



Newfoundland

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THURSDAY March 23, 1837.

Sixpence.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

BY THE LATE WM. GODWIN, JUN.

For six long years had the Lord of Ullanor courted the haughty Bertha; for the same six years had the fair one been as cold to his suit, as the winter's snow that capped the high hills of his domain was to the bare foot of the meanest vassal that trod them in search of a precarious existence.

The continual cross that he received from his mistress, turned the good-nature of Ullanor into moroseness and inhumanity. Not now, as was once the wont, did the houseless stranger find a welcome within his castle walls; not now, as had been the fashion in foregone years, did the traveller and the pilgrim find the ample board-spread in the hall. The porter, learning from his lord how to be rude and sullen, ever stood on the threshold, and with a frown and an oath drove the suppliant from the door.

Already on that day when the sun makes its longest sojourn above our heads, teaching nature to rejoice at his presence, had the surly fellow dismissed four of those wandering creatures, whose daily trust was more in others than in themselves, when suddenly a fifth made his appearance at the castle gate, to crave admission and food, for he was sorely hungered, and that day had left many a weary mile behind him. That which was no real part of the man was despicable enough: his garments hung about him in vile disorder, showing everywhere the havoc that time had been making with them: but when they were dismissed and the eye came to canvas the man himself, his whole appearance stamped him a master-piece of nature—not one of those on which she has expended her happiest efforts, but where, fitful and wayward, she has put together materials more remarkable for their power of striking than of pleasing—more calculated to excite wonder than harmony. He was a Moor, or something akin thereto; and he appeared to have none of the compromising spirit of a citizen of the world, for his vest savoured much of the oriental usage, while his raven hair for the most part lay concealed under a turban of white cloth, which gave their full effect by contrast to his strongly marked brows, beetling in savage majesty above his eyes.

But all this was nothing to the surly janitor of the castle, who had no sooner scanned and made due account of the worth of the man by the worth of his vest, than he determined that, Turk, Christian, or Jew, he should find no admission there. With his intention wrought to this condition, he thought that he could not do better than anticipate the begging petition which he saw wavering on the lips of the stranger; and with this charitable purpose he began: "Halloo, you Emperor of Morocco, there is no place for you here. The sun shines not within four walls, our hearth embers are extinguished every one—so go your ways, Sir Swarthy-man, and see what they can do with you at the next monastery. It is but two leagues thither, if you can find out the short cuts."

The Moor looked at this foul-mouthed acoster with that sort of contempt that the generous mastiff entertains for the noisy mongrel that yelps round his heels, but condescended nothing by way of reply.

At that moment the Lord of Ullanor rode up to his castle gate: he had just come from his daily visit of ceremony to the Lady Bertha's father. On that day he had been used worse than ever: the lady had absolutely refused to see him; and after trying in vain for more than an hour, by dint of messages, to change her resolution, away rode the Lord of Ullanor in a towering passion. As he galloped over the hills and through the glades on his way back, he had silently brooded over all the contempt that in six long years he had received in return for his love, and, as each painful recollection arose to his memory, deeper and deeper he plunged the rowel of his spurs into the sides of his generous steed.

It was in this mood that he galloped up to his own castle-gate. "Stand out of my path, thou infidel dog," cried he, "for, by Heaven this day I will spare neither man nor beast."

But the Moor heeded him not: still did he stand his ground; and when the lords charger would have brushed by him at the height of his speed, with the skill of an Arab he not only checked his pace, but in an instant brought him to a stand.

"Why, how now," said the Lord of Ullanor, "are you, in good truth, weary of life; or do you think that because I have borne so much from a woman, I will endure yet more from the son of a woman?"

"Those, my lord," replied the stranger, undauntedly, "are not the subjects that occupy my thoughts. I have lived a life of some years, and never yet spent a moment in idea or reality upon a female."

"And I," said Ullanor, "have spent no moment of the last six years otherwise."

"For that," said the Moor, "each man have a different pursuit. You follow one appetite, and would have love for your love; just now, I follow another, and would have viands for my hunger."

"Good faith," said the Lord, with a grin, "you have impudence for your sauce at least. Travel onwards, knave, you find no solution to your wants in this castle;" and the castle and the chieftain would have ridden forward, but still the Moor's hand was upon his bridle.

"Lift your hand," quoth the knight, "or by my spurs I will lay upon your back with the butt end of my javelin!" but still the Moor's hand was stationary, while his unwilling lips muttered that they had not tasted food for four-and-twenty hours.

The impatient lord did not hear the sentence completed, for still finding the bridle detained, he dealt a blow on the broad shoulders of the stranger. Something indescribable fluttered across his swarthy brow, as he received the indignity, but he spoke not, though his hand still maintained its former situation.

"How now," said Ullanor, astonished at his perversity, "must I repeat the chastisement before I can teach you better manners?"

"Under favour, I think not," said the Moor, with a scowl; "enough has already been attempted. But, perhaps, if your lordship will not give food, you may be inclined to sell it?"

"Sell, dog!" said Ullanor, "do you think that I am a shopkeeper or a pedler?"

"Certes not; for then my proposal were nought; they sell for gold and for silver, but of those have I none. The coin in which I would pay is valueless to me, though you might deem it worthy: I can teach the Lord of Ullanor those things that would light up his bosom with gladness."

"You cannot teach yourself common sense," said the Lord, with a sneer; "your long fasting, I trow, has bred silliness;" and again he would have passed on.

But still was the Moor at his bridle. "For pity's sake, some food," said he; "I can teach the mixture for long life."

The Lord of Ullanor laughed, and spurred on his steed.

"I know where grows the precious balsam shrub, that makes the warrior invulnerable."

In vain did he speak. The knight would not hearken to his boasts.

"Yet one word, Lord of Ullanor. I ken a rare and subtle compound, against which the perverest love cannot hold out; a marvellous mixture, that draws affection from frozen hearts as surely as the sunflower faces the dazzling orb that raises it from the earth."

This was a subject that Ullanor could not withstand, and he lent an eager ear to the further converse of the stranger. But it was now the latter's turn to lead the way, and he vowed that nothing tending to that important secret should be drawn from him till the wants of nature were satisfied. Ullanor no longer opposed him: together they entered, and the Moor was established at a plentiful board, where he regaled himself to his heart's content, while the knight strode heavily up and down the room, thinking that he would never arrive at the end of his repast.

At length the four-and-twenty hours' gap was filled up, and the stranger condescended to be somewhat more explicit in his explanations. It would be tedious here to enter into all the profound dissertations that he published respecting simples and compounds: suffice it to say, that after having discoursed for some time on the nature of the experiment which he was going to make, he put into Ullanor's hands a small box of ointment, with the contents of which the Lord was directed to anoint the palms of his hands previously to presenting himself again before his mistress.

Ullanor, everjoyed at the treasure put into his possession was almost ready to worship the donor,

who looked on his raptures in silence, as though astonished that such a trifle could shake the soul of a being that styled himself man—the lord paramount of every thing created. At length, deeming each moment that he now lost an expiring age, the lord called lustily for his steed, and before many minutes had elapsed, was travelling towards the halls of his beloved even quicker than in anger he had that morning quitted them.

The Moor stood at the castle-gate, and watched him as he spurred his mad course across the plain: and, as he thought of his fearful intentions for the future life of the Lord of Ullanor, a savage glee mounted the throne of his heart, and there reigned, reeking in the picture of what should follow.

