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"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

Hope On.

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

Hope on! How oft the darkest night
Precedes the fairest day;
Oh! guard thy soul from sorrow's blight—
Clouds may obscure the day-god's light,
Yet shines it yet as dear and bright
When they have passed away.

Hope on! though disappointment's wings
Above thy path shall soar;
Though slander drive her rank'ling stings,
Though malice all her venom brings,
Though festering darts detraction flings,
Still must the storm pass o'er.

If slave to poverty thou art,
Bear bravely with thy lot;
Though keen her galling chains may smart,
Strive still to rend their links apart:
Hope on! for the despairing heart
God surely loveth not.

Hope on! hope on! though drear and dark
Thy future may appear;
The sailor in his storm-tossed bark,
Still guides the helm, and hopes to mark,
Amid the gloom, some beacon spark,
His dangerous way to cheer.

Though wealth takes wings, or friends forsake,
Be not by grief oppressed;
Stern winter binds with ice the lake,
But genial spring its bands shall break;
Hope on! a firmer purpose take,
And leave to God the rest.

Selected Miscellany.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ROSAURA.

A Tale of Madrid.

FOURTEEN years have elapsed since there dwelt in Madrid a certain student, who went by the name of El Rojo, or the Red. Not by his acquaintances and intimates alone was he thus designated, but by all the various classes of idlers with whom the Spanish capital abounds; by the listless loiterers at the coffee-house doors, by the lounging gossips of the Puerta 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 chance of a change of ministry, or 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 copper hue of a Patagonee or an Osage, or his hair the ruddy tint usually deemed detrimental and unbecoming. The name implied no sneer—it was given and taken as a compliment; and Frederico was at least as proud of it as of the abundant golden curls to which he owed it, and that flowed in waving 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 Madrileñas. 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 *jalousies*, dropped upon his handsome head a shower of fragrant jasmine blossoms. Amongst the dames and damsels who thus signified their favor and partiality, not a few—so it is certified by the veracious authority whence we derive this history—dwelt in stately mansions, and went abroad in massive equipage drawn by prancing steeds and comely mules, all glittering with trappings of silk and gold. These, it may be thought, condescended over-much to notice an humble student. But the love breathing daughters of Castile reck little of rank and station; and Frederico, by all personal endowments, well deserved the distinction he obtained. Poor hidalgo though he was, or count or duke, or blue blooded grandee, from Cadiz to Corunna, were there himself better, or had more the mien of a well-born and thorough bred *caballero*. None more gallantly wore the broad brimmed sombrero, none more gracefully draped the ample cloak; and all Spain might have been searched 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 Moorish forefathers have bequeathed their oriental physiognomy and tall slender frame to their Christian descendants, Spaniards are rarely of very lofty stature. Frederico was from the flat and arid province of Lamancha, where, as in compensation for the unproductiveness of the parched soil, handsome men and beautiful women abound. Of the middle height his figure was symmetrical, elastic, and muscular, formed for feats of agility and strength; his step was light, and firm; his countenance manly—the expression of his regular and agreeable features denoted a passionate nature and lofty 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 rashness placed them at his mercy, and rendered them unworthy of his wrath.—He was in the use of arms, as in all manly exercises, Frederico was an adept; and together with Toledo blade, or *Majo's* knife, there were few men in Spain who would not have found in him a formidable and dangerous adversary.

