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ROSAURA: THE STUDENT OF MADRID.

A TALE OF SPANISH LOVE.

Fourteen years have elapsed since there dwelt of El Rojo, or the Red. Not by his acquaintances Spanish Capital abounds: by the listless loiterers at the coffee house doors, by the lonnging gossips of the Puerto del Sol, and by the cloaked saunterers who, when the siesta is over, pace the Calle Alcala, puffing their beloved Havanas, retailing the latest news, discussing the chances of a change of ministry, on the most recent and interesting scandalous anecdote current in that gallant metropolis. It would be wrong to infer from his somewhat ambiguous appellation, that the student's skin had the the ruddy tint usually deemed detrimental and unbecoming. The name implied no sneer-it was was at least as proud of it as of the abundant golden curls to which he owed it, and that flowed in waying luxuriance down his graceful neck and over his

well-formed shoulders

In southern climes, where the ardent sun embrowns the children of the soil, fair locks and eyes of azure are prized in proportion to their rarity. No wonder, then, that Frederico found favor in the sight of the dark browed and inflammable Madrilenas. Many were the tender glances darted at him from beneath veil and mantilla, as he took his evening stroll upon the Prado; oftentimes, when he passed along the, street, white and slender fingers, protruded through half closed julousies, drupped upon his handsome head a shower of fragrant jasmin blossoms. Amongst the dames and damsels who thus signified their favor and partiality, not a few-so it is certified by the veracious authomy whence we derive this history-dwelt in stately mansions, and went abroad in brave equipages, drawn by prancing steeds and comely mules, all glittering with trappings of silk and gold. These daughters of Castile reck little of rank or station; and Frederico, by all personal endowments, well deserved the distinction he enjoyed Poor hidalgo though he was, no count, or duke, or blue blooded grandee, from Cadiz to Corunna, bore himself better, or had more the mein of a well born and thor. ough bred cabellero. None more gallantly wore the broad leafed sombrero, none more gracefully drapsearched in vain to match the bright and joyous glance of the student's dark blue eye. Excepting on the coast, and in certain districts where Mahomedan forefathers have bequeathed their oriental physiognomy and tall slender frames to their Christian descendants, Spaniards are very rarely of lofty stature. Frederico was from the flat and arid providence of La Mancha, where, as in compensation for the unproductiveness of the parched soil, handsome men and beanteons women abound. Of the middle height, his figure was symmetrical, elastic and muscular, formed for feats of agility and strength; his step was light, but firm; his counte. nance manly,-the expression of his regular and agreeable features denoted a passionate nature and lony character. Like most of his countrymen, he was quickly roused, but easy to appease. Generosity and forbearance were prominent amongst his good qualities, and he had nobly displayed them in more than one encounter with antagonists whose feebleness placed them at his mercy, and rendered them unworthy of his wrath. For in the, use of arms, as in all manly exercises, Frederico was an adept; and whether with Toledo blade, or Majo's knife, there were few men in Spain who would not have found in him a formidable and dangerous

Strange to tell of so young a man, and of a Spaniard, in one respect our student appeared passionless. He met the advances of his female admirers with the utmost coldness-seemed, indeed to avoid the society of the fair sex, threw love letters into the fire, unread and unanswered, neglected invitations, went to no rendezvous. Favors which other men would gladly have purchased with years of life, he disdainfully rejected. The wrinkled duennas, who under various pretext brought him tender messages and tempting assignations, met, instead of the golden guerdon with which such Mercuries are usually rewarded, harsh rebuffs and cutting sarcasm at the hands of the stoic of two and twenty. And with so much scorn did this Manchegan Joseph repel on one occasion the amorous attentions of a lady of birth and station, that her indiscreet love was changed into bitter hate, and Frederico narrowly escaped a dagger stab and a premature leath. From that day he was more inaccessible than ever, not only to women, but to men. Gradually he withdrew from his intercourse with his former associates, and was seldom seen in the streets or public places, but ant at home buried amongst books, and diligently studying, with the intention, he was heard to declare, of going to Cuidad Real, and passing his examination as advocate in the royal courts. Aird thus, little by little, it hap. pened with Frederico us it does with most persons who neglect and forget the world, the world forgot him. His old intimates-joyons, light-hearted lads, revelling in the enjoyments and dissipations of the capital --- oted him a spoil-sport and a pedant, and thought of him no more: friends, in the true sense of the word, he had none; and so, after a very short time, the list of visitors to the gloomy old apartment in which the eccentric youth mused and studied was reduced to one man, and that a very odd one, but whom Frederico loved, because he in ome sort owed him his life;

