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NO. 9.

SONG.

We have parted forever!—no, never to meet
While Love is an idol or Friendship is sweet;
For sorrow has darken'd life's delicate span,
And our spirits are under Fate's terrible ban.
We have parted forever, forever—and yet
The past, neither of us, can wholly forget:
For still as we journey, there's one standing by
With a smile on her lip, but a tear in her eye—
'Tis Memory, and yet she is almost like Hope,
As she strives with the past and the present to cope.
But the garland of Hope is of evergreen made,
And Mem'ry's is woven of flowrets that fade!
Life's chain of its gilding is rudely bereft,
But still in Hope's store-house one bright bud is left,
Whose beauty can brighten life's loneliest even—
The hope of re-union forever in Heaven.

Hartford, (Conn.) August 1st, 1840.

THOMAS W. WHITE, ESQ.

Sir:—The accompanying narrative is founded on Bancroft's account of the Colony of Roanoke. Most of the facts may be found in his History of the United States, and the real names of the principal persons have been preserved. It is a wonder that no one has before paid a tribute to the memory of "Virginia Dare," the first offspring of English parents born on the soil of America. The historian alone has done justice to the inhabitants of "the City of Raleigh," of whom he remarks, that, "if like their predecessors, the emigrants from England and the first born of America failed in establishing an enduring settlement; unlike them, they awaited death in the land of their adoption." It was impossible to shorten the story without injuring it, but I trust it will not be found too long for insertion in your interesting magazine.

Yours, very respectfully,

CORNELIA L. TUTTILL.

VIRGINIA DARE:

OR, THE COLONY OF ROANOKE.

CHAPTER I.

Among the many pleasant mansions scattered over the south of England in the days of good Queen Bess, the quiet dwelling of Philip White might often pass unnoticed. Yet, though it could not vie in splendor with the palaces of the nobility, it had a more elegant air than the residences of most private gentlemen. Even in winter it wore a pleasant aspect, and two travellers who were approaching it in the latter part of January, paused to admire its classic exterior and perfect proportions. But it was in the fine arrangement of the interior that the taste of the proprietor was most conspicuous. From the massive doors, wide halls wain-

scoted with oak led to the principal apartments, which looked out upon the west, commanding a beautiful prospect. Through the long painted windows streamed the last rays of the setting sun, and the rich colors they scattered around were softened by the delicate blue of the hangings. Beside a massive table a young and beautiful lady was seated, engaged in earnest conversation with two gentlemen standing near hear.

"Eleanor, my child," said Mr. White in a quivering voice, "I can never consent to this sacrifice. I must resign my appointment if you persist in accompanying me. Remain here at least till some arrangements have been made for your comfort and security."

"Your father is right," said George Dare, the younger of the two gentlemen, "he will return in a year or two, when the colony will be prepared for the residence of a delicate female."

"George," replied Eleanor, in a sweet, earnest voice; "I am your wife and bound to obey you, unless obedience interfere with a higher duty. In this case your authority must yield to the dying command of my departed mother. I promised her that my father should never want any care or attention which it was in my power to bestow. When a year since I gave you my hand, you knew that I had made this promise, and declared that you would aid me in its fulfilment."

Mr. White laid his hands on Eleanor's head, saying—"Bless you, my priceless daughter, well have you kept your vow. But you do not add to my happiness, love, by persisting in this wild scheme. Think what it is you propose:—To accompany a band of men to a distant country—to place yourself in the power of untutored savages, perhaps to fall a victim to their cruelty or pine away a prey to famine. How much better could I endure any of these evils, if consoled by the thought that you were happy amidst the comforts and friends to which from your childhood you have been accustomed."

"Dear father," answered Eleanor, "I could not enjoy these comforts while you were distant and surrounded by dangers. Let Sir Walter find some one else to command this expedition, and if after a few years it shall prosper, we will then all emigrate together to the New World."

"If you wish it, dearest," said the troubled father, "I will renounce this undertaking; but, alas! in the inactivity of ordinary life, I fear lest I should become a prey to sorrow. It was to drive away the sad remembrances haunting my thoughts, that I wished to engage in this exciting adventure. No

rect, philosophical principle, be satisfactorily answered. But, thanks to God! the Bible is precisely analogous with the other volumes, which were written with the finger of Divinity; it has the same impress and superscription, and contains therein strong presumptive proof of its authenticity. It matters not how numerous, and how various may be the passages that are fraught with mystery, provided they are not absurd or contradictory, and provided also sufficient truth is unfolded to our view. And such is, indeed, the fact. For as in Creation, sufficient light beams upon man to enable him to supply the pressing wants of his current existence; so in the volume of Revelation enough, and more than enough, is intelligible, to instruct him how he may fitly prepare himself for future and unending being. The Bible, then, with its sublime mysteries, and its elevated character, possesses the strongest evidence of its authenticity and inspiration. And unless it can be proved, that these mysteries are absurd or contradictory, it will remain, through all time, an undisputed monument of Divine benevolence. Then

"Here let us breathe; and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies."

W. G. HOWARD.

Chillicothe, Ohio, July 28, 1840.

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

Thou wert heard by the calm sea-side, of yore,
In wildering strains from a shell to pour;
Flinging thy tones of magical sound
Joyously forth to the elements round—
The waves to thy cadences rose and fell,
And the wild winds listened—then caught the swell,
And out over valley and hill-side fell,
Bore gladly the echoing melody.

Thou wert there, at the stately banquetings
Of the bygone days, in the halls of kings;
Where, from fretted ceiling and pillar'd wall
Streamed gorgeous light on the festival;
And incense, and perfumes were floating round,
From censers, and wine cups with garlands crowned—
With chords loud pealing, and flute-notes low,
Mingling with song in inspiring flow.

Where banners abroad to the winds were flung,
'Mid the flash of spears, have thy trump-notes rung;
And the loud war-song, like a spell of power,
Hath nerved arm and sword in the perilous hour—
'Thy wail hath gone forth o'er the foughten field,
For the conqueror cradled upon his shield;
And at funeral rite, through arched aisles dim,
'Thou hast hymned for the parted, a requiem.

At the knightly board, thou wert heard to pour
From the thrilling harp of the troubadour;
And under a vine-wreathed lattice high,
Swelled thy passionate lays, 'neath a moonlit sky—

Thou art sounding at eve by the peasant's cot,
To the bounding dance—making glad the spot;
And the mariner out on the stormy sea,
Wiles the long night-watch with thy melody.

They are past, the days of the stately yore,
With all of pageant and pomp they wore;
And the harp is silent in hall and bower,
Yet earth still holds thee, her own blest dower—
Still the heart leaps to thy magical sounds,
As a freed bird flies, or a loosed steed bounds;
Or sweetly is borne with thy strains along,
To sadness or mirth, on the notes of song.

New York, 1840.

LITERARY RECREATIONS:

BY ANAGRAM FERRAN.

PREFACE.

The pieces which are to follow under this general title were written for the author's recreation when he was fatigued with professional labors, and mostly when bad weather did not permit him to seek refreshment in the open air. Since they have served to "smooth his wrinkled brow of care" during their composition, they are now presented to the reader that they may do the same kind office for him. Every man needs recreation of some sort; for "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Light literature, especially amusing stories, have an appropriate place in the economy of human life; and are used with profit, when judiciously selected and not suffered to interfere with one's regular employments, or with the acquisition of sound knowledge. Too many give their leisure hours wholly to this sort of reading. But the abuse of a thing is no sound argument against its use.

The writer felt bound to guard his pen against every thing of immoral tendency, and to make his lighter compositions, either directly or indirectly, conducive to the purification of human life; but he has not interlarded the pages, designed for recreation, with dry prosings on abstract morals and religion. He trusts rather to the general tenor of his pieces, than to particular passages, for whatever good impression they may make. Such as they are he gives them freely to the public, little caring whether or not they shall rank highly as compositions, provided only that the reader shall not regret the time occupied in the reading of them.

A. F.

MODERN MAGIC.—No. I.

The belief in ghosts, witches and the black art, has almost faded away from the minds of our population. Few above the condition of slaves are so ignorant as to cherish these ancient superstitions. If any have retained a lingering fancy for them, they are the uneducated part of the German Americans, who have been cut off, more than others, from the benefit of schools and the general diffusion of knowledge. But even among them, the grosser forms of superstition are nearly worn out. Some of them may yet harbor a strong suspicion, that the Devil and the witches do sometimes play malicious pranks on poor mortals; and generally the agricultural class, like many others of the same class in this country, do firmly believe in the moon—attributing to that mottle-faced luminary, the changes of the weather, the growth of potatoes, and the shrinking of boiled beef, besides various other things which one would hardly

suspect that cold lumpish follower of the earth to be capable of doing. So freakish, too, is the sort of government, which she is supposed to exercise over the changeable affairs of this world, that one might suspect her of being as mad as the lunatics, whose brains she is, or at least was, accused of cracking.

Early in the present century, while ignorance and her daughter superstition yet reigned over many in our German settlements, a certain German family in Pennsylvania was wofully plagued by some unaccountable doings, which, to their minds, bore infallible evidence that the evil spirit was yet a frequenter of the earth, and as ill-natured as ever.

To make the history more intelligible, we must begin some twenty years further back.

Hans Bergman had lived with his father and mother, laboring on their rich farm and carrying its products yearly to market, until he came insensibly to be an old bachelor, when his father died leaving him the farm. Still Hans raised great crops and sold them, without imagining that he was born to any other end, until his mother died and left him without a housekeeper. Now, for the first time, it occurred to Hans's mind that he wanted a wife. So he began to look around for a help that should be meet for him. He found her in the person of Katrina Spiegler, who was a blue-eyed beauty of four and twenty: but Hans married her neither for her youth, nor for her beauty. She was, moreover, a modest, sensible, kind-hearted woman: but neither for these qualities did Hans desire to have her; his own mother had been such, and he supposed all women to be, so far, alike. But Katrina Spiegler was, moreover, a most housewifely maiden; strenuous, handy, and indefatigable in milking, churning, washing, scouring, baking, boiling, spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, and twenty other domestic accomplishments, so rare and so useful, yet so despised, among the piano-thumping, novel-reading, and tight-lacing misses of these days. Now we have given the reason why Hans Bergman loved Katrina Spiegler and offered her his brawny hand: he wanted her industrious hands in his kitchen and dairy. Another reason had considerable weight: old Frederic Spiegler would leave Katrina a large quantity of rich lands, fat cattle, and well-stuffed money-bags. Hans knew the value of these things in connection with a wife. Therefore he the more willingly asked Katrina if she would come and keep house for him on the plan of a partnership for life.

Why Katrina accepted the offer, is not so easily explained. She may have considered, that although Hans was elderly, yet he was a good, quiet man, and had a fine farm: to which consideration it must be added that Katrina thought it full time to be married and have a house of her own.

Katrina became the mother of three children, two of which died in their infancy. The eldest, Katrina, named after herself, was much like her in person and temper. But she had the misfortune to lose her good mother when she was three years old. She was then put under the care of a brawny hired woman, who was employed as housekeeper and nurse, during the mother's long and mortal sickness. For awhile the little orphan was kindly treated by this broad-backed wench, whose name was Molly Steinbrecher. But through bad luck, or bad judgment, or some malignant influence of the stars, Hans took it into his head to marry this same housekeeper. As she proved to be a sturdy hand at house-work and field-work, and was too, for some reason on her good behavior while she was a hireling to a rich widower, Hans seems to have thought it good economy to marry her, and thus secure her services without wages. It is not easy to assign any other motive for his conduct, seeing that he was almost sixty years old, and Molly was the model of a supereminently coarse and ugly wench.

She was however a prolific mother, for in two years she

presented Hans with two additional heirs to his estate; but only one of these survived the period of infancy.

No sooner was this done than Hans left the estate to his heirs. He had in the two short years of his second marriage, lived long enough to feel, and that sorely too, what he had never learned from theory or observation—namely, that there is an important difference in the temper of wives. Molly had done what perhaps not one woman in twenty could have done for him; she made him willing to die, much as he delighted in raising good crops. But before he died, he took care, by making a will, to secure to his little Katrina the inheritance of all her good mother's rich dowry, besides an equal share in the rest of his estate; so that little Katrina became the richest heiress in all that part of the country. But the unfortunate child gained nothing, during her earlier years, by the wealth to which she was entitled.

Hans was scarcely cold in his grave before the widow married a burly fellow, who had for some years labored as a hireling on the farm. It had been whispered through the neighborhood, that Molly had a suspicious fondness for this lusty clown before Hans's death. A new and more numerous brood soon followed this marriage with Stophel Seidenstricker. Now the stingy crossed-grained stepmother commenced a course of unfeeling oppression towards Katrina, and carried it on from bad to worse as her own progeny increased, and took up more of her care and affection. She first neglected the orphan, then she began to hate her for being chief heiress of the estate, while she and her spouse and their offspring were but tenants on the widow's dower. She and Stophel, who were congenial spirits, resolved that as they did not own the estate, they would make the most of it while they had possession, in order to gain an inheritance for their young Seidenstrickers. They compelled Katrina to work like a slave from her earliest years. They denied her the privilege of going to school, and seldom permitted her to amuse herself with childish sports, or to visit her little neighbors, from whose society she might have derived pleasure. By some evil fate Seidenstricker was appointed her guardian, so that no one had a legal right to take her out of his hands.

At last when Molly's own children—namely, Lizzy, daughter of Hans, and the young Seidenstrickers, Stophel junior, Molly junior, Adam, Eve, &c. grew large enough to go to school, the selfish couple were persuaded to join in employing a teacher who came highly recommended. But lest their patronage should cost money, they made it a condition that the teacher should board with them. Thus they could pay for the schooling of their family in sourkrout, krout-salad, schmeerkaes, and other cheap productions of the farm. Katrina, now fifteen years old, was, for shame, permitted to go one winter to school with the younger children.

The schoolmaster was a young man of German extraction, named Frederick Winkelman, a self-made scholar, well acquainted with both English and German, imbued with an ardent thirst for knowledge, particularly for natural philosophy and chemistry. He had a fine mechanical genius, and a ready hand, as well as a ready wit, for all sorts of ingenious contrivances.

He soon discovered that Katrina was not only a blue-eyed beauty, as her mother had been, and endowed with the same sweetness of temper, but that she had an uncommon capacity for learning. Hence he took great pleasure in teaching her; besides the daily lessons recited at the school-house, he assisted her to improve every spare hour at home, and was rewarded for his pains by her grateful docility and extraordinary progress. In six months she had learned to read both German and English. The latter language she could scarcely speak at all before she went to school: now she could pronounce it correctly, and understand the greater part of what she read. She had also made some progress

in writing. Had her cross stepmother and churlish guardian favored her studies she could have learned more; but they kept her employed in some drudgery at home during most of the time while she was not in school.

When the warm weather returned, and the labors of the farm thickened, the school was suspended, because the thrifty farmers of the neighborhood could not spare their children from the works of the farm and the house. Then the teacher disappeared until the return of the frosts enabled him to collect his school again. Winkelman spent his summers and his gains in Philadelphia, living cheaply in a garret, that he might pursue his studies under the best teachers in the city. When he resumed the school, upon the same condition of taking out Seidenstricker's tuition in sourkrout, he found to his sorrow that Katrina was not to be a scholar. In vain he represented, that more schooling would be of great benefit to her; that her fondness for learning ought to be encouraged; and finally, that he would rather teach her without pay than see her left destitute of a good education.

"She is too big to go to school," said Molly; "she has larnin enough."

"What is the use of grammar and geography, as you call 'em?" said Stophel.

"She can't make any thing by all this larnin that you want to give her; she had better stay at home and larn to weave and make butter and cheese, that will be of some use," said Molly and Stophel both; so Winkelman had to give up the point.

Katrina was now a valuable drudge about the house, and could help to make a fortune out of her own property for Stophel's children—namely, Stophel junior, Molly junior, Adam, Eve, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; for it seemed as if all the patriarchs were coming into the world again through Molly senior, and that they would eat up this new Canaan which Hans had prepared for their sojourning. There was another motive which determined Stophel and Molly to keep Katrina at home: she was evidently a favorite with her teacher, and was every way superior to their own lubberly offspring. Envy was therefore added to avarice; both united to fix the churlish hearts of Stophel and Molly in their opposition to Winkelman's kind intentions.

