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## From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE POET AND THE PEASANT. [ Translated from the French of Emile Souvestre.] A young man was walking in the forest, which | cealing his contempt. separates "Marie aux Mines" from Ribauville, and notwithstanding the shades of the evening only see what advantage you can derive from were gathering fast around him, and the fog in- it?"—and then in a serious tone, as if unwilling creased in denseness each moment, he still con- to believe that he could be so devoid of all emotinued his sauntering gait, utterly regardless of tion,-"do not the forest, the mountains or the the weather or the hour. His green hunting clouds speak nothing to your soul? Have you dress, -his doeskin gaiters, and the elegant fowl- never stopped in admiration before the setting ing-piece which he carried in his bandoleer, sun-or gazed with delight upon the woods would have proclaimed him a huntsman-if the shining in the silvery light of the stars, as they volume dangling from his game bag had not be- now do?" trayed the dreamer-for whom the pursuit of "Well! well! do you take me for an almanac game, was but a pretext for indulging in his sol- maker !- what could I gain from the starlight itary musings. Even his meditative carelessness or the setting sun? I tell you, my good fellow, belied his hunting equipments, and proved that the great thing is to provide the wherewithal Arnold de Munster thought far less of observing for the three daily meals, and to keep the stomthe tracks of the wild their devious windings, ach warm. Will you take a drink of cherry the fanciful thoughts denizens of the forest, than water? It comes from beyond the Rhine." in following in all his poetical imagination had called before him. They rested for a few mo- Arnold disdainfully refused it. The positive ments upon his family and the friends he had grossness of the peasant had awakened anew all left at Paris. He recalled the elegant studio his regrets and aversion. Were these vulgar adorned with fanciful engravings, curious paint- beings, indeed, men like him? these grovellers, ings and exquisite statuettes; the sweet German so completely occupied with their labor, as to melodies, sung by his lovely and beloved sister, live in the very bosom of creation's beauties -the melancholy poetry he repeated to her, of- without ever regarding them-and whose souls ten suggested by the veiled light of the evening were never for one instant raised above the lowlamps, and the intimate conversations where the est and most common instincts of humanity! most secret thoughts of the heart were disclosed What, to this miserable portion of mankind, with unreserved confidence-where each listener was the glorious world of poetry, to which he was either borne on by the enthusiasm, or cap- owed his sweetest enjoyments? Led by the haltivated and charmed by the beautiful expressions | ter of instinct, did they not seem to be conwhich flowed from the speaker's lips. Why had demned to grovel without the walls of the Eden he left that select society-those choice delights whose gates had been opened to his more priv--to come and bury himself in the wild country lieged nature? Had they no thoughts in comof Alsatia? Was the necessity of attending to mon? Was there not one point of resemblance business, a sufficient motive for this deprivation? to attest their original brotherhoods? Every In the midst of the coarse and vulgar beings, moment increased Arnold's doubts, and the who surrounded him, what would become of his more he reflected, the more he was convinced. sensitive and refined nature? Whilst address- that the world of poetry belonged to the upper

sought in vain to find the direction necessary for manner, they arrived at the farm house where him to take to reach his temporary home. Every the noise of the wheels soon announced them. trial he made but the more bewildered him. Daylight had disappeared. The rain fell faster peared at the door, and heavier, and discouragement was fast gaining upon him, when the tinkling sound of bells er children in the house, who now ran out with reached his ears through the foliage. A team joyful cries and surrounded the peasant. driven by a large coarse looking man, wrapped in a blouse, now came in sight. Arnold stopped for the waggoner to overtake him, and asked hay he drew from it a covered basket.

"Sersberg?" repeated the waggoner. "In there to-night." "Pardon me, but I do," replied Arnold.

the distance to Sersberg.

"At the castle of Sersberg!" said the peasant, in astonishment. "Then you must go on a railway, for it is six good leagues from here, and me to go out in the damp." considering the weather and the state of the roads, it is equal to a dozen."

astonishment. He had left the castle, in the he be not tempted to come out." morning, and walked carelessly along, dreamed | The three children immediately went to the

from them. He consequently governed his tion. comprehending the emotions or ideas of the shook her head sorrowfully. young man. When, on leaving the forest, he "Coughing incessantly," said she in a low pointed to the magnificent horizon, empurpled voice. by the last rays of the setting sun, Moser contented himself with a grimace.

pulling his carter's frock tighter over his shoul-

"The whole of this beautiful valley must b. spread out before us here,' said Arnold, trying to pierce through the gloom with which the them firmly under his arms, and looked upon twilight had already enveloped it.

