

lar coincidences brought to light, took possession of my heart, and I resolved at once to ascertain the probability.

"Will you confide this miniature to my care?" said I. "It will materially aid my exertion in the discovery you so much desire."

"Willingly!" she exclaimed, for I feel assured you are sent by heaven, as my good angel, to divine the cruel mystery which hangs over me."

"You shall see or hear from me," I continued, "in the course of the day, and in the meantime, hold yourself in readiness to come to me whenever I send for you." She promised obedience, and I quitted her presence.

I immediately repaired to the Conservative Hall. Count De Brisson, for such was the title which had been conferred upon him, was seated in the chair of justice. I narrowly compared his features with those of the miniature, and although a lapse of years had materially altered them, still I thought I could discover a strong mutual resemblance.—Yet how to be assured it was he, I knew not. I therefore approached closer to the tribunal, with the purpose of endeavouring to glean from some of the officers information respecting his early character and patronymic name. The court was occupied with the trial of a criminal for forgery. He was a young man of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, of elegant form and intellectual features. He had just concluded a most eloquent defence, and the spectators appeared to regard him with intense interest and pity. The jury had retired to consult upon a verdict, and a breathless suspense held possession of the throng. Their absence was short, for the facts were so palpable against the prisoner, that no ameliorating clause could be found, and the word *guilty* was emphatically pronounced. A deep sigh burst from the body of the spectators, as the judge rose to pronounce the sentence. The culprit appeared to be the only one who betrayed no emotion; his brow was knit—a smile of callous contempt seemed to light up his features as he calmly heard the sentence of "ban-

ishment for life to the galleys," recorded against him. Bowing to the judge respectfully, he turned suddenly round to the spectators, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Citizens, you have beheld a father condemn his own offspring. I am Frederick de Brian! Count de Brisson's lawful but discarded son!" A thrill of horror ran throughout the court. The Count grew pale, and tremblingly sunk back into his chair. The prisoner folded his arms upon his breast; a glow of revenge settled on his face, and a long laugh of exultation burst from his bosom. The officers were about to hurry him from the bar, when the Count, starting to his feet, exclaimed—"Hold! remove him not;" then added, "Frederic de Brian, if thou art my son, speak, why do I find thee here?"

"By thy cruelty—thy pride," cried the young man—"by thy villainy which denied me my rightful name and heritage—robbed me of my mother, and left me without a protector to direct my youth. My poor mother, if thou art yet alive—"

"She is alive!" I voluntarily exclaimed. "She lives and mourns thy unknown existence. Behold!" I exclaimed, holding aloft the miniature, "behold, Count de Brisson, the gift of thy love, to thy wedded wife, Pauline Rosier." He uttered a frantic shriek, and falling forward, was received in the arms of the attendants. They raised him—his eyes were fixed and lustreless—blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he was borne from the court. His spirit had fled in the agony of the moment.

That night the widowed mother clasped to her bosom her long lost son, for a remission of his sentence was easily obtained, now that his rank was known, and the cause which led to the deed considered.

It appeared that after Frederick had been taken from his mother, he had been consigned to the care of two aged peasants, with the strict injunction that he should be reared as their offspring, and his real origin from him be concealed. In this state of rusticity, the young man continued until the age of sixteen, at