

"Richard, Richard," she replied, as she rose and threw her arms about him; "where you are is my country, and the only home I ask is in your heart."

"Ugh!" cried the husband, and started to his feet as though an adder had stung him. His eye glanced upon the window as a human face had pressed against the glass: and they were features indelibly stamped upon his memory. Quick as thought he put his wife from him and darted across the room, flung open the casement and gazed out into the night. But the quiet stars looked down upon him; and as the cool autumn air gently fanned his forehead, the strong clear moonlight streamed past him into the chamber, and played upon the marble mantelpieces. He passed his hand across his brow as he fastened the window and drew the curtains more closely together.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife anxiously.

"Why I thought—oh, nothing—an idle fancy—no more," and he stood awhile gazing abstractedly upon the fire; then stepped to the door and opened it, he called mildly, "Philip! Philip!"

A domestic appeared in answer to the summons.

"Are the outer gates closed?"

"I secured them myself, sir, at nightfall."

"It is well; see that the doors are barred, and—good night."

An hour elapsed, and the servants had retired to rest; Marie had sought her chamber—it was within that where they had played at chess—and Richard was alone.

Above the staircase on the second story of the house a powerful alarm-bell had been erected, and from it diverged wires that passed down the walls, and were skilfully and secretly attached to the principal chamber doors, leaving it in the power of the occupant of the room to set or loose at will the springs connected with the wire above the door; but should the door be accidentally moved or an entry attempted by a strange hand, the entire machinery was instantly set in motion, and the alarm effectually spread.

Richard went to the door to set the spring; but before doing so he opened it, and looked for a moment through the staircase window at the dark cathedral, whose gigantic bulk stood clearly out against the cold blue sky. And there he leaned against the doorway, and mused till the cold air reminded him of bed, and sighing, he scarce knew why, he softly closed the door, set firmly the spring of the alarm-wire, and went towards the hearth.

It was no fancy of Richard's when, an hour before, he had sprung towards the window; but when he looked forth he saw nothing—for the intruder had suddenly dropped from the window-sill among the shrubbery of the garden, and the dark dress had blended with the leaves, while the deepened shade that hung around the spot had aided the deception. Nor could Richard know, as he gazed afterwards through the staircase window, that the same being had crept round to that side of the house, and was seeking the means of climbing to that very window—that, indeed, he was accomplishing his object as Richard fastened the door and set the spring.

The lamp upon the table was faintly glimmering, and nearly extinct; the fire was low in the grate, and what remained was powerless and dulled; yet still the master of the house gazed upon the coal, for his thoughts were busy, and his mind was far away, and he saw not the dying lamp nor the perishing fire, for in imagination he stood again in the streets of Paris—when a light sharp crack startled him from his reverie, and he listened; but the only sound that broke upon his ear was the great cathedral bell, as it slowly gave out its ponderous tones, and announced, by the twelve beats of its mighty pulse, the hour of midnight in London.

Hark, he could not be mistaken! there was a stealthy footstep on the landing? No; again all was still. But his suspicions were aroused; he thought of the face at the window, and he shuddered. He drew a poniard from his breast—a weapon that never left him—and waited, and listened, with his glance fixed upon the handle of the door,—and, as he looked, he distinctly saw it move.

"Who's there?" he demanded in a loud commanding tone, and grasped the poniard firmly.

The sound of the voice was like a spell upon the intruder, who, finding the door locked and resisting his hand, threw his whole weight heavily against it, and burst violently into the room. The alarm-wire was broken by the shock, but the bell rung out a fearful peal. The man was masked, and in his hand he held a horse-pistol, which was levelled at Richard; but the unexpected bell unnerved his arm, the doubtful light cheated his aim, and the bullet whizzed through the hair of Richard, while the majestic mirror crashed into ruin at his feet.

"Help! help!" he exclaimed, as he dashed away the chair that was before him. The assailant saw his failure, and in an instant drew a knife from his girdle, with his left hand, and, uttering a savage Spanish oath, rushed upon Richard with the but-end of his uplifted pistol. Swift as thought, the young man darted from the spot, and his assailant, unprepared for the movement, was carried by his own force beyond the mark, and stumbled. Like a tiger Richard sprung upon him, and struck him in the back with his poniard; the keen blade passed through the lungs into the heart, and the wretched man fell heavily upon the hearth—a corpse.

In a moment the room was filled, and Marie clung to her husband, and thanked God for his safety. The alarm was sudden, and they brought no lights. Richard dragged the body to the window, and when he drew back the curtain and tore off the mask, the broad moonlight revealed to him the face and form of Alessandro Malpertz.