"Yes, ves," said Moser! shaking his head, "this fool of a hill is high enough for that, and here is an invention of but little profit." "What invention?"

". Why, what else but mountains."

Arnold was amazed. " Is it possible that you would have the world

one vast plain!". "Hold! what a question," cried the farmer,

laughing at what he' thought his companion's stupidity. "You might as well have asked me if I would rather have my horses' backs bro-

tempt. "I forgot horses!-it is evident that and six eager hands thrust out to seize them,

God should have thought of horses, when he "God? I dont know so well about that,"

replied Moser, tranquilly, "but I know the engineers were wrong to forget them, when they were constructing the road. The horse is the laborer's best friend sir .- no insult to the oxen, who also have their value."

Arnold looked at the peasant without con-

"So, in every thing which surrounds you, you

He held towards him a small wicker flask. ing these and many other questions to himself, classes of the clite, whilst the rest vegetated at de Munster continued his route, without troub- random within the confines of prosaism. The ling himself as to where it would lead him. He result of these thoughts was to communicate at was at last roused from his reveries by feeling. Arnold's manners a careless contempt for his the fog, which had gradually changed into a conductor, to whom he ceased to address his fine rain, penetrating his hunting coat and chill- conversation. Moser testified neither sorrow nor ing him by its humidity. He quickened his anger, and began to whistle a common air, in-

"Here is father," cried the woman to the oth-

steps; but on looking around he found that he terrupted from time to time by some brief word

was lost in the windings of the forest, and he of encouragement to his jaded horses. In this

"Stop a moment you little brats," he called out, in a loud voice and feeling amongst the

"Let Fritz carry it in," said he, but the children continued to beseige him. He stooped deed, I hope you do not reckon upon sleeping down and kissed them—and suddenly rising. "Where is John?" he hastily enquired, in a

tone of anxiety. "Here, father," said a little, thin, squeaking voice from the door. "Mother does not want

"Weli stay there," said Moser throwing the reins upon the backs of his tired horses. "I will Arnold made an exclamation of surprise and come to you sonny; go in, all you others, that

not of the distance he was putting between it door where Johnny stood by his mother. He and himself. The peasant hearing his explana- was a poor little creature, so cruelly deformed, tions, told him he had followed a wrong directhat at first view neither his age or infirmity tion for several hours; and whilst thinking he could be told. His whole body was twisted by was going towards the castle, had left it in his disease into a tortuous and misshapen mass. His large head was supported between two shoulders It was too late to repair his error. The of unequal height, while his bust was upheld by nearest village was more than a league off, and little crutches which supplied the place of his Arnold knew not the road. He was compelled, withered legs. At his father's approach he held therefore, -not without some inward shudder- out his wasted arms, with such an expression of ing at the prospect he saw before him-to ac- joy and love, as lit up the furrowed features of cept the shelter offered to him by his new com- Moser with pleasure. He raised him in his vigpanion, whose farm was but a short distance orous arms, with an exclamation of tender affec-

steps by the driver's, and essayed to enter into, "Come my little toad-embrace father-with conversation with him; but Moser was no both arms-very strong. Ah, that is right. How great talker, and appeared utterly incapable of has he been, wife, since yesterday?" The mother

"That is nothing, father," replied the child. in the same sharp accents. "Lewis had drawn "Bad weather for to-morrow," he muttered, me too rapidly in my little wheeled chair; but ther!" now, I am well-very well; -I feel as strong

> The peasant put him gently upon the floor, raised the little crutches, which had fallen, fixed him with an air of satisfaction.

> "Don't you think he grows wife?" said he. in a tone that wished for encouragement. "Walk a little, John-walk, my man-he does walk quicker and stronger;-that will do very well,

indeed. Go, wife, we only need a little patience." His wife answered not, but east such a look of deep sorrow upon her child, that made Arnold tremble; fortunately Moser did not observe it.