But Winkelman was not of a temper to be easily baffled in a favorite pursuit. He was fond of Katrina, and had resolved on giving her a good education. He was conscious of no other than disinterested motives in forming this resolution; but perhaps, if he had searched the secret corner of his heart, he might have found a lurking Cupid there, yet unhatched in the shell, but already so much alive as to add sensibly to the warmth of his feelings towards the amiable Katrina.

He endeavored to teach her by night and whensoever at other times he could find opportunity. But the jealous and ill-natured Molly, when she found that Katrina was still learning diligently from Winkelman, set herself to counteract this scheme, of snatching an education, by keeping the poor girl constantly at some drudgery whenever Winkelman was in the house, and cuffing her cruelly whenever she caught her reading or writing. But in spite of this ill usage, Katrina, aided by Winkelman's advice and instruction, stole no small amount of knowledge in the course of the winter. Many an hour did she study while the family slept; and many were the ingenious devices which Winkelman resorted to, that he might hoodwink the dull eyes of Molly and her spouse for Katrina's benefit.

Again, at the usual season, the winter and the teacher disappeared; and again, when the north-winds began to whistle for old winter to return, Winkelman answered the sunmons, and took up his board at Seidenstricker's without invitation and without welcome: not because he loved the sourkrout, or any other of the coarse viands which he

got there, but because he loved Katrina. This growing passion for the sweet blue-eyed beauty, so improved his digestion, that he could have lived all his days on sourkrout and krout-salad and schmeerkaes, if seasoned by her honied smiles and ministered by her gentle hands. The envious pair would doubtless have denied him the privilege of eating their delicacies with Katrina, if avarice had not conquered envy; but new patriarchs were coming into the world, and three or four of the elder children, including Adam and Eve, needed schooling; so that unless Winkelman boarded in the house, either money must be paid, or Adam and Eve could not learn to read and write, which were branches of learning that even Stophel and Molly thought to be worth acquiring if they could be got cheaply.

But poor Katrina! they would not listen to her when she asked to go one more winter to school. She ventured to plead even with tears for this boon: Winkelman joined her and pleaded with reason and eloquence. But what were the orphan's tears, and the scholar's reason and eloquence to Molly, with the broad back, and Stophel, with the bottle-nose? Pearls before swine.

Winkelman was not disappointed in the result. He applied himself with renewed zeal and contrivance to teach Katrina by stealth. The sour stepmother and her churlish husband were not less vigilant to keep her day and night at her work; and such work, too, that she could have little opportunity to connect study with labor. So the opposite games were played until Christmas. Winkelman and his dear pupil gained some advantages; but not such as to satisfy the teacher. He had before devised a scheme, which he now resolved to put in execution, as the only way left to obtain relief for his orphan sweetheart.

The night of Christmas Eve had set in bitterly cold. All the neighbors felt more or less merry, and the young people met in parties to spend the evening sociably. But at Seidenstricker's there was nothing of this sort, except that Molly's children were indulged with a romp, and some dough-nuts and cider, to make merry withal. Katrina and Winkelman had been invited to spend the evening at Dr. Spelman's, a mile off, and the most genteel house in the neighborhood. Instead of being permitted to go, poor Katrina was ordered to sit by the kitchen-fire and attend to the mush-pot, in which the family supper was being boiled, while she plied her spinning-wheel to fill up the time. Winkelman sent an apology to Dr. Spelman and staid with her. He sat by the kitchen-fire and read to her, often stirring the mush himself, while he commented on what he had been reading. Sometimes Katrina was so interested by what she heard, that she would stop her wheel a moment and listen. No sooner did Molly discover this clever management of the young couple, than she came in from the adjoining stove-room, scolded like a fury, and sent Katrina, with a violent box on the ear, to spin in the stove-room where the children were rioting, saying that she would mind the mush-pot herself. So she stirred the pot awhile and then left the room a few moments to see about something else. The instant she was gone, Winkelman stepped briskly into the yard and returned immediately with something which he slyly covered up with hot coals in the midst of the fire. When Molly returned, he was sitting as before, reading, with his back to the fire, while Katrina's wheel, in the other room, mingled its low whirl with the riotous mirth and angry squalls of the older and younger brats, who were now growing qbstreperous with their Christmas treat. Molly again commenced the operation of stirring the mush to prevent it from being burnt: while she was working over the pot, sweating and glowing with heat, a low whizzing sound began to be heard in the coals under the pot. At first it was so much like the whizzing of a green log in a hot fire that it excited no attention. But in half a minute it had grown so sharp and strong, that Molly

looked into the fire to see what caused this unusual sound. She could perceive only a blast of wind, or something like it, issuing from the coals as if the old boy were underneath with his bellows. While she looked, the whizzing increased to a sharp and powerful hissing blast: the coals and ashes began to fly: the sharp hiss soon sharpened into a shrill and shriller whistle—such as the north-wind in his angriest mood produces in the ragged eaves of an old house in a windy mountain-gap; or such as the boatswain in a man-of-war makes, to pierce the stunned ears of the seamen, during the thunders of the battle.

Ere it came to the worst, Molly started back and gazed into the fire as if her eyes were fascinated. She saw the slender, steamy blast shooting like fury amidst flying coals and clouds of ashes, and reaching quite into the chimney flue, where it dislodged the soot and brought a constant stream of it down into the pot.

"Was ists? Was ists?" cried Molly in German, with her wide eyes directed to the object, but seeming to appeal for information to Winkelman, who had turned round and was looking the same way.

"It is something in the fire," said Winkelman, with affected simplicity; "I'll soon see what it is." So he took the tongs and began cautiously to poke among the coals from which the whistling blast proceeded. In a moment the blast changed its direction, and now shot its hissing stream, with a new cloud of coals and hot embers, directly at Molly's broad front. Winkelman was the first to exclaim—"Der teufel! Der teufel!"

Molly thinking it was indeed the Evil One, took up the cue and screamed out—"Der teufel! Der teufel!" pitching at the same time with all her might towards the door of the stove-room.

Now it so happened, that Stophel, who as usual had been dozing by the warm stove, was roused first by the hissing blast, and then alarmed by the screams in the kitchen, just in time to reach the door in the one direction, when Molly, coming full tilt in the opposite direction, encountered with her massive body the equally massive body of Stophel; but Molly coming with double the velocity of Stophel, it necessarily came to pass, according to the laws of *dynamics*, (the branch of natural philosophy that treats of bodies striking against one another,) that Stophel's body should yield to the impulse of Molly's, and be driven backwards as fast as it had before moved forwards. Stophel was lodged, with his back on the floor, about six feet from the place of encounter, and Molly, still retaining the half of her former velocity, tumbled on him and rolled over him. Nor was this the final effect of their powerful collision; for the romping party of juniors had been also alarmed by the noise in the kitchen, and seeing their father moving that way they hurried after him; and like nine-pins, struck by a well-aimed ball, they were knocked over and scattered by the heavy fall of their father and mother—Stophel junior, Molly junior, Adam and Eve and another young patriarch or two were thus overthrown. To make the catastrophe worse, Winkelman, who seemed to be as much frightened as the rest, came dashing on close behind Molly; and when Stophel fell, and Molly fell on and over Stophel, Winkelman fell with all his might upon them both; and in his attempts to scramble up, from the confused heap on the floor, he caught hold of whatever came to hand—Stophel's foot and Molly's hair—and thus made confusion worse confounded, and increased the groans and screams of the frightened Seidenstrickers. The terror was no little aggravated by the total darkness in which they were unaccountably enveloped, and the suffocating effect of the smoke and hot ashes which the fire-fiend blew after them into the stove-room. To the ears of the fallen, this angry demon seemed to be in the midst of them, spitting hot embers into their open mouths, so sharp and ear-piercing had his whistle become. The united screams

of old and young however soon drowned even this fiendish sound, and all was uproarious terror for several minutes.

When at last the mass of tumbled and tumbling bodies had somewhat disentangled itself in the dark, and some had got upon their legs again, they were somewhat relieved to find that the fire-devil had ceased to whistle and spit. When the noise in the stove-room ceased, the kitchen appeared to be perfectly still. On looking into that lately terrible apartment, they saw nothing but a lurid glare, from the half-extinguished fire, giving a dim perception of the cloud of ashes and smoke which still floated in its quiet atmosphere.

When Winkelman proposed to light the lamp, he and all the Seidenstrickers were surprised, and some of them dreadfully frightened at their not being able to find it. They groped in vain about the place where it had hung as usual by a string fastened to the ceiling. Winkelman brought a candle from his own room, and, having lighted it in the kitchen, he enabled the bruised and frightened family at last to see their condition, and comfort themselves with the discovery that none had been killed or carried off by the spit-fire demon. But still the lamp was missing, until old Stophel found it in his bosom, with the oil spilled and firmly lodged in his garments, which were soaked through and through about the region of his stomach. Now the wonder was how the lamp got into Stophel's bosom. Stophel and Molly both thought that the fire-devil must have put it there; and this would have been the settled opinion of the family, and an established fact among the miraculous events of the evening, if Katrina had not mentioned a circumstance which gave a different turn to the affair. Stophel, when he started to go into the kitchen being but half awake, ran against the lamp and extinguished it. She saw no more; but as Stophel had his capacious bosom open for the convenience of scratching, it was natural enough that the lamp should be caught and the string broken.

Things being at length set to rights, all except the burns and bruises and frightened spirits of Stophel and his spouse, Katrina was ordered to attend to the new pot of mush—the former having been spoiled. She and Winkelman retained quiet possession of the kitchen during the evening. No other soul of the family would venture near them, lest the fire-devil should blow again. As to Molly and her husband, they had to keep their beds for the most part of two days. Their foreheads had each a bruise upon it, caused by their striking against each other, like rams' heads, in their headlong impetuosity of motion; and Molly's naturally red skin was now more fiery red and blistered from the contact of hot steam and embers; while Stophel had a large blister in his bosom where the burning lamp had been lodged.

The next day, Winkelman and Katrina had the kitchen to themselves, no one else venturing near that dangerous fire until evening, when Stophel, who was in a very surly humor, left his bed and came in growling like a bear about the waste of fuel; for that Christmas Day was very cold, and Winkelman kept up a good fire. Katrina had been ordered to do the cookery that day, because the hired cook and milk-maid had gone to visit her friends. Molly also crawled with cautious feet into the kitchen, eyeing the fire suspiciously: her object was to order Katrina out to milk the cows. Katrina performed all the drudgery of the house without a murmur and without assistance, although Molly junior was large enough to have taken part. But Molly was Molly's Molly.

After supper, Stophel again entered the kitchen, groaning with pain and growling with ill-humor. He took the water-bucket and emptied it on the fire, saying that they should not keep a spark in the kitchen, lest the evil spirit should get into it again. All had now to sit in the stove-room, except Winkelman who made a fire in his own room upstairs. He then came down and asked if Katrina might go to his room and sit till bed-time?

"No; she must mend Stophel junior's trowzers, that had a hole in the knee."

"Well, Mrs. Seidenstricker, if you will let her sew in my room I can read to her, and I promise that the work shall be done before bed-time."

"No; she must sit in the stove-room, and mind the child while she sews."

"If I hire Miss Molly to mind the child, may she come then?"

"No; she shan't go at all;" so there was an end of the matter." Winkelman returned to his own room and seemed to be deeply engaged in his studies.

When Stophel the night before had broken the string, by which the lamp hung from the ceiling, a part was lost, and the lamp had to be set on a shelf. This evening at dusk, Winkelman, in consideration of Stophel's burns and bruises, kindly undertook to fit up a new string, which he tied to the same nail to which the former string had been attached. The ceiling consisted of bare joists and a plank floor. The nail was driven into one of the joists, and the lamp-string was about six feet long. The lamp was lighted and hung by a hook, inserted into a loop of the string, as usual.

Half an hour after, Winkelman returned to his room,—Molly lying, sore and sour, on her bed in the stove-room; Stophel dozing in his great arm-chair, sore and surly; Katrina sewing quietly; the children playing boisterously; the lamp begun to swing backwards and forwards, gently at first, then with some rapidity.

"Quit shaking the lamp, Katrina," said Molly junior; "it a'most struck my arm."

"I have not touched it, Molly," said Katrina.

"I know better, you did," said the girl; for all the step-dame's children had learned from her to speak rudely to Katrina as if she were a servant in the family.

This dialogue drew Molly's attention to the lamp. When she saw it swinging like a pendulum, she scolded Katrina as the cause of its motion, and commanded her to steady it. Katrina laid down her work, and taking the string in one hand she steadied the lamp with the other: which being done, she moved her chair farther from the lamp to avoid suspicion, and resumed her work.

While old Molly still looked on, the lamp began to vibrate again without visible cause—making first very slow and short swings, but regularly increasing both in extent and swiftness. The vibrations were soon half a yard long, soon after a yard, ere long two yards, and still more wide and rapid at each successive stroke. Amazement took hold of all except perhaps Katrina, who moved her chair still farther off and looked on more calmly than the rest. Suddenly the lamp changed the direction of its swing and struck Molly junior a smart rap on the mouth; then it flew up to the ceiling and was suddenly extinguished by striking one of the joists.

Young Molly cried out with pain and terror as soon as her mouth felt the blow of the greasy lamp; Stophel junior, Adam and Eve, began to cry at the same time. Stophel senior was fully roused and began to stare at the mad lamp, and Molly senior had already started up with affright and was exclaiming, "Was machts? was? was?" when the lamp struck the joist, spilled the oil on Stophel and two or three patriarchs, and left them all in pitch darkness; which made it a clear case that the fire-devil had returned to play this new trick upon them. Half-uttered exclamations of terror from old and young soon filled the room; "Sist der teufel! Ach Herr! Der teufel! Was soll wir thuon," &c. Suddenly every voice was hushed by a strange apparition. A stream of brilliant light flashed across the room and fell on the white-plastered wall next to the kitchen, illuminating a space about two yards in diameter. At first confused images of things danced across this brilliant space, fixing every eye in the room. Then the images began to

exhibit some distinctness of form. Soon after a procession of wild beasts marched in upon one side and out upon the other—lions, tigers, and huge serpents, bringing up the rear. Then all was dark for an instant; when the light flashed upon the wall again, dreadful was the apparition that presented itself! Two figures in the exact shape and the usual dress of Stophel and Molly, were led in chains towards a burning pit, by a horned, fire-eyed, long-tailed, cloven-footed devil, who drew them to the mouth of the burning pit, and plunged with them into the flames. Instantly the room was left again in pitch darkness. A shriek from the females, especially old Molly, and a groan from Stophel, announced the effect of the exhibition.

A minute afterwards, Winkelman was heard on the stairs coming down with his candle. He entered the room and saw the family in a state of speechless terror. Stophel's eyes had a staring wildness such as they never had before: Molly lay on the bed fetching convulsive sighs: and the younger people seemed to be all scared out of their wits except Katrina, whose teary eyes indicated more compassion than fright. He asked in a natural tone of surprise, what was the matter with them all, looking at Stophel for an answer? but Stophel only stared at him without seeming to understand the question. Stophel junior being next inquired of, put his fists to his eyes to stop the tears that began to burst forth, and answered—

"The devil carried daddy and mammy into a big hole full of fire."

"No, Stophel, that cannot be! your daddy and mammy are here yet."

"Yes, but he is going to do it, and he came to show us how; we all saw it."

This assertion was verified by the groans and lamentations, that now broke from the daddy and mammy in question. After they became more quiet, and Katrina gave a distinct account of the whole matter, Winkelman observed that it was very strange, and he did not wonder that they were frightened.

"There must be something very wrong among you," said he to Stophel and his spouse. "You had better ask yourselves if some deadly sin has not brought this upon you, and take warning by what has happened. If you do not repent of your sin, whatever it is, you have reason to fear something worse. So look to it, and mend what is wrong, and that soon; for now the devil has come twice to warn you. Beware of the third time." Winkelman uttered these words in the solemn tone of a preacher, and never did so short a sermon make a deeper impression.

From this night, during a full month, Stophel and Molly seemed to have changed their nature. They knew that they had treated Katrina with cruelty and injustice. They gave her a decent suit of clothes, which they had never done before: they exacted less drudgery from her; permitted her to take a daily lesson from the teacher; and even promised to let her go to school after awhile. But after awhile, as the evil spirit ceased to visit them, their terror began to wear away. They did not send Katrina to school, but were falling gradually into their old habits of maltreating her, when a new visitation revived their superstitious fears.

