## LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor. THE NIGHT OF ST. SILVESTRE. PART I.

MARGARET, the wife of Gottlieb, the old wight watchman, opened, on the evening of St. Silvestre, her little window, and, thrusting out her head, looked from right to left upon the pitchy darkness. The snow fell silently in great feathery flakes in the streets of Residence, where she dwelt, and the cold wind played with them, and made them dance and whirl about, as it knew that to-morrow was New day, and it behoved everybody and Year's day, and it behoved everybody and averything to be lightsome and merry. Maragarst gazed for a long time at the busy crowd of citizens who besieged the booths and shops to purchase New Year's Boxes, or who went into the cafes and cabarets to unite, amidst pleasures and joys, the old year and the new; but the cold but her aged visage so keenly that she was fain at last to draw in her head, to close the window, and to say to ber husband, Gottlieb, you must stay at home tonight and let Phillippe watch for you, for it does not agree with your leg. He shall have compuny all night in the streets. In every house there will be a fete, and there shall be no lack of gnissards also. I am sure that our Philippe will not weary.

Old Gottlieb scratched his head. 'Kate,' said he, 'that arrangement will suit me very well, now. That lame knee serves me as a barometer, and it has been telling me for two days past that there was to be a change of weather. It is right that he should take my

weather. It is right that he should take my place sometimes, in order that he may be the better qualified to succeed to my charge.' Gottlieb Stark had begun life by serving mankind as an agriculturalist; and although he did not win much gold nor many thanks in the cervice, he still maintained the reputation of being the lightest hearted youth and the lightest dancer in his native village. At the conest dancer in his native village. At the con-ecription Gottlieb was balloted to serve his king, and a hot and short service it was; for he was scarcely a year in it when a Sullet in the knee spoiled both his dancing and marching, and sent him to the hospital for six months. His captain, who had encouraged him to mount the breach of a redoubt with the promises of a cross of merit, recommended him to the commissioners of education, who, on account of his being a good estigrapher, made him a school-master From this service he was ejected. again, when the system of education was re-vised; and, finally, he was named night watchof his scholastic functions, in which civil service he was supported by his son and successor, Philippe, who ordinarily followed the professi-

on of a gardener.
The little household scarcely had enough for a subsistence, nevertheless Catharine was sim-ple and economical; and old Gottlieb, take a true sage, was contented with his lot. Their son Philippe was a handsome youth of twenty-five, who had not only ingratiated himself with the gardener in whose service he was, but who never fulled to win smiles and gifts of money from the fair ladies to whose great manwere very simple and poor; but it was a loving and virtuous one; and it would be well with many less simple people if they could say as

Catharine had just thrown her mantle about her, and was preparing to go in search of Philippe, when the door opened and the young gartope, when the door opened and the young gar-dener, fresh and rosy with walking briskly thro' the cold, stood before her.

'My father,' said the young man, holding out his hand to his mother, 'it snows, and

while it does so you cannot go out. I shall take your place to night, if you please, and

you can sleep at your case.'
You are a brave fellow Philippe,' said old Gottlieb, looking fondly at the young man; thy mother was just about to ask you to do

'And I have been thinking,' said Philippe, looking archly in his mother's face, 'that we may have it in our power to spend to-morrow gaily, if my dear old mother can manage it. That shall not embarrass me much, cried

Catharine; 'I have a bottle of sweet-raspberry and some cake for you two. And then, next week the watchmen shall have their new year's boxes, so you see that we can live well."

Come on—so much the better,' said Phiing her cap. And have you paid your landlord too?

Old Gottlieb shrugged his shoulders, and Catharine looked hard at the hem of her

Come now, father! harrah mother, who is to be sad to-night?' cried the light hearted gardenor, as he scattered twenty two florins on Look, these are my savings for a few months past. Take them; they are yours; I can easily spare them. So you see we can pass a new year's day happily together; and may God long preserve you in health, and multiply happy new years to you.'

'Ah, my son,' said Gottlieb, while his manly voice trembled, thou art the joy of my life, the stay of my old age. I feel that God gave thy mother and me a blessing, indeed, when He gave us thes. I can never be grateful enough to Him, nor can I ever requite thee. This is three hondred and seventeen floring which their hast new given us.

'Three hundred and seventeen florins,' cried Catherine with amazement, as she turned to her son, then laying her hands on his shoulders, she looked fandly and compassionately in his face through her tears. 'My poor child, if you had retained that sum for yourself you roight have purchased a piece of ground, made a garden and married Rose; but we cannot thus long continue to make thee sacrifice thy-self. We are old now, and you will not long be so burdened and kept down.'