"Come," said he, opening the basket he had drawn from the waggon, "fall into ranks and put out your hands. I am going to uncover." He drew forth three small white loaves beauti-"Certainly," said Arnold, with ironical con- fully baked. Three cries were heard at oncebut suddenly they were withdrawn, as if by com-

"And John?" cried those childish voices.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1854.

"To the devil with John!" cried Moser, gai- "Let us do justice to this soup," cried he, have his share some other time."

anxiety by peeping couriously in the basket. At the same time, to prove his words, he be-

steel-and it only depends upon us to make a as if by a sudden recollection. crossed the room, and ushered his guest into a since I came back." sort of dining room, whose white washed walls His wife and children looked at each other had, for their only decoration, some coarsely col- without replying. ored engravings. As he entered, Arnold perhis brothers, amongst whom he was dividing the othy." cake his father had given him, and all the elo- "Do not be angry, father," said John, "but sition to induce them to receive the part assign- this morning and has not returned." ed to them. They declared he was giving them "Thousand devils!" cried Moser, bringing his when the children had left the room, spoke his What road did he take?"

admiration to the farmer's wife. "I declare," said she, between a smile and a sigh, "there are times when it might be said that their brother's infirmities have been a great | row foot-path that leads up the hill." blessing to them. It is with great difficulty they

little lamb so severely tried? It is foolish for ticles. me to say so, but that child, sir, often makes me long to weep. Often when I am in the field, Arnold, surprised at Moser's excitement, my thoughts suddenly fall upon him. I say to "Not for his value," replied Moser, lighting cuse to go to the house, and am only happy the fair, with the price of his cattle, he was atand suffers so much, that if we did not love that dog, would have been killed! So two years

A young boy and a woman of middle age ap- fortunate." creature is our cross and pleasure at the same that I would of my own children. These were time. I love all my children, sir, but I cannot his very words. I promised, and it would be a tell you what unutterable tenderness fills my burning shame not to keep your promise to the heart when I hear the sound of John's little dead. Here, Fritz, give me my iron bound stick. crutches :- it tells me the dear little fellow has I would not, see you, for a pint of my best blood, not yet been withdrawn from us by the good that any thing should happen to Ferrant. He God who gave him. He fills the house with is a beast that has been with us more than sixlife, cheerfulness and pleasure, as the swallows | teen years-knows all our voices-and who rewho build their nests over our windows. If I calls grandfather. I hope to see you again, sir, had not him to think of, I don't know what I and so good night until to-morrow."

vooden frame, enclosing a single dead leaf.

Moser perceived it. give the thing for a hundred golden crowns."

strokes in the 14th Hussars-a valiant regiment | montation-increased, her anxiety kept pace with when the 'Little Corporal' passed before us he | night; an owl had perched upon the roof; it was saluted us with his hat! Thunder! don't you Wednesday-a day habitually fatal in her famthink that was enough to make us all rush to ilv. Her uneasiness had risen to such a height, death for him? Ah he was the soldier's fa- that Arnold was just preparing to go in search

Here the soldier began to beat upon his pir looking at the black wooden frame and the dried | denly. leaf. Evidently, there was for him in this memory of a wonderful destiny, all the romance,

emotions and regrets of the most ardent youth. He recalled the last battles of the Empire, in which he had taken a part-the reviews passed before the Emperor when his presence alone was the signal of victory; the fleeting success of the famous French campaign so soon expiated by the disasters of Waterloo; the departure of the mighty warrior, and his long agony upn the rock of St. Helena! All these images traversing in rapid succession the farmer's imagination, wrinkled his brow-and his eves flashed ;-he grasped with energy his pipe he had often, unconsciously, refilled-and blew fiercely between his teeth the tavorite march of his regiment. Arnold respected this preoccupation of the old soldier, and waited for him to begin the conversation again. The announcement of supper awoke him from his reveries; he carried a chair for his guest, and took a seat opposite to him.

ly; - "there is nothing for him now; John shall abruptly, "I have taken nothing since morning us." but a crust of bread and two swallows of cherry The child smiled and sought to relieve his water, and I feel as if I could eat a beef raw."

