

the same walls that contained his beloved, and were all his exertions in her behalf to be crowned with success now?

Under what strange auspices should he find her in this abode of splendour, and amid a luxury of life surpassing everything he had ever beheld, or could have supposed to exist in the heart of those remote wilds?

There was such an air of romance, and fantastic beauty about what he saw, such a profusion of gold, silver, and the most costly gems, glittering in the costumes and paraphernalia around: that he was like one in a state of delirium, and could scarcely preserve his composure, or prevent the eagerness which devoured him from bursting forth as he sat during the conversation just detailed; and impelled, finally, by an involuntary, impulse, he stood up before Unicum, and said:

"Forgive me, O king; but I came not into thy territory on the errand of an idler. I have been upon a long and weary search, and if I judge rightly, the one of whom I am in quest has found shelter here."

Conrad spoke with glowing cheek and a warmth that made his chest swell, and gave an unwonted lustre to his eye. He was a gallant-