This second hero of our tale was one of those strange characters to be met with in Spain only. Don Gerinomo Regato was a little wizened old creature, blind of an eye, and with a very ugly face, whose life had been a series of extraordinary ad. ventures and bustling incidents. He had served his country in the most opposite capacities. In 1808, he fought the French in the streets of Madrid; two years later, he headed a guerrilla band in the wild passes of the Sierra Morena; another two years, and he took the oath to the constitution of in Madrid a certain student, who went by the name | Cadiz, and was seen at Wellington's head quarters. as Colonel of the Spanish line, and delegate from and intimates alone was he thus designated, but the Cortes. In 1814, he changed his colors, and by all the various classes of idlers with whom the was noted, after the return of Ferdinand VII., as staunch royalist. But variety was his motto; and the revolution of 1820 saw him in the ranks of the liberals, to whom he continued faithful until their cause was ruined and hopeless. That was the signal, with this Talleyrand on a small scale, for another vuetto casaca: once more he turned his ed." coat; and as an earnest of penitence for past offences, opened to the Royalist troops the gates of a small Estremadusan fortress. Notwithstanding this get." act of tardy allegiance, he was thrown into prison copper hue of a Pawnee or an Osage, or his hair at Madrid, and owed it entirely to the intercession and good offices of an old school fellow, the influential Father Cyrillo, that his neck was not brought given and taken as a compliment; and Frederico into unpleasant contact with the iron hoop of the garrote. Either warned by his narrow escape, or because the comparatively tranquil state of Spain afforded no scope for his restless activity, since 1823 this political Proteus had lived in retirement, eschewing apparantly all plots or intrigues; altho he was frequently seen in the very highest circles of the capital, where his great experience, his con versational powers, and social qualities sufficiently accounted for the welcome he at all times met.

Returning late one night from a tertulia at the house of Ferdinand's prime minister, Don Geronimo tilla floated over her alabaster shoulders, forther heard the clash of steel, and sound of a scuffle, and hurrying to the spot saw a young man defending himself against the attacks of two bravos. Forthwith Regato set himself to shout words of command as if he had a regiment at his back, and the ruffians, thinking the patrol was upon them, instantly took to flight! Frederico was the person assailed : and although he boldly asserted, and doubtless fully believed, that left to himself he would speedily have defeated his cowardly opponents, he was still not altogether sorry to be relieved from such odds it may be thought, condescended over much thus to by the old gentleman's timely arrival and ingenious notice an humble student. But the love-breathing stratagem. This was the origin of his acquaintance with Regato. From that night forward they visited each other, and soon Geronimo took particular pleasure in the society of the handsome youth, whose earnestness and vigor of mind, he said, were refreshing to contemplate in a century when the actions of most men made them resemble beasts and apes, rather than beings formed in the image of their creator. The young student, for his part, ed the ample cloak; and all Spain might have been found much to interest him in his new friend, the only person who now varied the monotony of solitude.

He listened eagerly to Regato's discourse, as he experience, and broke into a vein of keen and bitter sarcasm on the men, parties and circumstances of distracted and unhappy Spain. Federico enthusiastically loved his country, and his proud eyes often filled with tears when the old man placed its former greatness in striking contrast with its present degradation. In spite of all veering and weathercock variations of his political life, Regato was at heart a liberal. He set forth in glowing colors the evils and tyranny of Ferdinand's government, expaiated on the barbarous execution of Rigo, Sorrijos, and other martyrs to freedom's cause, and exposed the corruption and villany of the men who retained their country in the bonds of slavery and fanaticism; until Federico's cheeks glowed and heart beat quick with patriotic indignation, and he felt that he too, when the battle hour should strike would joyfully draw his sword and lose his life for the liberation of the land he loved so well. At times the student would take down his guitar, and sing, with closed doors and windows-for Ferdinand's spies were a quickeared legion-the spirit stirring hymn of the Constitution or the wild Tragla -that Spanish Marseillaise, to whose exciting notes rivers of blood have flowed. And then old Regato beat time with his hand and his solitary eye gleamed like a ball of fire, while he mingled his hoarse end suppressed base with Federico's