"Oh ho!" quoth he, in secret converse with his soul, "is it so, is it so, my rash Lord? Yes: Lady Bertha shall be thine—but thine only to consummate thy misery. Am I not Isolom, the great Chief of the Desert; and was it to be buffeted by a woman's shuttlecock, that I gave up country, home, and friends, to seek knowledge through the world. Dear, precious, exquisite knowledge! Here in the face of day do I thank thee, for to thy power shall I owe the sweet of revenge. Gods of my land, did you behold it? Did you see Isolom, the chosen and the mighty, tainted by the cuff of this fitful lord? Even so do I fear me! But, by yourselves do I swear, that as you witnessed the insult, so shall you be spectators of the reparation. The stretch of knowledge—the field of science, I here abandon, and to me there shall be nothing but vengeance. Have with ye, Ullanor, for from this hour my eye shall rest on no word but 'Revenge!' On the surface of the lake shall it be deciphered; and every mountain shall bear 'Vengeance' on its brow." And thus as he commuted to his inward spirit, away strode Isolom, the great Chief of the Desert.

And how sped the Lord Ullanor in his suit? He sped right cheery and well. The Lady Bertha forgot her taunts and her gibes, and bowed her ear kindly to the soft whisperings of his love; and when the Lord was bold and finished his song of love with the burthen of marriage, no frown sat on the marble of her front, but a blush stole into her cheek; as though it would make ample amends for the unchanged appearance of her brow. Thus came matters to a crisis; and in six weeks' time from the departure of the Moor, Ullanor accomplished what had fruitlessly cost him six years. Before the altar the two were made one, and high in the air sounded the harps of the minstrels.

And now who so happy as Bertha and her lord? All things human smiled around them, and even Providence befriended the pair by adding those dear pledges, which true love always acknowledges as the final knot in the link of affection. Before they had been wedded a year, the Lord of Ullanor was a father, and as though every thing was to come to pass with more than common success, the same hour presented him with twin sons.

The Lord of Ullanor looked proudly around, and no where did his eye sparkle with such pride as when it rested on the two boys that Heaven had bestowed upon him. His good-humour and benevolence once again revisited their ancient haunts; and he hung out the banner of invitation to all, from the day that made him a parent to that that one on which his offspring were made partakers of a Christian's rights. To describe the pomp and splendour of the christening, were an impossible task; all was there assembled that riches could command—that exertion could collect together—that joy, glee, and happiness, could implant in the human heart.

Like a man of wisdom and prudence, Lord Ullanor determined to make early provision for his sons, who were named Edmund and Osmond. With this view he selected from among his own tenants a young man, about eighteen, who promised, from his demeanour and conduct to turn out a perfect soldier. This youth was received into the castle, and encouraged in every way to qualify himself for the task of marshalling the young gentlemen, on some future day to the field of arms.

"You have seven years before you," said Ullanor to his vassal; "for it will not be till my boys shall have arrived at their seventh birth-day, that I shall place them under your care. Make the most, then, of that time to prepare yourself at all points, and trust to your Lord for the sure remuneration of your service."

For a while the Lord of Ullanor's vassal was all

that he could wish. His javelin was the steadiest, his arrow the fleetest, his sword the sharpest of any within the domain; and his paramount looked smilingly on him.

But before long all this was altered. The youth became melancholy: he first neglected his meals, and then he neglected his studies. It was in vain that Ullanor frowned upon him, and that his companions laughed at him: nothing could shake him from his new course, and scarcely a day elapsed in which he did not throw away javelin, spear, and cross-bow, and betake him to the deep recesses of the neighbouring wood. There he would throw himself at length upon the greensward, and breathe forth sighs without number, sometimes stringing nothing but interjections together, and at others breaking forth into a wild ditty, such as this:

How weighty is the Lover's breast,
Scorn'd, when he pines to be cared!
How wo-begone, when none can guess,
Not e'en his mistress, his distress!
Poor heart o' mine!

Oh, then each day is murky night!
For him gold Phoebus sheds no light!
The modest moon affords no ray,
Nor twinkling stars attend his way!
Poor heart o' mine!

Sweet concord, where he comes, is mute;
And when he steals the woods among,
For him the birds have no salute,
For him the wake no real song.
The whole world through he hears no chime,
Save Echo answering—"Heart o' mine!"

It was on one of these occasions, just after he had thus given vent to his misery, that he perceived a stranger standing before him. At the sight of one so near he started, and was in some trouble to conclude whether he could have been overheard while easing his heart, when he thought that none but the mute things of nature were witnesses to the unburthening. But this was not long subject for doubt. The new comer advanced step by step till his minutest whispering would have fallen audibly upon the peasant's ear.

Then said he, "Young man, you are in love, for which I blame you not, seeing it is the nature of most men; your folly lies in wasting the precious moments of youth and opportunity among the poorer works of nature, while you have it in your power to revel in the charms of her loveliest daughter."

"Her loveliest daughter!—I in love!" said the youth, "you are dealing in enigmas; and as I am a bad guesser, with no time to waste, I shall decline the favour of being treated with any more."

"All very fine," said the stranger, "and proves that even a lovers wit is good for something! But all this is empty dallying. You are in love with the Lady Bertha?"

"With the Lady Bertha!" exclaimed the youth, a falsehood quivering on his lips, to which they involuntarily refused to give utterance.

"You do well," said his unknown scrutinizer, "not to take the trouble of denying what I know to be fact. My business is done in a few words. For reasons that I care not to disclose, it will serve my purpose to enable you to win the lady's affections. Look on this little box: it contains an ointment, which, previously to entering her presence, you must rub on the palms of your hands: that once done, all after will work as you wish."

"But—" "I will have no argument," sternly interrupted the stranger. "There is the box, and all you have to do, is to debate with yourself whether you shall use its contents as I have described, or throw it into the first pond you come to. In all that, please yourself, and you will please me. And now, Sir, be-gone!"

The youth was too far gone in the depths of the passion to throw away any chance, however small; so, perceiving that the stranger was earnest in what he said, he went his way, wisely concluding that the ointment, if it did him no good, at least could do him no harm.

The stranger marked him as he paced away from the spot where they had conferred, and, when the peasant was gone far away, he made the wood echo with his bitter laughter, as he exclaimed—"Oh, ho! is it so, is it so, my love sick youth? Yes, Lady Bertha shall be thine, but thine only to consummate the oath that I registered in front of you stately castle. Am I not Isolom, the great Chief of the Desert, and shall Isolom have vowed vengeance is

vain. Forbid it, sun, moon, and stars! Forbid it, ye gods of my land, that heard me vow to abandon every thing for vengeance!"

And on he stalked to the thickest of the forest, where rock, and cavern, and ancient tree, united to form a gloom suitable to his soul.

And what became of Isolom's new disciple? With shame to the fair one be it spoken, he prospered even as the Moor had promised, and the Lord of Ullanor's peace was blasted for ever. Far be it from these pages to trace the misery that the inconstancy of Bertha placed in her husband's bosom; suffice it to say, that the peasant was sacrificed to the first ebullition of his passion, and the wretched Bertha, still bewitched by the wondrous ointment, unable to bear the loss of her favourite, dug for herself a grave, where her virtues and her vices together found a resting-place.

From that day the Lord of Ullanor smiled no more. His life was as a blasted moor, where the highest cultivation could induce no thriving. The world went well with him—his fortunes smiled gaily—his enemies sunk, and his friends prospered—but still there was that within the heart of Ullanor that baffled all the exertions of good fortune to overpower.

The only objects that were at all able to restore his equilibrium, were his children, and not even they certainly—only by fits and moods—at those times when he could bring himself to look upon them as the representatives of the Lady Bertha as she had once been, and wholly apart from what she had afterwards become. But even at the best of those times it was not an actual pleasure that he received from their presence—at the utmost it was not more than a relaxation—a momentary cessation from that anguish which at other periods he was for ever enduring.

