

those investments in which he delighted to believe that he was growing rich; and so he was too, as long as Le Brun's speculations were successful also.

A more careful man of business might perhaps have had some doubts as to whether or not Le Brun was not trading on Mendoza's capital. This however was enough to satisfy the old gentleman, that whenever his accounts were presented to him, they were always very flattering, especially in the perspective, and that when he wanted money he could have it to any amount from Le Brun, who was thus in a manner both his agent and his banker; and why should he not be? since it was all but arranged that he should be his son-in-law.

Le Brun had long paid court to Anita Mendoza; and a more accomplished suitor there was not to be found within the range of the city. Polite, attentive and gallant—scrupulously neat in attire—a perfect master of all the 'petite soins' of the drawing room—and expert in all elegant triflings permissible in the 'laiser aller' of the 'sala,' Don Felipe Le Brun would have been a formidable rival against any worshipper of kid or eau de cologne, that ever smirked and simpered over a Brussels carpet, and whose accomplishments were confined to carving a merry thought, sighing on a flute, or tenderly composing a sonnet to the shadow or the shoe string of his ladylove.

Add to all these accomplishments the recommendation of a father,* and none need be surprised that he was a favoured suitor of Anita Mendoza.

Such was Don Felipe Le Brun. We have given every characteristic except that of honesty or principle; and yet there could not have been more upright honourable principles than those with which Le Brun first commenced and flourished in business.

He had every requisite, and all the knowledge necessary for business on the largest and most accurate scale, and every accomplishment that could adorn the active and solace the retired life of a gentleman. And in such uprightness of conduct Le Brun might and probably would, have continued under any ordinary circumstances.

He lived under one of the most suspicious, corrupt, and tyrannical governments that ever existed. The suspicious tyranny of Buenos Ayres extended even into the private and domestic relationship of life; and to effect this, spies of every grade and quality were employed.

Now Le Brun being of foreign extraction, and yet a native born and bred, moving in good society, being a respectable merchant, and in a line of business that brought him in daily contact with every moneyed man in the city, and even made him more or less acquainted with their means, resources, and transactions, was in every way suited to be an admirable agent of Rosas, and it was determined that it should be so, cost what it might in time, money, and political influence.

And well the secret agents knew how to lure the ambitious, tempt the effeminate, force the timid, bribe the sordid, and flatter the vain.

Slow and insidious were the approaches made to undermine the honor of Le Brun. No difficulty was ever experienced by him in shipping gold and silver without permits. A passport for a friend in trouble was always at his command; his goods were the first to pass through the custom house, and the first intelligence that could affect paper currency and exchange was always communicated to Le Brun.

Such was some of the substantial proofs of favour, and still more numerous were the polite attentions showered on the intended agent of tyranny.

Now when an individual finds himself thus highly favored, without any exertion used, or any return required on his part, he becomes naturally disinclined to believe any reports to the prejudice of those who treat him so well; and disposed to attribute the blame more to the complainant than the party complained of; or wrapping himself up in his own selfishness and self security, to go upon the maxim of 'praising the lord as he finds it.'

So it was with Le Brun: from being a passive supporter of Rosas, he was led on to be his justifier. He had so often been indebted to

* Ladies in South America are more passive to parental authority than in England, in respect to the momentous question of selecting a husband.

the good services of Government officials, that he considered himself indebted to them "personally," and then politically—and then—"facilius descensus"—poor Le Brun!

Luis Mendoza had long been an object of avaricious suspicion to the government. He was rich, fond of foreigners—intelligent. All these were crimes; and it was known that he held correspondence with the friends of the enemy, if not with Rivera himself.

Be this as it may, he was no partizan of the government, and the maxim of Rosas is, 'those that are not for me are against me.' Mendoza was a marked man, and Le Brun was set to mark him; and observe this, others marked Le Brun.

Oh how he now loathed his position! the suitor of his intended victim's daughter—the friend, the private friend, of the very man whose every motion he was to watch and 'report'—to betray the friend who reposed in him implicit trust.

Can the ingenuity of tyranny go further than this? Le Brun knew well that he held correspondence with the Unitarian party, who were opposed to Rosas, but this he never reported. He knew well that Mendoza hated the tyranny and policy of the Federals, and the Unitarians expected to find in him a rich and influential supporter if ever their party predominated; and this he did report, because he knew full well that government was aware of it.

Thus did Le Brun seek a middle course, until he almost began to fancy that he was suspected himself; and thus, thoroughly disgusted with his position, he determined at last to free himself from his ignominious espionage, give Mendoza warning of his perilous situation, and when everything was arranged for his escape from the country, he would then take the credit of giving information when it would be too late. Thus, he would gain time to arrange his own complicated affairs, seek out Mendoza in his exile, and fulfil his dearest hopes, by marrying Anita Mendoza.