They had gone to bed in the stove-room at the usual hour. Winkelman had kept his room closely all the evening. Katrina once stole up slyly out of curiosity to see what he was about; for she could hear from the room beneath that he was busy with some manual operation. When she knocked at his door, he half opened it cautiously and told her that he was trying some chemical experiments, which he would explain to her at another time. "If you hear any disturbance to-night, Katrina, be not frightened, for nobody will be hurt." Katrina on hearing these words returned to the stove-room, and presently went to bed, full

of curiosity to know how the demon would play his pranks next. She could not sleep for thinking of what was to come.

All the house was still, and its inmates, two excepted, were as usual wrapt in dark clouds of slumber. Just as the old clock began to strike the witching hour of twelve, there broke out in the stove-room a strange noise of boisterous merriment. Peals of laughter, shouts of mirth, and the sound of feet capering over the floor, and stumbling over the furniture, resounded through the house. Katrina sprang up immediately, and having hastily put on her gown, she took the lamp which she had left burning in the chamber where she slept and ran down to the stove-room. Here she saw one of the oddest sights that was ever seen. The broad-shouldered Molly was literally dancing over the room, uttering exclamations of delight, and clapping her hands gleefully, like one in the first stage of the merriest intoxication. Never had she been seen to leap so high, and to be so full of a jovial spirit. When she saw Katrina, she sprang to her with the agility of a mountebank—caught her in her arms—hugged her and flew about the room with her—till she saw Winkelman enter with his candle. She then let Katrina go, clasped him in her arms and led him a dance over the floor, laughing and shouting obstreperously all the while. Then as others of the family, wakened by the sound, came hurrying in, she caught them, whether male or female, hirelings or children, and gave them the like proofs of her riotous affection.

Meanwhile Stophel, who on the entrance of Katrina was prostrate on the floor, having fallen over a chair in the dark, had gotten up, after rolling about like a crippled bear, and was standing by the wall: one while uttering loud *ha-has*, wagging his head, and lifting first one foot, then another, as if he would dance, did he know how; then he pitched forward like one playing at leap-frog; then he would stop, twist himself about, and, flinging out his arms, uttered such loud guttural brayings, as none but himself or a jackass could make.

When this merry couple saw that none joined them in their frolicsome capers, and that most of the spectators looked frightened, they began to reprove them in a much better humor than was usual with them.

"What makes you look so sour? you aint afraid, are you? Come dance: come, why don't you laugh? Well, if you wont laugh, why don't you sing? Look at you there, Winkelman, you aint glad. You, Josh Krebs, what are you scared at, you fool? Haw, haw, haw—w-w. Hurra—w-w for our house," bellowed Stophel. "He-he—he—eh!" tittered Molly, with her broad mouth; then she ran about the room, jumping up at every step with the agility of a cow, while the collapse of fat on her hips quivered at every caper.

What made this scene more irresistibly ludicrous, the burly performers were dressed only in their night-clothes; that is, they were not half-dressed—the single garment which covered them being too short to impede the motion of their lower limbs in dancing. This circumstance made Katrina retreat to her room, as soon as her first astonishment would permit her to think of it. As she went out, she trod upon something at the foot of the stairs. She picked it up and wondering what it was began to examine it, when Winkelman saw her and taking it quickly out of her hand folded it up and thrust it into his bosom.

"What is it?" asked Katrina.

"Only a gas-bag," whispered he: "say nothing about it; to-morrow you shall know all."

It was two o'clock before the merry couple had so far recovered from their frolicsome mood, as to go back to their bed and compose themselves. Two or three times they had lain down and started up again and frisked about the room, until at last the labor and sweat of the exercise exhausted their strength, and they went to sleep.

The next morning, they looked wofully sheepish. The younger children who slept in the room with them asked so many questions.

"La! daddy and mammy, what made you *hollar* and jump so last night?"

"Hush your tongue, Isaac, we did'nt jump about; we were only dreaming."

"Yes you did though," said the pertinacious Isaac; "we all saw you: Katrina, and Winkelman, and Josh, and Becky Feuerbuch, all saw you running, and jumping, and laughing and hugging."

"Wont you hush?" said Molly, interrupting the young patriarch with a cuff on the ear that made him change his tune.

But cuffing the children could not conceal the fact, nor clear up the mystery of this strange freak. They could imagine no other cause than witchcraft, under the instigation of the same devil that had plagued them before. But what a whim of the Old Boy was this? To make people jump out of bed at midnight in a fit of high jollity, and make them cut such capers as they never before, whether drunk or sober, either had cut or could have cut. Long and sorely did they puzzle their brains to conjecture who was the witch, and what the witches master, old Satan, could mean by playing them so pleasant a trick; for never had they felt so happy as they did in their gambols on that night. They could only conclude that this merry freak was designed as the prelude to something more terrible than they had yet experienced. They could not think that the Evil One could do otherwise than mean mischief in all his pranks, and he had evidently chosen them as objects of his malice, and intended to persecute them until they made some atonement for the sin which exposed them to his malice. Hence they lived in nightly dread of some awful visitation. Their spirits fell; and while a consciousness of wrong done to Katrina made them believe that they suffered on her account, the conviction made them hate her the more as they felt the greater need of doing her justice. So they struggled awhile against their alarmed consciences, showing their ill-humor, by occasionally scolding and abusing Katrina; but some alarming circumstance on the third night so overpowered their fortitude, that they told Katrina to go to school, since the devil would have it so. As a great favor, they would exempt her from work, except at night, and on Saturdays, when there was no school. Winkelman was for compelling them to yield more; but the gentle Katrina begged him to accept the compromise, and he acquiesced.

About the first of May the school was suspended as usual, and on the first of November again as usual resumed. As no witchery had occurred during nine months, the remembrance and the terrors of the last winter had faded away sufficiently to let Molly and her spouse recover their wonted ill-nature. They had indeed allowed Katrina some opportunity to read the books which Winkelman left her, and had permitted her a few times to visit the more intelligent families of the neighborhood. But such indulgences were too much against the grain of their tempers to last six months. They restricted her more and more each successive month; and when Winkelman returned, they positively refused to let her attend the school.

She was now almost eighteen years old, well-grown, handsome, intelligent, and as refined both in mind and manners as any one in her circumstances could have been. With increase of years and mental refinement, her feelings revolted more and more against the sort of life that she was compelled to live, with her coarse, ill-tempered stepmother, and her rude, boorish guardian. Though chief heiress of the estate on which these people lived, and from which they derived large profits yearly, she was treated as a slave, and was daily subjected to the rude insolence of the young Seidenstrickers, as well as the ill-natured tyranny of their

parents. Even her half-sister, four years younger than herself, was brought up to deny her even the respect of an equal, much less the affection of a sister. She was taught to hate Katrina, under the pretext that she would be robbed of half her rightful inheritance by the elder daughter of Hans, because the father had willed to her the whole of her mother's rich dowry. Many a time did poor Katrina, during this weary summer, weep in secret for her hard lot among such a brutal set; and great was her joy to see again her dear teacher, who had taken such pains to raise her mind and her condition above what her cruel oppressors would, without his interference, have made them.

When she told Winkelman on his return, that Stophel and Molly had lately become as churlish and cruel as ever, he answered—

"Weep not, my Katrina; this shall not continue another month. The brutes! I'll teach them better manners. They shall be so tormented by the devil—the superstitious fools!—that they will be glad to liberate you from slavery to get deliverance for themselves. Since they have no fear of God in their souls, they shall be wrought upon by what they can be made to fear—the witches and the evil spirits."

Winkelman was too little acquainted with the laws of the land, to know that an appeal might be made to the courts of justice against such an oppressive guardian. He thought not of this; and had he known of the remedy, his indignant feelings would have disposed him to resort to it, in preference to his own skill, in working out deliverance for his Katrina, whose ripening charms made him now impatient to take her under his own exclusive guardianship. His scheme was to marry her that winter, and to rescue her large fortune from the avaricious grasp of Seidenstricker and his cross-grained spouse. He knew that he could not legally consummate the marriage so soon without the legal guardian's consent. To extort this consent and Molly's too—without which that of Stophel could hardly be expected—was now the object of his contrivances.

Katrina gave a blushing but not a reluctant consent to the matrimonial scheme: she had all the reasons in the world to love Winkelman, and no reason to love any body else. She acquiesced also in the scheme to extort the surly guardian's consent by magical operations, but compassionately desired that no bodily hurt should be inflicted upon her cruel tyrants. The magician assured her that if any bodily harm resulted from his operations it would be accidental, and could hardly affect life or limb in such callous and tough subjects as those whom he had to work upon.

He took possession of his room again according to a contract made the preceding spring. Neither he nor Katrina applied this time to the guardian to let her go to school: at which both Stophel and Molly rejoiced no little, thinking that they would now get a profitable winter's work out of her; she being now an expert and industrious hand in all sorts of domestic labor.

While they were yet chuckling with delight at the termination of Katrina's school-days, and the anticipated profits of her labor, they were astonished above measure when Winkelman came to them, and, after declaring the mutual affection between himself and Katrina, respectfully asked their consent to the marriage. Neither the hissing of the fire-devil, nor the apparition on the wall, terrible as they were, had made so profound an impression on the muddy brain of Stophel, or caused so deep a fermentation in the acid pool of Molly's heart, as did this most unexpected application of the schoolmaster. What! Katrina get married!—Katrina cease to drudge for them!—Katrina become independent of their sway! And worst of all, Katrina's large property to be accounted for and to be given up to herself!—Katrina to become a rich lady, and they, with their numerous brood, to become mere tenants on the widow's dower! The

thought had never before occurred as a reality to their minds; and when it was thrust into their noddles by the schoolmaster, who, as they began shrewdly to suspect, was a wizzard, and therefore not to be trifled with, what a progeny of fearful misshapen images of disastrous results did it forthwith breed in the slime and vinegar of their souls! Stophel dumbly stared at Winkelman with expanded eyes, as if he saw a ghost. Molly's ample frame began to bloat, and heaven, and drive the fiery blood into her face, as if her insides were fermenting and generating volumes of gas. A baleful fire shot from her eyes. It were hard to say, whether rage or terror predominated in the workings of her human nature. When she was so full that she could hold no more she exploded with a snort: then stiffening her arms, and clenching her brawny fists, she opened her mouth and uttered from the lowest deep of her lungs in broad guttural Dutch—drawing up to her breast and jerking down her fists at every repetition of the words—"She shan't!—she shan't!—she shan't, I tell you!—She shan't!—No, she shan't! Begone!—she shan't; the nasty slut!—she shan't! Get out, you Winkelman!—she shan't!—you put it into her head. But she shan't! This comes of her going to school—she shan't!—No, you shan't neither, with your devil-larning, you wizzard!" Thus she raved until her strength failed and her words stuck in her throat or gurgled out with inarticulate puffs of wind. Nothing restrained her from a personal attack but a superstitious dread of his magical power. She had seen him do various things the last spring, which, to her mind, savored of witchcraft; and she believed that he had some connexion—she could not imagine what—with the devil's doings, from which she had suffered so much. She stood in such awe of him, therefore, that even in the full tempest of her rage, she durst not provoke him to the utmost.

When he turned to Stophel, who was beginning to recover from his mute astonishment, and to feel his phlegm rising, Winkelman again asked him coolly, if he would consent to the marriage? This made the phlegm swell with double energy.

"No!" said he, raising his fist to his ear and plunging it down into the air; "Donner and blitz! No; I say no! Do you hear? I say, donner and blitz, no!"

His voice rose as he proceeded; he literally bellowed out the last words, and closed them by knocking down a chair with a violent fling of his fist.

"Yes, I hear you," said Winkelman, in a temperate but decisive tone of voice, as he turned and left the room.

The enraged pair had a vague presentiment, that the devil would visit them in some shape for their ill-natured refusal: but although they dreaded Satan and the witches, yet such was their horror at the thought of Katrina's marriage, that they could on no account bring themselves to consent.

During the ensuing evening they sat by the stove in sullen silence, dreading the consequences of their refusal, and watching every token about them. They went to bed at a late hour; they lay for hours awake in restless apprehension of danger. But as the night passed away without any unusual occurrence, they were confirmed in their opposition to the marriage; so that when Winkelman renewed his application the next day at dinner-time, they gave him if not as passionate yet as rude a refusal as before.

The evening of that day, and the first hour or two after they went to bed, passed off as quietly as ever; and they went to sleep greatly relieved, and even hoping that no witchery would come that winter. But they were mistaken. The night was very dark and calm. They had been during an hour steeped in a happy oblivion of both the marriage and the devil, when they were suddenly startled out of their slumber by a shock which made them yell with affright. What had happened to them they could not ima-

gine;—it seemed as if some witch or demon had gotten within them and given their limbs and insides a shake hard enough to crack both sinews and bones. Yet they felt no bruise nor particular soreness; but only a strange sort of quivering in their wiry nerves, as if these tough strings of their corporeal machinery had been overstretched.

After much wonder and quite as much terror, seeing that all was still and no great harm done, they lay down again; concluding that they must have dreamed of fighting, and thereby jerked one another in their sleep. Having thereafter laid down again, they gradually sunk into that dozy forgetfulness, which shuts out the world of facts, and opens the gate of dream-land. Their disturbed minds were soon visited with demons of various terrific forms, hissing in the kitchen-fire, dragging them bound with chains into the burning pit, and shooting them through and through with lightning. Presently a rumbling in their ears made them sensible of a sonorous impression from the outer world; and audible words mingled with the fading images of the dream-world. They heard a moaning voice slowly pronounce the words—"My poor orphan child, Katrina! will these wicked people ever cease to wrong her?" "They shall do her justice, or I'll break every bone in their bodies with lightning," replied a gruff, angry voice. No sooner were these words uttered than Stophel and Molly did feel as if a streak of lightning had been driven through them, and had shivered them like a thunder-struck tree in a field. They bounced up to a sitting posture, with a shriek on Molly's part, and a yell on Stophel's. They were too much stunned and frightened to see or hear whether any person except themselves and three sleeping children were in the dark room. Now they felt sure that old Hans Bergman's ghost had brought Old Nick to punish them for oppressing the orphan Katrina. What to do they knew not. Experience had made them afraid of both fire-devils and lamp-devils: and now even total darkness was full of danger. To go to the kitchen-fire would not do, for the fire-devil would be sure to blow hot embers at them—to light the lamp, would anger the demon to swing it up to the ceiling, and then to fill the room with fearful apparitions. They thought it best therefore to give no provocation, but to keep themselves quietly in bed—hoping thereby, so far to appease the demon, that if he played any other trick that night, it would not be another shake, but rather the merry-dancing exercise, which had made them so strangely happy for the time. They lay awake several hours, suffering great fears, occasionally starting with alarm if either happened to stir hand or foot; and two or three times near morning when drowsiness came upon them, starting more violently with a shriek or grunt, by reason of some dreamy apparition, or some jerk of their agitated nerves; for they had nerves, though tough as leather. Thus the night passed.

The next day Molly's eyes were dull, and her naturally red skin had taken an ashy hue. Stophel was as sulky as a dog-driven swine, and uttered nothing but growls. His phlegmatic churlishness was aggravated to the utmost; but Molly's quicker fires were almost subdued. Her voice had lost its *hautbois** tones, and was softened into such a bleating gentleness as it never had before.

At breakfast, Stophel and Molly cast many stolen looks at Winkelman and Katrina—looks of curiosity, of suspicion, of hatred: often a sigh would start convulsively from Molly's deep and wide breast; but Stophel only muttered a word now and then, with his face bent to his plate, and his marble eye-balls turned up occasionally, so as to bring Winkelman's face in the line of his vision beneath the shaggy penthouse of his contracted brows. He watched for some token of Winkelman's knowledge of the last night's visita-

tion. He suspected him of raising Hans and Satan against them by sorcery, and his phlegm boiled at the thought. But Winkelman seemed as unconscious of the deed as a sucking child. Stophel could make out nothing: still he suspected, and growled inwardly.

Evening came without bringing Winkelman any overture from the distressed pair. But as the witching time of night approached, Molly's face became more ashy, blue and white, and her bursting sighs more frequent; Stophel's face only gathered a darker scowl, and his compressed lips stuck farther out. Bed-time came, and horrible anticipations came with it. Molly started several times as if she already felt the evil spirit within, preparing to shake the life out of her. She had laid aside her shoes and neck-handkerchief, when such a terror seized her at the thought of lying down, that she could bear it no longer. Gathering breath until she had distended her capacious breast to the utmost, and holding it in for half a minute with a sort of death-struggle, she blew it out with a loud "Ach! A-ach! A-a-ah!" When this gale was over, she turned to Katrina, who had risen to go to her bed-room, and said to her with a mournful accent—

"Ach, Katrina! what for you want to get married?"