In this manner years passed away, and Edmund and Osmond, no longer boys, sprang into man's estate. In their characters, there was this essential difference—Edmund was almost a passive sojourner in life's city, while Osmond was overflowing with passions of all sorts, and could rarely be kept within the bounds of moderation.

The only passion which Edmund yet seemed formed to enjoy, was that of solitude. He would bury himself in the deep recesses of the neighbouring wilds, and court that species of self-banishment which cannot bear to have mortal footsteps cross its path. Here and there would he wander, listless of the course he might be pursuing, and always satisfied if he attained his great end of being alone. It was clear that there was some feeling lurking within his bosom, which had not yet been developed, and which it rested with the chain of circumstances to bring to light.

This development at length took place. In one of the wildest of his solitary rambles, Edmund was overtaken by a storm, the tremendous character of which drove him to seek the nearest shelter. He was in a part of the country of which he knew but little, as it was situated beyond his father's domain. Despairing, therefore, of meeting with a habitation, he penetrated deeper and deeper into the mountainous district in which he was wandering, in the hopes of discovering some cave or hollow in which he might hide his head from the merciless fury of the tempest. After a while, he succeeded: having climbed a rugged point of rock, he perceived immediately below him, in a very narrow defile, a dark-mouthed cavern, wherein he instantly resolved to ensconce himself. Bold, hardy, and active, the thought was almost as speedily executed as conceived.

Here for a while he remained uninterrupted; but anon soft sounds stole upon his ear; the wild note that nature teaches to none but her dearest children, broke along the crags of the cavern to the spot where Edmund was standing. Acting like some invisible fairy, the music led him on to the interior of the cavern. At first all was darkness and gloom, but even here he was rewarded by the fresh distinctness of the airy notes which served him for a guide. A little more patience, and Edmund came to a spot where the widening of the sides of the cavern formed a sort of apartment: it was from this abode that the melody had issued; but if the effect was beautiful, how much more so was the cause. On a bank of moss, where oases and lilies tastily kissed each other's downy lips, sat the damsel whose warbling had taught Edmund that the chief charm of existence was not solitude. Her beauty was too living, her excellence too real, for cold history to depict: a writer cannot award its due merit to the poorest leaf that nature bids leap from its bud, how then shall he dare hope to do justice to a work that outstripped all the rest of nature put together?

Few words may tell what followed. Edmund saw, loved, adored. What the sweet Ellen felt, she never told. When her alarm subsided, there was a smile to be seen playing on her moist lips, but that might be accidental; and her frowns were not very potent, but a thousand things short of love might have awakened them.

From what Edmund afterwards learned from Ellen's father, it appeared that he and his daughter had for many years resided in that cavern. In former days he had been lord of a considerable portion of land adjoining that of the estate of Ullanor, but, having given offence to a more powerful baron than himself, he had been expelled from his territory, and obliged to take refuge in the poor shelter where Edmund had found them. He was employing such interest as he had with the

(See last Page.)

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY—FREDERICTON,
February 1.

On motion of Mr. L. A. Wilmot, *Whereas*, the Bill for the support of the Civil Government of this Province has passed this House, and has also been agreed to by the Hon. the Legislative Council; and *whereas*, sundry important matters in connection with the said Bill are now pending before the Legislature, which cannot be proceeded with until the said Bill shall have received His Excellency's assent; and it is expedient and necessary that those matters should be disposed of during the present Session; therefore, *resolved*, that an humble Address be presented to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, praying that His Excellency would be pleased to give his assent to the said bill. *Ordered*, That Mr. Crane, Mr. L. A. Wilmot, and Mr. Johnston, be a Committee to wait upon His Excellency with the Address.

FEBRUARY 2.

Mr. Crane, from the Committee appointed to wait upon His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor with the Address of this House of yesterday, praying that His Excellency would be pleased to give his assent to the Bill for the support of the Civil Government in this Province, reported, that they had attended to that duty, and that His Excellency was pleased to say that he would reply to the said Address by Message.

Mr. L. A. Wilmot, from the Committee appointed to wait upon His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor with the Address of this House of the 21st ultimo, praying for further accounts and information on the subjects of the Casual Revenue Accounts laid before the House during the present Session, reported, that the committee had attended to that duty, and that His Excellency was pleased to say that the required information should be given.

A Message from His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Honorable Mr. Baillie, by command of His Excellency, delivered the following Message:

"NEW BRUNSWICK.

"Message to the House of Assembly, 2d Feb. 1837.

"ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

"The Lieutenant-Governor informs the House, in answer to their Address of the 1st inst., that the recommendation to add a suspending clause to the Bill for the Support of the Civil Government of the Province, not having been complied with, he deems it his duty for the reasons stated in the former communications, to take further time for consideration on this very important measure, in the hope of receiving answers to his despatches on the subject before the close of the Session.

"A. C."

On motion of Mr. Partelow, *Ordered*, That the House do on Monday next go into Committee of the whole, in consideration of the Message from His Excellency received this day, in answer to the Address of the House praying his Excellency's assent to the Bill for the support of the Civil Government of the Province.

FEBRUARY 15.

The Address of the House to his Majesty, passed this day, was read as engrossed, and is as follows:

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.
"The Humble Address of the House of Assembly of New Brunswick.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

"We, Your Majesty's faithful and loyal Subjects, the Representatives of the People of New Brunswick, most humbly beg leave again to address Your Majesty on the public affairs of this Province.

"We deeply regret that such necessity should so soon have existed, but the refusal of his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor to pass the Bill providing for the Civil Government of the Province, renders it imperative on them, with as little delay as possible, to put your Majesty in possession of the true state of matters which led to such refusal on the part of the Executive.

"The Assembly deem it unnecessary to recapitulate the circumstances which led to the Royal concessions being made to this Province; they arose, as Your Majesty will recollect, from the spontaneous acceptance on the part of the Assembly of the terms offered as the basis of Colonial Policy to the Canadas in 1835, and your Majesty has been graciously pleased to express the Royal satisfaction at the spirit and temper in which the Assembly framed the record of their sentiments in the Address of last Session, on subjects of so great constitutional interest and importance.

"In accordance with the terms agreed upon by Your Majesty's Principal Secretary for the Colonies, and a Deputation from the Assembly, for the surrender of the Crown Revenue upon a Civil List being granted, either permanently or for a period of ten years, a Bill was prepared in England, containing all the provisions necessary for these important purposes, which Bill met the approbation of the Right Honorable Lord Glenelg, was duly ratified by the Lords Commissioners of Your Majesty's Treasury, approved of by your Majesty, and transmitted thereafter by the Colonial Minister to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, with a Despatch under date of the 31st October last, in which His Excellency was commanded, in Your Majesty's name, to give His assent to the said Bill, in the event of its meeting the approbation of both Branches of the Legislature, and it was earnestly hoped by His Lordship, in order to give immediate effect to the measure, that the Provincial Legislature would adopt and pass the Bill without any change either of substance or of form.

"The Legislative Council and Assembly accordingly, after a calm, patient and deliberate survey of its provisions, by overwhelming majorities, passed the Bill without alteration or amendment, conformably to the earnest wish of Your Majesty, and it only required the assent of His Excellency to become a law of the land; but twice has His Excellency been addressed to give such assent, and twice has it been withheld, assigning as reasons for non-compliance, that he awaited answers from Your Majesty's Government to despatches he had forwarded, both before and after the receipt of the Bill.

"The Lieutenant-Governor had previously recommended the Legislature to pass the Bill with a suspending clause, and, in compliance with Addresses from both Branches, he also laid before them copies of the Despatches he had transmitted to the Colonial Minister, which assigned the reasons for such recommendation.

