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The Colonial Advocate,

OR, THE FARMER, MANUFACTURER, MECHANIC AND FISHERMAN'S JOURNAL.

JOHN GILLIES, Esq., Editor.] "The universal agent in the creation of wealth is labour."—Adam Smith. [CHRISTOPHER SMILER, Publisher

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The Colonial Advocate,

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☞ Advertisements inserted at the usual rates

Weekly Almanack.

July.	R. Sun.	s.	Moon	h.	w.
22 Tuesday, - - -	4 41	7 19	9	20	1 29
23 Wednesday, - -	4 42	7 18	9	48	2 8
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25 Friday, - - - -	4 44	7 16	10	53	3 33
26 Saturday, - - -	4 45	7 15	11	29	4 26
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28 Monday, - - -	4 47	7 13	0	6	6 53

Last Quarter, 25th day, 10h. 36m. evening.

POETRY.

[From the Brooklyn Daily Advertiser.]

RICH AND POOR.

The rich on couches may recline,
In splendid style may live—
May much abound in "corn and wine,"
And yet no joy receive;
While he who dwells in humble cot,
And toils from day to day,
Would not exchange his happy lot,
For all the rich could pay.

Buildings there are, which pleases the eye,
And look without most fair,
Whose inmates draw the heavy sigh,
Induced by worldly care;
But often, houses most obscure,
Which little wealth contain,
Though they are dwellings of the poor,
Are free from care and pain.

'Tis not in palaces of state,
Where all is show and form,
Where meet the noble and the great,
To bow before a worm,—
'Tis not in these we may find
What will enrich the most,
The purest pleasures of the mind,
Are gained at lighter cost.

They who have gold, may still be poor,
The poor, they rich may be,
For dress of earth cannot secure
The soul's felicity;
'Tis not the kind of clothes we wear,
Nor house in which we live,
Nor talents be they e'er so rare,
Can sweet contentment give.

SELECTED TALE.

THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

It was the olden time in Vienna, when the crescent and the star, the Ottoman arms, yet shone emblazoned from the highest point of the tower of St. Stephen's far-famous cathedral. Within, amidst its infinitely rich and curious embellishments, whether of painting or of sculpture, was there no sign or device that could betoken a recognition of any faith save that which originally sanctified the edifice, yet without, engraved upon its elevated front, appeared the token and acknowledgement of a different religion.

These arms had been placed there the year before (1529,) not by the Turkish besieger, who, after several assaults upon the city, had retreated at the first news of the march of the Emperor, Charles V., to the relief of Vienna, but by the citizens themselves, in grateful testimony to the generous consideration of Soliman, who at the commencement of the seige, had expressly prohibited the Turkish soldiers from directing shot against the Cathedral.*

The effects of this first attack of the formidable invader were passing away. The houses that had been destroyed in the storm of shot were rebuilt; the streets of the city were presenting again that animated appearance which the mingling of persons of many nations and habits always creates; the citizens were recovering from their disasters, and the nobles from their panic. But there was one of this latter class, around whom the shadows of the calamity seemed to linger, whom the ravage and battle had left a victim to an inward strife no less gloomy and desolating.

From a window of his palace in that gay and beautiful suburb, where the nobles chiefly congregated,—which overlooking on one side the broad and sweeping esplanade that divided it from the city, expanded on the other into gardens endlessly diversified, bordered in the distance by innumerable forest trees, and hills rich with verdure—the Count Serini looked out upon the landscape with eyes which, however they might be attracted towards the setting sun, were insensible of its beauty, sympathising more with the deepening gloom of the earth than the departing glory of the heavens.

Of a temper reserved and haughty, the Count had rarely, in his youth, worn an air of gaiety; and now, in middle life, his demeanor was almost chilling. Sadness and disappointment had taken possession of his soul. But his was not the weariness of the baffled plotter, the bitterness of one thwarted in court intrigue. State policy, and the craft of war, had alike failed to engage the affections of his youth. These, indeed, had been all lavished freely, passionately lavished, upon one object—a brother, many years younger than himself, and seemingly destined to repay, with the richest blessings of sympathy and companionship, the generous care that trained up his youth to a bright and hopeful manhood.

