the earth, and he quailed beneath the glance of the other, like a lashed hound.

Ronaldi spoke not a word, nor did he deign the bandit another look, but waving his hand, as if to command his absence turned away, and, without revisiting the apartment occupied by his hostess and her terrified companions, betook himself to his own.

The bandit captain watched the retreat of the mysterious being by whom he had been so unaccountably overawed, and it was not until Ronaldi had disappeared, that the other seemed able to draw his breath. The first use which he made of his partially recovered faculties, was to collect his followers, who had witnessed the scene with an astonishment scarcely inferior in degree to their leader's terror, and, in a few minutes, the castle was entirely clear of the unwelcome visitors, and the gate closed upon them. A few murmurs of disappointment indeed, escaped them in their retreat; but these were instantly silenced by their commander, who, submissive as was his demeanor before the man who had so unexpectedly confronted him, appeared to hold undisputed sovereignty over his band.

"Well, Bianca," said Emilia, on the following morning, while they were taking their accustomed stroll in the castle garden, "what think you of our guest now?"

"I scarcely know what to think of him," was the reply, "he is a most extraordinary person, and, independently of the gratitude which, in common with yourself, I entertain towards him for his well-timed and almost miraculous interposition in our favour, last evening, I do not hesitate to acknowledge that he has interested me greatly. That he is no common character is quite evident; but who he is that thus, by a glance of his eye, can overawe and disperse a band of the most desperate robbers that ever infested the country, passes my power of conjecture. What think you he is?"

"I have thought much on the subject," answered the other, "and hitherto have hit upon but one solution to the riddle."

"And what may that be?" inquired Bianca.

"That he is the captain of the band of which the worthy, who headed the expedition of last night, was only the lieutenant; and that we owe our preservation to an interference prompted by gratitude for the shelter and succour which have been afforded to the self-styled merchant Rolandi."

"I should be very sorry, very sorry," exclaimed Bianca, "if your explanation of the mystery be the true one; and yet appearances, I confess, are much in favor of your theory.

"Nay, cousin," was the rejoinder, "only think how romantic it would be to have a lover in the chief of a gallant band of freebooters!"

"Romance, Emilie," said the other, "can never consecrate crime; and were my interest for the stranger far deeper than it is, it would, were your conjectures correct, be absorbed in abhorrance of his guilt."

A turn in their walk suddenly disclosed to them the subject of their conversation, reclining on a step which formed part of the pedestal of an ancient urn.

"Here he is," cried the volatile Emilia; "and fast asleep, as I live! Merchant or no merchant, I will win a pair of gloves!" and without giving a thought either to the hazard or the impropriety of the action, she touched his forehead lightly with her lips, and, the next instant, was flying down the avenue with the swiftness of a fawn.

"Silly, thoughtless, imprudent girl!" exclaimed Bianca, when she joined her light-hearted cousin; "how could you expose yourself and me to the danger of the dilemma in which the stranger's waking would have placed us? What would your Lorenzo think of you were he to know of this unseasonable piece of levity?"

"What he would think I scarcely know," was the reply; "but I suppose he would feel it incumbent on him to be very jealous, and cut the stranger's throat; which I do not intend he shall do, and therefore shall not tell my hero a word about it."

"You are a sad girl," said Bianca; and if you make not a steadier wife than you are a mistress, I fear your hero, as you call him, will have a sorry bargain of you."

"Nevertheless," rejoined the other, "in a graver tone, "I would that were all he has to apprehend."

"What mean you?" inquired Bianca.

"I have more than once," resumed Emilia, hinted to you my suspicions that the meetings which, within the last year, have been held under this roof, and at which our very respectable guardian has presided, are not altogether for objects which the state would approve. I have remarked, moreover, that the society of the worthies who compose the conclave, is exceedingly repugnant to Lorenzo; whose sole inducement, in accepting of the marchese's hospitalities, if such they can be termed, may be referred to a certain madcap, who shall be nameless. I have too much confidence in his loyalty and good sense to suppose that he would deliberately lend himself to any treasonable design; and therefore I hope that these assemblages are merely for the purposes of a faction, to which Lorenzo gives no other sanction than may be inferred from his being often found in their company."

"I observed, said Bianca, "that, on the last two or three occasions on which he has visited the castle, he has been more than ordinarily reserved, and that he has lost much of his wonted elasticity of spirit."