"It became necessary therefore, either to pass the Bill as it originally was drafted and approved of, or to embody in it the various matters which had been brought under the notice of your Majesty's Government, because if the Bill had passed with suspending clause, as recommended by the Lieutenant-Governor, the whole weight and influence of the Provincial Government would have been exercised to delay its approval by Your Majesty; if, on the other hand, it had been amended to embrace the numerous objections suggested by his Excellency, there would have been a material and substantial alteration in its provisions, and thus have justified the Provincial Law Officers of the Crown, whose decided hostility to the measure was well known and understood, in recommending his Excellency to withhold his assent; the former course, that is, to pass the Bill without alteration, was therefore considered by both Branches the most judicious one, the more especially as it was to be a general measure for all the North American Colonies, leaving minor matters to be disposed of by subsequent legislation, in which the Legislature were proceeding (to meet all the difficulties, real or imagined) at the time when all hopes of the bill meeting his Excellency's acceptance were terminated.

"The Assembly humbly beg to bring under your Majesty's notice the extraordinary position in which the Executive Government of the Province are now placed: Acting in direct opposition to your Majesty's command, and the opinions of the Legislative Council and Assembly, your Majesty will, it is humbly trusted, at once perceive, that they have lost the entire confidence of the country, and that the public affairs of the Province cannot be conducted to secure harmony among the different Branches of the Government, so long as his Excellency and a majority of his advisers continue in the administration.

"The Assembly, therefore, most humbly and confidently implore your Majesty to make such changes in the executive Government as in your Royal wisdom you may deem proper; and with a view of affording your Majesty further information on the true state of the Province, they have again deputed two of their body, having their entire confidence to lay this their dutiful address at the foot of the Throne; and have also instructed them to negotiate on the subject of all differences that now unfortunately distract this colony.

(Signed) CHAS. SIMONDS,
"Speaker."

And upon the question that the same be adopted, the House divided as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Weldon, Sewart, Taylor, Hanington, Palmer, Crane, Partelow, Wilson, G. D. Robinson, Johnson, Burns, J. M. Wilmot, Clinch, Connell, Freeze, D. L. Robinson, Gilbert, Hill, Hayward, Miles, Brown, Rankin, Woodward, Morehouse, M'Leod, Allen, and L. A. Wilmot.

Nays—Messrs. Street and Ead.

And it was thereupon carried in the affirmative.

The said Address was then delivered over to Deputation.

On motion of Mr. Partelow,

Resolved—That the Address be engrossed and signed by the Speaker; and further

Resolved—That Wm. Crane and L. A. Wilmot, Esquires, Members of this House, and having the entire confidence thereof, do forthwith proceed to England, and have the same laid at the foot of the Throne; and that the said deputation also have charge of all other important matters in which the interests of this Province are concerned.

THURSDAY, Feb. 9.

Mr. Weldon, from the committee appointed to wait upon his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor with a copy of the humble and dutiful address of this House to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, reported, that the committee had attended to that duty, and that his Excellency was pleased to receive the same, and then observed:

"Gentlemen.—The conscientious rectitude of my own conduct renders the subject of this address to me a matter of the most perfect indifference. "I have had the honour of serving his Majesty for nearly half a century in almost every part of the globe, and I trust those services have been such as to suffer no diminution in the estimation of my Sovereign from any representation that may be made by the House of Assembly of New Brunswick."

HALIFAX, N. S., FEB. 6, 1837.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

At half-past twelve o'clock, on Thursday, the Members of the new Assembly met in the Assem-

bly Room; when the Honorable S. B. Robie, C. R. Prescott, and S. Cunard, the Commissioners appointed by His Excellency to swear them in, attended and administered the usual oaths.

At two o'clock his Excellency came down in the usual state. His arrival at the building was announced by the firing of cannon; on alighting from his carriage he was received by a guard of honor from the 83d regiment, the band playing "God Save the King;" in the hall and on the stairs leading to the Council Chamber, by the Flank Companies of the 1st Halifax Regiment of Militia, under the command of Captains Boggs, and Binney, and the Rifle Company of the 3d Regiment under Captain Clarke—the whole under the command of Major Slayter. His Excellency was attended by his Military Aide-de-Camp, and his Colonial Aides Colonel J. L. Starr and Major Cunard, the officers of the Staff and Field officers of different regiments. The Council Chamber was graced by the presence of Lady Campbell and a large number of other ladies.—The space allotted for the public was crowded, the whole forming quite an interesting scene.

Shortly after Sir Rupert D. George appeared at the Bar, and summoned the House to attend the Lieutenant-Governor in the Council Chamber: the House having attended accordingly, the Chief Justice, by command of his Excellency, directed them to return and make choice of a Speaker; the House having returned, George Smith, Esq., moved that S. G. W. Archibald, Esq., the Attorney General, and formerly Speaker of the House, be elected to fill the Chair; which being seconded, and no opposition appearing, passed unanimously; when Mr. Archibald was handed to the Chair, by John Heckman, Esq., and returned thanks in a short address. The Members, with the Speaker at their head, then repaired again to the Council Chamber, when his Excellency, having approved their choice, and, in answer to the usual demands, confirmed their privileges, opened the Session with the following Speech:—

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of His Majesty's Council;

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

"At the opening of this Session of a new Assembly it affords me great satisfaction to congratulate you on the peace and prosperity which pervade this Province.

"Although the last harvest was not very productive, I trust that no very serious evil will be experienced from that circumstance. To some of the newly-arrived Settlers in Cape Breton, who were represented to me as likely to suffer extreme distress, owing to the failure of the Potatoe crop, I have already felt it my duty to send some assistance; and should these poor people be found to require further relief, the proofs which you have uniformly given of your humanity assure me that their wants will be cheerfully supplied.

"The past Season I regret to find has been rather unfavorable to our Fisheries; but a steady and progressive improvement has taken place in every other branch of our Trade and Commerce.

"I have great satisfaction in acquainting you that the Revenue is increasing; the receipts of the last year were sufficient to meet all the demands upon the Treasury; and every just claim against the Government has I believe been discharged.—I feel it my duty however, to advise a judicious and economical application of our means; and the surest way of accomplishing this is to keep our expenditure within our income.

"I continue to receive from the Inspecting Field Officers very satisfactory Reports of the Militia; the regularity and good order of many of the Battalions are deserving of great praise.

"Among the numerous matters of local interest which demand your notice, the improvement of our present defective system of appropriating and expending the Road Money, seems to me to have a peculiar claim on your attention; and I should be neglectful of my duty were I not to recommend that subject to your best consideration.

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

"I shall direct the public accounts to be laid before you, and I trust that you will find that your grants to His Majesty, have been faithfully applied. I shall also direct the Estimates for the present year to be submitted to you, with the full persuasion that the supplies necessary for the support of His Majesty's Government will be provided with your usual liberality.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of His Majesty's Council;

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

"No country, perhaps, has more reason than Nova Scotia to be thankful to a bountiful Providence for the manifold blessings which it enjoys. Our laws are duly and impartially administered; crime is of rare occurrence amongst us, the pressure of taxation is light,—and a wide scope is offered for the industry of our people; and it is most gratifying to me to have these and many other good grounds for the belief I firmly entertain that this Province, under a wise and steady legislation, must rapidly advance in prosperity. To you, Gentlemen, is entrusted the task of calling forth its resources, and I confidently hope that in discharging the important duties which have devolved on you the calmness of your deliberations and the soundness of your decisions may satisfy the expectations of an intelligent and loyal people—and

that the harmony which has so long marked the Legislative proceedings of this Province may continue to distinguish them.

"On my part, Gentlemen, you will find the most anxious desire to co-operate with you in such measures as may promote the happiness and welfare of His Majesty's subjects in this part of His North American Dominions.