Notwithstanding their vast difference of are and character, and although the one was but commencing, whilst the other had nearly run, the up hill race of life, the more these men saw of each other the stronger grew their sympathy and friendship.-Don Geronimo's visits to the student became more and more frequent, and often, forgetful or careless of the time, they would sit talking till far into the night. It seemed a relief to Regato to disburden his heart and mind of their innermost secrets; and he rejoiced to have found a man to whose honour, truth, and secresy, he felt he could safely intrust them. Fedrico repaid his confidence with one equally unlimited. He not only told his friend the history of his short life from infancy upwards, but he made him his tather confessor, informed him of the progress of his studies, confided to him his doubts and hones, his religious creed and political aspirations, and even his connexion with some of the secret or ders and societies, of which, at that period, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, a multitude existed in Spain.

"And can it be, my young friend," said Geronimo one evening, when a brief pause succeeded to some of the fiery Federico's vehement political distribes-"can it be," he said, fixing his penetrating eye upon the flushed and impassioned countenance of the student, "that you have reached your present age and never loved woman !"

"Pshaw " replied the student, " you have asked the question before, and I have answered it." "But 'tis incomprehensible, and out of nature,'

bosom, blood in your veins, strong limbs, and who had haunted his dreams was equally present bility that the assignation came not whence he hop bright eyes ?"

"Was all that given me that I might love wo men ?" retorted Federico with a merry laugh.

"Certainly: what is life worth, without love to sweeten it! Nothing, worse than nothing. It is that gentle sympathy of hearts, that strange fever of the soul, those sweet hopes and joyous transports, and tremors scarce less pleasing, that render life endurable, and reconcile man to the vileness of mortality. The nearest approach to paradise on earth, is found in bright eyes that beam for us alone -in gentle lips that murmur to our ears words of ed himself. It was late and to atone for lost time, pure tenderness and unselfish affection."

"By the Virgin P cried Federico, "I am neither wood nor stone. Yes, there are creatures of heav. same hour as on the previous one, he found himenly beauty whom I could love. But I am like the Moorish Prince of Grenada, who was to proud to when the brown carriage and the splendid horses eat common food, and fed on gold. The metal came rattling by. And there, upon the purple cushwas over hard for royal stomach, and so he starv-

"Which means that what you could have, you don't like, and what you would like, you can't

"Possible," replied Pederico smiling, "I strike high."

"And why not? To dare is often to succeed. For the bold and the prudent, no aim is to lofty. But tell me more 75

"Nonsense!" cried the student, "I did but jest. It occurred to me that this very day I saw a lady whose fair face I shall not easily forget. She was by magnificent horses."

" What color was the carriage?"

"Brown, lined with purple velvet. The arms on the panels were supported by coroneted griffins; and on the luxurious cushions my goddess reclined in a robe of rose colored satin. A black lace manveiled by a cloud of glossy ebon hair; and her eyes, friend Geronimo-her beauteous eyes, were soft and heavenly as a spring day in the almond groves of Valencia."

"You are poetical," said Regato. "A good sign. Federico, you are in love; but by our Lady, you are audacious in vour choice."

"Do you know her?" eagerly exclaimed Fed-

"Did she appear to notice you?" inquired Gerpaimo, leaving the question unanswered.

"Paralysed by her exceeding beauty," replied he student, "I stood dumb and motionless in the carriage-way, and was nearly run over. I sprang aside but just in time. She observed me, and smiled: l almost think she blushed. One thing I am sure of, she could not help seeing that her wondrous beauty had turned my head."

"And that is all ?" said Regato slily.

"What more could there be?" cried the young lawyer, indignantly. "Would you have such an angel throw flowers at me, or appoint a rendezous? When the carri towards the Prado, she looked back. Holy Mother of Sorrows! even at that distance, the sunshine alternately poured out his stores of knowledge and, of those eyes scorched my very heart! But this is folly, sheer tolly! Next week I go to Cindad Real, and amongst dusty deeds and dry folios I shall soon forget eyes and their owner."