There was a strange motion in Philippe's manly face for a moment; and then it was succeeded by a half sorrowful smile, as he said, 'My mother, Rose is more dear to me than and I know that she loves me. would torego ber hand a hundred times before would desert my father and mother; and if I were such a heartless fellow as would do so, I know she would not have me.

· Cherish thy parents, Philippe,' said Gott-

'Cherish thy parents, Philippe,' said Gott-lieb, looking at his wife; 'it is a sacred duty, and will purchase happiness and prosperity for thee in after life.'

'Ah! but hope deferred presses heavily on a young lover's heart; and Rose may sigh as she sees the time speed hopelessly away,' said Catharine. 'She is poor, but she is beautiful, and good, and virtuous, and a skilful house-keeper, and some one may prevail on her to

forget our Philippe.'

Ah! do not fear, my mother,' said the young gardener, with a flush of pride in his cheeks; 'Rose has yowed never to wed another to be a supplementation of the price of the same my heart at ther but me, and that keeps my heart at peace. Her mother has nothing to say against me as a son in-law, and if I could establish myself this moment, I would lead Rose to the Altar to-morrow, I know. All that chagins me is that her mother will not let us see each other as often as we could wish. But,' added he to himself, in a low voice, 'to-night at twelve o'clock her mother will not be before the great gate of Saint Gregory, and we can then court at liberty.' then court at liberty.'

As he said these words, Philippe threw the watchman's short cloak over his shoulders, took his horn and his waist-belt, grasped his rough baton in his hand, and sallied out to his

Philippe traversed the streets, which were now covered with snow, or still flowing with citizens. The houses were all brightly lighted up; and numerous carousers, singing snatches of bachanalian songs, and cutting grotesque caof becamatian songs, and cutting grotesque to pers on the sposhy foot-ways, passed in every direction. The animation of the scene enliven-ed the young watchman; and it was with a clear, cheefful voice that he cried the hour of ten, and then he stood before the door of the house where his own sweet Rose was passing the gay hours with her friends. 'She hears said he to himself, with a smile; ' she is thinking of me; and she, perhaps, forgets those who surround her, but she does not forget where we are to meet, I'm sure.

After walking his round he stood again before the house where Rose enjoyed herself, and he gazed at it with eager attention. The figures of several women passed in dark shadows across the windows; and, hoping to re-cognise his lover, his heart beat more lightly his bosom. He stood a long time to watch in lover-like expectation, without thinking of the bitter cold and the blinding snow. He felt himself, nevertheless, almost turned to ice when the clock struck eleven, and he had to resume his walk. His teeth rattled in his head like castanets; and he could scarcely muster strength to cry the hour and blow his horn. As he passed in this weak plight into a placed himself before him. The face of the unknown was covered with a mask of black silk—a short cloak of bright red taffeta hung over his shoulders—and his jaunty little hat sat smartly on his ear, was surmounted with an enormous plume of long white feathers. Philippe started and gazed for a few seconds at the grotesque looking unknown; then, recollecting himself, he sought to pass him; but the mask, barring his way, cried, 'Stop my friend. Who art thou? where goest thou?' 'Into the Marien-gasse to cry the hour,' re-

plied Philippe

 That is subline, said the stranger, in a mock heroic voice. It behaves me to listen to thee; but acquit thyself of thy charge to the best of thy ability, for it is a judge that thou hast to do with just new.'

hast to do with just new.'

Philippe could not cestrain his laughter at this strange address. 'Wny, sir,' said he, 'it is much more pleasant to chant in a warm room surrounded by friends, than in the mid dle of a street amongst snow; but if you are such a lover of music and such a judge, here goes—past eleven.'

The cry was not more monotonously or languidly chanted that night throughout all Ger-

Pooh! said the unknown, approaching the coung guardian of the night. You are not in young guardian of the night. 'You are not in voice, friend. Give me y ur horn. I will blow and cry for you, and you shall judge how I do.'

Philippe conceded to this proposal with plea-

After blowing and chanting lustily two or three times, the unknown at last said.— Do you know friend I have a great desire to watch in thy stead for a couple of hours. Give me thy great broad hat and mantle, and I shall let thee have my cloak and beaver. Go and wait for me in Giles Frogg's cabaret, and drink my health with this couple of guineas.