Government-House, Halifax, }
31st January, 1837. }

FALMOUTH (JAMAICA), Jan. 8/

We observe that the Madagascar frigate, Commodore Sir John Peyton, and the Wasp sloop of war, have sailed from Port-Royal to enforce a rigorous blockade of Carthage. The steamer Caron has also been despatched to Barbadoes for Admiral Sir Peter Halkett, and the whole disposable naval force on this station are to co-operate in the blockade of all the ports of New Grenada. These hostile preparations have very naturally caused great alarm to the merchants of Kingston, who it is said, have British capital to the amount of three millions of dollars at stake in that portion of South America. From the protracted period of upwards of five months in carrying into execution the orders of Lord Palmerston, to enforce a compliance from the government of New Grenada, for the assault and imprisonment of Mr. Russell, the Vice-Consul at Panama, we trust the business may yet be settled without proceeding to extremities; more particularly as the matter at issue appears to have arisen between a Mr. Paredes and Mr. Russell, on account of the latter wishing to estrange the affections of a Cleopatra from the former.—But 'twas Helen, who occasioned the siege of Troy—and why not a South American belle cause the bombardment of Carthage?—*Courier.*

Whether Lord Palmerston can justify the placing in jeopardy mercantile property, to the amount of a million of money, by resorting to hostile measures to enforce the reparation demanded, in favour of Mr. Russell, we are at a loss to conjecture. For, if we are to believe the statement of the Granadian Secretary, the British Vice-Consul was himself to blame, and we hope, for the honor of humanity, that this personal dispute may be settled without bloodshed, and that the appearance of Admiral Halkett's squadron, like that of Admiral Mackau's, will induce the Granadians to spare the lives of their fellow-colonists, by making ample atonement for the aggression upon Mr. Russell, as the British Admiral will feel authorised to accept as satisfaction to the honor of His Majesty's Government.—The insult offered to Monsr. Barrot was unprovoked, and duly atoned for on the arrival of the French Admiral.—It is therefore to be hoped, that the British Admiral will be equally successful in arranging an amicable settlement of this untoward affair.—*Kingston Chronicle.*

From the Despatch of January 10.

By His Majesty's brig Wasp, which arrived yesterday from Carthage, we learn that great preparations are making there for defence, in consequence of the apprehension of hostilities. Considerable alarm prevails amongst the British residents, who are apprehensive of being plundered, if not massacred. They are making every endeavour to escape, and should an opportunity offer, many will come up here. We, however, trust that matters may yet terminate amicably, upon the arrival of an adequate force. Hitherto their persons and properties have been held sacred.

A vessel has been ordered to collect the vessels of war cruising for slaves off the coast of Cuba.—When the whole squadron is collected, they will form a force more than sufficient to accomplish their object.

The Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) March 23, 1837.

A Meeting of Merchants, Traders, and others, favourable to the establishment of a Joint Stock Banking Company, was held at the Commercial Room, on Saturday last. JAMES McBRIDE, Esq., was called to the Chair, when a resolution was unanimously adopted expressive of the expediency of forming a Joint Stock Bank in this town, the operations of which should be confined to the Colony; and a Committee—composed of the following Gentlemen, Hon. W. Thomas, Hon. J. Sinclair, Messrs. McBride, C. F. Bennett, Morris, Wakeham, Jennings, Gaden, O'Brien—was appointed to frame a Prospectus and Constitution for the government of the proposed Institution, to be published for general information previous to the next meeting. It will be seen, on reference to another column, that the Committee have been very prompt in complying with the wishes and instructions of their constituents.

AMATEUR THEATRE.—We are much gratified at the eclat and success which have attended the exertions of our Amateurs since the opening of the establishment this winter. The performances have afforded a rich treat to crowded and fashionable audiences, and we have no doubt the "bill of fare" for next night will ensure a bumper house.—The Managers and Amateurs have very humanely placed the sum of Twenty-one Pounds—out of the proceeds of only two nights—at the disposal of the following Societies, towards relieving the necessities of the poor—£10 to the Indigent Sick Society—£5 10s. to the Dorcas Society—and £5 10s. to the Factory.

During the last three days this port has been blocked up with drift ice, which has no doubt prevented the arrival of several Vessels lately seen near Cape Race. There were a Brig and Schooner in the offing yesterday—both supposed to be foreign vessels—the former carried Messrs. James Stewart & Co's house signal.

Died, last evening, at 8 o'clock, WILLIAM WALLACE, seventh son of James Clift, Esq., of this town. This sweet and amiable boy fell a victim to a lingering Typhus fever, deeply lamented by his affectionate parents.

Shipping Intelligence.



VESELS (ENTERED.)
March 16.—Schooner Hero, Cooney, Halifax; 80 firkins butter, 114 puns molasses, 45 casks porter, and sundries.

VESELS (LOADING.)
March 3.—Sarah, M'Grath, Waterford.

VESELS (CLEARED.)
March 14.—Brig Meteor, Gibbs, Brazil; 2526 qts fish.

Notices.

BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE Committee appointed to digest a plan for the establishment of a Joint Stock Bank in this Town, respectfully offer to the consideration of the public (previously to its being submitted to a general meeting) the following

Prospectus.

That the Bank be entitled "Bank of Newfoundland"—the operations of which to be confined to this Colony.

That the Capital shall be £100,000, in Shares of £10 each.

The paid up Capital to be 25 per Cent.

That the Company shall be considered as formed when one half of the Shares are subscribed for, and the deed of settlement executed.

That as soon as the required number of Shares have been subscribed for, a meeting of the Shareholders shall be held to elect a Board of Directors, to consist of Nine Shareholders possessing not less than One hundred Shares each.

That only one partner in a firm be a Director at the same time; and any Director ceasing to hold the requisite number of Shares, or becoming a Director in another Banking Company in this Island shall be disqualified from office.

That at all general meetings of the Shareholders a Shareholder shall have One vote for every Ten Shares up to One hundred, Two votes for the next Fifty Shares, and One vote for ever additional Fifty Shares. Shareholders to vote in person, or when absent from the Country, or not residing within the District of St. John's, by their accredited Agent.

That at the expiration of twelve months after the commencement of business, a general meeting of the Shareholders shall be called by the Directors, when the accounts of the year shall be exhibited, and a dividend declared.

That if there be any shares remaining unsold three months after the opening of the Bank, such shares to be held by the Company, and disposed of for its benefit, at such premiums as the Directors may decide upon.

That Six of the Directors shall at the end of each year go out of office, and the same number chosen—the retiring Members being eligible to be re-elected.

The affairs of the Bank to be under the control of the Directors—four of whom shall be a quorum.

The Manager to be appointed by the Shareholders, and the Salary to be fixed by the Directors.

The Accountant and other Clerks to be appointed by the Directors.

Should it appear at any time that one-third of the paid up Capital be lost, the Company shall be thereby dissolved.

The deed of settlement to be prepared and contain the necessary provisions for the security of the Shareholders and effectual management of the Company

That the Directors and all Officers and Clerks of the Company, sign a pledge of secrecy as to all transactions of the Company with their Customers, and the state of the accounts with individuals.

St. John's, Newfoundland, }
22nd March, 1837. }

DEPARTED from the service of the Rev. CHARLES DALTON, of Harbor Grace, in November last, a Youngster named EDMOND BRENNAN, aged 25 years, and about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches in height. Whoever harbors or employs said Deserter after this public notice, will be prosecuted as the law directs in such cases.

Harbor Grace, 15th February, 1837.

Notices.

Public Ball.