A lofty nature can undergo no shock so painful as when the affections it has frankly and with its whole heart reposed in another, are carelessly flung back upon it. Hatred, even scorn, can be far better borne than the cold, blank indifference of that one being, man or woman, to whom we have given our hearts.

It was the count's lot to see the altar he had reared overturned, not contemptuously, but in very sport. The sacrifice he had taken a pride in offering up, composed as it was of all that he held dearest, all that to him was most precious and essential to life, was rejected in utter wantonness, slighted as a mere jest. His brother's nature was incapable of any higher appreciation. When a child, Ulbert would laugh in his face if he saw there any serious expression of anxiety for the safety of the little adventurer, who would spring into the wide Danube for the sake of making his attendant leap in after him; and so laughed he when he grew up. The love to which he was insensible, the watchfulness and wisdom which he heeded not, amid his boyish pleasures (rendering himself perhaps, by his very indifference, only the more endeared the more interesting, because needing another's devotion more) were equally objects of levity when that hour arrived, in which the wilfulness and caprices of the boy were to be exchanged for the warm sensibilities, the grateful sympathies of the friend and brother.

The Count's fears were early awakened—the earlier because his affection was strong. In an aversion to those pursuits of learning, wherein he himself had taken delight, he remarked less of intellectual inaptitude than of moral insensibility, and in the tastes which were substituted he detected tokens of a selfish and dissolute disposition. His fears soon became an agonising dread. Remonstrance, guidance, were now opposed by ridicule, that first dangerous weapon with which folly combats reason; and successful ridicule is evermore the curse of its user. Ulbert found that he could most readily dismiss a most painful subject, or stifle a grave rebuke, by satirical laughter, and sportive jests; and from that moment the seed of every serious and noble thought, if any lurked in his mind, was crushed within him.

What most surprised, perhaps it also most shocked, the Count, was the low taste of his degenerate brother. He scarcely, in his pleasures, exhibited the feeling of the depraved 'gentleman.' Of a noble race, his very dissipations were ignoble. He herded with the mean, and made his name familiar in mouths that never mentioned his illustrious house but with honor. The Count's pride was sensitive in the extreme, and he resented the humiliation with increased scorn and a colder reserve.

Regarded at best with indifference, despised not unfrequently by a being every way so despicable, the Count abandoned the resolution he had once formed to forego a natural inclination for marriage, rather than exclude his beloved brother, the last born of his house from so fair an inheritance. He wedded; and in that second dear and all-adventuring trust, he had a worthier fortune. The Lady Alitha, equal to most in blood in beauty more than a match for the most radiant, might in point of years, have been more fitly mated to the younger brother; but in the fine sympathy, the keen sense, the entire confidence, which make the soul of love, she was truly the elder's wife, though, in her bearing, she might seem to temper the fond enthusiasm of a bride with something of the reverence of a daughter.

And now, as the Count sat in meditation, watching, yet not consciously marking, the golden ripples upon the noble river below, he thought how often in their course those far-flowing waters would wash a soil that owned him master; how many of the streams into which the Danube divides rolled toward fair plains and woody shores, that called him lord. And with the thought came the sickening dread lest these rich lands should descend to a worthless owner, poorer in spirit than the meanest hind that traversed them; the bitter reflection that his home was childless, that the wife he loved, whose more than love was his, might never hear, first lisped in music, the name of mother. Four years of an else happy marriage had he counted, and the lovely tree, that might have yet grown in paradise, bore no blossom.

As the shadows of eve darkened round him so the shadow darkened over his soul; yet anon there broke through its depths a bright star tremblingly—it was the thought of his wife's matchless purity and impassioned fondness. He quitted his lone room, and pacing the long gallery that parted him from gayer portions of the edifice, sought the Lady Alitha's apartments.

'I leave thee too much alone,' he said, sighingly; 'forgetting ever that I create a solitude when I go forth to seek it. Come, tell me thou lik'st it not, and let thy dove's eyes flash angrily for once. Be less than angel, if thou can'st. Forgive me not, and frown.'

