

himself to be; and he bowed his head to receive a blow he felt was inevitable. Then some faint hope would again creep into his heart, which reason failed entirely to convince. Octaire's blighted blighted happiness put all of his arguments to flight. After all, was not his daughter's happiness the great aim, nay the duty of his life. Why should the Señora's rights be more precious to him than hers? And what were mere legal rights against which the heart of one of the parties so loudly protested? Was the happiness of two human beings to be sacrificed to mere chance? And could Donna Inez really expect to be happy with Henri on renewing their ties as violently as she had severed them? Inez knew nothing of this second marriage—and the young couple might escape; nay, the proofs of her marriage were in his hand, and he might cancel them. Yes, he held his daughter's life or death within his grasp!

The lawyer wiped away the drops of cold perspiration that stood on his brow, and remained a long while with his head buried in his hands. The feelings of the father were at first so vehement as to out-tongue even the pleadings of conscience—but by degrees those of the man and the magistrate obtained a hearing, when, pushing away the fatal paper with a convulsive movement, he rose and leaned against the wall. His heart seemed about to burst in his bosom, and he hid his face in his hands, as if better to concentrate his thoughts.

Presently his arms dropped down—the verdict was pronounced in his inmost soul—his eyes were tearless, and his lips compressed, but his features wore the dignified expression of conscious rectitude. On looking around him, he perceived it was after daylight, and after consulting the clock, he sent word to his daughter that he wished to speak to her.

The greatest fear was to find Henri with her, when he was informed, much to his relief, that he had left the house at early dawn.

He, too, had spent a dreadful night, without being able to come to any settled resolution. Towards morning, however, he rallied from his state of feverish lethargy, and resolved to put an end to such intolerable suspense, by facing the worst at once.

Having learned the day before the name of the hotel at which Donna Inez Cordova had put up, he repaired thither at once, and asked to see the Spanish lady, who nearly fainted at the sight of him. Having come prepared for a scene, Henri bore the first outburst of her impassioned nature with tolerable firmness. After giving Inez time to recover her composure, he told her how chance had led to his seeing the papers entrusted to M. Garain, and how he had thus learned her arrival in Colmar. The fair Spaniard listened to him with gasping breath. She had sunk on her knees before him in a kind of ecstasy, with clasped hands and upraised eyes. Darviere endeavoured to allay her feverish excitement, by insisting on her rising.

"No—let me ask forgiveness at your feet," answered she, in Spanish; "forgiveness for having deserted you—and tell me—oh, tell me—that you did not curse me."

"A coward alone would curse the dead," muttered Henri.

The Señora started.

"True—true," continued she, "you thought me dead—and who knows if you did not rejoice at the idea—and if my return does not rob you of your cherished independence?"

She looked at him with a searching gaze, while his head dropped, and he remained silent.

"Then it is but too true," continued she, clasping her hands in despair; "you had looked upon our union as forever cancelled—"

"Whose fault is it if I did?" asked Henri, bitterly; "was it I who sought for deliverance?"

"But you have profited by it, no doubt," said Inez, still gazing on him fixedly.

"Suppose I have, madam. Did you not authorize me to do so by disappearing so abruptly? Did you think a man's destiny is a mere shuttlecock, to be tossed about for your amusement, and that after giving him back his liberty you could come and claim it again, without even enquiring whether it is yet his to dispose of?"

"What do I hear?" shrieked Inez, half distracted.

"I say," resumed Henri, "that you took such pains to deceive me on the subject of your supposed death, that I returned to France, with heart and hand entirely free, and being too young to devote myself to eternal widowhood—"

"Gracious heavens! what next?" cried she.

"Why—I married again."

Inez uttered a scream as she started to her feet. Even her most painful misgivings had never gone to such a length as this. But she quickly shook

off the torpor of despondency, to defend her rights with the savage energy of a selfish passion. What cared she for this second marriage, which could not cancel her prior claims. Henri belonged to her, and nothing could separate them in the future. Tears, entreaties and arguments were alike in vain; inflexible she was, and inflexible she would remain. Nay, she declared in the egotistical vehemence of her passion, that she had rather Henri were unhappy with her, than happy with any other woman—that she would follow him everywhere—that he was her lawful property, and she would defend her own, either by fair means or foul, in the teeth of the universe.

Half stunned by these outbreaks of her selfish love, and having vainly endeavored to get heard, Henri at length rose with an angry gesture, and was about to leave her, when one of the servants of the hotel entered the room, and handed him a letter.