THE ANNUAL CHARITY BALL for the benefit of the ORPHAN ASYLUM SCHOOL, will be held there

On TUESDAY EVENING next, STEWARDS—

Officers Benevolent Irish Society, and Committee Orphan Asylum School,

Of whom admission Tickets may be had:—Ladies, 5s.; Gentlemen's, 7s. 6d.

Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock.

March 23.

BANK

OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Branch of the above Bank established in this town is now open, and that the hours of business will be from 10 to 3 o'clock. Discount days, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS. Bills or Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank on the days previous.

Any farther information required may be obtained on application to

ANDREW MILROY, Manager.

St. John's, Newfoundland, }
28th February, 1837. }

Amateur Theatre.

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Governor

[FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.]

On FRIDAY EVENING the 31st inst., WILL BE REPRESENTED,

The laughable Piece of

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS

AFTER WHICH,

That celebrated and much-admired Melo-drama of

The Miller and his Men.

Tickets to be had at Messrs. Perchard & Boag's Boxes, 3s. Pit, 2s.

Doors to be opened at half past six; performance to commence at seven precisely.

March 23.

To be Let.

For such term of years as may be agreed on, and immediate possession given—

THAT very convenient and eligibly-situated DWELLING-HOUSE, late in the occupancy of Dr. SHEA;

ALSO,

(And possession given on the 1st of May)

The DWELLING-HOUSE at present in the occupancy of Mr. Solicitor-General EMERSON.—For further particulars apply to

DR. SAMUEL CARSON.

February 23.

THE Subscriber offers to let, from the 1st day of May next, that very eligibly situated Stone House, now occupied by him, adjoining the Premises of Messrs. B. BOWRING & SON, with or without Stores in the rear.

JOHN HOWLEY.

January 10.

On Sale

By the Subscriber, At his Farm on the Torbay Road, From 20 to 25 Tons Prime Upland

HAY,

ALL HOUSED.

P. GLEESON.

March 23.

LAND For Sale.

100 ACRES on the NORTH side of Windsor Lake, bounded on the South by the Portugal Cove Road; and,

100 Acres on the SOUTH side of Windsor Lake, and bounded on the North by said Lake.

For Further Particulars apply at the Office of Messrs. BLAND & TOBIN.

March 16.

By

EWEN STABB,

Ex Charlotte,

Hide & Shoulder LEATHER of excellent quality CALF SKINS.

Also on hand, and will be Sold Cheap,

30 Barrels American APPLES

8 Marble CHIMNEY-PIECES.

February 16.

On Sale.

Cordage.

20 Tons Assorted CORDAGE.

Viz.—

Hawser-Laid from 1 to 6 inch Shroud-Laid from 6 thread Ratline to 6 inch Houseline, Hambroline, Marline, & Spun yarn 1 and 1 1/2 inch White Rope 9 and 10 inch Banking Cables

For Sale by

W. & H. THOMAS & Co.

February 16.

BY

BLAND & TOBIN,

100 Barrels prime Irish PORK, per Blandford from Cork.

And of former Importations.

40 Puncheons RUM
40 Ditto MOLASSES
30 Hhds. Muscovado SUGAR
100 Firkins Prime Cumberland BUTTER.
February 16.

TEAS.

LATELY RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY

B. BOWRING & SON,

Hyson, Twankay and Congo TEA,—

ALSO—

150 Boxes Soap, 20 Barrels Currants—
Feb. 2.

BY

JOHN RYAN,

LOAF SUGAR, Currants, B. B. and Mould Shot, Gunpowder, Cognac Brandy in hds., Gin in cases, Stockholm and Coal Tar, Pitch, Cordage, Oakum and Spun yarn, Starch and Blue, Hyson and Gunpowder Teas in small packages, Boot Legs, Upper and Sole Leather, Iron (assorted), Nails (assorted), Iron Hoops, Pipes in boxes, London Mould Candles, Barclay and Perkins's Porter, Sherry Wine in Qr.-casks, Lime in casks, Together with a general assortment of SLOP GOODS, suitable for the Seal Fishery.
January 19.

New Provisions, &c.

RICHARD HOWLEY,

IS NOW LANDING

The Cargo of the COLUMBIAN PACKET, from

Hamburg,

WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE

At reduced Prices—Viz:

200 BARRELS Prime Mess Pork
200 Firkins new Butter (Holstein) for family use

300 Barrels Superfine Flour

50 Do. Extra do. for Pastry

100 Do. fresh Oatmeal

175 Bags superfine Cabin Biscuit

75 Do. fine do. do.

1000 Do. Good Common do.

50 Coils assorted Cordage

600 Pair Yarn Hose

50 Pair Deck Boots

A few Kegs Tongues, Pickled Rounds Beef and Smoked ditto.

Also,

Per BLANDFORD and CHERUB, from

London,

3 Pipes and 20 hds. Cognac Brandy, (Martell's brand) warranted of the very best quality

40 Hhds. Bordeaux ditto, (Dumon Frere's brand)

20 Do. Pale Skiedam Geneva

400 Boxes best London Tallow Candles, Mould's and Dip's

20 Do. Imperial Wax do.

50 Do. Hard Yellow Soap

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

London Butt Leather, Calf Skins, Kips, Basils and Boot Legs (block'd)

1000 Doz. Paste and Liquid Blacking

40 Casks gold-colored Sherry Wine, 3 doz. each

6 Qr.-casks and 20 cases prime old Port

100 Dozen London Brown Stout

100 Do. Pale Burton Ale, &c. &c.

N. B.—Connoisseurs can be accommodated with a few gallons of Genuine COGNAC and HOLLANDS—perfect Cordials.



Doris Corner

STANZAS.

Oh! 'tis a glorious thing to be
A mountain torrent, wild and free;
Rushing along, with a fearful sound,
Leaping o'er rocks with a giant's bound,
Or gliding in silence, a stream below,
Murmuring in music soft and low—
Oh! that I were that torrent wild,
With less of care than a new-born child,
Living for ages wild and free,
Inheriting nought but liberty.

The angry tempest above might lower,
I'd heed neither tempest, storm, nor shower,
But still continue my happy course,
Joyous and wild as the Arab horse—
Though the river be guided by man's proud will,
Though years sped on, mine were liberty still,
Can man restrain the cataract's tide?
Ah, no! where then is his boasted pride?
Let me be the monarch of torrents free,
And the waters of earth yield their tribute to me;
No mortal could change me, and onward borne,
I'd laugh man's puny strength to scorn.
The mighty Ocean my bed should be,
And its waves respond to my liberty—
But hush, vain thought—can I ever forget,
There is a power that's mightier yet,
A power that is holy and just to sway,
A power that all living things obey.

Is Eternity, mountain torrent, for thee?
Then where were my boasted liberty?
When time has folded his rapid wings,
There is an end of created things.
Let me thank thee, God—thou hast given to me
A soul that I trust will soon be free.
To be living in bliss on that awful day,
When the heavens like a scroll shall pass away,
And things that were, no more shall be,
But all be absorbed in Eternity.

(Continued from second page.)

king to persuade him to compel his enemy to retire from his usurpation; but he found it a slow process, and one of little profit, years having elapsed with nothing but messages passing to and fro, the sovereign not much caring to incense so powerful a lord as the usurper had contrived to make himself.

No sooner was Edmund put in possession of this story, than, full of love and generosity, he carried it to his father, and entreated that he might be put at the head of the vassals, and see justice done to the father of his Ellen. But Ullanor would not hear of this: he was on amicable terms with the usurper, and the waste of spirits which his misfortunes had brought upon him had rendered him averse to embroiling himself with the neighbouring lords.

Filled with despair at finding his proposal so ill received, Edmund conducted Osmond to the cavern, in the hope that by interesting his brother in the fortunes of the deposed lord, they might conjointly be able to induce his father to that decision in which he by himself had failed.

