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HRONICLE.

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LEON GONDY.

A LEGEND OF GHENT.

Some three hundred years ago, there lived in the good old city of Ghent, a rich clothier and banker, by name Karl Rosenfelt. He was a man of mark and note, sage in counsel and elo-quent in speech, a shrewd man of business, but, above all, a good and just citizen. His temper was merry, and no man at proper times was more jovial and pleasant. He was stout, rather tall, and altogether the very type of his class. His countenance was the reflection of the reality. It was intellectual, benevolent; and about his eyes and mouth there was an expression which warmed at once all who had occasion to address hun. He had his faults-and who has not? He was obstinate to the last degree upon occasion, and rather timid in presence of physical danger. A bolder or firmer merchant, when facing commercial difficulties, has been rarely seen; but he shuddered at the sight of a sword, and when he travelled, lived in continual apprehension of attack and pillage. He was a widower, with one daughter, Edith, a very charming, sumple, unaffected girl of seventeen, with a very peculiar education. Karl Rosenfelt intended her to be his successor. He certainly hoped that she would marry in due time, but he wished her to be able to carry on the business, if necessary, herself; at at events, to be able to understand her husband's affairs, and to aid with counsel and advice, if needful.

Who his daughter's future husband should be, was, to the merchant, the subject of many an hour's reflection. There was one hope which he had cherished for years, which, even now, he was foolish enough to indulge in sometimes, tho', it must be admitted, more and more rarely. And what this hope was we will tell you.

Years ago, when he was but a lad, or, at most, just on the verge of manhood, he had bidden farewell to the dearest triend he had, a foster brother, who had gone as a soldier, to seek his fortune in the distant colonies. The friendship which had existed between these young men was most unexampled. Brothers could not have been more closely bound together in heart than were they. From earliest childhood they had been companions, though Karl Rosenfelt was the son and heir of a wealthy merchant, and Paul Woltmann inherited from his father, a humble artisan, only his uprightness and honesty, his love of learning, and a few florins. They pursued their studies together, and it was not until they were called upon to take their places in the active world, that their paths in life diverged. The one entered his father's mercantile house as partner; the other, having no taste for his lather's calling, went forth as an adventurer, risking his little all in the new world.

Brothers they had been in heart, and thus they always designated each other. And no brotherly affection could have better withstood the test of time, than did Karl's affection for his foster brother Paul. Years passed away, and no word came of the wanderer, yet Karl could not believe him dead, but still waited patiently for him to return. When he became sole proprietor of the house of Rosenfelt, its reputation was European, and it had correspondents in every part of the known world; yet Karl could never discover by their means any trace of his foster brother Paul Woltmann. Karl was very rich, and he felt that, were his brother alive and pleased. Leon and Edith in general sat near poor, or dead, having lett children behind him, a spinet, by the side of which was a table; here he had enough for all.

In their youth, when together indulging in bright visions of the future, they had—in their or sang. On the evening in question, things boyishness forgetting the many circumstances were as I have described. Leon was speaking that might prevent its execution-promised each other time and time again, that should they marry and be blessed with children, their children should be united in marriage. Thus, when his Karl, suddenly raising his head, and addressing wife had died, leaving in her stead a daughter to claim his love and care, Karl's thoughts had reverted to this youthful promise, and he wondered if a son of his early friend was destined to be her husband. And the hope that this might be, he had cherished year after year, until Edith grew to womanhood, and he was finally obliged sadly to relinquish it; for yet no tidings came of his brother, or brother's son. So he contented himself with talking to Edith, and regretting the that you are as well as ever you were in your fate of the other.

where he kept a good table, and where many a suppose you cannot have. Now be a man, and tion and delight at the brilliant prospects of his even the very thought of breaking off a marriage state affair had been discussed, to say nothing of speak out!' the money that had changed hands. Karl negotiated loans even to princes; and although not an illiberal man, taking care where he lent, he made his heart bound again. He looked at Edith pressing business so as conveniently to have a became rich. He dealt in almost all the wholesale articles of the day; sold silks, and cloths, as well as and spices, and even jewelry. There was then bustle and activity enough in Rosenfeld's house. Without moving from his days was a serious thing, requiring time and revidently completely refreshed. The whole bustle and allows closing his eyes, he spoke.