On perceiving the address to be in M. Garain's hand, Henri turned pale, and hastily tearing open the envelope, he read as follows—

"According to my promise I have turned the matter over in my thoughts since yesterday, and the result of my reflections has been to show me my duty more clearly than ever. This morning I went up to Octaire, who, though surprised at your having gone out so early, had as yet not the slightest suspicion of anything wrong. Having led her to speak of her married happiness, I asked her as playfully as I could whether she would give all she had to ensure its prolongation. She smiled assent. Would she give her youth and beauty? Aye, she would. But would she sacrifice her duty? She turned pale at this question, and asked me what I meant. I then unfolded as gently as I could the dreadful misfortune that had fallen upon us. I dare not describe the terrible effects of my revelations—thank God! however, she withstood this tremendous shock, and, thanks to my entreaties and consolations, she is now somewhat calmer, and it is by her desire that I am writing to you. She at once felt what was due to Donna Inez, to you, and to herself; and that of the two marriages contracted by so fatal a mistake, it was the second one that must be broken off; and by the time you receive this letter, we shall be far away from Colmar.

"I need not tell you, my dear friend, how agonizing this separation is to us. The widow—for I can call her by no other name, who resigns her claims upon you, has desired me not to close my letter without entreating of you to take courage and be resigned, and to her who is about to resume your name to show both tenderness and indulgence. To her she entrusts the care of your future happiness. If you are happy she will endeavor to forget the past, and will forbear complaining."

Inez had perused the letter over Henri's shoulder, and the further she read the more deeply had she been moved. She could not help comparing her selfish and tyrannical love to so disinterested and generous an attachment, and subdued by such greatness of mind, which she felt incapable of imitating, she seized the old lawyer's letter, and kneeling down, she pressed her lips on it with as much respect as she would have kissed a crucifix, saying, in a broken voice—

"Alas! you were living amongst angels, and I have dragged you down to the regions of fallen spirits!"

Three years after these events had taken place, two travellers were seated under a verandah of an inn, in the village of Airo, and watching the sun, as it was setting behind the misty summits of the mountains. Although time had marked his passage on the features of both, though so different in age, it was easy to recognize in them two of the principal personages in our tale—namely, M. Garain and his daughter Octaire. Since the dreadful event that had overthrown her happiness, the widowed wife had travelled with her father throughout Germany, and a portion of Italy, but without being for a moment beguiled of her inconsolable grief. She bore it, however, with a dignified resignation that was extremely touching.

The two travellers had arrived the day before at Airo, where they were detained by the impossibility of obtaining a *vetturine*, and they were the more annoyed at the mischance, as the inn was at that moment the scene of dismal preparations, for a death was momentarily expected. A strange lady, who had arrived that same morning, and was not expected to survive the night, had taken a fancy to have the rooms occupied by the old lawyer and his daughter, who had readily consented to the innkeeper's request, to satisfy her dying wishes, and had allowed their baggage to be carried to the floor above. This removal had just been effected, and they were going to take possession of their new

lodgings, when a servant hastened to inform them that the sick lady wished to see them.

"To see us?" said M. Garain, much surprised, "surely there must be some mistake—she cannot wish to see strangers."

"She knows your honor," said the servant, "for just now on seeing your name on one of the trunks she uttered a scream, and said she wanted to speak to you and the young lady. Pray come, sir, for the doctor says there is no time to lose."

The old lawyer exchanged looks with his daughter, and they followed the servant, unable to guess what could be wanted of them.

She led them to the end of a long passage, and pushing open a door, ushered them into the bedroom, where the closely drawn curtains admitted but a feeble light. A white form lay motionless under the canopy of a vast bed, while a man was standing with his head leaning against one of the posts.

M. Garain and Octaire could not at first distinguish the objects before them; but upon a nearer approach they stopped suddenly and uttered a short scream.

The old lawyer had recognized in the motionless form upon which Death had already set his seal, Señorita Inez Cordova, while his daughter had recognized Henri in the stranger who was hiding his face.

The dying woman opened her eyes and started, while a faint streak of red tinged her white cheeks, and making a sign to Octaire to draw near, she said:

"Come—it is God's own hand who has brought you hither." Then perceiving that the young woman hesitated to approach, "What need you fear?" added she with more animation, "do you not see that it is all over with me? God has punished me as I deserved. I cared neither for your happiness nor for Henri's when I took him from you—I only thought of mine—yet I have never enjoyed a moment's happiness! And now I see that to deserve happiness, we ought always to be ready to sacrifice it—and that affection unaccompanied by devotedness is a curse, not a gift, to whomsoever is the object of so selfish a passion. I have learnt it at my cost, but too late, alas! to do me any good!"

As she spoke tears dropped slowly down her livid cheeks. Henri bent over her and would have spoken words of comfort, but she motioned him to desist.

"I have but a short time left," said she, "and but little strength; let both be employed to repair as far as possible the mischief I have done."

Then turning to Octaire, she commended Henri's happiness to her keeping in the most touching terms.

"In a few minutes," she said, he will be free—and this time it will be for the good of all. The ties I severed may be renewed. Then, in consideration of present happiness, forgive me for the tears I have caused you to shed—and be happy without bearing ill to my memory, as you will be free from all remorse."