This was the commencement of Edmund's misfortunes; for, no sooner was Osmond made acquainted with the lady, than he was as desperately smitten with her as his brother had been. Accustomed to give way to every impulse of passion Osmond no sooner found himself in this condition, than he resolved to steal a march upon his brother; and knowing that, through bashfulness, Edmund had as yet mentioned nothing of his affection to the father of Ellen, he seized an early opportunity of conversing with the old man, and proposing himself as her betrothed.

The father, of course, could not but be aware of the advantage that would arise to his cause, should his daughter become the bride of one of the house of Ullanor; he, therefore, by no means forbade the match, but left it entirely to his daughter's disposal. This was not altogether the conclusion at which Osmond wished to arrive, but not knowing how to vary it, he was obliged to be content. The consequence was, that Ellen decisively, though kindly, rejected him, and left him too well convinced of the superior power that Edmund had over her mind.

Alas! how true it is, that though the injured will forgive a thousand times, never will the injurer! Osmond had made the first step towards infamy in endeavouring surreptitiously to supplant his brother, and now, fairly plunged in the sea of passion at having been so firmly rejected, he seemed gradually coming to a resolution that nothing should impede his course, and paused only for a while, till he could make up his mind how he might most potently give vent to his rage.

At length it was resolved. Calling for his steed, away rode Osmond to the castle of the usurper, where his name and rank speedily gained him admittance. He found the great man reclining on a couch, while a handsome youth, standing near, was endeavouring to soothe him to sleep by the tones of his guitar, occasionally accompanying the instrument with some light ballad. Before Osmond arrived, he had worked himself up to almost a higher stretch than the human mind can endure, and, therefore, scarcely waiting to pay the customary

compliments of meeting, he immediately desired to hold converse with his lordship for a few minutes in private.

"This is in private," said his Lordship, "for we can speak in French; the lad here has never been out of his father's house till within these three months, since which he has lived with me."

Thus assured, Osmond proceeded with his tale, and a plan was speedily arranged betwixt him and the usurper, the latter desiring nothing more devoutly than to get the rightful lord within his clutches, and therefore gladly consenting to Osmond's proposal of resigning all claim upon Ellen.

But the youth at the guitar was not quite so ignorant as his Lord had supposed; in proof of which he understood every word that was uttered during the conference. The fact was, that he had been the foster-brother of Lady Ellen; and had lately contrived to get himself introduced into the usurper's family, that he might be continually on the watch for any plot that might be hatching against his foster sister and her father.

No sooner, therefore, was he able to make his escape from the castle, than he flew to the cave where the exiles dwelt, and informed them of what was going on. He found Edmund with his mistress, and concluding his intelligence to be of much too great importance to pause for anything, he immediately, notwithstanding her presence, detailed his errand. At the information Edmund was inexpressibly shocked, but seeing that not a moment was to be lost, the usurper's plan of attack being laid for that very evening, he insisted on conducting Ellen and her father to a place of safety; and the page not daring, for fear of discovery, to go back, was received into Edmund's service, for the sake of his foster-sister.

The consequence of this manœuvre was, that Osmond's plan entirely failed; and what was still more vexing, he could not discover by what means. That which was mere rage before, now mounted into absolute madness. He appeared ever in a paroxysm, and his attendants shuddered to enter his presence.

At this very time the Lord of Ullanor was seized with his death-sickness; for three days he lay senseless and motionless; after which, by a final rally of nature, he somewhat revived, and calling his boys to his bed-side, he entreated them to hold by one another. "During your lives as yet," said he, "I have been your union. But can be no longer. The chords of life are snapping asunder, and each succeeding moment I feel more intimately than the previous one, that my minutes are numbered as closely as those of yon hour-glass. Fare ye well, my brave boys; while happy and prosperous, be as brothers to one another; but should one of you sink deep in adversity, oh, let the other stand by him as a father, cherishing, supporting, succouring."

And so died the Lord of Ullanor.

Was it not strange, that language so touching, and so plaintive, could not reach the heart of Osmond? It made him more morose and misanthropical than ever—his hate more deadly—his passion more furnace-like!

It was not so with Edmund. The good youth wept as he dwelt on his father's wishes, and his heart swelled amply with love towards the only one that remained of the house of Ullanor. "Yes, let Osmond be what he will, never will his brother forget the dying request of his father. Honoured shade, art thou not near me, as I speak it? Was it not enough that the whole of thy latter course was heaviness, without thy boys adding the curse of disobedience to the prayer with which the light of thy mind expired?"

So commended Edmund to his soul.

"What have I to do with affection and love? Where I set my great east, have I not lost all? Does not Ellen hate me? Does not her father despise me? Away then with death-bed petitions, and farewell entreaties, to make place for the intensity of vengeance."

So roared Osmond to the wondering air, while echo, affrighted at such horrid utterance, gave back the words that had been forced upon her. But it was not echo only that repeated the last word of Osmond's apostrophe; a stouter and deeper-toned voice joined in the chorus, and shouted "Vengeance!" as lustily as young Ullanor himself.

Surprised at a cry so like his own, Osmond looked up, and saw standing before him a dark-favoured man. Age had now begun to mark his brow, and his hair was not so black as it might have been some twenty years before.

The stranger knew by cunning intimation, that Osmond was the man whom he wished to meet. Osmond knew the same of the stranger by instinct. They had not conversed five minutes before they had both plunged deep into imaginary seas of bloodshed and slaughter.

It was agreed that Ellen must be had at any price. But the price that the Moor set upon her purchase, was no less a one than the life of Edmund. This was certainly a proposal for which Osmond was unprepared. He hated Edmund speculatively; as a theory, he desired that all sorts of misfortune should fall upon his head; but murder was no speculation: theory staggered aghast at the killing of a brother. So much to show that Osmond's heart had still enough of humanity in it to make a pause upon such a proposal. But the truth goes onward, and declares that the blow was decided on. For his humanity there was a shudder, and an end to it; but for his revenge, there was resolution, as fixed and as bloody as that which consummated the death of Caesar.

Away went Osmond to brood over the destruction he had warranted. The aged man remained behind, and once more his thoughts flowed thickly

in upon him, as they had been wont in former days when he called himself Isolom of the Desert.

"Now then," quoth he, "Revenge is drawing towards a close. The mother a suicide—that is revenge. The father dead of a broken heart—that is revenge, too. Let Isolom wind up the whole by the downfall of the sons, and then indeed will that foul blow of Ullanor's be washed away. Soft then, awhile. Before Edmund dies, Osmond must be deeply inveigled, and widely surrounded, that there may be crimes enough to condemn, and no loophole for escape."

Full of these thoughts, the inhuman Moor caused a meeting between Osmond and the usurper, the end of which was that a plot was laid to deprive the King of his throne, the better to make room for the twain to reign conjointly. When every thing for that purpose seemed ripe for execution, Osmond, sick of longer delay, insisted on the Moor's completion of his promise by his compassing the death of his brother. Isolom no longer saw reason to resist its execution: he had worked Osmond into a traitor, and he therefore thought it high time that Edmund should be moved from the world's stage. He accordingly quitted the castle of the usurper, where Osmond was residing, armed with a letter from him, in which he besought the renewed friendship of his brother. Edmund's heart bounded gladly at the contents, and he welcomed the Moor by every show of hospitality, extending his condescension even so far as to change wine-cups with him at supper. This was Isolom's opportunity: he infused a sleeping-drug into the goblet, and had the satisfaction of seeing his victim drain it to the dregs. Shortly after Edmund retired to rest, and, in the dead of the night, when buried in the profoundest slumber, the Moor stole to his chamber with a poisonous dagger in his grasp. But when arrived there, he found a person on whom he had little reckoned. This was no other than the page, whom Edmund had taken under his protection, and whose custom it was to sleep on a pallet at the foot of his lord's bed. The page was roused in an instant by the Moor's entrance, and sprung on his feet to give him that reception which he deserved. Between these two a deadly combat took place, for the page having succeeded in wresting the dagger from the Moor, both had recourse to their scimitars. Isolom, however, was too much for his antagonist, who was at length smote to the ground by a dreadful cleft in the shoulder: in his fall the page encountered the poisoned blade which the Moor had brought with him, and, as the latter stooped to put an end to the life of Ellen's foster brother, he received the poniard full in his breast. The effects of the poison were instantaneously manifest: Isolom staggered and fell.