Senor Regato assumed a thoughtful countenance. took a large pinch of snuff, and lit a fresh cigar. After three or four puffs, emitted through his nostrils with the declaration of a veteran smoker, he

broke silence. "You will not go to Cindad Real."

"And why not?" cried Federico.

emain here."

"Strange if I do!" laughed the sindent.

man-hater, and said, "Come and love me, if you hand, pethaps her lips! Oh! were it possible that have the heart and courage of a man." I think I she loves me!" As he spoke, he pressed the flowway, Cindal Real and the royal courts would soon | leaves were crushed and tarnished. He laughed be forgotten."

"Perhaps," replied Federico. "But you tantalise me with impossibilities."

Don Geronimo put on his hat, took his young riend's hand, and said with great gravity-" Noththis world can withstand it-no bolt, or lock, or bar, or rank, or power. Bear that in mind, and be of never return; and in love be adventurous and bold. like a true Spaniard and gallant gentleman. Daring wins the day." He departed. Federico re-

mained alone. With a smile at his triend's advice, the young man sat down to study. But he soon started up, and gazed like one in a dream at the massive volumes encumbering his table. He knew not how it happened, but the well known letters of the alphabet seemed changed so inexplicable hieroglyphics. The simplest passages were wholly unintelligible; the paragraphs were all rose colored; black tocks and brilliant eyes twined and sparkled through the enced each chapter of the code, confusing and dazzling his brain. At last he angrily slammed the parenment bound volume, muttered a curse on his own folly, then laughed alond at the recollection of that comical old fellow, Geronimo Regato, and went to bed. There he found little rest - When he closed his eyes, the slender form of the incognita glided before him. Her white hand, extended from eneath her man illa, beckoned him to follow him, he felt the pressure of the tiny fingers, her warm preath upon his cheek, her velvet lips gently laid to his. and when he started from his sleep, it was will go; and though certain to be blabbed at her to fancy the rustle of a dress, and a sweet low voice that timidly, uttered his name. So passed the night.

to his waking imagination. The fascinating image ed, and was, perhaps, the work of some mischiev. of the beautiful stranger had established itself in his our jester, to send him on a fool's errand to the dis- on her cheek, a soft smile open her rosy lips), the heart, and Federico felt that all efforts to dislodge tant church of St. James. Above all things, he lady of his thoughts stood before film. it would be as fmittess as painful.

"I believe in sorcery," he soliloquised, "I should think that old rozue Geronimo has cast a charm heaping curses on his head, that personage did not over me. He predicted that she would visit me this night, and truly she has done so, and here remains. Whether it be for the best I greatly doubt.

ously intruded upon him; the young lawyer dresshe resolved to remain at home, and study hard the weapon in a Spaniard's hand, and crossing the Plawhole day. But somehow or other, exactly at the | za Mayor, glided swiftly through the streets and self in the Calle Alcala; and scarcely was he there, ions, sat, more beautiful than ever, the divinity who for the last twenty-four hours had monopolised so ray of light fell upon the painted figure of the Virlarge a share of the love-sick student's thoughts, gin that stood in its grated niche on the church He gazed at her with rapture, and involuntarily wall. bowed his head, as to a being not of the earth. She smiled; her look had something inquiring and mysterious: then, as if by accident, she placed her silent and motionless. He had not long waited, hand upon the edge of the carriage, and let a flower when he heard the sound of lootsteps upon the fall. Almost before it reached the ground, Federico caught and concealed it in his bosom, as though it had been some precious iewel which all would seek to tear from him. It was an almond blossom, a symbol of love and hope. Like a criminal he richly dressed, and sat in an open carriage, drawn hurried away, lest his prize be reclaimed, when he suddenly found himself face to face with Geronimo, who gravely took off his hat and greeted his friend.

"How goes it?" said the old Don, his widowed eye twinkling significantly as he spoke. "How have you slept? Did the lady visit you or not?" "You saw her!" eried Federico imploringly. "For heaven's sake, her name !"

" Bah !" replied Geronimo; "I saw nothing. But if it be she who sits in yonder carriage, beware, young mand Tis dangerous jesting with giants, who can crush us like straws beneath their finger, -Your life is in danger," he continued in a whisper; " forget this folly. There are plenty of handsome faces in the world.—Throw away the silly flower that peens from your vest, and be off to Cindad Real, where scores of preuy girls await you." He turned to depart; Federico detained him.