But Lady Alitha, who had worn a somewhat troubled look on his entrance, now approaching him close, fixed her eyes upon his, and smiled into them with a witchery so sweet and sudden, that a delicious light spread instantly over his soul, and the gloomy spectres fled as at the approach of daybreak. He caught her to his breast in silent rapture.

'Nor have I,' murmured she, rather returning than affecting to escape his carresses—'nor have I been alone this long eve, though I fear me thou wilt say that solitude is less hurtful than such company.'

The Count released her, and looking into her face, read its information as legibly as if it had been written legibly in a book.

'I charged him not to come, and named the penalty,' he said sternly.

Many months before, and soon after the Turkish emperor had raised the seige, the Count had parted from his brother, as he deemed, for ever. His conduct while the city was in danger had sealed his offence. While the nobles were banded, to repel the enemies of their religion, and to save their homes from spoliation, Ulbert had abandoned himself to the most wretched debauchery, seeking revellers in the lowest haunts of the town, among the desperate in character and fortune, corrupting by his gold and his example some who were more innocent, saying, 'Fight they who have aught to lose besides their religion. I'faith, knaves, that have not I, for I'm a younger brother.' The profligacy was too open, the disgrace of too deep a die, to pass untalked of when safety was restored. The Count, suffering from a wound he had received at the city gate, summoned his delinquent brother.

'Ulbert thine infancy was unto me a sweet fear, thy youth a terror, thy manhood an anguish and shame. Thou laugh'st when thunder leaps suddenly out of the blue heavens! Thou holdest thy revel on the volcano's edge. No earthly charity—not Alitha's, which is almost divine—finds tongues to plead for thee. My words are few, but they are of judgment. Of my father's substance I have twice bestowed on you a liberal portion. Take yet more; I here assign it—but enter not again my father's hall. This wealth is thine while thou art absent. Should I hear of thee I may blush unseen, so I behold thee not. Ulbert, once my brother, we are strangers.'

Yet the charity and compassion of the Lady Alitha did plead for him, though in vain; and often, when his name was heard of in Vienna, coupled with some infamous brawl or outrage, some agression or riot, by which the peace of a distant city had been disturbed she sought to calm her husband's mind and soften his resentment, by reminding him how false is rumor, how harsh the common tongue when speaking of the absent, and how difficult to win back a good name when it had once been forfeited.

And such, even now, upon his un-looked for and forbidden return, was the tone of her gentle mediation.

'He knew the penalty, and his choice incurred it,' said the Count.

'Alack,' she said, 'he had paid it before he came.

Even so it was; the lands had been sold, and the wealth that might have cheered a life time wasted.

'Had but one handful of small coins been spent gallantly,' said the Count, 'been spent generously, or in charitable deeds, thou should'st not supplicate—but he was ever sordid and hard amid his worst profuseness.'

Yet the prayer of the lovely advocate at length prevailed. The music of her speech said more than the excuses it advanced could urge, and the glistening of her eyes argued by its very purity for mercy upon the impure. The Count, incredulous of every promise of reformation, and entertaining no hope of penitence, (which he had sanguinely built a thousand times on assurances given idly, and even jestingly) yet yielded so far as to engage to remit moneys to Ratisbon, on condition that his degraded kinsman set out for that place immediately. To a still greater extent might the compassionate pleader have prevailed, but that now the silvery tone of her intercession was drowned, and the Count's ears were startled by fierce and tumultuous outcries from without. These betokened a desperate brawl among his retainers, above whose voices was speedily heard that of Ulbert, screaming under the influence of wine.

'Out rascals! You—my elder brother's serfs! What, not another cup to drink the Count's health? Why then, a cup to the Lady Alith! Hear ye, knaves! By my troth, she loves me better than she loves your lord, fellows! A cup of wine, hear ye!'

