

*Adventures in a Castle.**An Original Story.*

(CONTINUED.)

FINDING all attempts to induce the banditti to accept the extended pardon were futile, they prepared to carry the plan of burning the castle into execution. Having made every necessary preparation, the leaders of the troops assigned to each the part they were to act, and an hour after the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, the signal for the attack was given, by throwing a rocket from the General's tent. The soldiers rushed forward to the onset, brandishing their torches, and after a severe conflict, gained the out-works of the castle. In a short time the conflagration was general, and the gleams of light proceeding from it, added to the darkness which prevailed, rendered it a scene of horror. Having accomplished the design of setting the castle on fire, the troops retreated to guard all the out-lets, that those who escaped the fury of the raging element, should fall by the avenging sword. A body of the banditti, with the Count at their head, sallied from the castle, to endeavour to cut their way thro' the hostile party. But the principal part of them fell in the attempt, and among them, the infamous De Vauban.

Louis as soon as he perceived the flames bursting from all parts of the castle, and the towering ramparts enveloped in smoke, approached the walls: the sally of the banditti had been made on a different side, and had not attracted his attention from the scene of ruin before him. While he was contemplating the destruction which was taking place, his attention was arrested by the sight of a person leaping from one rampart to another, to escape the threatening flames which pursued him, and in which he appeared to be almost involved. At length, by means of his surprising activity, he approached towards the place where Louis stood, but still at such a height, that his escape seemed almost impossible. He had considerably descended since Lewis first noticed him, and now paused, apparently contemplating his height from the ground, and dubious of his ability to reach it in safety. But the flames approached, he sprang from the walls, and fell almost at the feet of Louis, who raised his arm to terminate his life, but an impulse of humanity induced him to spare it, if indeed he had not been killed by the fall. Young Boileau laid his hand on his heart, and felt it beat. The horizon was illuminated by the

conflagration, and as he inclined himself, to see if the spark of life was extinguished, he observed the stranger was dressed differently from the common banditti. Strange emotions agitated his bosom, and "hope, the fond deceiver," fluttered round his heart. He approached to inspect the figure which lay prostrate before him, covered with dust, and stunned with the fall. He gently raised him from the ground, and as the light gleamed on his ashy countenance, discovered him to be—**HIS LONG LOST BROTHER!**—Reader, conceive his sensations, for words cannot express them; no language could convey them to thee, though all the eloquence of TULLY was exhausted to effect it. His astonishment almost surpassed conception—Had he not beheld him prostrate on the floor of his cell, his life's blood streaming from his bosom?—Had he not seen him a pallid corpse, the victim of fell revenge?—And now, did he not see him before him? did not his arms support him?—All that had passed appeared as a fearful dream, the offspring of a disordered fancy. He called loudly for assistance, and had him conveyed to his tent, where they successfully endeavoured to restore him to existence, but he had received some very severe contusions from the fall, and his arm appeared considerably scorched.

The next day, as soon as the dawn opposed its pleasing light to the more awful appearance of the castle, which exhibited one vast sheet of flame, our new-found invalid was conveyed to the hospitable mansion of Monsieur Burton, where M. Dupont and Louis were kindly urged to take up their residence. A few weeks crowned the assiduities of the amiable surgeon and his friends with success, and they had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing their beloved Henry, whom they very naturally had long concluded, was traversing the regions of eternity, restored to all his former health and vigour. Happiness they yet hoped was in store for them, since De Vauban, the grand and only enemy to their happiness, had fell the victim to the justice of his offended country. Carrying his resentment no farther than to see the execution of justice on the vile disturbers of the public tranquility, the Duke of Alencon, with his usual humanity, ordered that the bodies of the banditti should receive decent burial, and every rite be performed, that, according to the forms of the Romish church, was necessary to remove all obstacles from their road to heaven. Soon as the bodies of these insatuated wretches were committed to the embraces of their mother earth, the troops

commenced their march, to return to the capital, and the Duke retired to his castle to receive from the filial assiduities of his daughter, consolation for the untimely death of his son. Ignorance frequently conduces more to our happiness than knowledge, and had de Alencon known of the infamous design of his son, he would not have stood in need of any consolation. Henry upon his restoration to health, complied with the desires of his friends, and thus commenced the relation of his misfortunes.