Katrina was so confused by this unexpected question, that she only blushed and hung down her head.

"Do you want to get married very much?"

This question was as difficult to answer as the former: she only replied—

"I don't know what to say."

This answer suggested to Molly the hope of settling the matter and pacifying the evil spirit, by negotiation and compromise.

"You are too young to be married, Katrina; you wont be eighteen till next month; and I was more than twenty-eight before I got married. If you'll promise to say no more about it for two years to come, we'll let you get married then;—wont we, Stophel?" said she, addressing her spouse in a coaxing manner, intended to soothe both him and Katrina.

"Der teuhenker! No; I wont, I tell you!" growled Stophel, whose mulish obstinacy was now wrought up to perfection.

His refusal was the beginning of a debate which soon rose to a quarrel between the amiable pair; Molly insisting on her offer of compromise through fear; Stophel refusing all terms through phlegmatic stubbornness.

Meanwhile, Katrina had met Winkelman at the head of the stairs, and told him of the wonderful though partial conversation of Molly, and the dogged obstinacy of Stophel.

"I shall bring him to reason—fear not," said he: "and mother Molly is but half-taught yet. They must both have more schooling; but Stophel needs the most impressive lessons. Fear not, my Katrina; they shall let you go as surely as Pharoah had to let the Israelites go, even if I have to bring all the ten plagues upon them."

"Be merciful," said Katrina, smiling as she passed on to her bed-room.

Winkelman after a few minutes reflection, walked down to the stove-room. Molly was in bed, trembling with fear of the nocturnal visitation, and just concluding her last speech in the debate. Stophel sat in his chair by the stove, leaning forward, with the palms of his hands upon his knees, looking sullenly on the floor with frowning brow and pouting lips.

"Mr. Seidenstricker," said Frederick respectfully, "Katrina has just told me something that makes me hope we shall yet obtain your consent to our marriage. I have come to ask if you are now more disposed to grant my request?"

"In two years," said Molly, speaking first from the bed.

This was a double provocation to Stophel—Winkelman's renewed application and Molly's intrusion of an answer—

* The *hautbois* is the shrillest and harshest instrument in the band. It is not generally used in this country.

while he was chafed by the recent dispute with her. He rose from his chair in a huff, his eyes still on the floor; raised his clenched fist aloft, and slung it violently down before him; at the same time, stamping with his right foot and bellowing tremendously—

"No! Teuhenker!—No! Die zaubern mögen zu hölle gehen: I tell you no! donner and blitz."

While he was raving, Winkelman returned to his room. Presently Stophel resumed his seat, and seemed resolved to keep it all night. In truth he was afraid to go to bed, and preferred to meet the devil openly on the floor by lamp-light. After awhile drowsiness overcame him: he began to nod: several times he roused himself; but Morpheus was too hard for him; his head fell over upon his shoulder; and the sound of his nose (for he had a very sonorous nose) gave evidence that he was decidedly asleep. His nose played with increasing length and fulness of note until midnight. The lamp had gone out; the moon had gone down; and the stars were hidden by the clouds that filled the atmosphere; and a soft drizzling rain made so gentle and uniform a sound, as to render even more audible the jarring swells and occasional snorts of Stophel's bottle-shaped wind instrument.

Just as the old clock in the corner had struck the twelfth blow of its hammer, a deep-toned, unearthly sort of voice, sounded close to Stophel's ear—

"Awake!—arise! Sleep no more, Stophel Seidenstricker! awake and hear the voice of the dead: Hans Bergman calls thee."

The snoring ceased almost immediately after the first outbreak of this startling salutation; and before the last words were uttered, a growl from Stophel gave notice that his ears were open. When the voice declared that the speaker was Katrina's father, Stophel, with more courage than belongs to common men, replied in the surliest manner—

"Was wollst?"

"You must let my poor Katrina get married."

"Teuhenker! Washaftig!—no! Blitz and donner, I tell you, no!"

"You must."

"I wont."

"But you shall."

"But I shant, I tell you,—Teufel! Blitz!"

What more he would have said in the vehemence of his wrathful determination we cannot tell: the violent agitation of his phlegm had started him to his feet. As he was pronouncing the last word, his fist came down with a tremendous swing; and his raised foot, being advanced a short step towards the voice, was brought to the floor with a powerful stamp—when, to the surprise and terror of the enraged guardian, an explosion, almost as loud as a pistol, drove his foot up from the floor; while the flash that accompanied it, gave him a glimpse of a figure, standing about two yards from him, shrouded in white—the face like that of a skeleton—and looking over its right shoulder, a huge black face, with a fiery grinning mouth, shining red eyes, and a pair of horns resembling those of a bull. The first glimpse, momentary as it was, showed enough of these particulars to make the explosion and the apparition sufficient to start Stophel from his position. He sprang off to the left, frightened in spite of his bullying humor. No sooner had his foot touched the floor than another flash and explosion made him spring farther the next time. But to his utter astonishment and confusion, he could hardly set his foot on the floor, but it was repulsed by a new explosion under the shoe-sole, as if the floor were covered with gunpowder devils that burst and flure out whenever he touched them. He was kept by these in constant activity, (if a fat ox may have activity,) jumping every way to avoid the cracking fiends, and seeming to multiply them by his efforts

to avoid them. Two or three more glimpses of the ghastly apparition, and its frightful companion, still increased his terror: but soon he saw no more of them; they seemed to vanish by the kitchen-door just as he stumbled in one of his leaps and fell flat upon the floor, which he no sooner struck, than a dozen explosions at once, under every part of his body, seemed almost to have blown him into the air. He uttered a sound between a groan and a yell, and rose to a sitting posture without moving farther for a minute. To his great relief all was still, except the sobs and groans of Molly in the bed. Of late, none of the children had slept in this room. He was beginning to congratulate himself at the departure of his supernatural visitors, and to feel stout-hearted again, when lo! to his unspeakable horror, a flaming ball, about nine inches in diameter, suddenly appeared near the ceiling on the kitchen side of the room, as if it had come out of the wall. It swung backwards and forwards in mid air a few times, flaming more and more as it moved; then it began to sparkle and whiz, then it dropped upon the floor, where it lay and grew less flaming and bright, only sparkling and flashing every second or two, as if it were dying away; when suddenly it shot forth a stream of fire half across the room, bounced and rolled about the floor, flinging its fire-jet in every direction, and flaming out all over more and more brilliantly the more it danced and whirled about; till presently a smart explosion interrupted the continual stream of fire, but dispersed a thousand blazing fragments over the room.

The first sight of this ball of flame had started Stophel to his feet again. He stood and gazed until it bounded towards him and drove him from his position. Now he found that the cracking fiends were still on the floor, bursting under his feet wheresoever he ran to avoid the blazing and hissing fire-ball. After the explosion, the ball lay still a half minute and became black and red as if it were dying out. But then little flashes broke from it; these became sharper and more frequent; then the ball suddenly shot forth another hissing jet of fire, and rolled and bounded over the room more violently than before, blazing and brightening, till the room was brilliantly illuminated. Stophel could stand it no longer. He ran first to the one door, then to the other, that he might make his escape. They were both fast. Now he began to bellow like a bull—

"Ach Gott! Hallo there, Krebs!—Der Teufel! Hallo, Winkelman, Katrina!—Ach! Ach! was sol ich thuer? Barmhæzeger Gott!—Heh, Becky, why don't you come? Blitz!"

Some of the family had come to the door, but could not open it because it was fastened on the inside, nor could they make Stophel understand them in answer to his call; so completely had he been frightened out of his dull wits, and so great was the noise within from his exclamations, Molly's screams, and the whizzing, cracking, and bouncing of the fire-ball, and the little demons on which Stophel still happened to tread as he capered about, trying to dodge the blazing ball in its rollings and boundings.

Molly had begun to scream as soon as the explosions began: interlarding her outcries with the words—

"I told you so, Stophel—I told you so!"

Then after the fire-ball came, she began to scream out—

"Let her get married, Stophel! Yes, she shall get married—she shall—she shall!"

Finally, her terror so overcame her when the ball bounded upon the bed, and then rolled off again, that she covered up herself, head and ears, with the bed-clothes, and screamed incessantly until her breath was exhausted, and she lay uttering only inarticulate groans.

After some minutes, Winkelman and Josh Krebs—a hired man—went round and got in by the kitchen door just as the fiery-ball after twelve minutes action, during which it grew less and less, finished its work by a tremen-

dous explosion which filled the room with burning and hissing fragments, and left the air charged with the suffocating vapors of brimstone and asafœtida. This explosion gave the finishing stroke to Stophel's fright. He was found standing in a corner of the room, with his arm stretched out before him, and his broad palms presented, as if to shield his face; his eyes ready to start from their sockets; his mouth open and grinning; his breath wheezed in his throat; and his chest heaved and labored like a blacksmith's bellows. When first spoken to by Winkelman, who asked him what was the matter, he seemed insensible to present objects, and continued staring wildly on vacancy. When the question was repeated in a louder voice, he started, and without seeming to recognize any one present, cried out like one afflicted with the night-mare—

"What do you want, Hans? Let me alone." Then he relapsed into silence.

Leaving him, Winkelman turned, with his lamp towards the bed, to see what condition Molly was in. He found her covered, head and all, with the bed-clothes, quivering with fright. When he drew back the bed-ticking, stuffed with feathers, (the usual winter covering of German beds,) so as to expose her face, she uttered a fearful scream, and then exclaimed—

"O, Hans, don't carry me off; I will never beat Katrina any more! She shall get married to-morrow; she shall—yes, that she shall."

The other door had just been opened by Krebs; Katrina had come in with Becky Feuerbuch and some of the children. The tender-hearted girl on hearing these expressions of her now humbled stepmother, burst into tears, and coming to Winkelman, she said earnestly—

"O, Frederick, try to comfort my poor mother; she is greatly distressed." Then turning to the bed, she fell on Molly's neck, kissed her, and said in the most soothing tones—"Dear mother, comfort yourself; I forgive all that is passed." Then she wept and kissed the miserable woman again.

The poor wretch was not only soothed by this undeserved kindness, she was touched in her heart: for avaricious and ill-natured as Molly was, she still had human feelings.

Winkelman had now returned to Stophel, being fully satisfied with the state of Molly's mind. He again asked him what was the matter?

"Ha!" said Stophel, now recognizing him, "you sent old Hans and the devil here to shoot and burn and spit fire at me. Yes, blitz and donner you did, you devil wizard, with your larnin. You want Katrina, do you? I reckon they'll carry me off to the burning pit next time. Take her then, you cursed wizard. Take her, I say—Donner and blitz—take her and let me alone, you devil conjurer."

"I am glad to have your consent at last. I hope you will not forget that you have consented to my marriage with Katrina."

Stophel only muttered in reply—"Take her, and go about your business."

On attempting to kindle the lamp which hung in the room, and had somehow been extinguished before the magical operations began, it was found to burn dimly, and with much flickering and sparkling, and now and then a small explosion. After watching and wondering at this awhile, the party from other rooms began to retire to their beds again; most of them with fear and trembling at what they had seen and heard. Stophel seeing how the lamp went on, after calm observation, and a brown study during twenty minutes, muttered this sage result of his cogitations—

"Ah, you black devil, you had to hide in the lamp when you burst out of the fire-ball, and couldn't run out of doors for the people. You can't hurt me now, since old Hans is

satisfied." So he resumed his chair, while the rest of the company retired to their beds.

Just at the dawn of day, Stophel having fallen into a dose, and the lamp having burnt down into its bowl for want of oil, he was startled again by a hissing sound from the lamp, followed in a few seconds by an explosion which scattered the contents of the lamp over the floor. Stophel was scared at first, but an idea struck him and changed the fright into a triumph.

"Aha! old boy," said he, "you had to break and run when day-light came. You are scared, I see: you are done with me now, since Hans and that devil-conjurer are satisfied."

Winkelman delayed not to improve the advantage gained by his magic skill. The day which had dawned upon Stophel's conversion was Saturday. After breakfast, the joyful youth asked Stophel privately, if he still consented to the marriage? The answer was gruff and rather equivocal. Stophel was evidently in a very ill-humor; his face was as black as a thunder-cloud; his mind was apparently occupied with hard and sour thoughts. Winkelman rightly conjectured that now, when his fright was past its crisis, the unwelcome consequences of the marriage again returned to view and made him hesitate. No time was to be lost. To make all sure, Winkelman rode to the country-town, ten miles off, and consulted a lawyer on the steps necessary to legalize the marriage. The lawyer drew him up a paper for Seidenstricker to sign before witnesses.

"If you can get him to sign this (said he) before two men who will testify the fact, you are safe; he cannot retract after that."

When he got home, Winkelman found it too late to bring the witnesses whom he desired; he had therefore to postpone further action until Monday.

On Monday at noon, Dr. Spelman and another neighbor dropped in as by accident. Winkelman now introduced the subject with Stophel in their presence, and reading the paper requested his signature. He was not greatly disappointed when Stophel refused:

"Did you not tell me over and over last Friday night that I might take Miss Katrina?"

Stophel had studied the subject maturely during the two intervening days; the more he studied the more averse did he feel to give up Katrina and her estate. Finally he resolved to compound the matter with Winkelman; he feared the devil too much to refuse altogether, and he loved the profits of Katrina's lands and labor too much to give them up while he could safely retain them. Therefore his answer to Winkelman's appeal to the promise was—

"I didn't tell you to take her now; in two years you may take her."

In vain Winkelman and his friends tried to reason with him. The more they argued with him the more obstinate he grew, until he at last settled the point by giving his fist a powerful sling, and pronouncing his emphatic "Donner and blitz, I tell you, no, I won't."

"Well, gentlemen," said Winkelman to his friends, "I am sorry to have troubled you so much for nothing. Mr. Seidenstricker is not in a good humor for signing to-day; but after he has slept another night and dreamed about it, he will change his mind. If you will favor me so much as to call to-morrow morning, I give you my word that he will sign this paper: I think he will put his hand to it before sunrise, and you will have only to witness his acknowledgment."

The gentlemen took their leave, promising to call as requested. Stophel seemed to be much troubled at the insinuation in this speech of Winkelman, and muttered something to himself about Hans and the devil; but he seemed resolved to defy them all, for he gave his fist a sling of defiance as he walked out of the room muttering.

The appearance of the heavens had during the day prognosticated a November storm, which commenced in the evening. Ragged clouds came flying and boiling through the welkin, leaving crevices here and there through which the moonlight struggled for admission to the earth, and mottled the dark clouds with streaks and patches of silver. The family had collected in the stove-room with hearts and faces somewhat gloomy, from the portentous aspect of the out-door world. When they had seated themselves at the supper-table, the increased uproar of the elements caused divers remarks of a saddening character. Winkelman, whose extensive and multifarious reading furnished him with abundant materials, had often amused the family on these occasions with stories and anecdotes, selected on this evening a harrowing tale of shipwreck, piracy and murder, which seized so strongly upon the imaginations of his auditors, that every sudden noise startled them. They had not risen from the table, when a loud report like that of a gun was heard in the kitchen chimney; followed instantly by a cloud of soot and ashes which soon filled the room. A dozen shrieks were uttered at once by the women and children; and every soul sprang at the same time for the stove-room: old Stoppel bellowing out—

"Blitz und donner! There he comes, sure enough!"

They had scarcely reached the stove-room, before a second explosion was heard in the same chimney. Unfortunately the lamp was on the supper-table in the kitchen, which was now more densely filled with smoke, soot, and ashes. Winkelman had gone up to his room, and no one except Katrina would venture to fetch the lamp. She returned to the kitchen, but all was dark there; and she was unable to find the lamp which had been somehow extinguished. While they were all huddled together in the dark stove-room, a succession of loud reports was heard in divers parts of the house. One seemed to come from the cellar under the kitchen—another from the kitchen-loft—a third from the garret of the house—a fourth from the closet under the stairs—and several more from other places.