"A circumstance," rejoined the other, which has not escaped me; and upon which I have remarked to himself, but could glean nothing but evasive and unsatisfactory replies. It may be that, although not approving of these meetings, he does not feel himself at liberty to disclose their object."

"I hope and trust," was the reply, "that you have no just cause for apprehension on his account, Emilia; but the marchese is ambitious, and has the craft to beguile larger men than Lorenzo, into a furtherance of his designs."

The ladies turned to their apartment, and saw nothing more of the stranger. Towards the evening, a messenger arrived with intelligence that the marchese, with his sons and a party of friends, would reach the castle on the afternoon of the following day. This news was little calculated for the consolation of the fair cousins: who independently of the annoyance which the odious attentions of the marchese's eldest son occasioned to the one, and the uneasiness caused to the other by her lover's participation in such society, had every reason to apprehend the most disagreeable consequences from the presence of the strange guest.

In proportion then to the intensity of their fears on this subject, was the delight with which they heard, at nightfall, that the merchant had decamped, without beat of drum. True it is, he had greatly overpaid the hospitality he had received, by his signal deliverance of them from the incursion of the freebooters, but the ladies were somewhat at a loss to account for his want of courtesy in not making, or at least leaving, his adieus.

The cousins retired to their respective chambers, between which, however, there was a direct communication. The surprise, not altogether unmingled with alarm, with which Emilia beheld upon her toilette a pair of white gloves, the reader will be at no loss to conceive. They were of silk, and of exquisitely curious workmanship. A note accompanied them, which was as follows:—

"If thou hast a friend in whom thou takest more than a sister's interest, and there be a snare in his path, let him wear these gloves; as a lady's favor, in his cap, and they will deliver him in the hour of danger.

"ROLANDI."

With a burning blush upon her cheek, and her heart bounding with agitation, Emilia rushed into the adjoining chamber, where she found her cousin under the influence of as much surprise and scarcely less confusion; for Bianca had also discovered upon her toilette a note. It enclosed a leaf of ivy and a sprig of myrtle, and read thus:—

"Farewell! Thanks for thy courtesy. If, among the expected arrivals, there be an individual whose presence is obnoxious to thee, cause the ivy leaf to be placed on his plate, in his goblet, or between the leaves of his missal; and, be he at meat or mass, at the banquet or the alter, full or fasting, he will put the Arno between you in half an hour, and never cross it again. Thou hast already witnessed my power; and if, in a recurring season of perplexity or peril, thou would's prove it again, place the myrtle on thy bosom in the morning, and before the eastern turret of the castle hath spanned the moat with its shadow, I will be with thee.

"ROLANDI."

"What think you now?" inquired Bianca of her cousin, when they had sufficiently recovered from the surprise into which these singular and mysterious communications had thrown them.

"That the stranger might have found better pastime than play upon the credulity of two simple maidens," was the reply.

"I do not believe that such was his purpose," replied Bianca.

"Why, surely, my grave cousin does not suppose that these tokens possess the virtues ascribed to them by the stranger?" exclaimed the younger lady.

"Doubtless," said the other, "you will laugh at my credulity when I tell you that I will put one of them to the test, on the first occasion on which the marchese compels our presence at his boisterous banquet, and that I conclude, will not be long after his return."

[To be continued.]

"MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR FRIENDS."

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft, that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land, that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection, that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than all the world beside. He may indeed find estimable friends who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long-known and long-loved; they cannot read, as in a book, the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of mournful benediction, "May you die among your kindred!"

SUPPER AGAINST DINNER.—"I have often thought" says Dr. Kitchener, "to draw up a memorial in behalf of supper against dinner, setting forth,—that the said dinner has made several unjustifiable encroachments on the said supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers; indeed, that he has banished him entirely out of several families, and in all has driven him from his head-quarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the bowrs of midnight, and, in short, that he is now in danger of losing his character for ever, by being compelled, in self-defence, to make similar unreasonable encroachments upon the territories of his ancient neighbour and old friend, breakfast.

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But surely greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

A WAG, on being told it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said, he supposed it would end at last in not dining till to-morrow."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—It is well known to our readers, that among the many natural curiosities found in the extensive caves and grottoes in the vicinity of the Great Laurel Ridge, (Cumberland Mountains,) many human skeletons and bones of animals have been discovered, some of them in a petrified state.—These caves abound in prodigious vaulted apartments and chambers, which, when viewed by torch-light, exhibit scenes of gloomy grandeur, which astonish the beholder. Several petrified trees have also been discovered on the banks of the river near this ridge, as also bones of mammoths and other animals, whose races are extinct.