Generations have passed since that time, and the world has seen a change. The family of Bridgnorth yet exists, but reverses have come, the name is changed—and the descendants know nothing of the wealth of their ancestors. The house yet remains, but it is not the same. The hand of time has been busy with the spot, and commerce has claimed it for herself. Where the garden stood, and the old tree grew, is now a garden no more; the space is filled by out-houses pertaining to the buildings that surround it, and scarcely a trace remains to say what once it was.—But in the house itself are many indications of the past, and here and there the rich paint upon the walls, though

cracked and broken, defaced and stained speaks out from its ancient garb to tell of an earlier time; and to this day, in its old position, yet hangs a remnant of the alarm-bell, with fragments of the wire dangling from it, but all broken and useless, and only serving to excite speculation as to its former intent in him who may chance to mount the staircase.

It was but the other day that I stood in the room where the fated mirror had fallen, and endeavoured to recall the incidents I have narrated. My eye fell upon the chimney-piece, and I could not look without regret upon the lately broken marble—the work of a careless hand—nor without a wish, perhaps an idle one, that the time-honored relics of our ancestors should be handled with a more gentle touch, and be more reverently moved. The building, from time to time, has had many masters, and undergone many alterations: rooms have been merged into each other by the removal of party-walls, and the early arrangement materially interfered with to suit the whim or convenience of the varied occupants; nor does it longer bear a distinctive character—for two adjoining houses have been blended with it, and it is now somewhat difficult to trace the boundary of each. In place of the quiet and repose of old, the roar of machinery echoes through the rooms; the passages are no longer trodden with a noiseless step; and at the entrance of the court-way, where the high gates stood, are now two slight iron barriers, the supporters of the gate, which in its turn has been removed; and on either side a bright brass plate, but lately placed there, announces to the passers-by that the premises are in the occupation of printers.

I know not why we should speak mournfully of other days, nor why we should approach, with a reverence amounting at times to awe, the things upon which Time has done its work; yet it would seem an immutable principal in human nature, and in human nature alone.—May it not be that in these perishing mementos we see an image of our own decay?—silent admonitors of that great Mystery to which we are all hastening, and in which, sooner or later, we must be merged!

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

A man who would cheat a printer would steal a meeting house and rob a church-yard. If he had a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in a musquito's eye than a bullfrog in the Pacific Ocean. He ought to be winked at by blind people, and kicked to death across logs by cripples.—*Ann. Arbor. Wolverine.*

Amen! Such a being would steal the molasses out of a sick nigger's ginger cake; take from a drunken man's mouth his last chew of tobacco; walk at night through the rain to deprive a blind sheep of its fodder; travel fifty miles on a fasting stomach to cheat a dying woman out of her coffin, and steal wax out of a dead dog's ear. Such a man ought to be tied to a sheep's tail and butted to death.—*Florence Eng.*

Exactly so, and that isn't all. He would break a Surveyor's level to get out the alcohol, and his wife's watch for the mock jewels; bid against a widow at her dead husband's auction, and steal the orphan's shoe-strings before daylight.—*Temperance Banner.*

Yes, thousands of such souls as that man's would rattle in a mustard seed—dance contra dances on the point of a wasp's sting—or march abreast through the eye of a cambric needle. A solar microscope would fail to discover them, when found they would not fit the smallest cranny in creation.—*Post.*

Such a man would dislike the character of a Washington, and prefer to pay two bits for a game of billiards than give one dime towards building a monument to his memory.—*Plaquemine Sentinel.*

Yes; and that ain't all. Such a fellow would rob a lame goose's nest of the last egg—steal a rat's tail from a blind kitten; for there's nothing low and mean that he wouldn't do. He should be tied up to a broomstick and scolded to death by old maids, and then his bones should be made into buttons to be worn on the breeches of convicts.—*Rising Sun Mirror.*

That's a fact, and that ain't all. Such a scoundrel would steal the clothes from his mother's bed on a cold night, and take his father's coffin to ride down hill on. A man like this ought to have the seven years itch, and not be allowed to scratch.—*Gazette.*

All the above ought to be mere preliminary sufferings—the "prologue to the swelling act" of his final doom.—He should eventually be consigned to a Tophet, where his perpetual punishment should be—to read the newspaper squibs perpetrated at his expence.

A CURIOUS WISH.—"I wish I was a ghost, blamed if I don't," said a poor covey, the other night, as he sat soliloquizing in the cold.

"They goes wherever they pleases, toll free, they don't owe nobody nothing, and that's a comfort. Who ever heard of a man that had a bill against a ghost?"

"Nobody."

"They never has to buy hats, and vittals, and liquer, nor has to saw wood and run arrants as I do. Their shirts nevet gets dirty nor their trousers out at the knees, as I ever heard tell on. Ghosts is the only independent people I knows on. I raily wish I was one."

They have some "ill specimens of musquitoes in California, and their suction power is enormous. They are said to be so strong limbed, too, that one will take the edge of your bed blanket in his teeth at night, and raise it up, so that another may creep under and bite. Fever and ague 'aint a circumstance."

