

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

His hand moved towards his sword again, but again he checked himself.

The Senator whispered to his daughter—she rose. The cavalier presented his arm—she took it. They moved through the stately apartment, the company making way as they approached. The youth mechanically followed.

With what feelings did he contemplate the lovely form before him!—the graceful-falling shoulders!—the slender waist!—the fall-sweeping sweep of the downward portion of the figure!—the ankle that seemed made for ornament rather than support! all set off by the effect of female drapery. A thousand wild and maddening resolves passed in rapid, stormy succession through his mind; but they all settled into one—to die before her!—To reveal himself and die!

He turned for a moment to look for the Senator. He had stopped to converse with some friends. He followed the pair through the library, and down into the garden, withering at the looks of gratulation and delight that were cast upon them on every side as they passed. The mistle and dance were proceeding. Her companion conducted her to an arbour, and seated himself there beside her. The youth took his station at some distance, directly in front. The full blaze of the night displayed every feature as clear as if it were noonday. Her full dark eye sparkled—her firmness shone in her countenance—she had forgotten the companion of her youth—she was listening to him with whom the remainder of her life was to be passed?—What was life or the world to the deserted one?

The aged female he had remarked in the saloon approached. She rose instantly and met her before she reached the arbour. They whispered and separated. She resumed her seat, her countenance brighter than before.

"They have been speaking about her approaching nuptials," sighed the youth to himself. "She will be a bride to-morrow!"

The cavalier now addressed her. She bowed. He rose and hastily left the arbour. The youth thought that this was the time. He stood before her, his hand upon his dagger. He was about to breathe the well-known name, but it was unnecessary. She knew him enveloped as he was, and uttered a half-suppressed shriek. Her violent effort, however, she instantly recovered herself.

"Fly to the mountains!" she said, as rapidly as she could articulate. "I shall meet thee there to-morrow!"

"Fly!" she reiterated. "Living or dead I will be thine!—He returns! Fly—as you love me, fly!"

He looked in the direction whither the cavalier had departed. He was returning, carrying a basket of fruit, and followed by the Senator. The youth bent one gaze upon her, such as she had never received from him before. He saw that it penetrated her soul. She answered it, pressing her hand upon her heart. He darted into a group that stood near; gradually, but as fast as he could, withdrew from the garden, and quitted the house, his soul in a ferment with feelings which he could not define, but which were transported compared to those which he had experienced but a few minutes before.

"Where is your grandson?" he eagerly inquired of his hostess as he entered.

"He will be here at midnight, of which it only wants an hour. In the mean time you can take some refreshment."

He sat down to the first repast he had tasted with relish for the last three days. He ate heartily, and washed down the viands with an ample draught of excellent wine. The dame did not play the niggard to her grandson's guide. He inquired the time. It wanted yet half an hour of midnight. He became restless.

"Are you positive," said he, "that your grandson will be here?"

"Positive," she replied.

At length the church clock struck the hour, and at the last stroke a knock came to the door. He flew to open it. Two mules were without, upon one of which was mounted his expected fellow-traveller. He sprang upon the back of the other, and they set off.

Engrossed with his own reflections, the youth did not interchange a syllable with his companion. The lovely, stately form of the Senator's daughter was ever before him, but contemplated with his feelings far different from those with which he had followed it in the saloon. He dwelt with wonder on its fair stature—its rich outline—its bewildering symmetry! He became lost in a trance of delicious meditation, unconscious that he was

following the charge whom he had undertaken to conduct. They had now reached the mountains. The breath of his native air first recalled him to himself. It was gray dawn. He was several paces in the rear of his companion. He rode up to him.

"To what part of the mountains would you go?" inquired he.

"Blessed Virgin!" ejaculated the other, suddenly drawing the bridle. The youth did the same; sprang from the animal that carried him, and clasped the Senator's daughter in his arms, returned to her boy's disguise. His neck felt the clasp which it had often felt before, but never as now;—the lips printed kisses where they had before passively received them, nor was their pressure unreturned.

The aged female in the saloon and garden had been the nurse of the Senator's daughter—had received her from the Senator when she had swooned in the dining-room, and leaped from her the cause. Feeling that the daughter's life must fall a sacrifice, if she was forced to comply with the Senator's wishes, she planned the escape, and effected it, determining to follow, and end her days with one, whom, an infant, she had nourished in her bosom.

"You are mine!" exultingly exclaimed the youth, as he sprang again into his saddle. The trampling of horses was heard close behind them! They looked back,—they were pursued. They endeavoured, by urging their mules to the top of their speed, to escape, but they were overtaken. He vainly attempted resistance; he was disarmed, bound, and in a state of distraction conducted with the Senator's daughter back again to Burgos.

"I shall give him his life," said the Senator; "but he shall see her married before his face."