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, rejected invitations, went to no rendezvous. Favors which other men would gladly have purchased with years of life, were disdainfully rejected. The wrinkled duennas, who under various pretexts bro't 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 such 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 permature death. From that day, he was more inaccessible than ever, not only to women, but to men. Gradually he withdrew from intercourse with his former associates, and was seldom seen in the streets or public places, but sat at home, buried amongst books, and diligently studying with the intention, he was heard to declare, of going to Ciudad Real, and passing his examination as advocate in the royal courts. And thus little by little it happened with Federico as it does with most persons who neglect and forget the world, the world forget him. His old intimates—joyous light hearted lads, revelling in the enjoyments and dissipation of the capital—voted him a spoil-sport and a pendant, 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 some 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 Geronimo 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 adventures 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 guerilla band in the wild passes of the Sierra Morena; another two years, he took the oath to the constitution of Cadiz, and was seen at Wellington's head-quarters as colonel of the Spanish line, and delegate from the Cortes. In 1814, he changed his colors and was noted, after the return of Ferdinand VII., as a 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 *sucta equaca*, once more he turned his coat; and as an earnest of penitence for past offences, opened to the royalist troops the gates of a small Estremaduran fortress. Notwithstanding this act of tardy allegiance, he was thrown into prison at Madrid, and owed it entirely to the intercession and good offices of an old schoolfellow, the influential Father Cyrillo, that his neck was not brought into unpleasant contact with the iron hoop of the *garrote*. Either warned by this 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 apparently all plots and intrigues; although he was frequently seen in the very highest circles of the capital, where his great experience, his conversational 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 heard the clash of steel and sound of a scuffle, and hurrying to the spot, saw a young man defending himself against the attack of two bravos. Forthwith Regato set himself to shout out words of command, as if he had a whole 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 by the old gentleman's timely arrival and ingenious 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, found much to interest him in his new friend, the only person who now varied the monotony of his solitude. He listened eagerly to Regato's discourse, as he alternately poured out his stores of knowledge and 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 the veerings 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, expatiated on the barbarous executions of Riego, Torrijos, and other martyrs to freedom's cause, and exposed the corruption and villainy 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 quick eared legion—the spirit stirring Hymn of the Constitution, or the wild Tragala—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, whilst he mingled his hoarse and suppressed bass with Federico's mellow tenor.

Notwithstanding their vast difference of age and character, and although the one was but commencing, whilst the other had nearly run the up-hill race of life, the more these two men saw of each other, the stronger grew their sympathy and friendship. Don Geronimo's visit 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 honor, truth, and secrecy, he felt he could safely entrust them. Federico 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 father confessor, informed him of the progress of his studies, confided to him his doubts and hopes, his religious creed and political aspirations, and even his connexion with some of the secret orders 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 diatribes—"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," cried the old don. "Why you have a heart in your bosom, blood in your veins, strong limbs, and bright eyes?"

"Was all that given to me that I might love woman?" retorted Federico, with a 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 pure tenderness and unselfish affection."

"By the Virgin!" cried Federico, "I am neither of wood nor stone. Yes, there are creatures of heavenly beauty whom I *could* love. But I am like the Moorish Prince of Granada, who was too proud to eat common food, and fed on gold. The metal was over hard for his royal stomach, and so he starved."

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

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

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

"Nonsence!" 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 richly dressed, and sat in an open carriage, drawn by magnificent horses."

"What color was the carriage?"

"Brown, lined with purple velvet. The arms of 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 mantilla floated over her alabaster shoulders, further veiled 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. Frederico you are in love; but, by our lady, you are audacious in your choice."

"Do you know her?" eagerly exclaimed Frederico.

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

"Paralyzed by her exceeding beauty," replied the 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; I 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 slyly.

"What more could there be?" cried the young lawyer indignantly. "Would you have such an angel throw flowers at me, or appoint a rendezvous? When the carriage turned out of the street towards the Prado, she looked back. Holy mother of Sorrows! even at that distance, the sunshine of those eyes scorched my very heart! But this is folly, sheer folly! Next week I go to Cuidad 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 delectation of a veteran smoker, he broke silence.

"You will not go to Cuidad Real."

"And why not?" cried Frederico.

"Because, if I am not much mistaken, you will remain here."

"Strange if I do!" laughed the student.

"Less so, perhaps, than you imagine. Would you go if the rose-colored lady bid you stay? What if she sent a tender billet to the young woman-hater, and said, 'Come and love me, if you have the heart and courage of a man,' I think I see you then, though ten thousand devils barred the way. Cuidad Real and the royal courts would soon be forgotten."