Young Karl Woltmann—so he was called—

A sudden resolution; he determined to the domestic details of the house, as well as appeared towards evening nearly dressed, and affairs; Karl carried on his vast business; and days was a serious thing, requiring time and revidently completely refreshed. The whole place, and almost closing his eyes, he spoke.

Karl overlooked all, even to the rich family crowded round him, and asked him a able professor. He took, however, much more

him, when one Rigardin, a French clerk, robbed | say, I meant not to have said. So direct a chalhim and fled, he made no active search, for he said: 'Ungrateful rascal though he be, he has injured himself most. I am not less considered, or even much less rich, while he is ruined. Let him go.' To replace Rigardin, who had been a confidential clerk, Karl took, on the strong recommendation of a Paris correspondent, one Leon Gondy, a weil educated youth, who, wishing to learn business in Ghent, came gladly to he place. Leon Gondy, when our story commences, had been six months with the house of Rosenfelt. He was about nineteen, an eager scholar, attentive, but silent and thoughtful. He never neglected business; but often when his occupation was over, he would retire to his room, and remain for hours shut up, there devoting himself to meditation and the study of the poetical romances of the day, which, however crude and to go away, before, carried away by my feelings, things. But Leon was none the worse at his ter.' figures, wrote a clear, good letter, and prepared the private books of his employer with diligence and patience. Karl liked him at once, and soon him regularly into his intimacy, and making him the constant companion of his daughter. The two young people were soon great friends, and were a great mutual resource. Karl had too much good sense not to be fully prepared for the consequences. He knew many young men whom he would, in one sense, have preferred as a husband for his daughter, but now having finally given up the dream of his life, Leon was the only one who was placed in the circumstances which he thought likely to conduce to her bappiness. Karl had no idea of happiness apart from the house; he wished his children to grow up identified with it-a part of it; and as the edu- After a moment's silence, Leon, in a gentle tone, cation of Leon was in his hands, he thought he asked if she were inclined to ratify her father's could insure the continued prosperity of his for-tune and the future well-being of his child at the 'I do

ATHOLIC

As yet, however, he interfered in no way; he allowed things to take their course, and seemed of perceiving that what he wished was likely to ny, which, however, is very readily pardoned. bappen. Leon and Edith seemed never happy save in each other's society. They talked, they generous offers.' read, they sang, and they played the spinet together; they were often silent and contemplative; | you.' Leon would watch the door with unwearied pa- ' Why?' tience when she was out; and, in fact, there were very evident signs of what was going on. I should have is a week's reflection. But Leon began soon to be sad, very sad; Edith But think of my doubt and anxiety! Besides, naively asked him what was the matter, but he your father expects an answer.' did not know. At last he said that he thought Pell him, then, that I have always been an must return to France.

Karl was astonished to find his daughter in tears one morning, and still more so that she could not explain why. Some time after, how- call you, Edith Rosenfelt, my wife ? ever, she mentioned timidly, by the way, that Leon was about to ask for his dismissal on the plea of ill health. Karl smiled, and thought the time was come for him to interfere.

П. old-fashioned arm-chair, by a table, in a room furnished in the antique Flemish style, richly but heavily. A lamp illumined the table, on which rested some books, either of devotion or travels. Near him sat knitting a kind of half-uttendant, half-duenna, who had waited on Edith from infancy, and was privileged to be wherever she she worked when he read to her or talked .-Sometimes they turned to the spinet, and played in a low tone to Edith, who scarcely answered.

