

# THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT

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## THE TRANSCRIPT.

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## To my Loved One, in Heaven!

By J. D. BROWN, JR.

Long have I mourned thee, darling,  
Long my tears will shed flow,  
Though Hope whispers that art smiling  
On thy loved ones here below.

As thou comest, those fair gardens  
In the Valley of the River,  
Where the wicket gate from trembling,  
And the weary are at rest!

Love me! my days are cheerless,  
And my spirit flies to thee—  
Knocks at the gate of Eden,  
And pants to be free!

Say! I love thee still thy Earth-love,  
And thou shalt be the best,  
Where the wicket gate from trembling,  
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Pray! thou for me, yet, O darling!  
That may ways to Truth incline,  
That our Father richly bless me,  
Now that thou art grown divine!

Oh! I dream that thou wilt meet me  
All unchanged, among the host,  
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Love me! I love thee yet, O darling,  
Who died alone the years,  
Ere sorrow had dawned its morning  
With this vale of tears!

Is he not taught in the school of sorrow,  
By angels? Is he not grown divine,  
Or, would he not "cross pastures"  
Where the weary are at rest?

"I am living, loving, waiting,  
I am praying for thee yet!  
Think not that Time nor Lethe  
Can teach me to forget!

I will wait thee, "darling husband!"  
With love's tears in my eyes,  
When thou comest, "darling husband!"  
With love's tears in my eyes!

Three times my Bride Celestial,  
From Love's altar in the skies,  
While a hymn is sung and sweet,  
Bids me wipe my weeping eyes!

And a choir of angel ministrants  
Sing from graces of the host,  
When the wicket gate from trembling,  
And the weary are at rest!

Press on, O mortal! weary  
With this pilgrimage of ours,  
While paths are dark and cheerless,  
Unfaded by general showers!

For there beams a bright oasis  
Yonder Life's desert, for the best,  
When the wicket gate from trembling,  
And the weary are at rest!

ST. ALBANS, VT.

Marie Antoinette.

[The following extract from the historical Romance by Miss Millhollan, (published by D. Appleton & Co.) will be read with interest.]

A LITTLE QUEEN.

It was the 13th of August, 1785.

The Queen, Marie Antoinette, had at last yielded to the requests and protestations of her dear subjects.

She had left her Versailles and loved Trianon for one day, and had gone to Paris, in order to exhibit herself and the young prince whom she had borne to the king and the country on the 25th of March, and to receive in the cathedral of Notre Dame, the blessing of the clergy and the good wishes of the Parisians.

She had an enthusiastic reception, this beautiful and much loved Queen, Marie Antoinette. She had driven into Paris in an open carriage, in company with her three children, and every one who recognized her had greeted her with a cheerful huzza, and followed her on the long road to Notre Dame, at whose door the prominent clergy awaited her, the cardinal, Prince Louis de Rohan, at their head, to introduce her to the house of the King of all kings.

Marie Antoinette was alone; only the governess of the children, the Duchess de Polignac, sat opposite her, upon the back seat of the carriage, and, by her side, the Norman nurse, in her charming variegated district costume, cradling in her arms Louis Charles, the younger Duke of Normandy. By her side, in the front part of the carriage, sat her other two children—Therese, the princess royal, the first born daughter, and the dauphin Louis, the presumptive heir of the much loved King Louis the Sixteenth.

The good king had not accompanied his spouse on this journey to Paris, which she undertook in order to show to her dear, yet curious Parisians that she was completely recovered, and that her children, the children of France, were blossoming for the future, like fair buds of love and peace.

"Go, my dear Antoinette," the king had said to his queen, in his pleasant way, and with his good-natured smile—"go to Paris, in order to prepare a pleasure for our people. Show them our children, and receive from them our thanks for the happiness which you have given to me and to them. I will not go with you, for I wish that you should be the sole recipient of the enthusiasm of the people and their joyful acclamations. I will not share your triumph, but I shall experience it in double measure if you enjoy it alone. Go, therefore, my beloved Antoinette, and rejoice in this happy hour."

Marie Antoinette did go, and she did rejoice in the happiness of the hour. While riding through Paris, hundreds recognized her, hundreds hailed her with loud acclamations. As she left the cathedral of Notre Dame, in order to ascend into the carriage again with her children and their governess, one was tempted to think that the whole square in front of the church had been changed into a dark, tumultuous sea, which dashed its raging black waves into all the streets debouching on the square, and was filling all Paris with its roar, its swell, its thunder roll. Yes, all Paris was there, in order to look upon Marie Antoinette, who, at this hour, was not the Queen, but the fair woman; the happy mother who, with the pride of the mother of the Gracchi, desired no other protection and no other companionship than that of her two sons; who, her hand resting upon the shoulder of her daughter, needed no other maid of honor to appear before the people in all the splendor and all the dignity of the Queen of France and the true mother.