Before these alarming sounds had ceased, a tempestuous wind accompanied with rain, began to sing about the eaves of the house, as November winds are wont to do. But this usual song of the winds was now accompanied by music so extraordinary, that the excited minds of the household plausibly conceived it to be supernatural. Before the blast of wind grew violent, a plaintive note, varying every second, came nobody could tell whence: when a sudden gust of wind struck the house, this note of lamentation instantly changed to a shrill scream. This was immediately joined by another scream on a sharper key, and apparently in a different quarter: then a third and fourth; presently several others struck in, as if the air about the house was filled with shrieking ghosts. As the fitful gusts of wind varied, so did these unearthly sounds; when the storm lulled a moment, they softened down to notes as sweetly musical, as a concert of melting voices in a dirge: but when the storm raged again, they instantly changed to the shrillest screams of agonizing terror.

While the family stood shuddering, and some of them screaming in concert with the storm-spirits, Winkelman came down with his large lantern—for the house was so full of wind, that a common light might have been blown out on the stairs. This lantern was close, having only a glass-door to let the light issue; and this was now so nearly covered up by a metal-door sitting over it, that it shed but a faint glimmer through the room.

"Who are they that scream so about the house," said Winkelman: "I never heard such screams; what is the matter?"

Becky Feuerbuch, a superstitious old maid, had been looking through a window into the tempestuous atmosphere, and had her answer ready for Winkelman's question. She

pronounced in accents of terror, that the storm had raised the ghosts out of the grave-yard, and that she saw them flying about the house and screaming in the wind. Josh Krebs then looked through the opposite window next to the high-road, but soon drew back in a great fright, saying that he saw murder going on in the road, and that the screams proceeded from the ghosts of the murdered, which were taking refuge in the house. He was in earnest; for he took his lantern, lighted its candle, and retreated to the barn on the opposite side from the murder-stained road. Thus he hoped to avoid the ghosts. Katrina followed him into the kitchen; and finding the lamp on the table, kindled it: but when she brought it into the stove-room it increased the fright of the family; for it burnt with a dull blue flame and emitted a strong odor of brimstone—a sure sign that the devil was in the house. But even this sort of light was afforded but a few minutes, for it gradually faded into utter darkness.

No sooner were they left in the dark again, by Winkelman's return to his room and the dying out of the lamp, than a voice issued apparently from the wall of the room, in tones as loud and deep as thunder. Even the piping wind and shrieking ghosts seemed to hush at the sound. At first it was like the continued roar of a lion in the midnight forests of Africa. Presently it began to assume a degree of distinctness; in a few seconds more, the ears of the listeners thought the changing volumes of sound began to form themselves into words, and that the same words were often repeated. As they grew more distinct, the word Stoppel was first recognized; then the complete name, Stoppel Seidenstricker; finally, Stoppel himself, who had been sitting in mulish sullenness on his chair, had his listening ear impressively filled with the words—

"Stoppel Seidenstricker sign the paper; Stoppel Seidenstricker sign the paper:" and winding up, after seven repetitions, with the awful annunciation—"If you don't sign the paper, I will carry you off to-night and put you into the fire-pit." Then the voice ceased, and the wind and the shrieks resumed their violence.

Winkelman came in, a moment afterwards, bearing his lantern closed as before. After asking who had been shouting with such a terrific voice, and how they came to be all in the dark again, he set his lantern upon a shelf on one side of the room, opening the door of it, so as to let the light shine over the company. They were startled by the dazzling brilliancy of the light, and by the singular impression that it made on the eye. It was a strange sort of light, and most unaccountably strange was its effect. The dazzling effulgence of the lantern was reflected from every object in the room, in one uniform bright yellow. No other color was seen. All things were yellow, frightfully yellow. Every face shone with a cadaverous, and more than a cadaverous yellow. Clothes of every hue had changed into a yellow, brighter than saffron dye. The black stove was yellow; the dingy white wall was yellow. Stoppel junior's sky-blue linsey coat was yellow; Becky Feuerbuch's flaming red handkerchief was yellow; the green coat of Winkelman; the brown coat of Stoppel; the many-striped gown of Molly—all were yellow, yellow as hickory leaves in October. Dismay filled almost every heart in a moment; Becky, and half a dozen others, uttered a scream.

"What is the matter?" asked Winkelman, who had his face towards the window and seemed not to have noticed the phenomenon.

"He-i-i-ih!" screamed Becky again: "Gracious me! Don't you see that we are all dead corpses? Hei-i-ih!"

Stoppel looked at Molly: Molly's naturally red face was now so yellow, that never was pumpkin yellower. Molly looked at Stoppel; Stoppel's brown knotty visage—eyes, hair, teeth, tongue, (for his mouth and eyes were both wide open,) were more than ochry, more than caroty yellow.

Not long afterwards Josh Krebs came running in from the barn, where he had taken shelter from the ghosts, with the candle of his lantern almost burnt out. The light issued through narrow slits, as is usual in tin lanterns, and gave a streaky appearance to objects near at hand. When this streaky light mingled with the yellow glare of Winkelman's lantern, a new wonder presented itself. All the objects around were now striped and mottled with their natural colors, yellow being still the ground of all. Stophel staring yet at Molly with stretched eyes, beheld one side of her face assume its natural color. Molly, while her eyes were yet fascinated by Stophel's change of color, saw his nose turn brown again, and a streak diagonally cross his cheeks of the same natural hue; while the corners of his face were as yellow as ever.

While several voices were remarking on this new phenomenon, Winkelman observed that the world seemed to be coming to its right color again, and that he would return to his room. So he picked up his lantern, closed its door so as to dim the light, and went out as if going to his room. Now the affrighted family saw every thing of its right color again. Some of them had wit enough left to conjecture that the yellow was caused by Winkelman's light.

"As sure as the world," said Becky, drawing a long breath, "Winkelman's lantern is bewitched." To this observation several assented.

Stophel was so stiffened with dread that he said nothing, until he saw that all was right again and he began to recover from his fright. The wind and the screaming ghosts were now silent, and no sound was heard but the well-known murmur and pattering of the rain.

"Hu-uh!" grunted Stophel, "he hasn't got me yet:—I still say, no! Donner and blitz, no!" And he gave his fist a dig into the air; but his voice and action both were rather feeble, as if he were not yet sure of his safety. He had not spoken these words more than ten seconds before Josh's candle began to flicker in the socket, and the light in the room to grow dim. This was all perfectly natural, for it was the low state of his candle that drove Josh from the barn into the house; he thinking that the ghosts would surely follow him to his refuge if his light failed.

This circumstance however of the gathering darkness seemed portentous. Trial was made to rekindle the lamp; but more than a minute was spent in vain, when with a dying puff the candle went out in fetid smoke, and left them palsied with fear in total darkness. All were motionless and silent; nothing was heard but the monotonous trickling of innumerable rain-drops, and the short, hard breathing of the company.

Suddenly a light flashed through the room, no one knew whence, and then vanished as suddenly. There had been no thunder during the storm, and this flash was neither like lightning, nor followed by a report. All stared and some shrieked. In a few seconds the flash was repeated: then strange unearthly voices began to be heard, squeaking and gibbering one instant, rumbling and reverberating deeply, as if from a cavern the next instant; then a gradually swelling and continuous rumble, and a discordant mixture of sharp notes and hissing blasts, as if there was some heterogeneous and noisy company of strange beings approaching. Then a lurid gleam of light appeared; then a cloud of smoke became dimly visible in the room. The light increased and spectres of various and ever-changing shapes—some large and of horrible aspect—danced and flitted about in the smoke, squeaking and chattering in language that no one understood. At least such sounds were heard, and they seemed to proceed from the dancing spectres. After this scene had continued a few minutes the shrill and tinkling voices ceased, and hoarse bellowings, with angry vociferations, were heard as if at a distance. Instantly the spectres vanished and all was darkness again.

It should be observed in explanation, that the staircase was separated from the stove-room by a board partition, and under the staircase was a closet, entered by a door in the outer room. To Katrina's less frightened senses the sounds appeared to come from that closet, and the light also by a hole eight or ten inches wide in the partition. This was in the remotest corner from the stove, and opposite to the one which the bed occupied. An old bureau stood against the partition near the door, so as to hide in part from most eyes in the room the place where the hole was, and where no hole had been seen before.

Soon a brilliant light shot into the room through this hole. The smoke had ceased to rise, and the smoke spectres appeared no more; but in their stead, when the light shone out, a spectre of human shape and size stood out in the floor, with its face directed towards Stophel's chair. It stood still, and was soon recognized by Stophel and Molly to be old Hans Bergman. The features were somewhat obscure and death-like, but the shape and dress were perfect. They doubted not that it was his veritable ghost.

"Stophel Seidenstricker! Stophel Seidenstricker!" said the ghost in solemn sepulchral accents, or seemed to say—for the words were real—"you must sign that paper."

Stophel stared with glazed eyes and open mouth at the apparition. But though Stophel was frightened half to death, Stophel's obstinacy was yet alive; his brows began to contract into a frown, and his half-raised outspread hand began to contract into a fist of rage and stubbornness, when, to his horror, a monstrous black-faced, red saucer-dyed, grinning devil, with horns like a bull, put his head out from behind the bureau, as if to see what he was going to do. Neither Stophel's frown, nor Stophel's fist was finished. On the contrary his brows flew up, and his hand flew out. He groaned, and exclaimed—

"There he is!—Don't carry me off!—Don't."

"Will you sign the paper?"

"Humph!" said Stophel, turning his face to the floor, as if his phlegm was still not quite subdued, and he hesitated.

"Will you sign or not?" now smote his ear in a voice of thunder.

Stophel started at the sound; he saw the black-faced demon staring at him from behind the bureau. He grumbled out in a low voice, speaking to himself, "Donner and blitz! I suppose I must." Then looking up at Hans's ghost, and glancing at the ugly demon by his side, he drawled out in Dutch—"Ya-ah, Ich will;" then casting down his eyes, he muttered and groaned out "Teuhenker! I wish I had never seen that devil-conjuror. He has done this: Teuhenker, blitz and donner!"

"Will you sign now?" said the voice, less loudly.

"Ya-ah," muttered Stophel, pouting his lips, frowning and clenching his fist, as if he meant to nail his consent with a fling.

"Then I'll step aside with my companion here, and wait till you send for the paper and sign it. Make haste, we must have you or your signature within five minutes." Instantly the room was dark again.

Molly cried out to Katrina, who witnessed all this, and told her to run for Winkelman. She groped her way out, and in a minute returned with Winkelman, who bore a light, the paper, and pen and ink. With much ado, Stophel made a blot for his mark, pouting, frowning, and grumbling all the while. Josh and Becky were too much paralyzed with fright to do more as witnesses, than to say that they saw him put his hand to the paper.

Stophel might, if he had known or dared, have contested the validity of this act before a court of justice, since his consent was enforced, sorely against his will, by witchcraft, ghost-craft, and other sorts of craft. But the strong spirit of Stophel was now broken. Never did mule, or jackass, or dogged swine, hold out with more fortitude

against man and beast, than did Stophel Seidenstricker against wizard, ghost, and devil. But having at last suffered enough to know that he could not contend with the hosts of darkness, he grounded his arms and surrendered what he could not keep.

The next day the written consent was formally acknowledged and witnessed. Three weeks afterwards, on Katrina's birth-day, Winkelman led her blushing to the church, and they were married. Thus did he complete the victory which he had so gloriously won. Shortly afterwards the rich farm, with its valuable stock, which descended to her from her grandfather Spiegler, was delivered to her new guardian. Stophel was made to account for its proceeds during his guardianship: but the portion which fell to her from her father's family, she left partly in the hands of her stepmother, above her legal claim to dower. Nor did Katrina's unmerited kindness stop here. Yearly on the anniversary of her marriage, she sent a valuable gift to her stepmother, her half-sister, and Molly's other children, down through all the young patriarchs and matriarchs. Wonderful to tell! Molly and all her children learned in two years after they lost the power of oppressing her to love Katrina, and even Stophel himself was heard at last to say that if it were to do over again, he would not fight the devil-conjuror so hard to spite poor Katrina. Thus ends our tale.

Reader. This is a strange sort of a tale: pray, Mr. Author, what is its moral?

Author. Moral! Ah, you are one of the few readers who think a tale should have a moral. Well, my moral is that ignorance is no match for knowledge. Is it not a good moral?

Reader. O yes, it will do. But Mr. Author, do you pretend that such wonders as you have related are all performable by natural means?

Author. Certainly.

Reader. How?

Author. Some of them are easily understood by persons of common intelligence, who will think a little of the ways and means; and as for the rest, if you wish to understand them you must learn chemistry and natural philosophy. Brewster's entertaining little book on Natural Magic will explain several of them.

THE CHANGE OF THE VIOLET.

"As the skies and as the snow,
Blue and white the violets blow,—
Which is purest, who may know?"

A violet, on her natal day,
As white as the snow that had passed away;
Was wondering much of the world around,—
For many an odour and many a sound
Came breathing and murmuring to her cell,
From what or whence,—how could she tell?—
And wondering full an hour lay she
Before she dared to look and see.
Then, timidly peeping her pearly head
From the quiet shade of her low, green bed,
She almost drew it back, in awe
Of the new and marvellous things she saw.

The bees were draining the honey-wells
Of the scarlet columbine's trembling bells;
And the star-like wind-flower, fragile thing!
Bent meek at the brush of the butterfly's wing;

And the convalaria dangled her seal,
In wrath, to be spurned by the grasshopper's heel;
And the golden-club, like a giant tall,
Stood guarding flowers and insects all!

Then, gathering courage, she stole a look
Up at the trees;—the aspen shook,
With a gentle sway, her graceful crest,
In thousands of downy tassels drest;
And with haughty air the maple swung
His boughs with purple and crimson hung,—
And well he might!—'twas rare that a tree
Could show as regal a robe as he!
But while the floweret peered and gazed
In her curious face the sun out-blazed,
And, nearly blinded and all amazed,

She shrank to a shadow deep;—
What could the glittering wonder be?—
No bird it was, nor flower, nor tree!—
And she ventured again to peep;
And found it was *that*, that gave the sheen
To the dew, and changed to gold, the green
On the plume of the humming-bird, and lit
The foam of the brook, that, in fretful fit,
Was whirling and tossing, as if its ire
'Twas spattering out in sparks of fire!

Alas! Alas! for the violet!—
That her ire should ever its glare have met!
She looked and looked till she felt the smart
Of jealousy in her simple heart;—
"Why should yon thing have been placed on high,
The mark and wonder of every eye,
With a dazzling face that holds the power
To gild and light bird, stream and flower;"—
She murmured out with a sigh profound;
"While I was thrown on the dark, cold ground,
That over me foot and wing might pass
And heed me no more than the homely grass,
And with never a color my front to crown
More than that wandering flake of down!"
When, lo!—as she sadly shook her head,
A dew-drop over her petals spread,
And smoothly mirrored upon them lay
The delicate tints of the sky of day,
And scorched by the feverish breath she drew,
Her heart was marked with a yellow hue!

"Joy! joy!" in her glad surprise she cried;
"Though I may not reach its throne of pride,
My breast and my leaves have as beautiful dyes
As it, and the field on which it lies!"
And she raised on her stem with her aspect strange,
Her neighbors to taunt with the glorious change.
The silly flower!—she little dreamed
How low in their honest eyes she seemed,
Till they told her the hue on her bosom seen
Was that of a passion base within,
And that all, by her azure-garments taught,
Would the object know of her evil thought!

The violet humbled, in shame and grief,
Sunk down to the shade of a broad, green leaf.
And never from that disastrous day,
When her mind so sadly went astray,
Was known from the dust to raise her eye
With open look to the dreaded sky,
And even her children, dyed and bent,
Are sharing still in the punishment.

A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

Baltimore, Md.

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NO. 11.

BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

Belshazzar was seated at night in his hall,
And thousands around him obeyed at his call;
In the midst streamed from fountains the ruby red wine,
For the throne of the King was the Bacchanal's shrine;
When the sentence was written in letters of flame,
'Thou art weighed and found wanting!' and splendor and
fame

In the balance of Justice were counted as naught—
He was false to himself and his ruin was wrought.

A ruler as strong, the Recluse of Ferney,*
O'er the Empire of Mind held a limitless sway,
And far as the light of Intelligence shone
Still the great and the noble his influence own;
But his soul was a sepulchre, dreary and dim,
And fearful their end all who trusted in him:
Against virtue and truth he unceasingly warred,
He was false to himself and himself he abhorred.