The eyes of the Count flashed with the fiercest indignation, and his brow was red with shame. The drunken braggart words, awakened in him no other feeling, however momentary; but this was intense, and penetrated him all over. His heart swelled as if it would burst with the thought that the blood which rushed impetuously through it, had flowed from the same spring as his! But his shame and his anger were short-lived. Pity and love and every tender emotion instantly succeeded to them, as he turned and looked upon the noble and innocent face of the lady whose name had been thus profaned and whose heavenly truth had been thus impeached. The scornful lip, the crimson cheek, the streaming eyes, bespoke the feeling of a soul proud indeed, but purer even than it was proud. He stood transfixed, gazing with tenderness and delight; and the exquisite conviction that he was loved grew sweeter than before. He took her hand, and kissed her forehead, while she bowed her head soothingly toward his shoulder whereon, for some minutes it reclined, and both were motionless.

'My gentle wife,' he murmured, in extreme fondness, and in an inward tone that scarcely broke the silence.

Much of happiness, much of the serenity congenial to the dispositions of both, remained for months around their hearth. The Count's joy in the devotion of his youthful wife was interrupted only at intervals—but these were frequent—when the passion for the society and affection of children, the desire to leave a direct heir to his rich estates and ancient name, went troublingly within him. These regrets and cares (endured by both in silence) the Lady Alitha shared. There were others with which she was less familiar. The Count, while he took no active part in court politics, was yet aware of the existence of well-grounded apprehensions concerning the further designs of the Ottoman power; and a second blow, more fatal than the first, and destined possibly, to effect the sacrifice of the city, with the overthrow of its holy faith, was not unfairly to be anticipated. Thus, thoughts both of public and private nature weighed upon his spirits, and, added to these, was the sharp though secret fretting of the soul, felt as often as report might reach the city of the dissolute and ruinous courses by which his kinsman yet persisted, though at a distance, in storing up infamy, and rendering a noble name but a byeword and a term of scorn.

One spring evening, contemplating in his lone turret the majestic and beautiful scene opened to him from that eminence, such thoughts came over him with unwonted heaviness. Rumours were rife that the dreaded blow might be all too speedily apprehended—a blow destined to be struck almost as soon as the hand could be seen. Even at that hour, it was said, the waters of the deep river were floating almost to the very gates of the city, the cannon and the war engines by which the besiegers hoped to subdue it. The Count's sadness deepened momentarily. He cast a glance over that famous suburb, with its gardens, its terraces, and towers; and, as his eye rested upon the mass of edifices beyond, the lofty and flat-roofed dwellings of the congregated traffickers and idlers, the imperial palace, and the spires of the churches overlooking all, he trembled to think of the devastation which the very next dawn might bring with it. Then he looked toward his own domain—the expanse of forest, and the wide branching streams beyond, and he again thought of his lonely and childless hearth—lonely, save in the brightening and ever comforting presence of a wife, the most brilliant at court, the most gentle at home—but a wife only, and not a mother.

By degrees a m[illegible] crept over him, and he sa[illegible] doom of the city the certain accomplishment of his own destiny. What spell had held him there? He felt fate-bound in his own halls, rooted to the spot, when others found safety in remote retreats. When the warning of the foe's advance first came, he had implored Alitha to seek security in a castle situated some leagues from the walls; but ideas of separation were to her as ideas of death, and his presence alone was life and safety. Yet safety for himself he scorned to seek, even when it included hers, and both still remained.

What brought Ulbert to his mind at that moment? In the cold, gray shadows of the now fast-approaching twilight, there was something very cheerless; but nothing in external nature, in the saddest time and season, could be half so dreary as the broken hopes and crushed affections which that image brought back, turning his blood to ice. Insensibly his thoughts reverted to the occasion (never once spoken of, scarcely allowed to be thought of, since it had occurred) when he had last heard the voice of Ulbert, though he beheld him not; and, instantly rousing himself to shake off such profitless and humbling recollections, he rose to close the casement, when, at a distance, near the end of a avenue now in deep shadow, two figures met his view. One of those figures, had he caught but its simple outline, in the darkest night, he had known at a glance. How impossible—as a voice in his brain seemed then to whisper—how impossible ever to mistake the form of Alitha for another's. But her companion—he wo held her in such earnest conference! How was it again that a thought of Ulbert crossed his mind! That figure was so unlike. Both, however, were now lost to view, and he stood a moment ruminating, when again they appeared, slowly pacing the avenue that led to the palace, in deep converse. Ascending the terrace steps, they entered within the shadow of the building, sadly, it seemed, and silently.