Moser moved a few steps from him, put his hand, gan to empty with rapidity an immense porrinwith much seeming precaution, into the basket, ger of soup, placed before him. For some time emotion. and drawing it out with a solemn air, displayed nothing was heard but the clashing of spoons, before his eager and astonished gaze a spiced and this was followed by that of knives and cake, adorned with red and white almonds. forks, cutting, in quick succession, large slices There was a general exclamation of admiration. from the smoked ham, furnished by the hospi-John, himself, could not refrain from a cry of table wife. The bracing air and long walk had joy-a slight flush crossed his thin, pale features given, even to Arnold, an appetite which made and he eagerly held out his transparent hands. him forget all his Parisian delicacy. Moser's "Ah! that goes to you my little toad-take bacon appeared to him to have an unknown flait old fellow-it is all yours," cried Moser, put- vor-and his last year's vintage a nameless opting the tempting viand in the child's hand -who erative quality which excited him to eat more, trembled with joy-and turning to Arnoldas | that he might drink with greater relish-and the noise of the little crutches were lost in an to drink that he might eat the better. The adjoining room-"that is my eldest-illness has | good cheer had begun to spread its wonted gaya little deformed him-but he is as sharp as ety around, when the peasant raised his head,

"Well what is the matter!" said Moser, seeceived John, seated on the floor, surrounded by ing their embarrassment. "Will you tell, Dor- of eglantines. At a little distance, in the first

quence of the little fellow was called into requi- we were afraid to tell you. Ferrant went away

too much. The young sportsman regarded this fist down upon the table with a thundering scene for some time with singular interest, and knock. "Why did you not tell me at first?

"The road to Garennes."

" When ?"

"After breakfast; we saw him enter the nar-

"Something must have happened to him-the share with each other, but not one ever refuses unfortunate animal can scarcely see; and the poor Johnny a single thing, and their acts to- whole way is lined with sand pits. Go bring wards him are a continual exercise of devotion | me my goat skin and lantern' wife, I will find

"Humph," interrupted Moser, "a fine virtue | Dorothy went without making any observaindeed-who could refuse anything to a poor tion, and soon reappeared with the desired ar-

"You must value that dog very highly," said

myself-John is sick!-or John is dead! and his pipe, "but he rendered some service to Doralthough the work is pressing I find some ex- othy's father. Once as he was returning from when I can see him. After all, he is so feeble tacked by some thieves, and had it not been for him more than the others, he would be too un- afterwards, when the good man lay upon his dying bed, he called me to him-begged me to be "Yes," gently said the wife; "the poor little kind to that dog and take the same care of him

Moser wrapped up warmly and left: they Arnold listened to the simple and tender ex- heard the sound of his stick until it was overpressions with an interest mingled with amaze- powered by that of the wind and rain, which ment. Was it possible that vulgar laborers, now came down very rapidly. After quite a whose whole lives were spent in the rudest ser- long pause, the hostess proposed to show Arnold vitude could be so susceptible of the finer emo- to his loft; but he begged to await Moser's retions of our nature? In the meantime he would turn if he was not gone too long. He began to continue to observe. Dorothy arose and called feel interested in a man who, at first, appeared some one to assist her in laying the table ;- | so gross and vulgar, and in the humble family, and at Moser's invitations, de Munster drew where he thought that life was deprived of all near a fire of brushwood which had been just its value. In the meantime the evening passed kindled. Leaning himself against the smoky away without bringing Moser. The children remantel shelf, his looks fell upon a small black tired, one after the other, and left John, who at last was compelled to submit to the encroachment of the drowsy god and seek his bed. Dor-"Ah, you are looking at my relics" said he, othy, full of anxiety, went from the fire to the smiling; "it is the leaf of the weeping willow door backwards and forwards looking in vain for which hangs over the grave of l'ancien! I got | Moser. Arnold endeavored to allay her anxiet from a banker in Strasburg, who had served | ties, but her mind was excited by expectationn the old guards-and I declare I would not she upbraided Moser with thinking neither of his health or safety-of being incapable of see-"Then you attach some particular ideas to ing man or beast suffer without risking every thing to relieve them; and as her complaints-"Ideas! no; but I also, sir, made some good | which now bore a singular resemblance to la--arranged so well at Mont Marail, that only them. She had a thousand fatal presentiments. eight men of our whole squadron were left! So The night before the dog howled the whole of him, when a step was heard in the vard.

