

with as little ceremony as possible consigned him to a gaol from which he was not released until his affairs had completely run to ruin— for, unprepared as he was, for treatment so grossly treacherous, he made no exertions to retrieve his affairs, and gave himself up to despondency. But one of those unlooked-for events which, often where the whole prospect of life wears the face of settled fatality, comes to reward the virtuous and punish the vile, was at hand. The unfortunate Rockwell, half-distracted with the complicated ill-fortune which followed him, left his house and his remaining friends and went to New York, where, after wandering a long day without a mouthful to eat, he sat himself down on the steps of a house in one of the principal streets, and without a hope or a wish this side of the grave, laid his feverish brow upon the cold marble and resigned himself to his fate. He had not sat long before a young lady, elegantly attired, appeared at the door, and alarmed at the pallid hue which by the bright moonlight, she discovered on his cheek, she called the servants and had him brought into the house. He told his misfortunes and his name, but little did he know who heard the sad recital. It was Madeline Ross. But that was not all—from the hour that her father's curse had been pronounced upon her for non-compliance with a wish he had that she should marry a favorite of his—she had lived a retired and comparatively happy life with a friend of hers in the city and having been denied all communication with her former home, she only knew that her father was dead, and that his estate was given to Edgar Rockwell—but she had never troubled herself to ascertain what was the fact—that by that will she was only excluded on the presumption of her having deceased as was reported, and which presumption she had never before cared to remove—she now determined to punish her vile relation. The plan was no sooner fixed upon than it was put into execution. She accompanied Charles to Philadelphia, where Edgar then resided, and went with him to his house. Upon applying for admission their names were required, Charles sent in his; the answer brought by the servant was—“My master knows nothing about Charles Rockwell, nor does not choose to be disturbed by beggars.” Tell him, replied Madeline, he is himself a beggar. Madeline Ross is mistress of this mansion. The sequel can be better imagined than described. A few weeks saw Edgar Rockwell stripped of his proud trappings, abandoned and scorned by those friends whom the splendor of his fortune had drawn around him, and left without a comfort, save those which charity supplied; and a few months only elapsed before the once persecuted, yet innocent Charles

Rockwell was made the happy husband of the amiable and lovely Madeline Ross.

DONNA JULIA.

From the Lady's Book.

THE KNIGHTS OF CALATRAVA;

By the Author of a Tale of "Roncesvalles."

CONCLUDED.

By this time the ardent soldiers were completely arrayed for battle. Ten thousand scymetars flashed fiercely, and ten thousand voices shouted the formidable *tecbir*.

“I will lead my warriors against the infidels,” said the Prince of Cordova to the Moorish commander, “and ere the sand hath told the sixth portion of an hour, yon plain shall be as free from an enemy, as the desert is destitute of vegetation.

A wave of Abdallah's blade was his answer, and the earth trembled under the rapid charge of the eager cavalry. Aware of the impetuosity of the Moorish soldiers, the Christians halted, and presenting a firm front, sustained, not only without shrinking, but repelled the furious assault. Again, the atabal sounded the charge, and, again the followers of the Prophet, with loud shouts, threw themselves upon the serried lances. But the defenders of Calatrava still maintained the same unyielding and martial front, in despite of the tempest-like onset of the Cavalry, preserving the while a stern silence, which was strikingly contrasted with the rude clamour that burst from the ranks of their turbaned enemies. A second time were the Africans driven back, after suffering severe loss; and when the officers were preparing to lead to a third attack, the diminishing numbers of their troops, they sullenly refused to advance. In the mean time the Moorish commander awaited with a feeling of indifference, the encounter of the Prince of Cordova with the unexpected enemy, being assured of its successful termination.

“By the Prophet of Allah!” he exclaimed, in some surprise, upon beholding the repulse of his countrymen, “the eager haste of our soldiers has been the cause of their check; let them advance in more compact order, and the defeat of the misbelievers is certain. Amazement held the chieftian mute, as the disastrous results of the second attack, in despite of the prejudices, became apparent.

“May the wrath of Eblis pursue the recreants,” he muttered, giving way to his indignation, as he beheld the reluctance