GOOD ADVICE.—Don't get in a fluster and go on a buster, nor allow yourself to be terrified; but keep a cool head, and never be led, to join in a hurrah and spree.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

NEWS ITEMS.

IRELAND.

A meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, convened for purposes embracing a reference to the Act lately passed for the prohibition of Party Processions in that country, and to the approaching anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, has just been held in the appropriate locality of the "maiden city" of Derry. The occasion has evidently been deemed one of considerable importance, as, notwithstanding the geographical remoteness of the place of meeting, and the fact that both the law courts and the Houses of Parliament are sitting at present, the attendance at this demonstration was both numerous and influential, several gentlemen having even left London to assist at the proceedings, which extended over two days. The attention of the meeting was principally occupied with matters of detail, which concern only the members of the body, and which consequently were not designed for publication; but its tone and temper are developed in an address which has been issued, bearing the signature of Colonel Sir WILLIAM VERNER, Bart., Deputy Grand Master for Ireland. The address, whilst asserting the necessity for the continued existence of the Orange Association, as a safeguard against the avowed hostility and the secret conspiracies of the enemies of the established order of things regarding religion, property, and life, inculcates the propriety of a prompt obedience to the law by abstinence from the public demonstrations which the late Act was intended to prohibit. It reminds the members of the body that the solid benefits of union may be enjoyed in all their integrity without any recourse to such demonstrations, and are in fact so enjoyed by the members of the Association located in the southern districts of the kingdom, where public processions of the kind in question have never taken place. The address, we are glad to observe, is characterised throughout by a calm and temperate spirit, and whilst inculcating that attachment to our existing institutions, both civil and religious, which is a special boast of the Orangemen of Ireland, carefully abstains from language calculated to irritate instead of convincing political opponents.—*London Watchman.*

STATE PROVISION FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY OF IRELAND.—The growing arrogance and intolerance of Romanism in this country is becoming more palpable and more offensive every day. This is the natural fruit of the pampering policy of the Government towards the professors of that faith. Formerly the religious meetings of Irish Protestants were not disturbed by Roman Catholics, except perhaps on rare occasions in some of the most remote and unlightened parts of the island, but now even in the citadel of Irish Protestantism—on a spot where the battle of civil and religious freedom was nobly and decisively fought in 1688-9, Protestants cannot assemble at a Bible or Missionary meeting without having their proceedings interrupted, and being exposed to insult and maltreatment. Heretofore, Roman Catholics either absented themselves altogether from such assemblies, or the few that did attend usually conducted themselves with decorum, but now they act very differently. At a meeting of the London Missionary Society—one of the most liberal societies, and whose object is simply to spread the knowledge of Christian truth among the heathen—which was held here the week before last, the most disgraceful interruptions were offered to the speakers by a number of Roman Catholics, and it was found necessary to obtain the protection of the police to prevent the friends of the Society, male and female, from being molested on returning from the place of meeting.

FROM THE UNITED STATES.

We have received Boston papers of Thursday and New York of Wednesday, by the expresses.

RUMOURS CONCERNING THE AMERICAN PRISONERS IN CUBA—IMPORTANT FROM SANTA FE—COLLISION BETWEEN CITIZENS AND TEXANS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 4.—The Tribune of to-day has the following, from its Washington correspondent:

Information has been received of the execution of four of the Americans at Cuba, and of the imprisonment of between one and two hundred others. The Spanish authorities refuse to grant the commander of our squadron permission to see the prisoners, or to permit them to be brought home for trial.

The frigate Congress sailed from Cuba to intercept the Spanish vessel, containing a number of Americans taken prisoners from an island near Yucatan, by a Spanish man-of-war.

Captain Randolph, in command of the Congress, will rescue the Americans if he can find the vessel before she reaches Cuba.

Despatches have been sent by the Government to the Spanish authorities of Cuba, that the arrest of Americans on any other Island will not be recognized nor permitted. These despatches went from here to Mobile this morning by telegraph.

Mr. Clayton will not resign until this new feud with Spain is adjusted.

Governor Washington, of New Mexico, arrived on Saturday, bringing important news from Santa Fe. I learn that not long before he left, a public meeting was held to consider the boundary question and the claim of Texas, when a hot dispute arose between a number of citizens and Texans.

The meeting resulted in a fearful riot, which was about to end in a general fight, when the officers commanding the garrison ordered the troops to interfere and prevent bloodshed, which was done, though not without difficulty.

A great excitement prevails in the city, the people of which declare that they will oppose to the utmost the attempt to force upon them the authority and laws of Texas. This is evidently only the beginning of the disturbance which will take place there unless prompt measures are taken to check the pretensions of Texas.