' Has anything happened while you have been in my house to displease or offend you?' usked

' No, sir, nothing,' said the young man, coloring op, and looking very much amazed, while Edith continued steadfastly at her work.

"Then why do you propose leaving us?" continued Karl. Why, sir, I do not feel very well; and I fan-

cied-I thought-that-that my native air-'Hum! Now my idea, Master Leon, is, hie, but that you have some secret cause of re- were already making for the wedding. The fa- was a bond as binding as a triple-sealed parcinKarl Rosenfelt lived in a grand old house, gret—that you wish for something which you ther of Leon Gondy had signified his satisfact. Inch in a grand old house, gret—that you wish for something which you ther of Leon Gondy had signified his satisfact.

> thing in the old man's tone and manner which have the books of the house in good order, and day very thoughtful and very sad. -she bowed her head, listening with all her month's holiday; while Edith was busy seeing to

In the benignant spirit which characterized my friend?-addressing Edith-' what I have to ter.

lenge, however, leaves me no alternative. I cannot say many words, but I love your daughter, Meinherr Rosenselt-'And-,' said Karl, seeing the other hesi-

tated. 'For that reason I was about to leave-'

'I should have thought that a reason for staying,' put in Karl, in his dryest tones.

'But perhaps my daughter has refused you!' said Rosenfelt, slily.

'I have not spoken to her,' replied Leon, who was overwhelmed with astonishment. 'But, sir, I, the son of a respectable jeweller, intended for commerce, it is true, like yourself, have yet no pretensions to aspire to the hand of the daughter of a merchant prince: and feeling this, I wished vapid in general, were the forerunners of great I risked an avowal of my affection to your daugh-

'Leon Gondy,' said Karl quietly, 'my futher was a poor man, who rose by honesty and industry to vast wealth. My foster brother, if alive, treated him as one of his own family, admitting is probably a poor man, yet the thought of that makes me love and remember him none the less. You are not poor; you are the son of a respectable, well-to-do tradesman; you have received a good education; during the year you have been with me, I have had reason to be much pleased with you. If my daughter is willing to accept you, I shall be very happy, one year hence, to take you as my son-in-law end partner. In faci, if you can settle this between you, I shall take steps to proclaim to the world the immediate union of the houses of Rosenseit and Gondy.'

Karl bowed his head upon his book once more, and left Leon and Edith to their own thoughts.

'I do not know, my friend. I do not wish you to go away; but to decide so important a question so hastily----

Lovers are in general somewhat selfish. The occupied only with the commercial education of answer of Edith was not exempt from this dethe young people. He soon had the satisfaction feet. It had a tinge of that ungenerous tyran-

> Then I must go, and refuse your father's At all events, he is more generous than

'To make me answer at once, when the least

his native air would do him good, and that he obedient child, and that I am not disposed to change my principles, replied Edith in a very him. I will. He writes me to give him my low tone.

'I may then dare to hope that one day I may

The girl made no reply: but she listened with evident pleasure to the young man's protestations of affection, and smiled, at last, at some of ther wife, and giving him a position in the world. his lively pictures of the future that awaited them. From that hour there was great joy in Karl was wont to sit in the evening in a large the house. Karl was delighted. He now saw ther.' a clear prospect of happiness for his child: he perceived in Leon all the signs of earnest industry and perseverance; and as he saw hun so diligently devoted to his interests, longed for the moment when they should be bound together by girl. irrevocable ties. There was something so frank, manly, and open-hearted in the character of Leon, that Karl already loved him as a son. In His foster brother-that Paul who had been his the course of a few weeks, it was settled that playmate, his companion, his leader - was gone, the marriage should be celebrated when Licon reached twenty years of age.