She added many more touching reflections, which Henri and Octaire listened to as they knelt on each side of her pillow, and when she felt life to be ebbing away, she joined their hands and pressed them to her lips as she breathed her last.

It was not until some months after that M. Garain and his children returned to Colmar. Nobody knew of the tremendous storm that had threatened to shipwreck the young couple's happiness, and it was thought they returned from a long journey into foreign countries. But this severe ordeal had only tightened the bonds of love and esteem that united those three choice spirits, for it had taught them how much uprightiness, fortitude and devotedness they all three respectively harbored in the depths of their hearts.

## Miscellaneous.

### EARTHQUAKE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, March 5.

The Earthquake at Broussa, was a terrible calamity. Letters have come to hand which give a more circumstantial account of the occurrence than at first received, although even yet there is much wanting to form a just estimate of the destruction of life and property. At the same moment that the first shock was felt at Constantinople, the old Asiatic City was shaken to its foundations, and within a few seconds nearly 3000 of the inhabitants were buried beneath the ruins of a part of the town. The shock appears to have lasted three quarters of a minute. The oscillations came from the south and east and were of that quick jerking nature which causes such destruction. The City is partly surrounded by a wall, which dates from the time, when the early Ottoman Sultans held

their court there, before Adrianople had been raised to an equality with the old capital. This wall appears to have been far from solid, and unfortunately a large number of the poorer population had fixed their houses against it for shelter and support. The wall swayed to and fro for some seconds, as if shaken by the wind. At first only a few stones fell from the top, or were dislodged wherever the old mortar had decayed and fallen out; but at the last great vibration, which preceded the cessation of the shock, a great part of the circuit fell flat almost in a mass, and several score of houses were at once crushed, with their unfortunate inmates.—There was scarcely an edifice in the town which was not more or less injured, but the houses of the wealthier inhabitants suffered comparatively little, and the loss of life was almost entirely confined to the humbler class. The mosques as usual, have suffered much, and there is said to be hardly a minaret standing in the whole city.—Out of 125 mosques there is not one left untouched. One particularly, more than five centuries old and the pride of the inhabitants has been levelled to the ground. In a silk factory of the neighborhood, a fearful calamity occurred; the whole building fell flat, and sixty women who were at work were buried in the ruins. It is believed they all perished.

We cannot be too thankful that this visitation has passed away without inflicting serious loss on the population of the capital. Throughout the whole of the 28th great apprehensions prevailed that the shocks would recur with equal force to that of the one which shook the city at three o'clock. They continued at intervals during the night: one took place at five another at 7 o'clock on the morning of the first, one in the middle of the day, and another at half-past 5 in the afternoon. None of these however caused any damage and indeed they were not felt by the majority of the inhabitants. Since the 1st, there has been no recurrence of the convulsion.—*Cor. Times.*

**KNOW-NOTHING DIFFICULTIES**—The State Grand Council of Know-Nothings, which has been in session in Lancaster, last week, broke up on Thursday afternoon in confusion. The cause of the difficulty is understood to be opposed to the proposed open organization. Gen. Cameron, ex-Governor Johnston and Gen. Irvin were amongst those who left the Council in disgust at the proceedings.

An open organization would certainly remove from the Order its most objectionable feature.—Liberal minded men, however, can never be induced to deprive a citizen of his civil or political rights merely because he was born in another land or worshipped his Maker in a different manner from the majority.—*Pennsylvanian, Apr 9.*

**NOVA SCOTIA**—Mr. Johnston's organ is exceedingly "riled" that the administration should have chosen its own time for holding the General Election.

By 'its own time' we would be understood to mean a time, in the opinion of the Responsible Advisers of the Crown, most convenient to a majority of the constituencies, and to the Government.

What would Mr. Johnson have had the Government do. Consult him, considerably respecting the especial convenience of the patriotic member for Annapolis and his Satellites? We are not amazed that the Hon. Leader of the opposition should have received the official announcement that the Elections were fixed for a day so early, as somewhat of a discouragement.

It was for time and opportunity that the Hon. Gentleman had bargained; the means he knew would be forthcoming wherewith to work potently upon the needy, constituting a very numerous class of Electors.

We do not pretend that the Government was moved wholly by this consideration when it resolved that but few weeks should intervene between the rising of Parliament—and its dissolution; but we certainly will maintain that, if they had no other motive to adduce than a desire to obviate a preconceived plan of whole-sale corruption being carried out unscrupulously, this alone might be pleaded successfully as a sufficient justification of the resolve arrived at. *Halifax Sun.*

People who think there is no flour "out West," are not posted up. At Milwaukee there are 70,000 barrels of flour and 550,000 bushels of wheat bound for the East. The shipments of Milwaukee will exceed those of last year.

One of the largest distilleries in Scotland, the Leith distillery, where 1,200,000 gallons of whiskey used annually to be made, has just been converted into a flour mill.

A new Society has lately been organized in our village who have styled themselves 'Odds & Ends.