The priest was summoned,—the bridegroom was ready. The Senator's daughter was led drooping into the room, supported by two domestics. The priest proceeded as he was directed, but no response could extricate or threats induce the maid to give.

"I will answer for her," said the Senator.

"It is murder!" shrieked the youth, and with a convulsive effort of his arms, burst the doors by which they were constrained, and darting forwards, clasped the maiden madly to his breast; the maiden, roused by the action, clung wildly to him!

"Separate them!" vociferated the Senator.

The attendants endeavoured to obey him, but in vain. The hands of the pair were clasped with the strong tenacious hold that is sometimes taken in the agony of violent death.

"Kill him!" cried the Senator.

"Forbear!" commanded a voice of thunder, as the Guerilla strode into the room. "Forbear! He is your nephew, and I am your elder brother."

The Guerilla—if such we may call him—had in his youth fallen desperately in love with the daughter of a noble family: She was destined to take the veil. She renounced his passion, and during her novitiate eloped with him from her convent. He carried her into the mountains, and buried himself with her there. They were excommunicated. She bore him a son, and died shortly afterwards. To secure to that son restoration to his paternal possessions, the father had stolen the Senator's daughter, whose sex, for various reasons, was carefully concealed till the last.

The death of the Senator's son, whom the Guerilla had in vain attempted to rescue, and who revealed his name to the Guerilla, and penned with his dying hand, for his father, a relation of what had happened, presented an opportunity for carrying into effect the plan which the Guerilla had long in contemplation. He repaired to Burgos, confident of security in the double hold which he had upon the Senator; when the events which we have narrated in the commencement took place. Encouraged by the paper which the youth, upon arriving at Burgos, presented to him, he had repaired to Madrid, obtained complete enfranchisement from the disabilities under which he lay, and returned in time to succour his son and his niece, who that very morning were united.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

London, December 5.

Miss Burdett Coutts made her entree into fashionable life on Sunday last in the parks, in the late Duchess of St. Alban's landau and four grays, with outriders.

The late Duchess of St. Alban's left Miss A. Burdett £1,800,000. The weight of this enormous sum, in gold, reckoning sixty sovereigns to the pound, is 13 tons, 7 cwt., 3 qrs., 12 lbs., and would require 107 men to carry it,

supposing that each of them carried 289 lbs., (equivalent to the weight of a sack of flour).

An officer in the Dublin garrison, has advertised for a wife, and acknowledges he has no property, but can't think of taking a partner under £10,000.

Last week a beautiful ancient marble statue of Pomena, in excellent preservation, was found near Winchester, by one of the excavators on the Southampton railroad.

The Sultan Mahmood, being persuaded that the habit of lying stretched on sofas makes his subjects lazy, orders that chains shall be used in all apartments in future.

In the Sheriff's Court London on Thursday, a verdict with £21 damages was given against a Mr. Villiers, his wife having mutilated some volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica which had been lent to her by a friend, by taking out several plates.

There is a question before the Court of Exchequer on a demurrer, which raises a point whether, under the 57 George III. cap 99, (in which it is enacted that no clergyman shall trade for gain, nor buy nor sell to sell again,) a clergyman can hold shares in a banking company. This will open a variety of other similar matters. The decision of the court will, therefore, be of great importance to clergyman generally.

In an article in Fraser's Magazine, it is stated that Mr. Moat, of the pill firm of Morrison and Co., is settled at New York; that he has agents in most of the principal towns of the Union, for the sale of Morrison's pills; and that his profits, which yearly exceed 25,000 dollars, enable him to sport a handsome English carriage and four.

A very respectable meeting, called by circular, was held at Clarendon Rooms, at Liverpool, on the 2nd Dec., Dr. Reynolds in the chair; at which it was determined to form a society in that town, for the purpose of collecting statistical facts.

Mr. Charles Dickens, author of the "Pickwick Papers," has received most liberal offers from Mr. Macready to write for Covent Garden, but we are informed that they have been declined. Mr. C. Dickens is now, doubtless, too deeply engaged in his present and forthcoming undertaking to be able to devote the necessary time to a dramatic performance, especially of such length and importance as Macready wished him to furnish. It is confidently said that £500 down, together with contingent advantages, were promised by the manager for a comedy in five acts.

UNITED STATES.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, of January 16.

THE PATRIOT ARMY DISBANDED.—THE BARCELONA.—Night before last the so-called Patriot Army on Navy Island, evacuated that position, crossing in their boats to Grand Island, surrendering their arms to the United States authorities, and disbanding their forces. The cannon belonging to the State, were returned in a scow to Schlosser, and on the way with all the men on board, came near going over the Falls. She had fallen far down the current, and the men had given up the case as hopeless, when a gale from the North-west sprang up, and by the aid of their blankets, waded them on shore.