Such was the scheme which Le Brun had formed to extricate himself from the troubled waters in which he perceived himself beginning to flounder; and in this scheme he would no doubt have succeeded, had not the accidental incarceration of our honest friend Tom Thorne, and the bold freedom of his speech before the magistrate, forced him to commence his scheme at once and prematurely, if he wished to avoid the suspicions of friends whom he wished to save, or employers whom he wished to deceive.

And with this view, the moment he was free from the presence of the 'juez de paz,' he flew to the 'chacra' of Mendoza.

'And how came you to know of the body that was found opposite my door?' said Mendoza to Le Brun, as they were riding together.

'Why, sir, Mr. Thorne with a friend encountered it on coming from a party in the evening. They encountered some of the 'Masorcheros,' said Le Brun (looking around him, and whispering the phrase); 'and taking fright, I suppose they requested to be taken to the police office for security; and before the magistrate he told what he had seen.'

'And how happened you to be there?' urged Mendoza.

'Sir,' replied the other, mingling truth and falsehood with great tact, 'I had heard, nay knew, that the government were suspicious of you; the number of massacres the preceding night alarmed me for your safety. Making an excuse of a criminal complaint against a servant, I repaired to the 'juez de paz,' to find out, if possible, upon what grounds their suspicions were founded. Thus we were engaged when Thorne entered. Whether he heard your name mentioned, I know not, but Mr. Thorne sir, is suspicious of me. Yes, sir, I verily believe that Mr. Thorne, in his jealousy—yes, it must be jealousy of my favor in the eyes of your daughter, that makes Thorne suspect me. Good God! Mendoza, to what have I fallen when I should be suspected by an idle, champion-swilling babbler, of betraying the man to whom I am so much indebted, who, I may say, has made me what I am, and who has it in his power to make me happy or miserable for life. Oh, sir, sir, what a wretched country this is, when one learns to distrust even their best friends.'

'Come, come, Le Brun, not so bad as that yet. But Don Felipe have I not often told you

that you were in too high favor with these hypocritical cut-throat miscreants in office.'

'And if I have found favor, which I never sought for, have not you reaped the benefit more than me? What have I to fear from them, I, who am supposed to be of their party, rat them! Should your skins have passed the custom house? Could Mendoza's gold, in Mendoza's name have been shipped to invest abroad? Could Mendoza the Unitarian, have procured passports for the Unitarian brothers or 'compadres?' And now, sir, at this very moment I am seeking to do for you, what you have often asked me to do for others. That remark of yours, Mendoza, has nearly driven me distracted.'

'Don Felipe, forgive me, we are too much bound up together for me to suspect you now. Have you not the promise of my daughter's hand? have you not the command of my means? I believe, I know that I am an object of suspicion. I know that at the present time, the miscreants stand at no obstacles; that my money would be instruments to strengthen their hands. I know you have saved my friends, and I believe you are anxious to save me. Forgive me for expressing my sentiments of horror against those who render it necessary that honest men and quiet citizens should seek means of security at the hands of others.'

'Aye, sir, and these others not only thereby risk their own safety, but may be branded as traitors for so doing.'

'So, Don Felipe, you think that body on my pavement, was a warning for me?'

'No, Don Luis, it was not intended as a warning to you but you are intended for the same fate.'

'You can have no proof of that, Don Felipe.'

'No, Don Luis, I have no 'proof' of that but those who order such deeds only to inspire terror, will not scruple at higher victims for greater advantages. Thorne's bold accusation, I may call it, of indifference or neglect on the part of the magistrate, and the way your name was alluded to, will protect you from open attack. The prison will be your first doom—I shudder to think of what may follow. Thorne is a brave fellow, but he was mad to brave them as he did. There is not a 'Masorchero' in the city who does not thirst for his blood. Thorne knows this, and defies them. I hate him for his suspicions, but yet Mendoza, I admire him—with a hundred men like him, the city would not now be a nest of cut throats. Yes,' continued Le Brun, who felt pungently the whole truth of what he said, 'their spies would be ashamed to show their degraded heads, Masorcheros afraid, aye, afraid, to execute the hated commissions intrusted to them, and an end put to the whole brutal cowardly system, which none can more detest and deplore than I do.'