The sensations of Leon and Edith were pleasant indeed. The world smiled upon them; they were young people, nearly of the same age, sensible, affectionate, well suited to each other, and looking forward to a happy marriage, sanctioned the deep and lasting offection which had always by parents and society; they had wealth well. attached itself to the memory of the father. earned, and always well-spent, for Karl had taught them the secret of doing much good with have fulfilled his brother's wish in all things. It their money. He was not a man to lavish gifts is true he could make his son wealth; among the indiscriminately, but he never refused assistance | wealthy, shower on him gold, and all that gold to any, when it could be really useful and pro- can bring; but he could not give him his child. Stable. The future was then bright and supply. Why had he been so rash? Why had he given fitable. The future was then bright and sunny, and they went on their way rejoicing, pleasantly, his Edith to a stranger ?- a noble boy, it is true, calmly, happy.

It was four months later, and preparations son, and had renewed the promise of a visit at a Leon remained speechless. There was some- future time. Leon was working very hard, to

clerks and others employed in the house having of Flauders. He described his father minutely, a general table. One day the meal was nearly over, when a servant announced that a young man had just entered the court-yard on horseback, and insisted on seeing the master of the house instantly. He was, the servant said, in a state of great agitation.

Let him come in. Scarcely had the words passed the merchant's hos, when a youth of about eighteen, sunburnt dusty, and giving signs of extreme agitation, entered. He was tall, fair, with small features,

and an expression of considerable shrewdness. 'I have the honor to address the worthy and respected burgher of Ghent, Karl Rosenfelt?

said the youth, in a shrill, agitated tone.
'My name is Karl Rosenfelt,' replied the other, much astonished.

'Have you forgotten your foster brother Paul?' continued the youth, whose voice trembled, while his eyes were fixed anxiously on the old man.

'No?' cried Karl, rising, while at the same time he shook with emotion. 'Speak! what of him? Is he alive? What message bring you from him?

'Then let me embrace my lather's friend!' said the youth, rushing to the other's arms.

'You his son! But my brother-where i he? Where is Paul, my long-lost brother?

The boy held down his head, while drawing forth a thick letter from his pocket-book, or rather a leather pouch that served the purpose .-Edith and Leon had risen, and placed themselve. one on each side, overwhelmed with surprise.

'Dead!' said the old man sadly, while taking the letter-' dead, and without my seeing him Poor Paul! But let me read his last words .-Sit down, my child. Give him dinner, Edith; welcome our guest. Leon, my friend, do the honors of my house.?

The old man, as he spoke, withdrew to a window to conceal his emotion, and to read the letter. Leon and Edith made the tired and agitated youth sit down at the table, and gave him to eat and drink. They did not press him much to talk, seeing that he was weary and exhausted. He, however, ate and drank like a man who had travelled much, and then demanded leave to retire to a room, where he could change his be-

'I will be a father unto him,' said Karl as he entered. 'It seems my brother has suffered much in Mexico and elsewhere, and died six months bank, leaving this only child. He has sent him to me, begging that I will provide for

chi'd in marriage --'
Your child?' cried Leon.

'My friend, that cannot be, I know. But we can make up for the non-fulfillment of this wish of my dear brother's, by finding him ano-'On, yes, my father,' cried Edith; 'as for me,

. Thank you, my dear Edith, replied Leon; but I must leave you - I have a hard day's

he must look on me as the affianced wife of ano-

work before me, and there is no time to lose." . And I to the dressmaker's,' said the young

Karl Roscufelt remained alone. He was glad to be left to his thoughts; he was very sad .was dead; and he had died, too, in a foreign land, with only a boy near him. Karl would have given his fortone at that moment to have had his friend alive, even for one instant, to have pressed his hand; but, at all events. he had his son, and he vowed in his heart to transfer to him

Rosenfelt was sad. He could have wished to but still a strunger. It would have been so delightfui, so pleasant to have united their children. But it could not be. The word he had given was a bond as binding as a triple-sealed parchwhich had been settled under such hoppy au-SDICES.