"Perhaps," replied Frederico. But you tantalize me with impossibilities."

Don Geronimo put on his hat, took his friend's hand, and said, with great gravity—"Nothing is impossible. And as regards love, nothing in this world can withstand it—no bolt, or lock, or bar, or rank, or power. Bear that in mind, and be of good courage, if you again fall in with her of the rose-colored robe. I should not wonder if you saw her this very night. Be happy whilst you may, whilst youth and beauty last. They quickly pass, and never return; and in love be adventurous and bold, like a true Spaniard and gallant gentleman. Daring wins the day."

He departed. Frederico remained alone, with a smile at his friend'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 into inexplicable hieroglyphics. The simplest passages were wholly unintelligible; the paragraphs were all rose-colored; the black locks and brilliant eyes twined and sparkled through the quaint arabesques and angular capitals that commenced each chapter of the code, confusing and dazzling his brain. At last he angrily slammed the parchment bound volume, muttered a curse on his folly, then laughed aloud 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 them. Her white hand, extended from beneath her mantilla, beckoned him to follow; nay, he felt the pressure of the tiny fingers, her warm breath upon his cheek, her velvet lips gently laid to his. And when he started from his sleep, it was to fancy the rustle of a dress, and a sweet low voice that timidly uttered his name. So passed the night, and only towards daybreak did he sink into a sounder and more refreshing slumber. But when he arose he found to his consternation that she who had haunted his dreams was equally present to his waking imagination. The fascinating image of the beautiful stranger had established itself in his heart, and Frederico felt that all efforts to dislodge it would be as fruitless as painful.

"If I believed in sorcery," he soliloquized, "I should think that old rogue Geronimo had cast a charm 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."

Musing on the fair apparition that thus pertinaciously intruded upon him, the young lawyer dressed himself. It was late, and to atone for lost time he resolved to remain at home and study hard the whole day. But somehow or other, exactly at the same hour as on the previous one, he found himself in the Calle Alcala; and scarcely was he there when the brown carriage and splendid equipage came rattling by. And there, upon the purple cushions, sat, more beautiful than ever, the divinity who for the last twenty-four hours had monopolized so large a share of the love-sick student's thoughts. He gazed at her with rapture, and involuntarily bowed his head as to a being not of earth. She smiled; her look had something inquiring and mysterious, then as if by accident she placed her hand upon the edge of the carriage and let a flower fall. Almost before it reached the ground Frederico caught and concealed it in her bosom, as though it had been some precious jewel which all would seek to tear from him. It was an almond blossom, a symbol of love and hope. Like a criminal, he hurried away lest his prize should 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!" cried Frederico imploringly. "For heaven's sake, give me her name!"

"Bah!" replied Geronimo; "I saw nothing. But if it be she who sits in yonder carriage, beware, young man! '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 peeps from your vest, and be off to Cuidad Real, where scores of pretty girls await you."

He turned to depart; but Frederico detained him.

"Let me go," said Geronimo; "I am in haste. I will call upon you presently, and you shall hear more."

But, notwithstanding his promise, and although Frederico 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 rivetted upon the almond blossom, which he had placed in water, and whose delicate cup, now fairly open, emitted a delightful perfume. And as he gazed, fancy played her wildest pranks with the enamored youth. Small fairy-like creatures glided and danced between the dusty stamina of the graceful flower. At times 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 daggers at his heart.