"Yes, all Paris was there in order to greet the queen, the woman, and the mother, and out of thousands upon thousands of throats there sounded forth the loud-ringing shout, "Long live the queen! Long live Marie Antoinette! Long live the fair mother and the fair children of France!"

Marie Antoinette felt herself deeply moved by these shouts. The sight of the faces animated with joy, of the flashing eyes, and the intoxicated peals of laughter, kindled her heart, drove the blood to her cheeks, and made her countenance beam with joy, and her eyes glistered with delight. She rose from her seat, and with a gesture of inimitable grace took the youngest son from the arms of the nurse, and lifted him high in the air, in order to display this last token of her happiness and her motherly pride to the Parisians, who had not yet seen the child. The little hat, which had been placed sideways upon the high toupet of her powdered head, had dropped upon her neck; the broad lace cuffs had fallen back from the arms which lifted the child into the air, and allowed the whole arm to be seen without covering, above the elbow.

The eyes of the Parisians drank in this spectacle with perfect rapture, and their shouting arose every moment like a burst of fanaticism.

"How beautiful she is!" resounded everywhere from the mass. "What a wonderful arm! What a beautiful neck!"

A deep flash mantled the face of Marie Antoinette. These words of praise, which were a tribute to the beauty of the woman, awoke the queen from the ecstasy into which the enthusiasm of her subjects had transported her. She surrendered the child again to the arms of his nurse, and sank down quickly, like a frightened dove, into the cushions of the carriage, hastily drawing up, at the same time, the lace mantle which had fallen from her shoulders, and replacing her hat upon her head.

"Tell the coachman to drive on quickly," she said to the nurse; and, while the latter was communicating this order, Marie Antoinette turned to her daughter. "Now, Therese," asked she, laughing, "is it not a beautiful spectacle—our people taking so much pleasure in seeing us?"

The little princess of seven years shook her proud little head with a doubting dark look.

"Mamma," said she, "these people look very dirty and ugly. I do not like them!"

THE NIGHT OF HORROR.

"I must know what is going on," whispered Campan, and with cool decision she put the key into the door, turned it, entered the ante-chamber, and flew to the window, where there was a view of the whole court; and a fearful sight met her there. The crowd had broken the gate, pressed into the court, and was surging in great masses toward the palace doors. Here and there torches threw their glare over these masses, disclosing men with angry gestures, and women with streaming hair, swinging their arms savagely, and seeming like a picture of hell, not to be surpassed in horror even by the phantasms of Dante. Women changed to furies and bacchantes, roaring and shouting in their murderous desires; men, like blood-thirsty tigers, preparing to spring upon their prey and give it the death-stroke; swinging pikes and guns, which gleamed horribly in the glare of the torches; arms and fists bearing threatening daggers and knives! All these clenching fists would soon be engaged in hammering upon the walls which separated the king and queen from the people—the executioner from his victim!

All at once there rang out a fearful, thundering cry, which made the windows rattle, and called forth a terrible echo above in the deserted hall; for through all these shrieks and howls there resounded now a piercing cry, such as only the greatest pain, or the most instant need can extort from human lips.

"That was a death-cry," whispered Madame de Campan, trembling, and drawing back from the window. "They have certainly killed the Swiss guards who are keeping the door; they will now pour into the palace. O God! what will become of Varicourt? I must know what is going on."

She flew through the ante-chamber, and opened the door of the Swiss hall. It was empty, but outside of it could be heard a confused, mixed mass of sounds, cries, and the tramping of hundreds and hundreds of men coming on.

Nearer and nearer came the sound, more distinct every moment. All at once the door was flung open on the other side the Swiss hall, the door which led out, and Varicourt appeared in it, pushed backward by the raging, howling mass. He still sought to resist the oncoming tramp of these savage men, and with a movement like lightning, putting his weapon across the door, he was able for one minute to hold the place against the tide—so long as the arms which held the weapon had in them the pulse of life. Varicourt looked like a dying man; his uniform was torn and cut, his face deathly pale, and on one side disfigured by the blood which was streaming down from a broad wound in his forehead.

"It is time, it is time!" he cried, with a loud tremulous voice, and, as he saw for an instant the face of Campan at the opposite door, a flash of joy passed over his face.

"Save the queen! They will murder her!"

ROYAL MAGNANIMITY.

The two folding doors were now thrown open, and the loud voice of

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Long my tears will shed flow,  
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