"Let me go," said Geronimo: I am in haste. I will call upon you presently, and you shall hear Delicas, plucking flowers for their mistresses,"

But notwithstanding his promise, and although Federico remained all day at home impatiently expecting him, Geronimo came not. Never had the student been so out of temper. He bitterly reproached himself as a dreamer, a fool an idiot; and yet there he remained, his thoughts fixed upon one object, his eyes rivited on the almond blossom. which he had placed in the water, and whose delifume. And as he gazed, fancy played her wildest pranks with the enamoured youth. Small fairylike creatures glided and danced between the rusty stamina of the graceful flower -Attimes its leaves seemed partly to close, and from out the contracted aperture, the lady of his thoughts smiled sweetly upon him. Then the welcome vision vanished and was succeeded by stern frowning faces of men. armed from head to heel, who levelled daghers at

"By St Jano !" the bewildered student at last exclaimed, "this is to much.-When will it end? What ails me? Have I so long withstood the fas-"Because, if I am not greatly mistaken, you will cinations of the black-eved traitresses, to be thus at last entrapped and unmanned! Geronimo was right: at daybreak I start for Cindad Real. I will "Less so perhaps, than you imagine.-Would | think no more of that perilous syren." He plucked ou go if the rose-coloured lady bid you stay; the almond blossom from its vase. "And this flow-What if she sent a tender billet to the young wooder," he pensively murmured, "has touched her see you then, though ten thousand devils barred the er so impetuously to his mouth, that its tender scomfully _" Thus is it," he exclaimed, " with woman's love; as fair and as fragile as this poor blosom. Begone, then! Wither, and become dust, thou perishable emblem of frailty!" And approaching the open window, he was about to throw ing is impossible. And as regards love, naught in away the flower, when something flew into the room, struck his breast, and rolled upon the ground. -Federico started back, and his eye fell upon the good courage, if you fall in with her of the rose-col- clock that regulated his studies.—The hands were oured robe. I should not wonder if you saw her on the midnight, and for a moment, in his then exthis very night. Be happy whilst you may, whilst | cited state, a feeling of superstitious fear stole over youth and beauty lasts. They quickly pass, and him .- The next instant he was again at the window, straining his eyes through the gloom. He could see nothing. The night was dark : a few large stars twinkled in the sable canopy, the jasmin bushes in the balcony rustled in the breeze, and brushed their cool leaves against his heated temples.-" Who is there?" he cried. His question was unanswered. Closing the jalousies, he took a light and sought about the room till he perceived something white lying under the table. It was a paper wrapped round a roll of wood, and secured by a silken thread. Trembling with eagemess, he detached the scroll. Upon it were traced a few lines in a woman's handwriting. "If you are willquaint arabesques and angular capitals that compling," so can the missive, "to encounter some risk for an interview with her who writes this, you will repair, to-morrow evening at nine o'clock, to the western door of the church of St. James One will meet you there in whom you may confide, if he asks you what flower you love best."

"And though death were in the path;" exclaims ed Federico with vehement passion-"though a thousand swords opposed me, and King Ferdinand himself-" He pawed at that name, with the habitual cantion of a Manchegan. "I will go," he resumed, in a calmer but equally decided fone, "I feet, I will go,"

Lazily, to the impetuous student's, thinking, did and only fowards daybreak and se sink into a the long hours lotter till that of his rendezyons ar sounder and more refreshing alumber y But when rived. Tormented by a thousand doubts and anx. cried the old Don, "Why have you aheart in your he arose, he found, to his consternation, that she least of these arose from the wall; he grasped it, aldoor opened, of tame, a fluence of the bland to the bland to

wished to see his friend Geronimo; but although he passed the day in invoking his presence, and appear - Evening came: the sun went down, behind the gardens of Boen Retiro; at last it was quite dark. Federico wrapped himselfin his clouk. Musing on the fair apparation that thus pertinaci- pressed his hat over his brows, concealed in the breast of his coat one of those forbidden knives whose short strong triangular blade is so terrible in lanes, until. exactly as the clock of St. Jame's church struck nine, he stood beneath the massive arches of the western portico. All was as still as the grave. The dark enclosures of a convent arose at a short distance, and, from a small high window a solitary

> His back against the stone parapety in the dark est comer of the portice. Federice posted himself, rough pavement. They came nearer : a shadow crossed the front of the arched gateway and was merged in the gloom, as its owner, muttered indistinctly to himself, entered the portion. It was a man, closely muffled in a short cloak. To judge from his high and pointed hat, he belonged to the lower class of people; a wild black beard, a moment visible in the light from the convent window, was all of his physiognomy discornible by the student, He might be anything; a Gallego, a muleteer, a robber.