"By St. Jago!" the bewildered student at last exclaimed, "this is too much. When will it end? What ails me? Have I so long withstood the fascinations of the black-eyed traiteress, to be thus at last entrapped and unmanned! Geronimo was right; at daybreak I start for Cuidad Real. I will think no more of that perilous siren." He plucked the almond blossom from its vase. "And this flower," he pensively murmured, "has touched her hand, perhaps her lips! Oh, were it possible that she loves me!" As he spoke, he pressed the flower so impetuously to his mouth, that its tender leaves were crushed and tarnished. He laughed scornfully. "Thus it is," he exclaimed, "with woman's love; as fair and fragile as this poor blossom. Begone, then—wither, and become dust, thou perishable emblem of frailty!" Approaching the open window, he was about to throw away the flower, when something flew in to the room, struck his breast and rolled upon the ground. Frederico started back, and his eye fell upon the clock that regulated his studies. The hands were on the stroke of midnight, and for a moment in his then excited state, a superstitious fear stole over 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 canopy, the jessamine bushes in his 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 until he perceived something white under a table. It was a paper wrapped round a small roll of wood, and secured by a silken thread. Trembling with eagerness he detatched the scroll. Upon it were traced a few lines in a woman's delicate handwriting. "If you are willing," so ran 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 west 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," exclaimed Frederico with vehement passion—"though a thousand swords oppose me, and King Ferdinand himself—" He paused at that name with the habitual caution of Manchegan. "I will go," he resumed, in a calmer but equally decided tone, "I will go, and though certain to be stabbed at her feet, I still would go."

Lazily to the impetuous student's thinking, did the long hours loiter till that of his rendezvous arrived. Tormented by a thousand doubts and anxieties, not the least of these arose from the probability that the assignation came me whence he hoped, and was, perhaps, the work of some mischievous jester, to send him on a fool's errand to the distant church of St. James. Above all things, he wished to see his friend Geronimo; but although he passed the day in invoking his presence, and heaped curses on his head, that personage did not appear. Evening came; the sun went down behind the gardens of Buen Retiro; at last it was quite dark. Frederico wrapped himself in his cloak, 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 a weapon in a Spaniard's hand, and crossed the Plaza Mayor, glided swiftly through streets and lanes, until, exactly as the clock of St. James stauck nine, he stood beneath the massive arches of the western portico. All was still as the grave. The dark enclosures of a convent arose at a short distance, and from a small window a solitary ray of light fell upon the painted figure of the Virgin that stood in its grated niche on the church wall.

His back against the stone parapet in the darkest corner of the portico, Frederico posted himself, silent and motionless. He had not long waited, when he heard the sound of footsteps on the rough pavement. They came nearer; a shadow crossed the front of the arched gateway and was merged in the gloom, as its owner, muttering indistinctly to himself, entered the portico. It was a man, closely muffled in a dark cloak. To judge from his high and pointed hat, he belonged to the lower class of the people; a black beard, a moment visible in the light from the convent window, was all of his physiognomy discernible by the student. He might be anything; a Gallago, a muleteer, or a robber.

After a moment Frederico made a slight noise, and advanced a step from his corner. "Who is there?" cried the stranger. "Who is there?" he answered.

"In God's name what do you here at this hour of night?"

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

For a moment the two men gazed suspiciously at each other; then the stranger again spoke. "Night and solitude enjoin prudence, senor," said he: "and so, keep your distance. What brings you to this gloomy church door? At this hour such gay cavaliers are oftener found in the Prado or the Delicias, plucking flowers for their mistresses."

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

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

"Enough! enough!" joyfully exclaimed the student. "'Tis you I seek; I am ready to follow."

Without reply, the stranger produced a long black cloak.

"What is that?" said Frederico, who vigilantly observed his movements.

"To blindfold you."

"Why?"

"Senor, that you may not see whither I conduct you."

"Not so!" cried the student suspiciously. "I 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 salutation, and said courteously, "*Buenas noches, senor.* May you sleep well and live a thousand years."

"Stop!" said Federico; "you are mad. Whither away?"

"Home."

"Home?"

"Without me?"