"You, my kind friends, must certainly have been greatly astonished, when you found my chamber vacant, and could perceive no traces of my having left the room; but your surprise could not have equalled mine, when about midnight, without any previous noise which would have announced the entrance of any person, (especially as the door was fastened within) I saw by the light the lamp burning in the chimney afforded, a man standing by my bed-side. I demanded his business in my chamber, at such an unseasonable hour, but he instantly drew a pistol from his pocket, and ordered me to dress immediately, and without noise, as the least attempt to alarm the family should be attended with death. Resistance was vain, and I accordingly complied with his demand in silence: as soon as dressing was finished, he bad me attend him, and removing a pannel in the partition, I discovered a secret door, which he opened, and we passed through. We now entered several apartments, which the noisome atmosphere, and decayed furniture declared had been long deserted, and resigned to the all-destroying hand of time. Here, still holding the pistol in his hand, he obliged me to walk before him. Before we left the building, he was joined by several other ruffians, whose countenances plainly denoted their villainous characters, and that they were fit instruments to accomplish any design which villainy could conceive. When we made an exit from the mansion, we found a carriage waiting, into which three of the ruffians entered with myself. We proceeded with amazing rapidity I knew not, whither, but my heart sunk within me, at the strange proceedings, and mysterious silence of my companions: at length the dawn broke upon us, as we attained the summit of a steep hill. At any other time, and almost in any other situation, I should have beheld the surrounding scenery with delight, but my mind was a prey to despondency, and the most gloomy prospect appeared before me. In vain did I request of my companions to inform me whither I was to be led, for they

preserved a uniform and uninterrupted silence, except when the leader of the party as he appeared to be, cautioned me to make no noise, as he said it should be instantaneously punished. I could not forbear taking a retrospective view of the happy past, and comparing it with my present forlorn situation. Surrounded by ruffians, who it was evident, had some villainous design upon me, hope almost forsook me, and I only beheld in perspective, either a life dragged out in chains and misery, or a termination to my sufferings, by an untimely death. In vain did I pray my companions to give me some clue to guide me through this labyrinth of uncertainty, they deigned not to answer me, unless to reprehend me for my loquacity. But why am I thus fatiguing you with a detail of my sensations, during this memorable journey, memorable to me, as it will ever be a distinguished æra of my life; to be brief, I arrived, after a tiresome journey, at the castle, without having left the carriage for a moment, as provision had been made to avoid the necessity. Having alighted from the carriage, I was immediately conducted to the dreary dungeon, from whence the magnanimity of my beloved brother released me. When I was secured by chains in this horrible place, my guide condescended to open his lips, and inform me, that here the remainder of my days was to be spent, that here I was to drag out in misery, the remnant of a life, which till then had been spent in a course of uninterrupted felicity, except when the death of my father, for a time, cast a shade over my happiness. I then repeated my request to know by whom, and for what motive, I was thus severely punished, but I could obtain no answer from the monster, and I thought I could perceive a horrid smile of satisfaction gleam across his countenance, at having thus doomed a fellow creature to be miserable, as long as life remained. From that day till the time I was delivered from the murderous designs of my enemies, I held no converse with any human being, my food which was of the most ordinary kind, was daily delivered me by one of those villains, who had escorted me to the castle. Grief and the darkness of my dungeon, was bringing me rapidly to the verge of the grave, when Louis intervened and snatched me from the jaws of destruction. The prospect of liberty was now before me, and it is only for the man, who has been as long confined within the gloomy walls of a dungeon, to conceive my sensations. But not long was I permitted to indulge the flattering hope, as we were so soon taken, and I again became the victim of tyranny. To whom

was to be attributed all my misfortunes, I was totally ignorant; but my condition was comparatively enviable, to that from which I had emerged, as my prison was dry and comfortable. The cheering rays of the sun penetrated my cell, and to me who had so long been deprived of the enlivening sight, it was indeed a pleasure. I was but a short time oppressed with the weight of my irons, for to what motive it was to be attributed I know not, but I suppose they conceived my escape impossible, and I was suffered to enjoy the valuable privilege of traversing my narrow cell; my constitution had become inured to confinement, although the disappointment I suffered in being deprived of the blessings of liberty, when I had supposed it within my grasp, did not by any means tend to strengthen my patience. You have already heard from Louis, of our interview in the vaults of the castle, and when I was led back to my cell, the horrors of continual imprisonment, seemed to occupy the whole of the dreary prospect. Disappointment had soured my temper, and I gave myself up a prey to despondency. To my repeated requests to receive information respecting Louis, my keeper used to seldom reply without equivocation, and sometimes he would answer in a way that roused my passions, dormant only for want of something to call them into action; one night when he entered my cell, to see that every thing was in the situation he chose it to be, I inquired after Louis, and his answer was accompanied with bitter taunts at my defenceless situation. This I suppose was occasioned by some incident, that had occurred to ruffle his temper, and he took the opportunity to vent on me his spleen. My temper, soured by misfortune, was unprepared to endure this netv and unprovoked treatment, and I heaped on him reproaches for his villainy, and bestowed on ~~him~~ every term which my resentment could suggest. Fired by this unusual retort, and stung with my merited reproaches, he drew a dagger from his bosom, and darting upon me, aimed it at my heart.

JULIUS.

(To be continued.)