

vants from a sense of justice ; but no sooner were these duties discharged, than, giving some general directions for the present, he hastened to his parents, and, as has been seen, time and *foreign exposure had so altered their son, that they did not recognize in the man, the features of the youthful Henri.* Not so the lady Irene, when returning consciousness showed her the strangeness of her position.

"Father," she exclaimed, "where am I? I fancied I heard his voice! Oh, one week more my father,—send me not from you yet, let my deliverance from the terrible banditti be an occasion of joy."

Tears trembled in the doting father's eyes, while he answered, "My dear child you shall not hear from Don Lucien again, only be happy, and smile upon your father, and he will ask no more,—you shall be left to your own choice." At this juncture a stir was made, and a shout was heard in the adjoining room ; catching its import as the words *Henri! Henri!* were pronounced joyfully, the lady Irene raised herself quickly, but just as Henri entered the room, she fell back in a swoon, joy was too much for the heart, that had hoped and watched for years. Reserve was at an end, Henri rushed forward, and received her form in his arms, exclaiming, "She is mine, she is mine"—and she was his. Ere another moon waned, the pale flower of Xarinos, glowing with returning health and happiness, stood at the altar with Don Henri Baptiste. Great was the rejoicing among the villagers, and great was the feasting, and merry-making in honor of the happy event. The mansion in Valencia was repaired, and furnished in a style suited to the fortune and taste of its possessors, and thither, Senor Honorus followed his idolized daughter, who delighted to soothe his declining years. There too, Henri drew round his hospitable board the intelligent and accomplished, who could appreciate his character, and derive pleasure from his society.

The village of Xarinos still retains many of its legendary characteristics, it still nestles along the side of the mountain, and its white cottages peep forth amid bowers of grape vines, or orchards of olive trees ; but it never saw a nobler expression of manhood than Henri, or looked upon a lovelier bride than the lady Irene.

Montreal, 1853.