

of which the old lady permitted us to pluck, as memorials of the consecrated retreat.

Opposite the bold and craggy projection of rocks under which the cottage of Petrarch was sheltered, is a little green island in the Sorgia, once cultivated as his garden. It contains but a few rods of alluvial ground, lying nearly on a level with the surface of the water, and kept always verdant by irrigation. In one of his letters descriptive of Vaucluse, Petrarch remarks, "I have made my self two gardens, which please me marvellously: I do not think they are to be equalled in the world: they are my transalpine Possessions. One of these gardens is shady, tame for contemplation, and sacred to Apollo. It hangs over the source of the river, and is terminated by rocks, or places accessible only to birds. The other is nearer my cottage, of an aspect less severe, and devoted to Bacchus; and what is extremely singular, it is in the middle of a rapid river. The approach to it is over a ridge of rocks, which communicate with the garden; and there is a natural grotto under the rock, which gives it the appearance of a rustic bridge. Into this grotto the rays of the sun never penetrate. I am confident it resembles the place where Cicero sometimes went to declaim. It invites to study. Thither I retreat during the noontide hours. My mornings are engaged upon the hills, and my evenings either in the meadows, or in the garden sacred to Apollo."

Leaving a spot hallowed by so many interesting associations, and passing under a long arch hewn out of the rock, we sauntered along the left bank of the Sorgia to the rustic bridge thrown across the stream, in the midst of the little village which rises in a picturesque manner upon its shores. The houses are small, and in some cases scarcely distinguishable from the cliffs and crags with which they are incorporated. There are but few inhabitants, who derive their support from the agricultural produce of the valley, and from the stock of fish with which the river is abundantly supplied. They are as simple, mild, and inoffensive in their manners, as they were in the age of Petrarch, holding little intercourse with the rest of the world, and blest with a happy rusticity.

Having spent the greater part of the day in rambling over this enchanting and peaceful vale, we left it with regret late in the afternoon, and returned to L'Isle, where an excellent dinner of various kinds of fish from the Sorgia was prepared for us, at the Hotel of Petrarch and Laura. The apartment in which the repast was served up, contained no less than six portraits of two lovers, suspended from the walls, and tastefully ornamented with festoons of ever green. Neatness and comfort are happily blended in this small inn, and its classical dinners contribute much to the pleasure of those who visit Vaucluse. To add to the romantic adventures of the day, the coachman proved to be a legitimate descendant of the Troubadours of Provence, and amused us all the way home by chanting the sweet and plaintive ballads of his ancestors. There is a striking resemblance between the simple music of this district and that of the Highlands of Scotland.

Talma, the great tragedian, died on the 19th Oct in Paris. He was interred in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise on the 21st, with much ceremony. The throng that attended the funeral was immense. Talma was 66 years of age, and has left a widow. The persons connected with the Theatre Francais voted 12,000 francs to erect a monument to his memory.

## THE REPOSITORY.

### FRATERNAL MAGNANIMITY.

FROM ROSCOE'S GERMAN NOVELISTS.

Two brothers, Barons Von Wromb, had both formed an attachment to a distinguished young lady of Wehr, without a knowledge of each other's passion. It was equally strong in both; for in both it was a first passion. Unconscious of their mutual danger, each gave full rein to his affection, neither being aware of the dreadful truth that he had a beloved brother for his rival. They made an early declaration of their love; and had even proceeded to make further arrangements before an unexpected occurrence brought the secret to light.

The attachment of both had reached its highest pitch—that state of elevation, both of the heart and imagination, which has produced so many fatal consequences, and which renders even any idea of the sacrifice of the object of affection almost impossible. The lady, deeply sensible of their painful situation, hesitated how to decide: rather than inflict the agony of disappointed passion, and disturb the fraternal harmony subsisting between them, she generously referred the whole affair to herself.

At length having achieved an heroic conquest in this doubtful struggle between duty and passion, a conquest so easily decided upon by philosophical and moral writers in their closets, and so seldom practised in real life, the elder addressed his younger brother as follows:

"I am aware of your affection, strong as my own, alas! for the same lady of our love. I shall observe nothing in regard to priority of age. I wish you to remain here, while I go upon my travels, and do my utmost to forget her. Should I succeed, brother, she will then become thine; and may Heaven prosper your love! Should I, however, not succeed in my object, I doubt not you will act as I have done, and try what absence will effect."