Philippe at first refused; but the mask redoubled his entreaties, and the poor watchmun, who trembled with cold, could not resist the temptation. He agreed to let the young atranger watch for him un il midnight, when he gory, to exchange once more the cloak of coarse drab, the horn and rough baton, with the mantle of red silk, the gay unic, the mask and brilliant head-dress. The dresses were soon transferred and the transformation of each was complete.

On my word,' said the young stranger, looking at Philippe, ' you are a handsome gallant.

And you are a bold young guard, said

the gardener, fixing his mask.

I hope you will not abuse my good nature,' said Philippe, as he clusped hands with the un-

" Honour," said the incegnito, laying his hand on his side, and blewing a toot on the horn. Go and rub your frozen limbs before Frogg's fire, and meet me at midnight before

the church of St. Gregory.'

Philippe walked slowly sway, but the new night watchman skipped off, flourishing his baton and shouting the hour right lustily.

As Philippe passed before the peristyle of Prince Julien's palace, he felt himself suddenly

caught by a person, also masked, who des-cended from a carriage; and, standing still, he demanded, in a low voice, wilat the unknown wanted with him.

Your Grace does not mean to pass the

door without entering?' said the mash; 'and surely your Royal Highness does not intend to go out on foot?

' My Royal Highness!' said Philippe, laughing, at the same time feeling himself in a novel and exciting situation; 'I am no highness. What put that idea into your head?

The mask bowed with respect, and cast his glance upon the diamond clasp, which retained the crested plume that waved on Philippe's hat. 'I beg pardon for intruding on your incognito, my lord,' said he at last; 'but under whatever costume it may be concealed, the grace of your highness's person will always be recognised. Allow me to introduce you to the

'To a ball, eh! Well now, look if my coarse shoes are adapted for the dance,' said

'Your highness can play if you prefer it?
'Still less than dance,' was Philippe's reply; 'I have no money on me.'
'Will your highness deign to accept of my

purse?' said the mask, offering to the poor gardener his long purse full of gold. But do you know who I really am?' said

Phillippe as he pushed back the purso.

'His Royal Highness Prince Julion?' mur-

mured the mask, in a low voice, in his ear.

At that instent Philippe heard his substitute
cry the hour, at the top of his voice, in a neighboring street; and he comprehended no with whom he had exchanged raiment and positions. The Prince Julien was known in Residence as a sprightly young man, amiable and high-spirited, who sometimes indulged in the eccentri cities of youth.

cities of youth.

'Ah! well,' thought Philippe, pulling himself up, and looking as brave and handsome as any prince who ever sprung from the gardener of Adam, 'if he plays so perfectly the part of watchman, I shall see and not be a step behind him in that of prince. Besides he shall bear the blame if I commit any blunders.

He accordingly wrapped himself more closely in his red mantle, took the purse, which he hand in his belt, at the same time saying to

ly in his red mantle, took the purse, which he hung in his belt, at the same time saying to him who presented it. 'Who are you? Tomorrow I shall repay you.'

'I am your royal highness's own chamber-lain—the Count Pilzon,' was the response.

'Well, my count, lead on, I shall follow

The chamberlain obeyed, and nimbly mountthe chambership deepen, while Philippe, trembling with anxiety, but at the same time powerfully interested, followed him. They entered an immense saloon, lighted by a thousand flambeaux, whose rays were reflected in a thousand purrois and crystals. A crowd of gay masks flitted about in every direction; here might be seen pompous Sullans, with rustic Tyroleans; swash-buckler chevaliers, with dark-robed nuns; packmen and fauns; and monks; and Jews, luvers, and stately Turks. Philippe s ood for some moments stanned and blinded. Never before had such a spectacle burst upon his sight; and it was some time be-fore he could persuade himse! I that he was not under the influence of a dream. Several quadrilles of dencers, who gracefully mingled with each other to the sound of harmonious music, escupied the centre of the magnificent saloon, and gave a most enlivening aspect to the gorge-

Philippe, who preserved a sort of self pos ssion in the midst of all this tumult, was nevertheless so struck with aston shment that he could scarcely respond, even by an inclination of the head, to the crowd of masks who passed before him, some addressing him in a lively, witty strain, and others saluting him with marked respect.

. Your highness will perhaps be pleased to approach the dice-table,' said the chamberlain, in a low voice.

Allow me to recover myself a little, for tru-

ly I am frozen,' replied Philippe . Your highness can be served with something,' continued the officious chamberlain, who were the dress of a Brahmin; and be forth with conducted the night watchman to a neighbouring cabinet, where several splendidly attired footmen were moving about, hearing magnificent flagons full of the wines of every

The pretended prince made a sign for them to retire, as he wished to be alone, and being speckily obeyed, he served himself, and then returned to the ball-room."