But the most remarkable discovery that has been made in this part of the country, if not the greatest curiosity in the world, has been lately brought to light. It consists of three petrified bodies,—one of a dog, and two human bodies, one of them holding a spear. It is believed that all three of the bodies may be removed from their position in a perfect state. The human bodies appear to be those of men, probably hunters. Their clothing can hardly be distinguished; but still it was evident that that too was in a measure turned to stone.—They are described thus: One sitting, with the head leaning as it were against a projecting rock; and the other standing with a spear balanced in his hand, as though he was surprised, and had just started on a quick walk. The dog lies as if crouching in terror, or about to make a spring, but the features or body are not distinct enough to determine which position.

This wonderful formation cannot be accounted for in any other way than that these persons were buried by some terrible convulsion of nature. The cave in which they were found is full 125 feet into the mountain, and is situated about a mile and a half beyond what is called Mammoth Grotto, in a direct line. The entrance to the place is difficult, and it is thought that it was never before attempted. At the foot of the entrance of the cave is a considerable *brook* of water, which appears to gather from all parts of it. There is also a valley thence to the river. The gentlemen who made this interesting discovery are making active preparations to bring away the bodies, which they intend to have forwarded to New-York.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

By the packet ship Sheridan, arrived at New York on the 4th instant, London papers to the 15th November, and Liverpool to the 16th, were received.

Parliament was to assemble on the 13th. The Queen's Speech would not be delivered till the 20th.

The packet ship Susquehannah, from Philadelphia, (reported to have been captured by pirates,) arrived at Liverpool on the 14th November, in company with the New York packet ship United States, which carried the account of her capture—having sailed Oct. 27th.

Cotton continued to sell briskly at Liverpool, and had advanced in price. The statements are somewhat mixed with the previous week, the result of which was before known. The sales of the four days now reported were over 20,000 bales and the advance in price at 1-4d. per lb.

Liverpool, Nov. 16th.—On Sunday the newly-elected Mayor, William Rathbone, Esq., attended divine service at the Unitarian Chapel, Renshaw-street.

By the packet-ship United States, which arrived on Tuesday, we have received New York papers to the 24th ult.

LORD FRANCIS EGERTON.—On Wednesday, the 1st instant, the Senatus Academicus of the University and King's College, Aberdeen, unanimously elected the Right Hon. Lord Francis Egerton as Lord Rector of the University for the ensuing year.

The ratio of impostors among the London street beggars is found to be ninety-seven out of one hundred.

A meeting of 2220 persons in Manchester petition Parliament for a national system of education.

A seaman's schoolmaster is now ordered for each of Her Majesty's ships.

A petition is before the Lord Mayor of London to apply the proceeds of the illumination for the Queen's visit to charitable purposes.—The amount of gas, tallow, and oil about victimized for this occasion is put at £150,000.

Fine raspberries and strawberries ripened the last days of October in the open air at the garden of Sir Thomas Cullum, near Bury.—Yet England is 10 degrees higher north than New York.

The death of Edward Dwyer, Secretary of the Catholic Association, is much regretted O'Connell allowed him £300 a-year.

UNITED STATES.

[From the New York Evening Star.]

THE PROCLAMATION.—Every reflecting citizen unites in opinion, that it was the duty of the President to have issued his Proclamation enjoining neutrality, immediately on the breaking out of the Canada war—not only a proclamation of neutrality, but followed up with with calling out the militia on the frontiers to intercept supplies intended for the revolutionists, and arresting every man found violating the laws. Had Mr. VanBuren promptly done this, the unfortunate event we are now deploring would not have occurred; but there are strong suspicions afoot, that to sustain his ill-gotten power, he is indifferent to the consequences of plunging this country into a war with England.

THE WAR.—Neither the Globe nor the Albany Argus, papers under the controul of Mr. VanBuren, urge efficient measures against the men who are violating our treaties in taking up arms against England in the Canada revolt.

Bishop Hopkins was considerably injured by being thrown from his carriage on Friday last, in Burlington, Vt. One shoulder was dislocated.