His brother assented; and bidding farewell, the elder instantly left Germany for Holland; but the image of the beloved girl followed him every where. Banished from the paradise of his love, from the only happy and delightful scenes which he had once sought with her, to which his fancy always recurred, and in which he seemed only to breathe and live, the unhappy young man, like a plant torn from its native soil, from the warmer breezes and more invigorating beams of its eastern clime, pined and sickened in the new atmosphere to which he was consigned. He reached Amsterdam, but it was in despair; a violent fever attacked him, and he was pronounced in danger of his life. Still the picture of his lost love haunted his delirious dreams; the only chance he had of recovery was in the possession of the lovely original herself. The physicians despaired of his recovery, until upon 13 being mentioned that he might live to behold her once more, from that moment he was gradually restored to health. Like a walking skeleton, the picture of utter wretchedness, he again appeared in his native place. He tottered across the threshold of his forgotten girl, and again pressed his brother's hand. "You see, brother, I am returned. Alas! what my heart foreboded has come to pass; yet, as Heaven is my judge, I could do no more."

He sunk, almost lifeless, in the poor girl's arms. The younger brother now became no less determined to try the effect of absence, and was ready prepared within a few weeks for his tour.

"Brother," said he, "you bore your grief as far as Holland. I will endeavor to banish myself yet farther. Do not, however, lead her to the altar until you hear from me. I will write. Our fraternal regard will admit of no stronger bond: our word is enough. Should I be more fortunate than you, in God's name, let her be thine! and may he forever bless your union! Should I, however, return, then Heaven alone may decide between us two. Farewell! but keep this sealed packet: open it not, until I shall be far away. I am going to Batavia." With these words he sprang into the chaise.

Half-distracted, the two beings whom he had left gazed after him, and were little more to be envied

than the banished man, for he had passed his brother, whom he had left, in greatness of soul. With equal power did love for the woman whom he had recovered, and regret for the brother whom he had lost, appear to strive for mastery in his breast. The noise of the carriage, as it died away in the distance seemed to cleave his heart in twain. He recovered, however, with the utmost care and attention. The young lady—but no, that will be best shown by the result.

The sealed packet was opened. It contained a full and particular description of the whole of his German possessions which he made over to his brother, in case he found himself happy at Batavia. This heroic conqueror of himself shortly afterwards set sail in company with some Dutch merchants, and arrived in safety at Batavia. In the course of a few months afterwards, his brother received from him the following lines:

"Here, where I perpetually return thanks to the Almighty Giver of all good—here I have found a new country, a new home; and call to mind, with all the stern pleasure of a martyr, our love and unbroken fraternal love. Fresh scenes, and fate itself, seem to have widened the current of my feelings: God hath granted me strength, yes strength, to offer up the highest sacrifice to our friendship: thine is

alas! here falls a tear—but it is the last

"I have triumphed!—thine let her be! Brother, I did not wish to take her when thou wert from us, because I feared she might not be happy in my arms. But should she ever have blessed me with the thought, that we should indeed have been happy together; then brother, I would impress it upon your soul. Do not forget how dearly she must be won by you, and always treat the dear angel with the same kindness and tenderness, with which you now think of her. Treat her as the fondest, last, best legacy of a dear departed brother, whom thy arms will never more embrace. Do not write to me when you are celebrating your nuptials. My wounds are yet open, and bleeding fresh—Write to me only when you are happy. My act in this will be surety for me, I trust, that God will not desert me in the world whither I have transferred myself."

After the receipt of this letter, the elder brother married the lady, and enjoyed one happy year of wedded love. The lady, at the end of that short period, died, and, in dying, she first entrusted to her husband the unhappy secret of her bosom—that she had loved his absent brother best.

Both these brothers are yet alive: the eldest who is again married, resides upon his estates in Germany; the youngest one remained at Batavia, where he is distinguished as a fortunate, and very eminent character. He is said to have made a vow never to marry; and hitherto he has religiously kept it.

Madame de Talmont once said to Voltaire, I think, sir, that a philosopher should never write but to endeavor to render mankind less wicked and unhappy than they are: now you do quite the contrary: you are always writing against that religion which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes. Voltaire was much struck by her remarks, and excused himself by saying, that he only wrote for those who were of the same opinion with himself. Tronchin assured his friends that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "I die forsaken of God and man," exclaimed he, in those awful moments when truth will force its way. "I wish, added Tronchin, that those who had been perverted by his writings, had been present at his death. It was a sight too horrid to support."—[*Catholic Misc.*