"So you do not dance, count?" said he, ad-

Neither play nor dance have any more attraction for me,' replied he; 'my days of pleasure are passed. The only person whom I could wish to invite—the Countess Bonau—I believed that she loved me—imagine my despair—our familes were agreed—all at once she broke with me.' "This is the first time I have heard of this

dressing the chamberlain in a free and fount

manner, for he was now warm and self peases.

The count sighed, shrugged his shoulders .-

rupture, said Philippe, smiling at the chamberlain's broken narrative.

'What! you ignerant of it, my prince, and the story the common talk of the court?' said the chamberlain, sighing anew. We have ceased to see one another for a fortnight. She has never permitted me an opportunity to justify myself, but has returned three letters to are unopened. The countess is the awora eneury of the Baroness Reizenthal whom I had promised to slight. Imagine my embarrassment, when in the last hunting party of the princess, I was chosen for the cavalier the baroness. What could I do? Could I re-fuse? The countess learned all next day, and I received my farewell bow."

\*Come, my dear count, do not despair, said Philippe, cheerily. \*Pleasure disposes

us to be indulgent. Is the counters here?
Do you see that Carmelite between two
imps? She doffs her mask; that is she. Oh! Philippe advanced towards the Carmelite.

The countess looked at him gravely for some seconds, and then blushed as ne took his place beside her. She was beautiful; but Philippe said to himself that Rose was a hun-

dred times more so.
'My fair countess,' said he; but he suddenly stopped for the inquiring looks of the lady discomposed him.

Prince,' said she, 'I have some re-proaches to make to you; you were less rea-sonable an hour ago.'
'Fair countess,' said Philippe, in a low voice, 'it is that which troubles me and causes

my repentance.'

'So much the better, my Prince,' replied she; 'in that case I will not be obliged to fly from you this time." 'Countess,' said he, 'I have a demand to

make of you. Under that non's habit have you repented of your faults?'
"I have none to explate,' said she, in a

low voice. · But my fair countess, recollect your cruelties-your injustice towards the poor count

The fair countess looked to the ground, and appeared to be for some time in a state great embarrassment.

'Do you know,' continued Philippe, 'that the Count is entirely innocent of the whole of

that affair of the chase?" As innocent as you, my Prince, said the counters who was constrained to smile; that

is not what you told me an hour ago.'
'True, fair countess; but I was less reasone able then, nor could I have told you this at that time But I assure you now that it was by order of the princess that the count was constrained to cavalier the baroness, whom he

"Whom he detests!" repeated the counters, suffering her lips to wear the smallest modi-

· Yes, whom the count detests, believe me. He has passed with her the bonds of civility, and all for you. He loves no one but you who repulse him so cruelly.

'How does it happen that you interest yourself so warmly in the count's favor now! My Prince, it was not always so,' said the

Because I did not know as I now know, said the pretended prince; 'I was ignorant of the pain which you have caused him, and I assure you that he is innocent, and that he has

assure you that he is innocent, and that he more to pardon than you.

Silence! said the Carmelite, in a low voice, we are observed: let us go from hence. At these words she adjusted her mask, and gave her arm to Philippe, who led her quickly from the ball room into an adjacent cabinet where she whiled her completing against net, where she exhaled her complaints against the chamberiain. Complaints which were nothing but the griefs of jealousy. When at last a tear appeared as a witness of her dolorous condition, the Brahmin glided softly to wards her, and implored her pardon on his knees. Philippe joined their hands without say. ing a word, and leaving them, he returned to gratify his curiosity in the ball room. Philip! had scarcely re-entered when a mameluke addressed him. 'Good mask,' said he. addressed him. 'Good mask,' sa I'm happy to have met you, deign vor me with a word or two.' As he the mamulake withdrew into the recess of

'What do you want with me?' damanded

'I conjure you,' said the mask, in a deep, but tranulous voice, 'teil me where is the flower woman.'

'Tuts, my friend, what have I to do with the flower woman?' asked Philippe, 'In a balf

impatient tone.

'But I have,' replied the mameluke.' in a voice, the stilled intensions of which announce. Can ced extreme emotion. 'She is my wife. Can you cause my unhappiness?

you cause my unhappiness? Prince, I beseech you do not drive me to despair, but renounce your designs.'
'With all my heart,' said Philippe.
'Oh prince, prince,' cried the mamelake,
'I am determined to put an end to this, although it should cost my life. Do not feign
any longer. All is discovered. Holds see the