But Karl Rosenfelt went into his office that

They dined at mid-day in private, the mass of as to leave no doubt of his having been born out bringing tears into the old man's eyes. He had arrived in Europe in time, for his education, it was clear, had been much neglected. He was so incredibly ignorant as to astonish Leon, who was so very different in character. He seemed. however, modest and well-behaved, and rather won upon the old man and Leon; but Edith did not appear to like him much: she seemed to feel by instinct that a great danger was near her .--Not that she disliked him. How could she?the child of her father's long-lost friend; but she rather shrunk from any display of kindness and affection. Her manner was slightly repulsive, and she seemed beforehand to say: 'Do not attempt to make any advances. It will be in

> Karl was never tired of hearing him speak .--He made him relate all he knew of his father's life. He knew not much, having lost his mother when young, and being then left to the care of a quiet family in a village near Mexico city; but he knew that his father had been a soldier, an overseer of silver mines, a speculator in tobacco, and that he had died poor, after writing the letwhich he had delivered that morning. He had seen hun buried; and, with what money he had, had at once taken his departure for Europe in search of Karl Rosenfelt, whose kind and generous reception be should never torget.

> 'I have scarcely had time,' said the old man, to introduce you to my future son-in-law, Leon Gondy, an intelligent and good youth, who will soon be my daughter's husband.

> 'Ah !' was the sole reply of young Karl while he looked considerably astonished.

The old man gazed at him curiously, while Leon and Edith interchanged glunces.

' He is a rival already,' whispered Leon.

'No matter; you have nothing to fear,' said Edith quietly.

'Your father,' continued the merchant, in a tone which did not conceal his deep regret, 'I know had different wishes. He hoped you would find my daughter free, and that a union between you might reunite those so long parted. But you came too late; such a thing is not to be thought of.

'I am very sorry, my uncle—if I may so call you,'—said young Karl, his eyes fixed on the spattered dress and take some rest. Leon ac- ground. 'I certaily did myself come with this companied him to his own chamber, and then hope; but I should be the last nerson to wish returned to join the merchant and his daughter. To separate those who love. I wish my new coasin much joy. I think Leon and I will be great friends.

'I hope so,' replied Leon gravely.

Edith said nothing; she was looking with much sorrow at her father's serious and somewhat melancholy face. She felt an acute pain at her heart. She knew that her parent, under the impulse of his emotion, and influenced by his love for his long-lost brother, desired with ail his soul that which to her was an impossibility. She was well disposed to like the young man as a cousin, or even as a brother; but she was sure, that even if she had been tree, she could never have accepted him as a husband; she resolved. therefore to resist firmly any attempt to make her waver in her resolution. She felt strong in her father's consent, her marriage-day fixed, and in the affection of Leon.

Young Karl himself was very thoughtful the greater part of the evening. When old Karl took up his book as usual, he went to a window that looked out on the principal street of Guent and appeared there enjoying the lively scene below-in reality, he was watching the lovers .--There was something in his countenance of envy as he saw them looking at each other with intense affection, and as he listened to their whispered protestations.

Edith herself introduced the subject to her lover; she told him that she was sure her father now regretted having affianced them, not from any want of affection for Leon, but because of his dead friend's wishes. But she told him quietly, that even if it were proposed, she would never consent to a union with young Karl .-Leon thanked her warmly, and also declared that he should trust to the old mao's word, and hasten on the marriage. He added, however, that he was quite sure the so-call d consin would make an effort; he thought him a youth not likely to give up the battle so easily, as it appeared. They must, therefore, be cautious and observant, and not give the enemy, in this one sense, any opportunity of action.

Young Karl himself was more and impassive; what were his hopes and wishes, it was impossible to say.

There was apparently little change in the position of affairs. Leon remained at the bend My worthy and respected master, and you, costumes which were being made for his daugh- thousand questions, to which he readily replied, to fencing, and all the manly sports and exerspeaking with an accent so completely foreign, cises, than to mental accomplishments. He was