"Holloa!-hev! wife-open the door quick!" She ran to the door, unbolted it, and Moser appeared bringing in his arms an old blind dog! "Here he is," said he gaily. "God preserve me! I thought I should never find him. The miserable beast had rolled to the bottom of the oreat quarry."

"Oh, Moser! and you went there to find him ?" said Dorothy, pale with fright.

"Should I leave him at the bottom to find him drowned in the morning ?" said the old soldier. "No, I groped down, step by step, and brought him up in my arms like a baby-only had to leave the lantern there-I could not

"But my husband you risked your life," said Dorothy, who trembled at this recital, He shrugged his shoulders. \*

"Bah!" said he with careless gayety, "nothing venture-nothing have. I found Ferrantthat is the great point. If grand-father sees us

from on high, he must now be satisfied with

This remark made, in almost careless accents, moved Arnold to such a degree, that he grasped the peasant's hand.

"You have a noble heart!" said he, with

"What! because I prevented a poor dog from drowning? By the powers-dogs and men, I have, thank God, drawn more than one from danger and embarrassment, since I was born-I say, wife, there ought to be a glass of that cognac ;-bring me a little, to warm my stomach : -there is nothing which dries one better, when one is damp.

Dorothy brought the bottle; Moser drank the health of his guest; and each one retired to

The sun rose next morning bright and clear, the cloudless heavens were refulgent with its beams, and the birds chanted "Te Deumns," gentleman of him." Whilst speaking he had "Where is Ferrant? I have not seen him the last night's rain. When he came down from the loft, where he had slept soundly, Arnold found Ferrant near the door, basking in the sunbeams, whilst little John, seated by his side, upon the crutches, was making him a garland room, the farmer was sharing his glass with a mendicant who had come for his weekly allowance. Dorothy was filling his bag with the substantial things he most needed.

"Come! old Henry, one more drink," said the peasant, filling the glass of the ragged man; "you will need it to strengthen you for the journey before you."

"I always find it here," replied the beggar, with a smile; "there are not many houses in the parish where more is given-and not one where it is given more heartily."

"Hush! father Henry," interrupted Moser, "don't speak of such things-drink !- and leave it to the good God to judge of each one's actions. You served in the army yourself: we among the boatmen in the harbor for reason of are old comrades,"

his head, and touching his glass to the farmer's. but the emotions of his mind were imprinted on his features-and one saw that he was touched more by the cordiality which presided over the gift, than the gift itself. When he had taken up his bag and left, Moser's glance followed him

antil a turn in the road hid him from his view. "To be poor and old, and thrown upon the world for charity!" said he, turning to Arnold. "You may believe it or not, sir, but when I see on some holiday, Pedro would hoist a tiny sail men whose heads are shaking with age, thus going from door to door begging their bread, it stern awning over Miralda's head, would steer turns my blood! I wish I had the means of out into the gulf and coast along the romantic sheltering every one of them and drinking with them all as well as with father Henry. One has finely said, that for such a sight not to crush you, you must believe that there is on high another country, where those who have missed their quite a passion for the girl, and, indeed, he had allowance here, will receive double rations and grown to be one of her most liberal customers.

double pay! and I believe it." " Preserve that hope and that belief-it will console and strengthen you," said Arnold, "and long will it be before I forget the hours passed

"As you like," said the old soldier-"if the bed in the loft does not seem too hard for you. and you can digest our smoked bacon, come

He shook the young man's hand, directed him how to proceed, and never left the threshold antil he was out of sight. Arnold walked some time with his head bent down; but on attaining the summit of the hill, he turned to take a last look at the cottage which sheltered so much virtue and so much charity.

"May God ever protect those who dwell under that peaceful roof!" said he, in a low voice "for there where pride made me see creatures incapable of comprehending the tender emotions of shop. Abashed, but not confounded, the Count the soul, I have found models for myself-I judged only by the exterior-and believed that all poetry was absent, because, instead of displaying so easily thwarted. , it was concealed in the very depths of the soul. Like an unskilful observer, I repulsed with my feet, what I took to be worthless pebblesot knowing that under these rough coverings was concealed the priceless diamond."

BRITISH SOVEREIGNS.