> After a moment, Federico made a slight noise. and advanced a step from his corner. "Who is there?" cried the stranger.-"Who is there?" he said. "Answer in God's name. What do you here at this time of night?"

> "Who questions me!" boldly demanded the young man. And at the same time he approached the speaker.

For a moment these two men gazed suspicions ly at each other; then the stranger again spoke. Night and solitude enjoin prodence, senor, raid he; "and so, keep your distance. What brings you to this gloomy church door; At this hour such gay caveliers are often found in the Prado or the

"I love flowers," replied Federico, "but I also love solitude."

"And what flowers, my gallant young gentleman, do you love best?"

"Enough! Enough!" joyfully exclaimed the student. "Tis you I seek: I am ready to follow." Without reply, the stranger produced a long black

"What is that?" said Federico, who diligently

"To blindfold you."

"Why ?"

"Senor, that you may not see whither I conduct

"Not so!" cried the student, suspiciously.

will follow, but with open eyes." The Gallego threw the skirt of his large cloak over his left shoulder, touched his pointed hat by

way of saluation, and said courteously; "Buenas noches, senor. May you sleep well, and live a thousand years."

"Stop!" cried Federico; you are mad. Whither away !**

" Home."

"Without me?"

"Without you, senor. The truth is you are wan-

ted blind, or not at all?" The result of the colloquy that ensued was, that the Gallego twisted his cloth thrice round the student's eyes, cars and nore, and led him carefully across the Plaza, down a street and round sundry corners and turnings, till at last he deposited him in a carriage, which instantly set off at a rapid pace. A tolerably long drive, by no means a pleasant one for our adventurer, whose guide held his hands firmly in his probably to prevent his removing the bandage—the coach stopped, the two men got out, and Federico was again conducted for some distance on foot. He knew that he was still in Madrid, for he walked over pavement, and in spite of the thick cloth that impeded his hearing, he could distinguish Rosaura herself, did she overhear us, would be the distant sound of carriages and the hum of life. Presently a door creaked, and he apparently entered a garden, for there was a smell of flowers and rustling of leaves thence he ascended a stair case. and was conducted through cool lofty apartments and through doors which seemed to open and shu ey's end? Answer!" But nobody replied:

of themselves. Suddenly his companion let go his hand. Federico stood for a minute in silent expectation, then groping round him with extended arm, he said, in a low voice-" Am I at my journ By one decided pull, the student tore the band age from his eyes and gazed around him in wonder and bewilderment. He was alone in a specious and magnificent apartment, whose walls were tapestried with striped blue and white satin; and whose carved ceiling was richly gilt and decorated. The tall Venetian mirros, the costly furniture, the beautifully fine Indian matting, everything in the room, in short convinced him that he was in the favored abode of wealth, and rank, and luxury.-A lamp, suspended by silver chains, shed a soft light over the apartment. Federico's position was a doubtful, probably a darigerous one; but love emboldened him, and he felt the train of a saying of Geronimo's, that courage grows with peril. Happen what might, there he was, and he knew no fear. The enly perceptible exit from the room was by the large folding-doors through which he enter ed. He tried them—they were fastened. His mother wit suggested to him that his retract had perhaps been thus cut off that he might seek is or outlet. He did so, and presently perceived hinges under the tapestry. A hilver handle proton.