The Count, restless and gloomy beyond his wont, descended toward the terrace which the stranger and the lady had quitted, when his design was checked by the approach of Alitha. Her look and manner spoke before her tongue, and the Count drew back, disturbed and wondering.

'Forgive me, if I do wrong,' she said, in her sweet, earnest tones; 'it is for thee and thine I run this risk, the risk of that worst grief my heart can ever know—my lord's displeasure.'

'For me and mine!' exclaimed the Count, 'and mine! Why, that's thyself, dear Alitha. What meanest thou?'

'And he is thine, too; he was—and will be, when thou knowest—'

'That stranger,' said the Count; 'Alitha.'

'Stranger too long, if penitent,' cried Alitha, imploringly, 'and he is, he is penitent—so altered that I knew him not. Ah! my dear lord,' and as the lady spoke, a delicate blush lit up her features, tears started into her eyes, and her voice faltered, 'thou hast no son; let thy wife give back to thee a brother.'

Her words touched two chords within him. He trembled, but, of his jarring emotions, resentment was the strongest. Yet, as he spoke not, his wife, brave as innocent, went on to paint the repentance of Ulbert, his modest air, his plain garb, his sorrowing looks, his words of self-reproach, his shame for follies past, which he branded as serious vices. She pleaded youth at first, and next the provocation of evil tongues, that magnified all his errors, and then recklessness and despair—and prayed for pity, and a generous oblivion.

'Alitha,' replied the Count, 'he is selfish, innately selfish. Grant him not malignant; yet mere selfishness—which thy nature understands not—works more daily evil in the world than active malice with the serpent's tooth. Were he but generous in his vice—no—no; brothers we are not. And, Alitha, remember'st thou—Sweet heaven! why how thou pleadest!'

Alitha had flung herself upon her knees, and with clapsed hands, renewed her intercessions. The Count regarded her at first with a sensation of surprise; but, by slow and painful degrees, a different feeling, one new to his nature, convulsing all within its progress, began to wing around his heart, that now felt stiffled in its folds. It was a suspicion the most wild and dreadful. He looked upon the beautiful intercessor before him—he heard the touching and passionate appeal she made—her confession of silently watching over his melancholy, detecting that void in his bosom, that craving of the spirit, which to one without the blessing of offspring, a brother's love and sympathy might best supply; and her words, her looks, affectionate, innocent, almost angelic as they were, only called the dark suspicion of his heart yet more and more into life. At that instant he turned, and beheld Ulbert, who unobserved, had approached to unite his protestations with the impassioned pleading of Alitha. Starting back he felt the sting in his soul; and, under its sharp though momentary influence, a wild cry of anguish burst from his lips.

Equally amazed and alarmed, Alitha flew toward the Count. What fearful spasm had so shaken his frame! She would have flung her arms around him, making him sit down, and rest his head upon her bosom; but, ere she could discharge such tender duties, he was at her feet, imploring in his turn her pardon—pardon for a wrong, not acted, yet committed momentarily in thought—of a dye so dark that words could not paint, nor tears was it out—a thought that all was horror, phrensy, falsehood—terrible as the lightning, but as brief.

So true and unsuspecting was Alitha, that the strange suspicion, the dark and wrongful thought to which her lord alluded, came not within the scope of her comprehension. She could not guess its nature; and to her simple look of wonder and inquiry, she was about to add words of a like import, when loud voices and confusion without interrupted her purpose; and the next instant their attention was drawn to the arrival of messengers, who now entered the hall without ceremony, and in breathless haste.

They summoned the Count to attend the council without delay. The enemy, baffled three years before, had returned; the city was again doomed to suffer the perils of a seige, the Ottoman's force was within a night's sail of the walls, and the wind and the current were favoring the enterprise. Ere the news could be told, the Count was ready to meet the danger. In one instant, all trace of weakness, all self-concern had vanished. The tidings had brought him a relief from the soul-sickness of suspense, and every energy of his mind, every nerve of his body, were strung for action. Quickly, but with the utmost calmness, he issued all necessary orders, with a cheerful air, yet with the gravest sense of the stern purpose that called him forth, he addressed his startled household; and, with a breast that allowed no private grief to claim one throb in presence of the common danger, he crossed his ancient hall. A hasty, yet a kindly and relenting look toward his silent kinsman—the tenderest embrace with some sweetly whispered words of fond assurance to the anxious Alitha, and he was gone.

