

throughout all the parts of the world that were within my reach, for information concerning my two sons, Leonard and Lucien Matthieu, (for Matthieu is my real name) but without success. No persons bearing such names have since been heard of by me, and I must still consider myself childless, unless, perchance you, gentlemen, can give me some information concerning my ungrateful sons."

"My father! my father!" exclaimed both his auditors, falling simultaneously on their knees before him, under the impulse of feelings which quite mastered their pride.

"What!" cried the old man in a stern voice, though trembling with an emotion he did not choose should yet appear. "What! on your knees, my sons! Is it possible that any thing can touch the hearts and lower the pride of such as you? You, Leonard, who, devoured by a thirst for riches, and envious of those whom you have seen grow great around you by industry and economy, have aimed at surpassing them all in the merit of your rise, by putting your origin at as low a point as possible; and who, ambitious of bearing a name, the splendour of which should be ascribed to yourself alone, have disowned that of your father, and left it covered with a stain of infamy that you both could and ought to have effaced! And you, Lucien, who, intoxicated by the vanity of a great name, and not being able to achieve one for yourself, have stolen and impudently appropriated that of another;—you also have disowned the name of your father—of that father who compromised it or, to save your life! Now rise, my sons, from this humiliating posture, and whilst your better feelings have the ascendancy, choose whether my remaining years are to be cheered by the returning affection of my children, or whether ye will, by the prosecution of your hostile intentions towards each other, bring down upon yourselves the curse of an ill-used parent, and send his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

The two brothers rose at this command, and stung with compunction at the retrospective glance they had been compelled to take of their unfilial conduct, as well as horror-struck at the narrow escape each had had of shedding a brother's blood, they first embraced their venerable father, and having mutually expressed to each other the regret each felt at his unbrotherly and causeless enmity, they again knelt to receive the blessing and forgiveness of their excellent parent.

Great was the surprise expressed by the parties waiting for the result of this interview,

when they witnessed the respectful and subdued demeanour of these once haughty men, towards this mysterious Monsieur Felix; and still more were they surprised and delighted at perceiving that every spark of animosity between the two adversaries appeared to have vanished. They were, however, enabled to judge of the particulars of M. Felix's communication only by its pacific results; for the relationship that existed between the parties could not be publicly divulged, without exposing to the world the banker and the Count as rank impostors, which it was not the wish of their father to do. The mystery remains still, therefore, a mystery to all the world, excepting M. Felix, his two sons and my readers; the Count de Lozeraie still retaining his assumed fortune and title, but abating much of his pride, and the banker soon re-establishing his affairs on a firmer footing than ever.

My tale should now be considered as at an end; but that some of my readers may feel interested in carrying it on a few months farther, for the purpose of being present at the union of our capricious friend, Mademoiselle Durand, with her newly found cousin, to whom, being debarred from acknowledging her natural relationship, she gave a nearer title. The marriage thus effected, served not only to unite the families in closer intimacy, but also to account to the world for that intimacy, which might otherwise have given rise to strange conjectures.—M. Felix, who retained his assumed name, out of regard for his sons, took up his residence in Paris, and from that time enjoyed, in the revived affection of his sons and the devoted love of his grandchildren, a happiness which compensated for the many years of anxiety and bereavement he had before suffered.

Frederickton, 1842.

G. R.



THE BROKEN CHAIN.

Oh, Love! a tyrant ever,
Thy chains I fain would break,
And thus the links I sever
That bound me to thy stake—
Cupid fly—I banish thee!
Tyrant ne'er return to me.
Calm now my heart is beating,
Nor pain nor sorrow knows;
My life—like sunlight fleeting
Across the dewy rose.



It is with our judgments as our watches;
none go just alike, yet each believes his own.