"Without you, senor. The truth is, you are wanted 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, ears, and nose, and led him carefully across the plaza, down a street and round sundry corners and turning, till at last he deposited him in a carriage, which instantly set off at a rapid pace. After a tolerably long drive, by no means a pleasant one for our adventurer, whose guide held his hand 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 the distant sound of carriages and hum of life. Presently a door creaked, and he apparently entered a garden, for there was a smell of flowers and rustling of leaves; then he ascended a staircase, and was conducted through cool, lofty apartments, and through doors which seemed to open and shut of themselves. Suddenly his companion let go his hand. Federico stood for a minute in silent expectation, then, groping round him with outstretched arms, he said in a low voice—"Am I at my journey's end? Answer!" But nobody replied.

By one decided pull the student tore the bandage from his eyes, and gazed around him in wonder and bewilderment. He was alone in a spacious 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 mirrors, 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 dangerous one; but love emboldened him, and he felt the truth of a saying of Geronimo's, that courage grows with peril. Happen what might, there he was, and he knew no fear. The only perceptible exit from the room was by the large folding-doors through which he had entered. He tried them: they were fastened. His mother wit suggested to him that his retreat had perhaps been thus cut off, that he might seek another outlet. He did so, and presently perceived hinges under the tapestry. A silver handle protruded from the wall, he grasped, it, a door opened, and a cry of astonishment and delight burst from the student. Beaming with loveliness, a blush upon her cheek, a soft smile upon her rosy lips, the lady of his thoughts stood before him.

(To be Continued.)

A Wedding in Virginia's Hills.

A lively and sketchy correspondent of the National Intelligencer, (Lanman, we presume,) who is travelling through Virginia, writes as follows:—

"I spent a night with my companions in the dingy looking hamlet of Petersburg, where I picked up the following particulars respecting an almost absolute custom peculiar to this section of the country. It is *running for the bottle*, and is a kind of interlude or episode in a marriage celebration. When a buxom lady is about to be married, every body is invited to the wedding, and two entire days are devoted to feasting and dancing, when the time arrives that she is to be taken to the residence of her lord and master.—This change of location is accomplished on horseback, and the groom and bride are invariably accompanied by the guests, who combine to form, as they journey in pairs, a truly imposing cavalcade, varying, according to circumstances, from one to two hundred persons. The day of the march is of course a pleasant one, and the journey to be accomplished is perhaps five miles. At the residence of the groom everything is of course in a state of preparation for the reception of the party, and with especial care a bottle of choice liquor, richly decked out with ribbons, has been prepared, and placed upon a high post at the front gate of the dwelling. While the cavalcade are on the move, and have arrived within one mile of the desired haven, the master of ceremonies steps aside upon his horse, and extends an invitation to all the gentlemen present to join in a race for the bottle, which is known to be in waiting for the winner of the race, whose privilege it will be to drink the health of the bride on her arrival. Fifty of the younger men of the party have perhaps accepted the invitation extended to them, and leaving the procession, they make ready and start off at full speed for the much desired bottle. The road is winding, and perhaps stony, and stumpy, and muddy, but what matter? Away they fly, like a party of Indians after Buffaloe; while along the road it may be cattle are bellowing, sheep bleating, dogs barking, hens cackling, and crows cawing. The goal is now in sight; one effort more, and the foremost horseman is at the gate, and has received into his hands, from the hands of the groom's sister, the much desired bottle; and then ascend the huzzas and shouts of that portion of the people assembled to welcome the bride. Meanwhile the cavalcade comes in sight, headed as before by the groom and bride, and as they approach the gate the winner of the bottle steps forth upon his horse, and, pouring a portion of the liquid into a goblet, presents it to the bride, and has the satisfaction of being the first to drink the good health of her newly married ladyship. The huzzas and shoutings continue, when, in the midst of direct confusion, the ladies are assisted into the house, the horses are stabled, and a regular siege of two or three days' dancing and feasting, and carousing, succeeds, with which the wedding is terminated."