By no means the least wonderful portion of this scene was the quiet sleep which Edmund enjoyed during the whole of the conflict, so potent was the drug which he had swallowed in his beverage. It was not till all had been quiet an hour, that he awoke with a deep respiration. To describe his horror is impossible, when he perceived his faithful page weltering in his gore, and not far from him the dying Moor. Quickly from his couch he sprang, but too late to be of service to the faithful boy: death had assumed full possession of the corpse, and his cold limbs swayed impotently backward and forward as they were put in motion by Edmund's gentle examination.

At length a deep groan from the Moor summoned the Lord's attention, and he turned to him as if to demand an explanation. A minute or two elapsed before Isolom could utter an articulate sound. At length, with profound exertion, he said, "Life is ebbing—ebbing—and where is my revenge? Dear revenge, where art thou? Alas! I have written but half thy page on the book of fate, and the other moiety yet remains to be accomplished. Ride, then, young knight, to the strong-hold of the usurper. Ride thee—ride thee, I say, and destroy thy brother even as he would have destroyed thee!"

He could say no more. The subtle poison of his own formed dagger was now in full possession of his whole frame. Mingled with his blood, it had penetrated even to his very tongue; and that member now cleaved to his palate, as dead and as senseless as—after this pause—its master was.

What simile can give a hint of the misery of Edmund? He knew not how to act, how to think; but still the dying words of his father rang in his ear, and he determined to penetrate even to the castle of the usurper, in the forlorn hope of yet redeeming his brother from perdition.

When he got there, he found an immensely strong guard of the king just arrived, for the purpose of seizing Osmond and the usurper's traitors; for the Moor, as soon as he found his victims sufficiently embarked in his scheme, had taken care to inform the king of every particular, the better to insure their certain destruction. The usurper, on hearing of their arrival, killed himself on his own sword, whilst Osmond raved about the castle like a madman. In such a situation Edmund perceived that words would be useless. He therefore hurried him through a postern, and got him as quickly as possible on board a ship that lay in the offing, the captain of which he took care to bribe sufficiently to induce him to sail immediately.

A single line explained to Ellen, his motive for quitting her for a while, and whither he had gone.

After a passage of some days, the brothers were safely landed on the opposite shore. Osmond's paroxysms had gradually subsided, and had assumed the shape of sullenness, or almost of apathy. He would listen for hours to the kind words of Edmund, yet never for a moment, by word or deed, show his consciousness of what was uttered.

Edmund was in despair. He knew not what course to pursue to rouse his brother into action. At

length he was fortunate enough to learn that the king of that land was about to give a grand tournament, to which all stranger knights were invited.

"Will you tilt with me?" said Osmond to his brother, when the question of their going thither was started.

Edmund's answer was a ready assent, and it was arranged that they should take the lists against one another, each clad in a light blue armour. Preparations were accordingly made to this effect; but when Edmund went to the herald to appoint their turn, he was informed that two knights with light blue armour were already entered. "But, however," said the king-at-arms, "it can but cause some little confusion; and therefore, Sir Knight, you shall be registered according to your desire."

The day that was to witness the gallant bearings of so many knights broke with uncommon splendour. Osmond, for the first time since his journey, appeared to have imbibed a fresh spirit. He armed himself with alacrity, and even wore a sort of smile on his countenance. It was not a smile that gave entire pleasure to Edmund, for it did not appear to him to have the healthfulness of honesty about it; but still he was in hopes that, so much being achieved, it might lead on to better things.

As soon as they were both armed, they rode away to the tournament. Their turn was not yet arrived, but it gradually drew nearer and nearer. At this moment a messenger put into Edmund's hand a slip of paper. He looked on it, coloured, and in silence followed the messenger. Well might Edmund colour, for he perceived the contents to be in the dear hand-writing of his Lady Ellen, announcing that she had just arrived with her father; that prosperity was smiling upon them, and that the king, on hearing of the death of the usurper, had restored her father's lands.

The turn of the light-blue knights had now arrived, and was duly announced by the proper officer. Osmond, as soon as he heard it, dashed into the tilt-yard, and, scarcely condescending to make his obeisances to the king and the courtly dames, faced his opponent. With somewhat more delay, the other knight in blue brought his horse opposite to that of Osmond, and at the third sound of the trumpet, both clapped spurs to their chargers, and drove at each other. Osmond's adversary was overthrown, and in an instant it was perceived that the spear which had effected that office, was one full barbed and pointed for the genuine service of war, instead of blunted, as the laws of the tournament required. There was a general shriek of horror when it was seen that the point of the spear had completely gone through the fallen knight's armour; but Osmond looked on with savage glee, and leaping from his horse, was the first to pluck away the dying man's beaver. What was his astonishment when he looked on features which he never before had beheld, instead of those of his brother, as he had anticipated! What was the grief of the king when he perceived those features to belong to his eldest son, who in a freak had assumed a light blue armour to contend with one of his favourite companions!

After a moment's pause, the king cried out with a loud voice to seize upon the recreant knight who had so grossly violated the laws of arms. This brought Osmond to himself, and springing like a lion from the grasp of those nearest to him, he fled to one of the inclosed stands which had been erected for the attirement of the knights. Here he was joined by Edmund, his still zealous brother.

For the first time for many a month the sight of this brother seemed to awaken nature in Osmond's bosom. "Go thy ways, Edmund," said he; "with me life is up. God bless you with—Yes, though it chokes me, the great God! bless you with your Ellen!"

But Edmund shook his head mournfully, while forth from his scabbard he drew his trusty blade.

"Oh, no! no!" said Osmond; "back with it, for the love of old Ullanor." What he would have said more, he could not, for hundreds poured in upon them. Osmond and Edmund fought side by side, and many a knight had fatal proofs of their prowess; but numbers were at length too much for them. They both bowed the knee, they both kissed earth, and met death in the same moment. As they lay on the ground their faces were to the enemy; and, if nothing but their backs had been gazed upon, it would have looked as though they were in soft slumber, while pleasant dreams flitted through their brains.

But the poor Ellen—what of her? Full of life, joy, and soul, she had parted with her Edmund. "But for an hour," quoth she.

"An hour!" said the fond youth; "but for the twentieth part of that hour, dear love."

In that little share of a little hour, a dreadful game was playing, of which she little dreamed.

At last rumour came—not with those false words his lying lips are wont to pronounce. Oh, rumour! this time thou wert worlds too true!

Like a hunted deer, the Lady Ellen flew to the tiring-house of the knights. She gave but one look, but in that solitary gaze there was more mischief than in a thousand pointed swords. She did not scream—she did not even groan—but she sank down as softly as one might couch on a bed of down. Those that looked on could see no flutter of the bosom, no motion of the pulse. And why? Alas, for pity, she was dead of a broken heart! And thus death, whom we call enemy, locked in mutual embrace Edmund and Ellen, whom the chances of life had so cruelly separated.