Towards, Wednesday, Anti. L. 1548 and a cry of astonishment and delight odist from the student. Beaming with lovoliness, a blash up-For a mointent the pair gazed at each other in silence, their looks telling more eloquently than any words the love that filled their hearts. But soon Federico started from his brief trance threw himself at the feet of the hicografia, and seizing her hand, pressed it andently to his lips, murmaring the while

pturous sentences as only lovers speak and love alone can comprehend. The fady stood over him, her graceful form slightly bowed, her large lustreus eyes alternately fixed upon the kneeling youth and roving anxiously round the apartment. "Don Federico," she said, in lones whose sweetness thrilled his blood, "may the Holy Vir-

in low and passionate accents, such broken and ra-

gin forgive my unmaidenly boldness. I have rielded to an impulse stronger than my reason, to the desire of seeing you, of hearing ____?

"That I love you," interrupted Federico-" that adore you since the first hon that I beheld you that I will die at your feet if you refuse me hope! She bent forward, and land her small rosy hand upon his throbbing forehead. The touch was elecric, the fiery glow of passion flashed in her glance. Light of my eyes! she whispered, "It were in rain to deny that my heart is thine. But our love a a flower on the precipice's brink," "I fear not the fall," Federico impelnously ex-

laimed.

" Dare you risk everything?"

" For you love, everything !" was the enthusias ic reply.

"Listen, then, to the difficulties that beset us and say if they are surmountable."

The maiden paused, started; grew pale. "Hark !" she exclaimed-" what is that ? He omes! Be still! be silent !" With wild and terrified haste, she seized Federico's hand, dragged him across the room, and opened a door. The student felt a burning kiss upon his lips, and before he knew where he was the door was shut, and he was in total darkness. All that had happened since he entered the house had occurred so rapidly was so mysterious and startling, that he was utterly bewildered. For a moment he thought himself betrayed, groped round his prison, which was a narrow closet, found the door, and, grasping his subetto, was about to force his way thrir all opposition

side of the tapestried screen. Motioniess, he lis-"Bring lights!" said a deep, commanding voice,

when he suddenly heard heavy steps, on the other

the lamp burns dim as in a bridal chamber.? "It anticipates its office," replied another male voice, with a laugh, "Is not your wedging-day fixed?"

"Not yet; in the course of next week, perhaps," answered the first speaker, striding up and down

You are in small haste." reformed ion, "to enjoy what all envy you. Never did I behold beauty more divine and captivating."

"Beautiful she certainly is," was the reply; but what is woman's beauty !-- the vision of a day; snow, sullied and dispelled in a night,"

"You are in exceeding good humor," said the friend of this morose and moralizing bridegroom.

A pause ensued, during which Federico's heart beat so strongly that he thought its throbbinen must surely be audible through the slight berrief which now separated him from the speakers: A servant brought lights, and a slender bright ray shot through a small opening in the tapestry, previously unobserved by the student. Applying his eye to the crevice, he obtained a view of the apartment. and of the persons whose conversation he had overheard. One of these wore a uniform glittering with embroidery; the other was dressed in black, with several stars and orders on his breast. Roth were in the middle period of lite: the one in uniform was the voungest and most agreeable looking; the dark features of the other were of a sombre and

inpleasing east. The servant left the room, and the mar in black suspended his walk and paused opposite his friend. "You had some things to communicate?" he raid in a suppressed voice.

" Are we secure from listeners?" asked the offi-

cer, in French. "Entirely, and doubly so, if we speak French none the wiser "

"Count," said the soldier, "I sincerely wish you joy of this marnage."

"A thousand thanks! But with equal sincerity I tell you that I am heartily weary of such congratulations. In marrying, one gives and takes. I give Rosaura my name and rank, titles and dignities,

honors and privileges." "And you take your lovely ward and a rich esstate. A fair exchange, Excellency. I can ouly say that the world wonders at the delay of so situable a union and even inclines to the belief that a certain disinclination—35

"The world is greatly mistaken," interrupted the Count "I ardently love Rosaura, and I have his Majosty's consent to marriage. But what a fool men take me for, if they supplied the transfer to He stopped short, and tossed his head with a

comital smile. sconifdi smile.

"I understand! your position is uneasy, the firture dark, the decisive moment at band; With one test on a volcano, one is little disposed, to enjoy a ponekwoom, with all any managinal At sopulation of

"But when the mine explodes, and one is tossed into the air, it is pleasant, to fa'l in the goft lap of "Brave - But what if the last refuse to receive

the luckless engineer to the luckless engineer ماهش فاصل المعالمة المعالمة

The philosopher Bits being anked what animal iermost hailful replied Of wild beasting tyrant!