Conveyance.—In Vienna a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which is a stone with this inscription: "This house was erected by Count D——, to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, "to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath; you will therefore please, sir, to give me immediate possession." The count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "You are quite right, sir, with respect to my intentions; but as I do not discover the least pretension you have to the character of a contented man, I beg you will retire. *If you were quite contented you would not want my house.*"

A Yankee Picklock.—A correspondent at the Glass Palace, London, writes to the Boston Newspaper as follows:

A sensation was raised a day or two since by the exploit of Mr. A. C. Hobbs, from New York. He picked the heretofore supposed unpickable Chubb Lock, which laughed at all English locksmiths and rogues. It is the reliance of bankers, and secures the archives of the government. He opened the chest in just fifteen minutes, with some sort of a crooked Yankee nail he carried in a vest pocket. He offered ten thousand dollars for the privilege of trying to open the lock of the safe in which the great regal diamond, belonging to the Queen, valued at two millions of pounds sterling, is deposited nightly, at the close of the daily exhibition. But no one dare trust him near it with that strange looking hook.

A padlock is hanging up in Piccadilly, with a reward of two hundred guineas to whoever opens it by fair means. Mr. Hobbs proposes to give it a trial the first leisure hour—and it is the opinion of those who know something of his extraordinary mechanical endowments, that he will quietly ease the lock of the money.

A Railroad through the African Desert.—An English paper, by the last arrival, has the following article in relation to the enterprise and its results;

The Viceroy of Egypt has sanctioned the project of a railroad from Alexandria by way of Cairo, to the Isthmus of Suez, and the work will be commenced without delay. With the most skilful European engineers at his command, and able at any time to summon one hundred thousand Arabs and Copts to the labor, the energetic and enterprising Ibrahim Pasha will not allow a long time to elapse before the whistle of the locomotive will wake the solitudes of Petra and Mount Sinai, scare the marauding Bedouin out of his wits, and render the journey from Alexandria to the Holy Land as easy and as rapid as the passage from Buffalo to New York. The traveller will start from the base of Cleopatra's Needle, reach Cairo in six hours, refresh himself at a mammoth depot in the midst of the "waste howling wilderness," and stand upon the ancient shores of the Red Sea in two days after leaving the Delta of the Nile.

Short Dresses.—A writer in the Newark Advertiser is particularly severe upon the short dress movement. He devotes two-thirds of a column to a severe satire upon the new fashion, winding up his effusion in the following style:—

Once a petticoat was the emblem of the sex the world over; it was their honor and protection; it said, like the white flag at the bathing place, *Procul, O procul!—este profani!* But who will ever be brought up all standing by a sense of Turkish trowsers? Indeed we see no end to the mischief that will arise if this unnatural costume should be extensively adopted, especially in New York, and every father and husband, and brother, should check the innovation before it goes any farther. Let them do their duty as they ought to do, and the absurdity will be left to the old maids and widows bewitched with whom it has originated.

In conclusion, suffer me, for the sake of the application, to reproduce a story which the costume has provoked us to remember, and which we had supposed long since forgotten by us. Those who do not know where it is found, ought to know, so we will not give them our authority—

"It was well known by the learned that there was a temple upon Mt. Etna dedicated to Vulcan, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, say the historians, that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise.—They used to meet and fawn upon such who were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master Vulcan, but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple. These dogs were given to Vulcan by his sister Diana, the goddess of hunting and chastity, having bred them out of some hounds, in which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It was thought she did it in spite to Venus, who upon her return home, always found her husband in a good or bad humor, according to the reception which she met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple several years, but were such snappish curs, that they frightened away most of the votaries. The women of Sicily made a solemn deputation to the priest by which they acquainted him that they would not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs." We shall not tell the whole of this story, but simply conclude with a

N. B.—That in our opinion the wearers of the new costume would have had a very slim chance of gaining admission to the temple of Vulcan, when the dogs were there!

☞ The books of the Carbondale and Providence Turnpike & Plank Road Co. were opened last week at Carbondale, and $40,000 subscribed the first day. On the 23d ult, the books of the Wilkesbarre and Providence road were opened.