The young and the bold wander forth from their homes;
The student pores over the black-lettered tomes,
The mariner braves, to win silver and gold,
The fierce torrid sun and the terrible cold,
And the soldier, the statesman, the poet, all pine
On their brows the perennal laurel to twine;
But when all is gained, when the strife is all past,
If false to themselves, oh what win they at last!

The poor man, the fettered, the slave in the mines,
Down deep in the earth where the sun never shines,
Yea, he whom the bigot has doomed to expire
In agony over the slow-mounting fire,
Feels upspringing within him a fountain of joy
Which no pain and no peril can ever destroy;
The world did not give and it cannot divest—
He is true to himself, and by Truth he is blest.

The base, craven-hearted, quail under the blow
The strong give the weak and the proud give the low,
But he who can back on a true spirit fall,
No wrong can excite and no danger appal;
The vision of others is bound by the sky,
But he far beyond it a home can descry,
And he knows that by Truth he its glories shall win—
He who's false to himself can ne'er enter therein.

Hold fast on thyself! what though perils assail,
And thou standest alone in the pitiless gale,
Thou art lord of one soul, thou art king of one realm,
Which no strong arm can conquer, no wave overwhelm,
That shall last and grow brighter as nations decay,
That shall flourish, still young, when the stars fade away,
If true to thyself, thou thyself dost control—
Oh, THERE IS NO EMPIRE SO GREAT AS THE SOUL!

New York, Oct. 1840.

* Voltaire.

POPE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

That system of compensation which is thought by many to balance the apparent inequalities of human destiny, is strikingly illustrated in the case of Alexander Pope. Born in obscurity, he achieved a great reputation—extremely feeble in frame, his mind was singularly energetic—cut off by deformity from many accomplishments, he gave to his intellectual efforts an unrivalled elegance. Who would have imagined, in contemplating the delicate and misshapen child, that life, by any possibility, could prove any thing to him but a weary experience, whose monotony would be totally unrelieved? Yet glance at the adventures of his poetical career, and in number and variety they will be found equal to those of many a hale knight or wild votary of fashion. At what a tender age he renounced the dictation of masters, assumed the reins of education, and resolutely launched into the profession of a poet! How soon he was engaged in a quarrel with Ambrose Phillips, and what a long satirical contest ensued with Dennis and Cibber! Then followed his intimacy with Lady Montague; their fierce encounters of wit; their friendship, correspondence, and mutual enmity. These and similar scenes of literary animosity, were brightened by friendly intercourse with Gay, Swift, and Bolingbroke: and relieved by long periods of study and composition, visits to noblemen, short journeys, and domestic duties. And thus the weak and diminutive poet managed to rise above the dull existence his organization seemed to ensure, and to find abundance of interest in the excitement of critical warfare and the pursuit of poetical renown. It is a wonderful evidence of the power of mind, that this blighted germ of humanity—who was braced in canvass in order to hold himself upright—put to bed and undressed all his life like a child—often unable to digest the luxuries he could not deny himself, or to keep his eyes open at the honorable tables to which his talents alone gave him access—should yet be the terror of his foes, the envy of his rivals, and the admiration of his friends. He could not manage the sword he so ostentatiously displayed in society, but he wielded a pen whose caustic satire was amply adequate to minister either to his self-defence or revenge. He was 'sent into this breathing world but half made up,' and calls his existence 'a long disease;' but Nature atoned for the unkindness, by endowing him with a judgment marvellous for its refined correctness. He could not enjoy with his neighbors the healthful ex-

Lo, he comes !

His voice in the loud thunder and wild winds,
Shaking the wilderness. The tall pines bow
In graceful adoration. Hark ! that crash !
His finger touch'd a tall tree on the hill,
And it is broken. The firm wood is riven
And thrown in splints like arrows through the shade.
The birds cower closer in their leafy screens.
The wild-deer bound in terror from the spot,
And crouch down in the thicket :

Earth, and air,
And winds, and waters, all are echoing now
The august voice of the Eternal GOD :—
Let finite man be silent.

LYDIA JANE.

LITERARY RECREATIONS :

BY ANAGRAM FERRUN.

THE YANKEE AND THE DUELLIST.—No. II.

At a certain town on the Ohio, a Yankee and a Duellist happened, in the year 1803, to be boarders in the same tavern. The Yankee was a shrewd man, as yankees generally are, but nevertheless honest, good natured, peaceable, and withal fond of a joke ; but even when joking he was accustomed to maintain a grave and even dry countenance, as if his face were made of wood. His age might be twenty-eight ; he was by profession a schoolmaster, and his name was Jedediah Bateman.

I know not whence the duellist came. He seems to have been hanging for a number of years about the villages on the frontier, living by his wits as a card-player and land-speculator. He was proud, overbearing and malicious ; and had become doubly arrogant and assuming since he had been victorious in no less than three duels. Once he had crippled, and twice he had killed his man ; making by these exploits two wives widows and five children fatherless. Such was his fame as a duellist, that it was thought to be little less than suicide, for any man not perfectly expert with the pistol to meet him in the field of honor, as this sort of murderers call the place where they shoot one another.

In dress and manners he was a fop and a swaggerer. His red bushy whiskers almost met on his chin ; his shirt-ruffles were long and projecting ; his cravat was stuffed with padding until it almost buried his chin ; and his bell-crowned hat was tilted over his left eyebrow when he walked or rather strutted along the street, swinging and plumping down his cane at every step : and wheresoever he went he overlooked every body, and expected the way to be cleared for him by high and low. He considered himself justified in lording it over all who were about him, because he was the most formidable man in the town.

If any peaceful worthy man did not cower at his presence, he was sure to resent the supposed indignity by sneers and insults. Many were the pompous gibes and bombastic witticisms that he discharged from day to day at the schoolmaster Jedediah Bateman, who did not humble himself like a dog before the high and mighty Major Alonzo Dashwell Bickerton, as the duellist styled himself. He professed to have borne a major's commission in the western army, and often boasted of his exploits in General Wayne's expedition against the Indians. Some people doubted in their hearts whether he had been in that expedition at all, because he gave some erroneous accounts of marches and battles : but they doubted only in their hearts,

for who would dare insinuate the suspicion of falsehood to the major's terrible self? The major's tongue might err, but his pistol was nevertheless true. Who would have expected that our dry-faced yankee schoolmaster would, first of all, have the hardihood to retort the sneers and insults of this hero of the pistol? He bore several of these attacks with the utmost apparent indifference. Not a muscle of his face changed its habitual fixedness, not a drop more or less blood colored his cheek ; neither word nor look indicated the slightest feeling of the bully's satire. This insensibility of Jedediah provoked the major sorely. He charged the artillery of his wit with still heavier loads of turgid phrases, to express his contempt for the schoolmaster. Still the yankee winced not ; he only began with the soberest and most unfeeling gravity to utter some repartees, as dry and grating as the sands of Arabia, yet so perfectly free from open insult, as to incense the duellist's pride without furnishing him with a decent pretext to take offence. But the natural malignity of his temper was so embittered by the schoolmaster's mortifying indifference and icy wit, that he began to abuse and insult him outrageously on all occasions, with the obvious intention of provoking a deadly quarrel with him! Still the yankee maintained his imperturbable coolness, and replied only by jokes and sarcasm of more stony and indigestible hardness. The bully's rage became unbounded, and the yankee's friends saw clearly that the affair would soon come to personal violence. But their kind endeavors were vain to persuade Jedediah to soothe the bully's rage. "If you mortify his pride any further," said they, "he will assault you, and you will have to let him beat you with his cane or shoot you with his pistol."

"I shall let him do neither, I guess," said the yankee.

"How will you prevent him?"

"You will see when the time comes," was the final reply.

That same evening at supper, the duellist, as usual, began to utter something designed to provoke the yankee. At first Jedediah gave no heed. To make the attack more direct, the bully proceeded, as he had often done, and as fops and adlepaters often do, to express his contempt of schoolmasters, or *pedagogues*, as he and other fops used to call them. Seeing that Jedediah still paid no attention, he addressed him superciliously in these words. "Come, sir pedagogue, you are silent : be so condescending as to illustrate your profession by informing us how many ideas you have bastinadoed into the posteriors of your boys to-day." "Not one, sir," said Jedediah—"the boys do not now carry their ideas in their posteriors, however they may have done in your boyish days." "The deuce you say, Mr. Pedagogue : well then, give us a philosophical reason why you apply your birchen instrument with such impetuosity to that inferior part of their corporeal system? Come, your philosophical reason, Mr. Pedagogue." "You shall be satisfied, sir. I apply the birch to that part, because it is the base of the system ; all the baser elements settle down into it, such as sloth, pride, malice, insolence, ill-manners, and whatever else may tend to make a man proud without virtue, boastful without merit, pompous without dignity and quarrelsome without reason. Therefore I apply the remedy to the base, in order to expel such baseness from its seat in the system."

The bully was so foiled by this answer, that for some moments he showed his rage only by his fierce looks. Then, setting his arms akimbo, he said, "You are a cowardly pedagogue to attack boys in that contemptible way. I never knew a pedagogue who was not a tyrant among children and a ——— infernal coward among men." He interlarded this speech with one of the oaths commonly used by bullies and blackguards : adding these words : "I had a pedagogue in my battalion during the campaign of '96

against the Indians, and the — rascal ran away in every battle, till I had him drummed out of the army, the — poltroon."

"You said the campaign of '96: are you not mistaken in the date?" asked Bateman, with cool gravity.

"Yes, sir pedagogue; I said the campaign of '96 under Wayne. I mistake no dates, sir; and if I did, your pedagogical pusillanimity disqualifies you for the function of historical correction."

"Wayne's expedition against the Indians was over, and peace was made before '96," said Bateman dryly, as he sat nearly opposite to Bickerton, stirring a copious mixture of butter, molasses and mush, or hasty pudding, which were to be his supper.

"You are a — liar, you — pedagogue," roared out the bully; "what the — do you know of Wayne's campaigns? Stick to your ferule and your spelling-book, and leave military affairs to gentlemen: they are exterior to your province, sir pedagogue."

"Boys learn history in these days," said Bateman, as he rose from the table, and took down a volume from the mantel-piece. After turning over a few leaves, he resumed his seat, and said, "Here is an epitome of American history brought down to the year 1801." He then read a short paragraph which confirmed his assertion: then holding the book towards Bickerton, he said dryly, "That is what my boys learn, sir. Would you like to see it in the book, major?"

"No, you are a — fool and an insolent liar, I tell you."

"One mark of a fool," said Bateman, as dryly as ever, "is to fly into a passion and call names about a trifle; and one mark of a liar is, to persevere in a false assertion in the face of evidence to the contrary."

The yankee had no sooner spoken these words, stirring his mush all the while, than the enraged bully lifted the case knife in his hand and flung it violently at Bateman's head. The yankee, though seemingly intent upon his mush, which he had now thoroughly imbued with the molasses and butter, kept watch however with a corner of his eye and dodged the knife as it flew whizzing towards his head. At the same time, dropping the spoon, he slipped his palm under the plate and adroitly dashed it, mush foremost, plump into the duellist's face. The centre of the reeking mass struck the nose, which operating as a wedge, caused the clammy supper of the yankee to spread itself with accommodating facility over the whole fiery visage of the duellist, and to stop up every hole and fill up every hollow in the said visage—the eyes and ears not excepted. A considerable quantity became entangled in the huge bushy whiskers; the superfluity gliding down with the plate made a lodgment in the bosom and the manifold convolutions of the frill that stuck out prominently in front. Happily for the duellist, the operation of mixing and compounding the plaster had so reduced its temperature that it was not quite scalding hot, and the eyelids had instinctively closed themselves on the approach of the slap-dashing application, or those lately glaring eye-balls would never again have directed a pistol-ball at the heart of an adversary.

He was led by the hand into the back porch, where, after fifteen minutes' washing, the orifices and cavities of his face were cleared of the adhesive mixture, and he was able again to see, hear, smell and speak. When he found his organs free, though his nose still wept blood from the rude contact of the heavy pewter plate, he began to roar out a torrent of oaths, imprecations and threats against the yankee, who had begun to feed his hunger upon a second plate of hasty pudding, as if nothing had happened. In spite of the entreaties of the company, the raving bully started up stairs for his pistols, swearing in the most awful manner that he would shoot the offending pedagogue upon the spot.

Presently he was heard on his return, cursing and swearing as violently as ever. "Fly, Bateman, fly," said the company, "he will shoot you." "I guess not," said the yankee, "but I may have to mend his manners with something harder than hasty pudding." So saying he picked up a heavy fire-shovel at the hearth, and posted himself behind the door by which Bickerton would enter.

While some were endeavoring to dissuade the furious bully from his purpose, the yankee said to those in the room with him; "Tell him to challenge me; I will meet him in the field of honor." When this message was first delivered to the duellist, he only raved and swore the more fiercely, and demanded immediate access to the insolent pedagogue that he might drive a ball through his heart. He was gradually reduced to reason, however, by the argument of a lawyer in the company, who told him that if he killed the yankee now, he would be liable to punishment as a murderer, but that he might shoot him on the field of honor without getting himself into the fangs of the law. The duellist felt the force of the argument: for in those days even an honorable gentleman in a fine coat and a ruffled shirt, was in some danger of being hanged for wilful murder. Now—only the friendless and beggarly murderers are liable to the gallows. But then, as now, the murderer in a duel had nothing to fear from the law, but might be raised to the highest honors by popular favor. Therefore, Bickerton, being somewhat cooled by this argument, and believing that he could satiate his malice as certainly in a duel as by instant assassination, returned to his room and penned a challenge in due form, according to the code of honor. Bateman promptly accepted it, to the dismay of his friends, who now looked upon him as no better than a dead man. He had the right, as the challenged party, to prescribe the terms of the fight. They were to meet on the next day at the great Indian mound, about half a mile from the town, in a dense forest: they were to have no seconds, but were to stand ten yards apart, and either of them might fire at pleasure, after calling out to the other "stop, take care of yourself." Their friends might stand fifty yards off, to see that these terms were duly observed; but were not to interfere unless they were violated. Nearly every man wished the yankee success, but expected only to see him killed at the first fire.

The duellist demurred at first to the extraordinary terms prescribed by the schoolmaster; but he finally acceded to them, feeling sure of his own quickness of hand, and doubted not that he could pierce the heart whose blood he so eagerly thirsted for.

So, on the next day, at the appointed hour, the redoubtable major strutted forth to the field of honor, with a well charged brace of pistols wrapped up in a handkerchief and stuck under his left arm. When in sight of the mound, he cast his eyes about in search of his adversary; but no yankee appeared. He moved slowly onwards, keeping a sharp look-out for his man, and licking his lips in preparation for the expected feast of blood. The forest was always dusky with shade in that place, and the morning fog still lingered in its damp recesses. When he came so near the mound as to see it and the trees about it distinctly, he was certain that the schoolmaster had not arrived, and began with feelings of disappointed revenge to curse him aloud for a cowardly knave, a base poltroon and a chicken-hearted white-livered pedagogue.

He was pouring forth these imprecations, and lengthening them out with all the choicest terms in the vocabulary of honorable bullies, when he was stopped in mid career by an unexpected phenomenon. On reaching a little open plot near the mound, he struck his foot against a long pole that had been laid across the path; and at the same instant a voice of thunder smote his ears with the words, "Stop! take care of yourself!" He did stop in great surprise, and

look towards the place from which the voice had come, but he saw only the huge trunk of a tree that stood by the mound, ten yards from the pole at which he stopped. He had no time for deliberation: the voice thundered again, "Take care of yourself; I'll blow your brains out:" and now he saw distinctly the muzzle of a great blunderbuss pointed towards him from behind the tree, and the yankee's eye at the butt, taking aim, while the tree concealed his body. The duellist was taken so off his guard, that he stood confounded for an instant; but as the expected shot did not come, he began to fumble under his arm for his pistols; but he no sooner began to unwrap them, than the yankee called out, in the most decided tone, "Drop your pistols or I'll shoot you." The bully hesitated. "Drop 'em, I tell you, or I'll blow nine buckshot into you, as soon as I count three: mind now—one!—two!—thr—" He had cocked his musket and taken what the duellist saw was a sure aim. Before the word three was fully pronounced, the handkerchief containing the pistols fell to the ground, whether by accident, by a paralysis of the duellist's nerves, or by an act of his will, we shall not undertake to say: however, the pistols fell.

