctuating between her inclination and one remaining atom of virtue, she made one desperate effort to save herself. In reply to the earnest and reiterated entreaties of her lover to leave Paris with him, she replied, "I begin to think that it is my fate; but to-morrow I will make one last trial. I shall go to mass, and there pray that I may know how to act. If I leave my missal upon the chair, presume not to follow me, for I shall then have determined to see you no more; if I take it away, I shall not have been able to resist." The morning arrived; Jaqueline attended mass in the church of St. S—, and not daring to look around her, placed her missal on the chair, and was about to leave the edifice with a tottering step. Before she reached the door, an old woman ran after her, crying, "Madame, Madame, here is your book," and put it into her hands. "C'est mon sort done!"* exclaimed Jaqueline; the book fell from her hand—her sight failed her—an arm supported her to her carriage, and she returned no more to her home.

A few short months, and the dream was over. Alphonse, who had brought Jaqueline to London, received a letter from his father, offering him a diplomatic situation, provided he would leave the woman he had betrayed. The heartless wretch consented, and left his victim no further explanation than a copy of his father's letter. "Auguste, you are avenged!" was the sole exclamation of the unhappy Jaqueline, when she contemplated the destitution of her future life. Dreadful were her sufferings, and hardly earned was the pittance with which she supported herself: and yet Jaqueline was now more worthy of respect than she had been since the days when she rested at the good Madame la Pierre's, for she bore her privations in meek repentance. She was, however, to be tried yet further; a low fever wasted her, and checked the exertions by which she procured her living. A day passed nearly without food, and her endeavours to finish the allotted task were too much for her strength, and her landlady found her stretched on the floor in a state of insensibility. The cries of the kind-hearted woman alarmed the lodgers below, a foreigner flew to her assistance, and Jaqueline, opening her eyes, fixed them on the well-known features of Auguste. A fearful shriek burst from her lips, a violent fever ensued, and she for many days hovered between life and death. At last, her natural strength prevailed, and she was pronounced out of danger. Often as she recovered, did she ask who had ministered to her sufferings, but she was invariably answered, that she would know all in good time. She one day murmured, "I fancied I saw Auguste, but thank God it was only fancy." A sweet voice answered her in her native tongue, that she had indeed seen him; and a young lady, who made her appearance from behind the curtain, said, if she would be calm, she would tell her all. By degrees the truth was revealed, and Jaqueline learned that Auguste had risen rapidly, having attained the rank of colonel, and that he and the lady (his wife) were then on a tour of pleasure and relaxation, for the hard service in which Auguste had been engaged had injured his health. "A kind Providence," continued she, "directed us to this lodging, and we have been but too happy to be useful to a country-woman." The unhappy Jaqueline groaned aloud, and exclaimed;—"Alas! when you know all, and how worthless a being you have assisted, you will be sorry for your humanity." "Hush!" said her benefactress, "we have been to Paris, and know all." * * * *

Jaqueline's friends departed, and the first care of Auguste on his arrival in Paris, was to seek the Baron, who still lived at the chateau. The story was soon

told, and Auguste, acting the good Christian, not only had pardoned himself, but by his example and entreaties, obtained the pardon of Jacqueline's husband. Sending for a notary, the Baron, in a few hours, placed a deed in the hands of Auguste, which secured subsistence to his unfortunate wife for the remainder of her existence. Fallen from the pinnacle of beauty, wealth, and admiration; reduced to accept the very bread she ate from the hands of those she had most injured, Jaqueline yet lived to thank God that time had been given her for repentance; and when she closed her mortal career, she ventured to hope for happiness hereafter in the Saviour who had died for her and all other sinners.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

ANNE of Austria, wife of Louis XIII., was very unhappy during the lifetime of the king. She experienced the most cruel persecutions. The visit which the chancellor paid her at Val-de-Grace, is, perhaps, unexampled in history, on account of the circumstances which accompanied it. Her presses were all forced, her pockets ransacked; and impudence was carried to such a height, as to invade even the neck handkerchief which covered her. Her most faithful servants were torn from her, and cast into jail. The king hardly deigned to speak to her, or visit her. If we are to believe the annals of those times, these strange proceedings towards a queen possessed of superlative beauty and the most winning graces, had their origin in *love!* Cardinal de Richelieu—that minister so absolute, and who really reigned under Louis's name, looked with eyes of love upon the queen, by whom his passion was treated with contempt. It was therefore to avenge himself for her coldness, and to convince her how foolish she was to reject his love, that he thus caused her to be persecuted.

To the same sentiment is to be ascribed the divisions which arose at that period between France and England, and which occasioned so much bloodshed. The Duke of Buckingham, who ruled England as absolutely as the Cardinal did France, visited France on the occasion of his master's marriage. The Duke was no less bold than the Cardinal: he loved the queen, and told her so in a conversation he cunningly contrived to have with her.

The Cardinal, who was soon informed of this conversation, became exceedingly jealous; and did not let much time elapse before he made his rival sensible of it. The Duke having shortly after got himself named to a second embassy to France, merely to have an opportunity of seeing the queen, was forbidden to set his foot within the kingdom.

Mr. Hume hesitates not to ascribe the rupture between England and France, to the rivalry of the two ministers. The Cardinal's jealousy was the stronger, inasmuch as he knew that the Duke had been seen by the queen with favourable eyes; for the historian asserts, that the Duke's merits had impressed the queen with kind sentiments towards him. However, the Duke having sworn that he would see the queen, in spite of all the power in France, he excited a war, the consequences of which did not turn out much to his honour. Beaten in the Isle of Rhe, and having lost part of his troops, he was under the necessity of returning to England dishonoured, and a little more hated than before.

If we are to place implicit faith in the anecdotes of that period, Anne was not always so severe as Richelieu found her, for she has been accused of having more than sentiments of good nature for Cardinal Mazarine. Certain it is, that her attachment to him was extreme. To that passion is to be ascribed the misfortunes of France, during the minority of Louis XIV.; and especially the civil wars of the Fronde.

* It is then my fate!"