That night sleep found no couch in all Vienna. Day had looked upon no such scene of busy care, as darkness found in every street, in every dwelling, throughout the city. All were engaged in council or in action, in agonizing speculation, or hopeful precaution. The aged thought shudderingly of the past, the younger turned to face the future, the dread morrow's dawn. That dawn brought with it the thunder of cannon, and at the first onset, repelling the insolent besieger at a point were danger had congregated all its terrors, all its attractions; leading on a youthful host, who needed but one gallant and noble example to stimulate their heroism—fell the hapless, high-minded, generous Count.

Valor and generosity are never fruitless. The spirit of the Count seemed breathed into the common mass; and, amid the crash and the convulsion, the humblest citizen felt as if armed with invincible power. Such were the intrepid coolness and steadiness of resistance which the followers of the crescent had to encounter, that after a few days they again abandoned the seige of Vienna.

The city escaped destruction; but what a cloud of desolation and wo had fallen upon the house of one of its bravest defenders! A grief too deep to reveal itself by the ordinary tokens of grief was that which filled the soul of Alitha. She shed few tears, she spoke fewer words; but, retreating to the old room, whither it was his wont so often to retire and meditate, she became insensible to all that was passing around her, cherishing hour by hour the exquisite consciousness of being in that room not quite alone. Solitude was everywhere save there.

One shock was thus spared her, which she could ill have borne; the shock of witnessing the rampant pride, the unsurpressed and riotous exultation in a change of fortune, with which the halls of her lord were taken possession of by her late bankrupt brother. At the news of the Count's death, childless, there flashed upon him a prospect to which his eyes had long been closed, in which his imagination had long ceased to revel—the possession of those ample lands, which he had so often coveted in the extremities of his spendthrift need and the obscurity of his fallen lot—those lands which might have been his long before, as the last rood, had he but known how, by fair desert, to retain the fair prize the heart that valued them for his sake, more than any other, and would have resigned them cheerfully at the bidding of a little breath of love. Now the dream he had feared to indulge was realised; in one moment was he changed, from a borrower where none would lend, a beggar where few would give, to be master of his own fortunes, and lord of his own will. Ulbert, in the fullness of the joy that swelled his breast, could scarce find room for one poor sigh over the tragic ending of his noble kinsman and benefactor.

And was it for such a being that Alitha had pleaded? Was it in behalf of a nature so miserably sordid and self-loving, that she had appealed for favour to one whose kindness had ever been abused, risking her husband's displeasure, paining his noble heart, in the last hour of their mortal intercourse? Was she then deceived, and had Ulbert played the hypocrite in his tale of penitence? No; last night, oppressed with debt, and despised as reprobate, he was sincere in his vow of change—for to mend his morals was to improve his fortunes. But to-day, his virtue, too newly planted to have taken root, was torn up and flung to the winds.

Little could such a nature comprehend that delicacy of feeling in Alitha which, sympathizing with her husband's comparative loneliness, without other relatives—above all without offspring—prompted her to plead for Ulbert, to cling to any hope of his rescue from shame and dissoluteness and to pray for his return. It is to be wondered at, that one so coarse and depraved, knowing the deep interest he had excited, and finding it so fervently and constantly exercised in his behalf, should mistake its sources, and cherish a secret belief of that which he had basely vaunted over the wine cup? Certain it is, that such a suspicion found a lurking place in his mind, and he had long needed only a fair occasion to whisper into the ear of Alitha, as the eastern reptile pours its poison into the rose, [illegible] imagined detection of her secret. Such [illegible] opportunity had never presented itself.