"Now," said the yankee, stepping out from behind the tree, with his finger still on the trigger, but the wide muzzle of his firelock elevated at the angle of thirty degrees,— "you have but one way to save your life. Right about face!" The duellist began to remonstrate. "Face about, I tell you, or I'll drive a load of buckshot through you;" and he began to level his musket as he advanced upon his adversary. The duellist faced about like a soldier. "Very well: forward march!—March, I tell you—straight to home; or tarnation seize me if I don't riddle you with buckshot before I count three—One!—two—" The duellist did not wait for the next word; the angry voice was close behind him, and the deep-mouthed blunderbuss within two yards of his back. He began to march with slow and rather halting steps, very different from his usual strut. The yankee followed with all gravity. The company in the neighboring woods fell into the rear, tittering at the strange result of the duel. The line of march was pursued without intermission: for whenever the duellist attempted to halt or speak, the angry voice of the yankee drove him on with the threat of buckshot.

When they entered the town, Bateman began with solemn face and voice to sing—

"Yankee doodle came to town,

To buy a keg o' brandy;"

"Mind your steps there, or I'll blow your brains out."

"Yankee doodle doodle doo,

Yankee doodle dandy."

Now it happened to be muster day for a battalion of militia, and the streets were filling up with people of all sorts from the country. When the crowd saw the terrible duellist with thunder and lightning in his face, walking along before the dry-visaged schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster with a large musket solemnly chanting yankee doodle, and marching as coolly as if he drove an ox-cart, they gathered themselves about them with wonder and curiosity to see what these things meant. When the bully reached the tavern door, hundreds had assembled. Mounting the platform before the door, he turned to address his indignant remonstrance to the multitude. Before he could utter a word the yankee called out, "Halt! Face to the left, and tell the people what a yankee trick I have played you." "Yes," roared out Bickerton, glad to vent his raging indignation—"a derogatory, dishonorable, ungentlemanly advantage! Fellow citizens, I appeal to you and to the laws of honor. This disreputable pedagogue had the audacious impudence and intolerable insolence, last night, to discharge a load of buckshot into my face—yes, mine, fellow-citizens, the foul and slimy ingredients of his supper:—for which I would have pun-

ished him instanter, but for the intercession of the company. But to vindicate my outraged honor, I condescended to demand of him the satisfaction of a gentleman, and he with most knavish design accepted my cartel.

"This morning at the appointed hour I repaired to the field of honor, equipped as gentlemen usually are for honorable combat. When I arrived at the place, the dastardly poltroon was invisibly concealed behind a giant son of the forest, armed with a musket enormously charged with nine buckshot; and before we had measured the ground or taken our positions, or the skulking dastard even showed his person, he presented his musket and threatened to shoot me, if I did not drop my pistols and return to town. In attempting to unwrap my pistols they slipped out of my hands, and thus was I exposed unarmed to the dastardly attack of this pedagogical poltroon with his dishonorable musket charged with an enormous quantity of buckshot. I turned indignantly from this contemptible attempt at assassination, and returned home, that I might on a subsequent occasion vindicate my outraged honor, and in public and ostensible conflict, inflict a lacerating flagellation upon the pedagogical author of this outrageous violation of the code of honor, heretofore inviolably observed by all who are entitled to the honorable appellation of gentlemen."

When the duellist had concluded his speech, Jedediah soberly replied in these words: "Fellow-citizens; I long bore with patience the unprovoked derision and insults of this professed duellist. Last night he assailed me at the supper-table with the most wanton abuse, which I parried with nothing but jests, until he threw a case-knife at my head; I then returned the compliment by dashing my plate full of molasses and hasty pudding into his face. For this he challenged me to fight a duel. I accepted the challenge on these conditions, and no other, that we were to stand ten yards apart, without seconds, and either of us might fire at pleasure after calling out, 'Stop!—take care of yourself.' Nothing was said about the sort of arms: he chose his favorite pistols, I preferred this musket. I stood behind a tree till he came to the mark I had set, just ten yards off. I then called out to him, 'Stop—take care.' I had then a right, by the terms, to fire; but I left it to his choice either to take nine buckshot from my gun, or to drop his pistols and march back to town. He wisely chose the latter; and you all bear me witness that I have brought him from the field of honor, safe and sound; and that is more than he would have done for me, if he had been in my place and I in his. And now, to show that I meant to take no unfair advantage, I will change situations with him before you all. I will give him the musket, and let him, if he can, drive me as I drove him; or if he prefers to shoot me, as I guess from his looks that he does, then let him take his revenge, and put nine buckshot into me, if he can." So saying, Jedediah turned to the duellist, and throwing him the musket, said—"Here, take the gun and try your luck with it; turn about is fair play."

Bickerton snatched up the musket at his feet, cocked it with a grunt of malignant satisfaction, took aim at the yankee's breast and pulled the trigger. "Snap," went the rusty old firelock. "Try her again, major," said the yankee. The duellist gritted his teeth as he cocked the gun the second time. Again he took aim and pulled the trigger. "Snap," went the rusty old musket with a duller sound than before. Now a phenomenon occurred. The wooden face of the yankee was for once wrung into a smile, and some affirmed that he actually laughed, though others thought that to be impossible. But the enraged bully began to smell a rat. He examined the capacious pan of the old firelock. He found nothing in it but yellow rust. He hastily turned the muzzle to his mouth and blew into it. The air whistled through the touch-hole; the old musket was not charged; the nine buckshot were all imaginary. He threw down

the harmless old iron with a yell of blasphemy, and ran up to his room, while shouts of laughter convulsed the assembled multitude.

Half an hour afterwards the chap-fallen duellist was seen on his horse, trying to steal out of town by a back lane. He was pursued by hundreds with claps and shouts of derision, till he had galloped out of sight. The people of that town never again saw the face of Major Alonzo Dashwood Bickerton, the duellist.

Whither he went or how he fared,
Nobody knew and nobody cared.

THE ENAMOURED FLOWER.

'Twas on the margin of a cool
And deep sequestered mountain-pool,
A Flower bloomed in pride;
The sun of many a by-gone Spring,
Had seen it blossom there, and fling
Its image on the tide;
But never had the Flower known
That beauteous shadow was its own!
Above, the sunbeams glancing through
A canopy of netted vines,
Amidst its blushing petals threw
The glory of a thousand mines;
But from its painted leaflets went
A hue those beams had never lent:
The sun might give its golden light,
But from it borrowed tints as bright!
The winds would come and bend it down,
To kiss the waters bubbling round,
Or flood it with their stolen pelf;
Then with a sigh, would fleet away,
And leave it decked with jewelled spray—
But yet the plant knew not itself!

One day, the Spirit of the Flowers
Forth from the gardens of earth had gone,
To roam abroad in her wild-wood bowers,
And see how her pet-buds there, came on!

"In the garden blows
The haughty rose,"
In a gleeful tone, she said;
"But I know where
In its grassy lair,
The violet hides her head—
The perfume blown
From her mossy throne,
Is lost on the passing wind;
But the sweetest breath,
And the brightest wreath,
In the forest-home you'll find!"

The Flower-Spirit came, and stood
Above the waters of the wild,
And as she looked within the flood,
She saw the shadow of her child;
Who, from her pebbly-margined steep,
Glassed her own image in the deep!

"Lone daughter of the wood," she cried,
"What seest thou within the tide?"

"I see a Flower in that wave,
Whose waters oft my leaflets lave,
And when I stoop to drink their dew,
The Flower bends to meet me too!"

There it shines most beautifully—
Goddess grant that Flower to me!"

"My modest, untaught, lovely pet,
Ah! never, never was there yet
A boon which you have asked of me,
But that I gladly gave it thee;
But now you wish an useless grace,
The waters mirror but your face!"

The Flower heard! but droop'd with grief.
In vain the Goddess sought relief!
Its withered, blackened branches, fell
Upon those waves, whose rippling swell
No more in answering beauty smiled
On that lone blossom of the wild:
She died!—alas, ere Summer's sun had flown,—
To grasp a shade—the substance all her own!

P. G.

FRAGMENTS OF VERSE

AFTER SHELLEY'S "SKY-LARK."

TO MARY L——, OF A——.

What art thou, sweet spirit,
Vision to poets given!
That doth earth inherit
Fresh and warm and living,
But hath of Earth no part, looking too much of Heaven?
Whence those clear tones ringing
Through the moveless air,
To our fancies bringing
Thoughts that live not here—
Memories of some bright world we have known elsewhere?

Joyous, pure and fair!
Thou of Love must tell
From spheres where sin and care
Never sound its knell,—
Where breathing truth always, its course runs smooth and well.

Like some magic token,
Holding all who see
Long in spell unbroken,
Glances fall from thee,
Arresting on our lips words that would else flow free.

Like the star of morning
Brightening the dull earth,
Gloom and darkness scorning—
Singing of day the birth,
Thy presence fills all souls, thou child of light and mirth.

Like Hope's cheerful beaming
On despondence shed,
When the brain is dreaming
Of its glad thoughts fled,
And o'er the future shades of mirk despair lie spread—

Like new-fallen showers
On a withered field,
Waking the drooped flowers
Fairer hues to yield,
Thy smiles refresh the heart whose bloom had almost failed—

WRITER.

Norfolk, 1840.

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NO. 12.

WHERE ART THOU?

BY A LADY.

Oh, where art thou, my life, my love,
This grand, this solemn night?

My thoughts are with thee, as I rove
Beneath the moon's pure light.

Bright clouds upon the fitful wind,

On wandering pinions stray;

I watched them with an absent mind—
For thou art far away!

Where art thou, love? The night is fair,

And soft the breezes blow;

And many a holy, watchful star,

Looks down with fervent glow.

I raise my eyes to Heaven above;

I lift my hands to pray;

Devotion dies, in bleeding love—

For thou art far away.

Within thy bosom lies my heart,

I am but one with thee;

My soul is with thee where thou art,

And what is left of me?

I sigh, the wind that sigh returns,

As ripe leaves rustling play;

But beauty dies, my spirit mourns—

For thou art far away.

Oh, where art thou? And what am I?

What means this bosom's swell?

The trembling heart, the blush, the sigh;

Ah me! I know too well!

Too well, I know, that I am thine,

And doom'd from thee to stray,

Ten thousand torturing thoughts combine—

For thou art far away.

Oh, where art thou, my life, my love—

Where smile thy beaming eyes?

Are they not rais'd like mine above,

Where love immortal lies?

Oh, meet me there, with ardent heart,

At every close of day;

Until we meet no more to part—

Where peace and rapture stay.

THE DIRGE OF THE MARINER.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I ask not to sleep where the ancient church-bell

Will fright the young birds from my grave—

More dear than its chime is the requiem swell,

And musical moan of the wave:

Let not the frail herbage grow over my bones,

Which the winter-gale covers with snow;

O! bury me not where memorial stones,

Earth's chronicle sepulchres show.

But place me away where the curlews sweep

Round the Ocean's unlaurelled goal;

On the sparkling beach, where the surges sleep,

And the waters forget to roll:

I have lived on its mighty and solemn breast,

And I love it far more than land;

O! when I am dead, let my ashes rest

Entombed on the weltering strand!

For there the green billows with chaplets of foam

Will come from the midst of the sea,

Like friends from the haunts of my ocean-home,

To utter their sorrow for me;

They will bring gay weeds from the fathomless caves

And twine them above my head,

And the ambient gleam of the distant waves

They will cast on my lonely bed.

With shells like the rainbow, and pebbles rare

They'll enamel the polished strand,

And the signs of their faithful vigils there

Will be traced on the silver sand.

Sadly the sound of their mournful retreat

In the distance will die away,

And wildly the sobs of their coming will greet

The home of the mariner's clay.

They'll haste on the wings of the tempest, to wail,

Or under the starlight, to sigh;

They'll throng like an army its chieftain to hail,

Or meekly creep thither to die.

Let my slab be inscribed by the radiant wave,

My shroud be enwove from the surge,

Let no tears but the spray wet the mariner's grave,

And the sea sound forever his dirge!

OUR NAVY.

[We present below another article from our correspondent H. B., whose previous papers upon naval subjects, we have taken occasion to commend to the notice of our readers. We invite their special attention to the following essay. While we hope that every contribution that finds admission into the columns of the Messenger will be worthy of their regard, and each, after its manner, contribute its quota to their amusement and instruction, we deem the subject that is discussed below, as having a strong claim independent of its great literary merit—nay, as laying, by the deep considerations of patriotism and duty, a requirement upon each one to whom the interests and honor of his country are dear, to study, to reflect and to act.]

We would that the sword were sheathed—that the standard of battle were furled forever. But such is not the case. We are yet exposed to the perils of conflict, and that with mighty nations. Dark clouds are gathering in the horizon, that threaten every moment to burst, and to involve us in the consequences. In the event of such a crisis, can any one doubt that it is to our Navy we must look as our strongest arm of defence? That Navy that has won for us so many laurels upon Lake and Sea, and beneath whose bunting has cowered even the Red-Cross of Saint-George? But is this agent of national defence in a condition to meet such an exigency? This is an important question, and for an answer let the reader look to the following and the preceding articles from the masterly pen of our correspondent. We assure them that it is a pen fully capable of discussing this question.

Upon his knees the wandering Hermit fell,
 And took for Heaven's the messenger of hell.
 "Unworthy I," the lonely man replied,
 "Of Fortune's gifts to me so long denied!"
 "Arise—arise," the Fakir straight rejoined,
 "If man be virtuous Heaven will still be kind.
 Now mark my words:—Of cedar-logs you'll raise
 A pile beneath the sunset's golden rays,
 And cull three lotus-flow'rs from yon blest stream,
 Tinged by the sinking day-star's saffron beam:
 These shall you place upon the perfumed heap,
 And trust the rest unto my science deep:
 For when the stars in Heaven's pavilion burn,
 With heaven-lit torch to fire it, I'll return."
 The Fakir vanished 'mong the palms—and straight
 The Hermit plied his axe with hope elate.
 The pile was raised—the lotus-flowers gleamed—
 The sunset radiance o'er the valley streamed—
 When a good Bramin on his staff passed by,
 And viewed the altar with a wondering eye.
 "And why, my son," the gentle Bramin asked,
 "Hast thou thine aged limbs so rudely tasked
 To raise this pile, on which three flowers I see,
 Thy only offering to the Deity?"
 Answered the Hermit, "From the blue above
 An angel came, the messenger of love,
 Who spoke me words of charity and peace,
 And vowed that all my miseries should cease.
 'Twas he who bade this rustic altar rise
 Beneath the golden influence of the skies;
 And when the stars in Heaven's pavilion burn,
 With heaven-lit torch to fire it, he'll return!"
 "Beware, my son," the Bramin sighed—"beware!
 Nor wilful fall into the deadly snare.
 Oft hath that son of Eblis tempted souls
 To fall from Heaven, though Heaven his power controls.
 There will he use to work his evil will;
 That gained, both soul and body will he kill.
 The pile he'll light, and when the smoke ascends,
 And with the gathering darkness thickly blends,
 He'll bid thee kneel before the flaming pile,
 And to the powers of darkness pray the while;
 Then with thine axe he'll top thy hoary head,
 And cast thee headlong 'mong the embers red.
 Beware, my son; in sweet content live on!"
 The Hermit turned to answer—he was gone!—
 The stars came forth, and with them darkly came
 The Fakir false, (his torch's lurid flame
 Sepulchral radiance flinging o'er the gloom,)
 As if to claim a victim for the tomb.
 The pile he fired—the flickering flames leapt up—
 From his black mantle's folds he took a cup
 And poured its hellish compound on the fire;
 The eager flames with triple strength aspire:
 Yet one small star through all still glimmered forth;
 That star presided o'er the Hermit's birth.
 "Kneel," cried the Fakir, "to my master kneel!"
 The angry thunders muttered peal on peal.
 "Bow to great Eblis, whose eternal throne
 Is circled now by midnight's mystic zone;
 Pray to my master, and at length shall close
 Thy wretched life in affluence, and repose!"
 "Ah," said the cunning Hermit, "kneel by me;
 I tremble at the voice of destiny!"
 The unsuspecting Fakir knelt; but ere
 His eye he raised, he darkling stagger'd there;
 The Hermit's bright axe quivered in his brain;
 The spring of life thus sudden snapt in twain,
 From his dark eye glared forth the curse of hell,
 And starless night upon his eyelids fell.