The British Flag was yesterday morning hoisted on Navy Island.

The Barcelona went down to Schlosser yesterday morning. Three armed British schooners, upon the supposition that she was there to bring up the munitions of war of the disbanded army, were stationed below Black Rock to intercept her, with orders to hail her, and upon her refusing to lay to and be searched, fire upon her.

We understand that the proper representations having been made to the British Commandant by General Scott, she came up early this morning without molestation, to Black Rock Dam, where she now lies. We trust that this vexatious war, so far as the Navy Island men are concerned, is ended, and that no measures will be taken to reconcentrate the disbanded forces.

The disbanding of the force at Navy Island has furnished an opportunity for ascertaining the number who where there assembled. They mustered in all 510, who were enrolled. Beside these there were something like 150 supernumeraries. According to the veracious accounts published in the Rochester Democrat, and other papers nearer home, there should not have been less than 1500 or 2000 men on the Island, all sworn to victory or death."

Gen. Van Rensselaer, of the late Patriot Army at Navy Island, was arrested last night by one of the U. S. Deputy Marshals, and

herated on giving bail for his appearance at the next session of the United States Circuit Court.

The bail taken was Mr. Van R.'s own recognizance in the sum of 3000 dollars, with Dr. E. Johnson, Geo. P. Barker, and H. K. Smith, Esquires, in the additional sum of 1000 dollars each.

The U. S. Revenue cutter, which lay at Erie, was cut out of the ice at that place, and arrived here last night, in accordance with an order to that effect from the Secretary of the Treasury. The lake is still open, and in line order for navigation.

We yesterday announced the evacuation of Navy Island, but the warlike movements upon our frontier do not seem to have ceased in consequence. It was yesterday rumored that two British vessels well armed, were lying in American waters, in the neighborhood of Black Rock, and Governor Marcy and General Scott immediately repaired to the Rock. They found the vessels there, but so near the line as to render it difficult to say whether they were in American or British waters. One of General Scott's aids boarded the vessel, and the officer professed most anxiety to keep out of American jurisdiction, and agreed to remove nearer to the Canada side. Judge Barker, the collector, also boarded the vessel, and upon enquiring the object of stationing them there, the officers informed him that they had no hostile intentions to the American government or people, but that their orders "were to fire upon the steamboat Barcelona," should she attempt to pass up from Whitehaven, where she was lying at the time, without subscribing to a search for rebels and the arms belonging to the Navy Islanders. Judge Barker informed them that such an act would be illegal and resented by our government, to which he received for reply—"such were their orders."

The Barcelona came up this morning as far as Black Rock Dam, without molestation; but the schooners are still there, and show no disposition to remove.—[Buffalo Journal.]

The New Orleans Bove of the 4th inst. states that a large quantity of specie was sold on the 3d at only 2 per cent. premium. The packet ship Susquehanna, so often chased by a "long black looking schooner," has arrived at Philadelphia from Liverpool. She was cheered by the people at the wharves.

The Cincinnati Post of the 10th inst. says,—"The steam-boat Home arrived at the landing place there about 9 o'clock, from Louisville. She had been at the wharf but a very few minutes, when a boiler burst, and scalded seven, one fatally. The sufferers all belonged to the boat; four were blown overboard, but recovered."

UPPER CANADA.

Kingston, Jan. 20th.—The Niagara Reporter of the 15th gives the following important intelligence:

"Doncombe and his crew have been defeated once more, and driven from the Island opposite Amherstburg, of which he had taken possession. We understand that one of his men was killed, 8 wounded, and 12 prisoners. Two pieces of artillery, 400 stand of arms, and an armed schooner, were taken by Col. Askin and his brave militia. It was said that previous to their defeat they had made a descent on Amherstburg, and succeeded in burning part of the village; but they were speedily repulsed by the loyalists.

"Navy Island is abandoned by the mis-sant Gen. Van Rensselaer. It is occupied by a party of the 24th Regiment. The banditti left their impregnable fortress last night, taking with them all their artillery, arms, and munitions, &c. Only one man was found on the Island, who presented a white flag, and of course taken prisoner. 12 pieces of artillery were landed in the course of the night at Schlosser; but there is yet no account of the route taken by the fugitives."

(From the Kingston Chronicle, of the 20th.)

The principal intelligence received by the steamer St. George, is that Lount and his secretary, Sergeant Hayes, were lodged in the Toronto jail a few days since, after undergoing examination before the proper authorities. It is reported that Gen. Scott is determined to preserve the strictest neutrality, and to enforce the laws as far as in his power.

Toronto, January 17.—The Hon. A. N. Mc Nab was received in the House of Assembly on his return from the Niagara frontier, on Monday last by acclamation. He has again gone to the frontier.