We republish the following, as a smooth set of rhymes by which any one possessing an ordinary memory may fix in mind the order of succession of the various sovereigns of England. to follow him at once.

First William the Norman:

Then William, his son Henry, Stephen and Henry; Then Richard and John. Next Henry, the third; Edwards, one, two, and three; And again after Richard, Three Henrys we see. Two Edwards, third Richard, If rightly I guess; Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess; Then Jamie, the Scotsman, Then Charles, whom they slew, Yet received after Cromwell, Another Charles too; Next James the second Ascended the throne; Then good William and Mary Together came on. Till Anne, Georges four, And fourth William all rast, God sent us Victoria. May she long be the last!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A THRILLING STORY.

The following interesting story is copied from a late work on Cuba, by Mr. Ballou: During the first year of Tacon's governorship

there was a young Creole girl, named Miralda Estalez, who kept a little cigar store in the Calle de Mercaderas, and whose shop was the resort of all the young men of the town, who loved a choicely made and superior cigar. Miralda was only seventeen, without mother or father living, and earned an humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufactory we have named, and by the sales of her little store. She was a picture of ripened tropical beaty, with a finely rounded form, a lovely face, of soft olive tint, and teeth that a Tuscarora might envy her. At times, there was a dash of languor in her dreamy eye that would have warmed an anchorfrom every branch still glitting with the drops of | ite; and then her cheerful jests were so delicate yet free, that she had unwittingly turned the heads, not to say hearts, of half the young merchants in the Calle de Mercadares. But she dispensed her favors without partiality; none of the rich and gay exquisites of Havana could say they had ever received any particular acknowledgement from the fair young girl to their warm and constant attention. For this one she had a pleasant smile, for another a few words of pleasing gossip, and for a third a snatch of a Spanish song: but to none did she give her confidence, except to young Pedro Mantanez, a fine looking boatman, who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle, on the opposite side of the

Pedro was a manly and courageous young fellow, rather above his class in intelligence, appearance and associations, and pulled his oars with a strong arm and light heart and loved the beautiful Miralda with an ardor romantic in its fidelity and truth. He was a sort of leader his superior cultivation and intelligence, and his The old man contented himself by shaking quick-witted sagacity was often turned for the benefit of his comrades. Many were the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbor since a boy, for he had followed his calling of a waterman from boyhood, as his father had done before him. Miralda in turn ardently loved Pedro, and when he came at night and sat in the back part of her little shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop in the prow of his boat, and securing the little

There was a famous roue, well known at this time in Havana, named Count Almonte, who frequently visited Miralda's shop and conceived With a cunning shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, the Count beseiged the heart of his intended victim without appearing to do so, and carried on his plan of operations for many with you-which I hope will not be the last." weeks before the innocent girl even suspected his possessing a partiality for her, until one day she was surprised by a present from him of so rare and costly a nature as to lead her to suswithout ceremony and we will always be obliged pect the donor's intentions at once, and to promptly decline the offered gift. Undismayed by this, still the Count continued his profuse pa-

> tronage in a way to which Miralda could find no plausible pretext of complaint. At last, seizing upon what he considered a favorable moment, Count Almonte declared his passion to Miralda, besought her to come and be the mistress of his broad and rich estates at Cerito, near the city, and offered all the promises of wealth, favor and fortune : but in vain .-The pure-minded girl scorned his offer, and bade him never more to insult her by visiting her retired, but only to weave a new snare whereby he could entangle her, for he was not one to be

> One afternoon, not long after this, as the twilight was setting over the town, a file of soldiers halted just opposite the door of the little cigar shop, when a young man, wearing a lieutenant's insignia, entered and asked the attendant if her name was Miralda Estalez, to which she timidly

"Then you will please to come with me." "By what authority?" asked the trembling

"The order of the Governor-General?" "Then I must obey you," and she prepare

Stepping to the door with her, the young of-

ficer directed his men to march on, and getting into a volante, told Matilda they would drive to the guard house. But, to the surprise of the girl, she soon after discovered that they were rapidly passing the city gates, and immediately after were dashing off on the road to Cerito .-Then it was that she began to fear some trick had been played upon her, and these fears were soon confirmed by the volante turning down the long alley of palms that led to the estate of Count Almonte. It was in vain to expostulate now: she felt that she was in the power of the reckless nobleman, and the pretended officer and soldiers were his own people, who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish army uniform.

