

customed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed to the hackery, and Captain S—, having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a fairy, before him; and, with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide.

Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamma's was transparently so. Indeed she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus rising from Ocean's bed, that S— pronounced her, in his own mind, the loveliest of the creation. He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

I wish, for Captain S—'s sake—I wish, for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that this acquaintance with Yamma had here terminated. Captain S— used every means in his power to win the love of Yamma. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers, or religious mendicants, and fortune-tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her; for S— had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adoration. She listened to the magic of his address; she forgot all the customs of her tribe; she afforded her lover opportunities of seeing her; he visited her in the character of a Hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother and follow him for life. Unfortunately they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S— was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamma was returned to her enraged and disgraced family.

The heads of the tribe were assembled, and an oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamma was introduced, arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich jeweller, Limjee Dorabjee. After certain ceremonies, her mother and grandmother approached her, where she sat like a beautiful statue; and presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said, in a firm tone:—"Take your choice."—"Farewell, mother! farewell, father! farewell, world!" replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup; "Fate ordained that this should be Yamma's marriage"—and she drained its contents! Her leaden eyes were watched 'till they closed in death: she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead.

When S— heard that Yamma was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered, according to the customs of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne. "My horse! my horse!" cried he; and as he patted his war-neck, the scise saw the fire of his tear-starred eye, and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom. He heard the hoof thunder on the ground, and his master's voice urging his spirited steed towards the foaming surf—then a loud explosion, as of breaking billows: and, on gaining the sea-shore, he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, but he never saw the brave S— and his Arab courser more.



The Nobleman and the Mechanic.

A FRENCH TALE.

THE Marquis d'Almar held a station in which he presided in the King's chamber. He united the double advantage of rank and fortune. He owned a splendid house in Faubourg Saint Germain which he took the greatest pleasure in ornamenting with every thing that art could afford, that was costly, remarkable, or beautiful. In one of the galleries, opening into the garden, he had a library, containing the finest ancient and modern works. A learned clergyman had made this rare collection, the Marquis having never read anything but the novels of the day. The changes he was continually making in this library, of which he was so proud, had drawn to his house a young Carpenter, named Philip Delacour, the first workman to a ship-builder, residing in the Square of Saint Sulpice. He had already fitted up the whole library, and by his skill and assiduity had gained the esteem of his employer. There scarcely passed a week, without his making some change in the distribution of the books.

In a word, he did all he possibly could, to please the Marquis, who was not only capricious, but exacting. Philip was the only person who had the faculty and the patience to execute his orders. He was of a lively and good disposition, and notwithstanding his leather apron, there was a certain dignity in his person and expression of countenance, that betrayed the feelings of a gentleman. The Marquis himself, had noticed this, for more than once in the conversations, the modest workman made the lord feel that there are individuals in every class, who are not only worthy of esteem, but who may by their good