'But to business. To-morrow morning you must come to town; to avoid suspicion let there be a small party at the house in the evening. I return to-night. I shall busy myself to-day and to-morrow in having every penny of your capital and debts secured, transferred, or in some way rendered intangible to your persecutors, and recoverable in better times to yourself. Stop, stop—don't interrupt me. As soon as possible I will arrange my own affairs, and then, my dear sir, I shall bid adieu to this city, which is now doomed, and join you in your exile, there to claim the reward of all my exertions, in the hand of Anita. Shall it not be so?—yes or no! time is precious, time flies.'

'It shall, Le Brun, my hand on it. Arrange my affairs as best you may. I rely upon you for everything.'

'Now, then, let us proceed to the house, and talk slowly over the details.'

To be concluded.

THE WRITTEN WORD REMAINS.—Now pause for a moment, to contemplate the duration and triumph of sacred song, and to observe how it has outlived other things. David was ambitious to build the temple; the holy spirit over-ruled him. He penned his Psalms. His son built the fabric, which seemed to defy destruction. The Ark, the Tabernacle, the Temple, the ancient walls of Zion have vanished away. The sceptre of Judah is broken—the very ground of Mount Zion has lost its original aspect—but the songs of Zion, the melodies of David, and the enraptured strains of the Prophets, have outlived time and destruction, and the very enemies and oppressors of Israel sing their songs in strange lands.—*Dr. Gilly.*

ENGLISH NEWS.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

The following able article is from the *London Britannia*; it shadows forth the course Lord John Russell will probably take, pretty clearly. At all events, whether the present cabinet resigns before or after a general election, there is no longer a doubt that there will be a dissolution and a change of ministry within a year, and that Lord Stanley will be the next Premier.—*Ed. Amaranth.*

Save for pure hereditary and family reasons, the old agricultural Whigs are daily becoming estranged from their relatives in office, by their pertinacious refusal to do anything for the suffering agriculturists. The old whig party is especially a landed party, and on them far more than on the Conservatives, has been the pressure of the fall in the prices of agricultural produce. Equally dissatisfied, on entirely contrary grounds, are the pure Cotton Lords. With the result of their selfish scheme they may, perhaps be a little surprised, but are far from frightened. Of this they are assuring themselves: they must go further or fare worse—they cannot stop where they are. Already America is pressing into rivalry with them, and their staple material is decreasing. The decrease of the home-trade is beginning to be felt, and the hopelessness of any such increase of the foreign-trade as could compensate for it is at last admitted. To leave somewhat for home expenditure, every expense must be reduced, and taxation must come down to the level of prices. Of a reduction such as they contemplate the Whigs will not hear—so long as they remain in office. The cotton lords, therefore, would rather take their chance with their bitterest but open opponents than be played with and outwitted by their pretended friends. Of a dissolution and a Conservative Ministry they have no fear, pluming themselves with the hope that, after a brief interval and ineffectual struggle, it would give place to a pure Radical Cabinet.

With such materials in the present House of Commons the Premier feels that he cannot deal; and when he looks from St. Stephen's to the country he finds a prospect not a whit more encouraging. Come when it may, or how it may at the next general election the Ministerial Whigs will be as thoroughly rubbed out as the Free Trade Conservatives were at the last contest. Two great parties will strive for the mastery, and between them the pure philosophical Whigs will be sacrificed. A prospect that would dishearten most men only reinvigorates Lord John Russell. He has all the courage and recklessness that race and self-confidence can bestow, and all the cunning of a sharp legal practitioner. He marks his game, and plays it with skill and decision. As the Minister by sufferance he has ruled, and as the Minister by sufferance alone can he expect still to reign; if he can but hold the balance with a tolerably firm grasp between the two parties, both may agree to prefer him to its rival. An appeal to the country in the hands of either of the opposing parties would at once extinguish such a hope; under his own management the result may, perhaps, be different.

Lord John Russell will dissolve the present Parliament. As rapidly as he can he will wind up the business of the Session, cast every troublesome and necessary measure into the wastebag, prorogue, and then, after harvest, make a virtue of necessity, and call another parliament. He will be defeated; but he will have secured the forty seats which follow the nod of the powers that be. By this means his own party will be far from contemptible, and the forces of his greatest rival weakened by that number of votes. On the meeting of this new House, he will take the first good occasion to retire. By this means he will gain all the merit of having granted that appeal to the country which is so loudly demanded, and yet diminish its effect on parties by securing the Government seats on his own side.

With the recollection of the Lichfield House conspiracy of the Melbourne O'Connell Ministry, and the latest experience of the crafty willingness of the present holders of office, it behoves all who think rightly to unite and resist on some broad and firm basis of union. Conservatism is the prevailing feeling of the mass in the country; it wants only organization to make it the ruling power. That united organization so much required need be no longer de-