Count Almonte met her at the door, told her to fear no violence, that her wishes should be respected in all things, save her personal liberty; that he trusted, in time, to persuade her to look more favorably upon him, and that in all things he was her slave. She replied contemptuously obey!"

WHOLE NO. 144. to his words, and charged him with the cowardly trick by which he had gained control of her liberty. But she was left by herself though

She knew very well that the power and will of the Count Almonte were too strong for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart, and

watched by his orders at all times to prevent her

yet she somehow felt a conscious strength in Pedro, and secretly cherished the idea that he would discover her place of confinement, and adopt some means to deliver her. The stiletto is the constant companion of the lower classes, and Miralda had been used to wear one even in her store against contingency: but she now regarded the tiny weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom. Small was the clue by which Pedro Manta-

nez discovered the trick of Count Almonte.-First she was found out, and then that circumstance, and these, being put together, they led to other results, until the indefatigable lover was at last fully satisfied that he had discovered her place of confinement. Disguised as a friar of the order of San Felipe, he sought Count Almonte's gates at a favorable moment, met Miralda, cheered her with fresh hopes, and retired to arrange some certain plan for her delivery. There was time to think now; heretofore he had not permitted himself even an hour's sleep; but she was safe-that is, not in immediate danger -and he could breathe more freely. He knew not with whom to advise, he feared to speak to those above him in society, lest they might betray his purpose to the Count, and his own liberty, by some means, be thus jeopardized .-He could only consider with himself, he must be his own counsellor in this critical case. .

At last, as if in despair, he started to his feet one day, and exclaimed-

"Why not go to head-quarters at once ?why not see the Gov-General, and tell him the truth? Ah, see him! How is that to be effected? And then this Count Almonte is a pobleman. They say that Tacon loves justice. We shall see; I will go to the Gov.-Gen.; it cannot do any harm, if it does not do any good. I can

And Pedro did seek the Governor. True, he did not at once get audience of him-not the first, nor the second, nor the third time, but he persevered, and was admitted at last. Here he told his story in a free, manly voice, undisguisedly and open in all things, so that Tacon

"And the girl," said the Governor-Gen., over whose countenance a dark scowl had gathered " is she thy sister?"

" No. Excelencia, she is dearer still-she is my

betrothed." The Governor, bidding him come nearer, took a golden cross from his table, and handing it to the boatman, as he regarded him searchingly

"Swear that what you have related to me is

true, as you hope for heaven." "I swear," said Pedro, kneeling and kissing the emblem with simple reverence.

The Governor turned to his table, wrote a few brief lines, and touching a bell, summoned a page from an adjoining room, whom he ordered to send the Captain of the Guard to

Promp as were all who had any connection with the Governor's household, the officer appeared at once, and received the written order, with direction to bring the Count Almonte and a young girl named Miralda, immediately before

Pedro was sent to an ante-room, and the business of the day passed as usual in the reception hall of the Governor.

Less than two hours had transpired when the Count and Miraldo stood before Tacon. Neither knew the nature of the business which had summoned them there. . Almonte half suspected the truth, and the poor girl argued of herself that her fate could not but be improved by the interference, let its nature be what it might,

"Count Almonte, you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear here."

"Excelencia, I fear that I have been indiscreet," was the reply. "You adopted the uniform of the guards for

your own private purposes upon the girl, did you "Excellencia, I cannot denv it." "Declare upon your honor, Count Almonte,

whether she is unharmed, whom you have thus kept a prisoner."

"Excellencia, she is as pure as when she entered beneath my roof," was the truthful re-

The Governor turned, and whispered something to his page, then continued his questions. to the Count, while he made some minutes upon paper. Pedro was now summoned to explain some matter, and as he entered, the Gov.-Gen. turned his back for one moment as if to seek for some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed to the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment, and the next Pedro was bowing humbly before Tacon. A few moments more and the Governor's page returned, accompanied by a monk of the church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office."

"Holy father," said Tacon, "you will bind the hands of this Count Almonte and Miralda Estaletz together in the bonds of wed-

"Excelencia," exclaimed the Count in amaze-

"Not a word. Senor, it is your part to