It may be supposed, however, that this soon came; that after a brief space, utter seclusion being impossible, the lonely sorrower found herself doomed to listen to such empty and frivolous and unavailing consolations, as Comfort addresses to Despair; and that with the phrases of condolence were mingled words that she heard or understood not, until they took a clearer meaning, and, with jeering reproaches for over-acting the show of misery proper to the occasion, blended the daring intimation of a consciousness that her heart had been for years a wanderer from her home, the perquisite of the absent. It may be imagined too' with what an eloquent power the inflamed blood of the mourner made answer in her cheeks, while from the blue depths of her eyes scorn shot its lightning upon the insulter.

Ulbert saw her no more. The one flattering dream dissipated, he turned with stronger relish and eagerness to the glorious reality. He gazed upon his gold as the sure and proved key to all wordly pleasures. No more creeping with a beggar's pace, and at a respectful distance, after luxury and enjoyment. His now was the power that moves with great strides, and takes the world at a sweep. No skulking from base creditors, or squandering with a timid hand trembling at the ensuing emptiness, or brooding over wretched devices to win the drinker or the gambler to be generous; no more sneers at his folly from those who had stripped him bare, or curses from his own lips on the fate that had taught him how to spend, but never how to get. On the contrary, revelry, at whatever cost, and riot, laughing at censure, might now he freely his; and in this spirit he commenced his course. He gave nothing to want, nor would he bate the meanest coin in the account his steward rendered of fees or forfeitures; but his hand scattered gold profusely wherever a selfish purpose or a sensual impulse led the way. He seized always upon the coarsest pleasures, pursuing them without remorse or misgiving to their excess.

But, ere long, and suddenly, while surrounded by revellers and parasites, in that half where dignity had been deposed to admit debauchery, a voice reached him that spoke from a city leagues away. It was from that retreat whither Alitha had retired that the whisper had came. It was a note of most portentous warning. It brought with it words that were as huge black clouds over the heads of mariners riding joyously on the sea. It was a tale of destiny, of providence, the most unlooked-for and unthought of.

Oh! exquisite privilege of maternal consciousness, to commence ere yet the thing it loves is conscious! Divinest of all human emotions, and most purifying of all the affections that elevate mortality nearer to the angelic nature, reflecting it as the starry heaven is mirrored in a clear lake, is that passionate and mystic sympathy, which lives ever in its first spring and freshness within the mother's heart after the object of its love is dead, as it lived there, wakeful, sensitive, and thrilling, even before the object of its love was born!

It was this maternal consciousness that now throbbed with fears, and yet with ecstasies unspeakable, in the heart of Alitha. She who had so pined in silence for that dear and precious blessing, which mutual love most craves to cement and crown it—she who had so grieved over the clouded hopes of the adored one, loved only to be lost—now, while her spirit was still straining upward to the heavens, to seek its companionship there—she was to be bound again to earth, endearingly and devotedly, by a new and sanctifying tie, in which he was a sharer. And he, whose lofty but loving nature cherished many beautiful aspirations, but among them one most treasured and intense—treasured with an instinctive tenderness and constancy—he knew not that his holy desire was fulfilled, that his drooping hope revived in fair blossom, and that he was a father when he died,

The news struck Ulbert deadly cold amid the heated rival. He drank more wine to warm him, but still an icy foreboding chilled the blood at his heart. He tried to make the tidings matter of diversion, and he by turns denounced and derided the imposture; but still he trembled and turned pale amid the flash of the banquet. Assuredly, the care and protection of the emperor openly extended to Alitha were no matter for derision. Should he seek to fling a stain upon her chastity, should he accuse her? No, it was hopeless. Should he contrive against her life? It was too closely guarded. Deeper still into profligacy he plunged for relief, and awoke only to learn that an heir was born, and that the mother beheld in the smiling innocence of her son an image of the felicity she had lost.

Ulbert went forth from the halls no longer his, and bore with him no man's sympathy in his bitter mortification. Scowlingly he passed along, his downfall begetting ridicule among those who had been the first to hail his ascent and flatter his pride. But he descended not at once into poverty. Every provision that became his birth was made, and every want cared for; but to stay his headlong course, provoked more than ever to excesses by a galling disappointment and a sul-

* The same enlightened forbearance was not manifested in the last assault which the city sustained at the hands of the Turks, in 1683, and accordingly, after a reign of a hundred and fifty years, the crescent was removed, and the cross elevated in its place.