The Hermit raised the corpse, bright Brahma names,
 And casts it headlong 'mong the bickering flames;
 Lifted his eye and marked his guardian star,
 Now brighter grown, late tremulously far;
 And long he prayed, till on the waning night
 The purple morning spread her sun-like light.
 The smoke bath vanished, and the vapor blue
 Melts o'er the flowers in pearls of amber dew;
 Nought now remains of the late flaming pyre
 But heaps of ashes gemmed with sparks of fire.
 The mass he searched—and, wonder to behold!
 Found 'neath the smouldering brands a man of gold—
 The golden statue of the Fakir dread;
 His trusty blade embedded in its head
 Turned too to gold—which coined, was wealth enough
 For one whose earthly path had been so rough.
 The axe he sold—the statue buried deep
 Where bright *banas* 'mong the dark palms creep,
 And graved hard by it on a marble slab,
 "Stranger who seek'st the wealth of Sinnabab,
 Count forty paces from this guiding stone,
 His golden statue unprofaned you'll own.
 Live long and prosper—of the Fiend beware;
 Depart and die in peace, my unknown heir!"
 The Hermit died in plenitude of years,
 And found his loved ones 'bove the rolling spheres;
 But who his statue found is now unknown,
 So many ages since these days have flown.
Paris, 1840.

LITERARY RECREATIONS—No. III.

BY ANAGRAM FERRUN.

THE RESCUED NOVICE.

No slavery on earth is more doleful than that of a nun who enters the cloister against the free consent of her heart, or who is kept in it after she has repented of her choice. Bound irrevocably by her vow, (as the Papal church has decreed) and shut up as a prisoner to irksome ceremonies, secluded from communication with God's open world, and subjected as a bonds-woman to her spiritual Superiors, with a heart that could still relish the free pursuits and innocent enjoyments of mankind, she must pine away with such hopeless regrets as may well blast her affections and imprint leanness upon her face.

As to those who freely choose the monotonous and barren seclusion of the cloister, and live not to rue their choice, we will not waste our sympathy upon them, nor inveigh against the superstitious folly of their choice; nor will we say that they have chosen unwisely who are driven to the cloister as a last refuge in misfortune, or who resort to this as the best method of devoting themselves to the active duties of charity. But when a healthy young woman, qualified to fulfil the ends for which God made the sex, is compelled, as often happens, by parental or priestly authority, or is inveigled by crafty and deceptive allurements, or misled by superstitious notions, to take an irrevocable vow of celibacy, seclusion, formality and penance at another's will, we rejoice to hear of her escape from a thralldom in some respects worse than that of a convict in the penitentiary. In Roman Catholic countries, many are known to be driven into this hopeless state. In this country, as well as others, not a few are artfully entrapped into it, and when they show signs of uneasiness, are watched

and confined so closely as to render escape very difficult. We take the greater pleasure, therefore, in recording an instance of the deliverance of a novice from one of these dreary prisons in the Pope's own city of Rome.

Shortly after the beginning of the present century, Prince Cæsar Leoni was the head of a Roman family long distinguished for nobility, wealth and power. He had been thrice married to daughters of noble houses, and few could boast of so numerous or so beautiful a family of children. Of all his seven daughters, the princess Paulina was the most beautiful, ingenuous and accomplished. Devoted to study, she seldom appeared in public, except when called by duty or parental command, nor was she often met with at private parties. Hence, neither her personal nor mental excellencies attracted as much notice as they deserved; but notwithstanding her retired habits, she excited the admiration of several young noblemen, and received better offers of marriage than her younger half sisters, who were ostentatiously put forward by their mother, the prince's third wife. This woman was of the most powerful family in Rome, jealous and cruel in her temper, and ambitious to connect her daughters with the best families in the city. Paulina was the only child of the second wife, who had been of a family noble and amiable indeed, but of small wealth and power. The children of the first marriage, two daughters, were both disposed of by suitable alliances, so that Paulina alone remained in her father's house to bear the jealous envy of the step-mother.

This woman when she saw that Paulina, modest and retiring as she was, still eclipsed her own daughters, conceived a bitter hatred against her, and watched occasion to prejudice Prince Leoni against his motherless child. Her jealousy was in no degree abated by Paulina's rejection of several offers of marriage from wealthy noblemen. She was rather irritated to think that her step-daughter still continued at twenty-one years of age to stand between her daughters of nineteen, seventeen and sixteen, and the noble suitors who courted an alliance with the house of Leoni.

Nor could she for some time divine the reason why her step-daughter refused so many offers that her own daughters would have gladly accepted; for although few of the Roman nobility were qualified to gain a heart like Paulina's, the step-mother, who had not married from any sentimental consideration, could not conceive why nobility of birth, especially when united with wealth and agreeable manners, should not satisfy any young lady.

The truth was that Paulina had a secret attachment, which she did not avow to her parents, partly, because she had not confessed it to him for whom it was cherished, and she was certain, moreover, that if known, it would be violently disapproved by her proud and overbearing father.

When she was in her twentieth year, she became desirous of studying the English language. Her father, who liberally indulged her studies, employed as her teacher a young American, named Robert Ellingford, who had resided during two years in Rome as a student of the fine arts, and had become favorably known to several noble families. He was the son of a wealthy gentleman of South Carolina, who supported him liberally in his taste for the fine arts, until he was compelled to pay a heavy sum of money as surety for a friend. He then wrote to Robert in Italy that he must either return home or live upon his own resources. This turn of fortune induced the young man to offer his services as teacher of English, that he might support himself until he completed his studies of architecture, painting and music. Thus he came to be a daily visitor at the Leoni palace; and being handsome, amiable and accomplished, like his pupil, their acquaintance gradually and almost imperceptibly to themselves had ripened into love, which he expressed more by indirect signs than words, and she received with smiling condescension, because she was as

deeply entangled as himself. Hence the lessons in English were often taken from amatory compositions, and passages from Shakspeare, Fielding and Shenstone were read not only with intelligence but with feeling.

The malignant step-mother at length discovered signs of Paulina's attachment to her American teacher. The pleasure that the princess evidently took in her English studies, and the imprudent lengths to which the daily lessons grew, first excited suspicion. The artful step-dame rejoiced at this hopeful occasion of exposing the princess to her father's displeasure; she ceased not to pry into the affair until she gathered sufficient evidence to convince herself, and to excite at least strong suspicion and consequent rage in her husband's mind. She opened the subject to him with crafty professions of concern for her step-daughter's welfare, and for the honor of their princely house, which had never yet been tarnished by any plebeian or heretical connexion. She then mentioned the circumstances on which her suspicions were founded, and asked whether something should not be done to save the princess and the family from the consequences of such an attachment.

The proud and violent old man was enraged beyond measure by the artful suggestions of his dame. He sent for his daughter immediately. The wife having kindled the fire, did not choose to be present at the outbreak of the flames, but retired under the modest pretext that her duty being performed in giving the information, she would leave the case to the unbiassed management of her step-daughter's natural parent.

When Paulina appeared, the proud father demanded of her an explicit confession or denial of attachment to the young American. She promptly confessed a strong affection for her English teacher, but denied that any declaration of love had passed between them, or that she had contemplated any matrimonial engagement with him.

The old man's rage was increased by this prompt avowal of his daughter, that she had indulged a feeling any way akin to love for a teacher, a plebeian, a protestant heretic and a republican. He ended the conference by forbidding her to have any farther communication with Ellingford, and commanding her to choose a husband out of her noble suitors within two months, or retire to a nunnery and take the veil. Now of these noble suitors, one was too old and ugly; another too ignorant and stupid; another too ill-tempered and superstitious; another too profligate in his morals; and all were somehow too disagreeable to her to make a choice among them, otherwise than abhorrent to her feelings. On the other hand she was exceedingly averse to the slavish and profitless seclusion of a nunnery. She could not reconcile herself, therefore, to either side of her father's alternative. The only effect of his despotic requirement was to wake up in her breast the spirit which she inherited from him, and make her resolve to cling to her own free choice.

On that day when Ellingford came at the usual hour, he was by the prince's order rudely driven from the door and forbidden to show his face there again. He returned to his lodgings, wondering what this sudden and violent dismissal could mean. He remained in suspense until night, when Paulina's maid called and handed him a note from her, explaining in rather indirect terms the cause of her father's anger, declaring at the same time her sorrow for the loss of his instruction, her high esteem for his character, and the pleasure that she had enjoyed in his company and conversation. This was so nearly a declaration of love, when taken in connexion with the circumstances, that Ellingford hesitated not to write an answer, professing his devoted and unalterable attachment, and beseeching her to afford him by some means the happiness of an interview.

The next evening at the same hour, the maid brought him a second note, merely requesting him to follow the maid's

guidance to the house of Paulina's maternal aunt. He went with joy, met his beloved, exchanged with her the fondest pledges of affection, and was gratified with an appointment to meet again at the same place on that night week. The ardent lovers desired to meet sooner; but the prudent aunt warned them of the danger of discovery, if they came more frequently than once a week. Twice they had met and enjoyed, each time, two delicious hours in each other's company. But their second meeting had not escaped the malicious vigilance of the step-dame, who by means of a servant employed by her as a spy on Paulina's actions, learned that Ellingford had been with her at the aunt's. But she was too artful to inform prince Leoni of this discovery, until a third meeting of the luckless pair should aggravate the offence and give more decisive effect to her malignity. She ordered her spy to be doubly vigilant and let her know when Paulina again visited her aunt. This occurred on the same night of the next week, when Ellingford was seen to enter the same house. Now the dame had the prince informed of the whole affair, past and present. As she expected, his wrath was terrible. He ordered a close carriage to be brought out immediately, girded on his rapier, told two footmen to accompany him with pistols and stilettoes, and then ordered his coachman to drive directly to the aunt's house. He had previously sent a servant to the house to keep watch near the street-door until he should arrive. Paulina's maid, Theodora, happened to observe this sentinel standing near the door, and recognized his person. Filled with alarm at the circumstance, she told her mistress, who was also alarmed and advised her lover to go home without delay. She, as usual on these occasions, intended to sleep at her aunt's. He lingered a few minutes, loath to depart, but when entreated to make haste, he went. The street was an unfrequented one; hence, the sound of an approaching carriage attracted his attention and that of the family, who watched his departure with some anxiety for his safety. The sentinel followed him closely till he met the carriage, thirty yards from the door. Some words were spoken; the carriage stopped; two men sprang from behind it upon Ellingford; a man stepped from the inside of the carriage while a scuffle was going on without. Prince Leoni's voice was heard uttering an angry imprecation, then a groan sounded in the frightened ears of the listeners, and a heavy fall; after which, the party belonging to the carriage again mounted and the vehicle was driven up to the door. Prince Leoni instantly demanded that his daughter should come to him. He was told that she had fainted. He then ordered his footmen to carry her out dead or alive to the carriage; he was obeyed, and she was lifted in a state of insensibility into the vehicle. The servant who had acted as sentinel was ordered to come inside and hold the senseless body; the footmen to mount behind again, and the driver to move on towards a nunnery that was named. Poor Paulina had scarcely recovered from her swoon before they arrived at the nunnery, where the infuriated father ordered her to be closely confined in a cell, and secluded from intercourse with any, except her keepers, until he should give further orders concerning her. The lady abbess was his wife's elder sister, of the same cruel temper, and rendered doubly hard-hearted by superstitious bigotry. She gladly undertook to fulfil prince Leoni's orders.

Having now satiated his wrath for the present, he returned again to his palace; but then he remembered that he had left Ellingford weltering in his blood in the street, and thinking that he might escape some trouble, if not danger, by having the body disposed of secretly, he commanded some of his servants to go with the one who had acted as sentinel, and bury the body in a certain old church-yard on the outskirts of the city.

They went to the place where the guide thought that the

body had been left. But the night had grown extremely dark, and they groped about in vain for it. Supposing that he had mistaken the place, the guide moved farther on, and at the distance of twenty rods stumbled over a dead body in the dark. Supposing naturally that this was what they searched for, they picked it up and buried it as directed. On their return home at a late hour of the night, they found prince Leoni waiting for their report, which being satisfactory, he went to bed and slept.

But he was deceived in his belief that Ellingford was dead and buried. Another man had been assassinated near the same place; it was his body that had been found by the servants. Such nocturnal murders were frequent in Rome. But what became of the unfortunate Ellingford?

Paulina's aunt had a son, who though a young man, was becoming eminent as a surgeon. He was returning home to his mother's from a visit to one of his patients, just as prince Leoni's carriage drove from the door towards the nunnery. He came upon Ellingford weltering in his blood; and learning what had happened, from a servant who was sent by his mother to look for the body, he carried him to the house, and on examination found that he had been deeply pierced with the rapier of prince Leoni; but the weapon, though apparently aimed at the heart, had missed it, and the wound, though dangerous, was not necessarily mortal. The patient had fainted from loss of blood, and was laid on a bed in the most retired part of the house. He gradually revived; for some days the issue of his case was doubtful; but by skillful treatment and assiduous nursing he finally recovered, after a confinement of six weeks. His presence in the house was kept a secret from all but the family, through fear of prince Leoni and his wife, whose powerful interest in the city could not be safely resisted. Nothing sheltered the good aunt from the prince's resentment for permitting the lovers to meet in her house, but the supposed assassination of Ellingford so near her door. Gratified revenge and prudential considerations induced the prince and his dame to overlook the aunt's conduct in the affair.

Ellingford immediately after his recovery left the city privately and soon after embarked for America, justly apprehending danger to his life if his powerful enemies should learn that he had recovered from his wound and was yet in Italy. He could get no information before his departure respecting Paulina's situation in the nunnery, nor could he convey her any intelligence respecting his escape; so closely was she confined and watched by the she-dragon to whose charge she had been committed. The good aunt promised, however, to write him word, if she should be able to get any intelligence of her unfortunate niece.

Meanwhile the princess was kept strictly imprisoned in a cell apart from the other inmates of the convent. No one was permitted to visit her except the abbess, her father, and a bigoted old priest, who acted as her confessor, and was employed in that character to terrify or persuade her to embrace the monastic profession.

Her father did not visit her for a month after her seclusion. He then came with a heart somewhat mollified towards his motherless daughter. Hoping that her sufferings had disposed her to yield to his wishes, he went and proposed to her as the last alternative, that she should take the veil or marry a great nobleman who had lately made proposals for her hand, and who was considered by the prince as by far the best match for his daughter that had yet presented itself. Indeed, he was intent upon this splendid alliance, and was confident that Paulina would gladly embrace the opportunity of accepting it. What was his surprise and rage, when Paulina, humbly, yet firmly declined it! She respectfully alleged the age and bad personal character of the nobleman in question, as reasons why she could not hope for happiness as his wife. On the other hand

she plead her utter distaste to a monastic life, as an insuperable obstacle to taking the vows of a nun. Finally she besought her father upon her knees and with many tears, to take her home again and permit her to live a life of studious seclusion in his house; promising if this request were granted, to entertain no suitor and take no other step without his approbation.

So far from granting her request, the old man's rage was now implacable. He remanded her to her cell, and in two weeks compelled her to come forth and suffer herself to be attired in the habit of a novice. She did not make the verbal professions which the rules required of a novice, and was not, therefore, justly bound by the monastic rules. But her silent submission was construed into consent by the accommodating abess and bishop. Though nominally considered now as a novice, she was again shut up in her lonely prison, by the prince's orders, that her obstinate spirit might be broken by hard usage, until she submitted willingly to her fate, and consented to take the irrevocable vows of a nun, when the year of her novitiate should expire.

The abess, naturally hard-hearted, and rendered doubly inhuman by the gloomy bigotry that springs from monkish austerity, went even beyond the prince's intention respecting Paulina. She kept her locked up in a subterranean cell by herself, gave her but the bare necessities of existence, and debarred all visits to her except those of her persecutors. She hoped that this cruel usage, coupled with promises of light and liberty if she would consent to take the vows of a nun, would prove effectual. But she was mistaken. Paulina was as resolute in her refusal as her persecutors were implacable in their cruelty.

The unhappy novice's year began about the time that Ellingford embarked for America. But long months passed away before the good aunt could gain intelligence of her situation. She knew of her being invested with the habit of a novice; she believed it to have been done without her free consent; but she feared that monastic cruelty would compel her either to yield or to suffer imprisonment for life.

Ellingford on his return found his father again in prosperous circumstances from the recovery of the money which he had paid as surety. The young man's fortune was greatly increased soon after, by a legacy bequeathed him by a rich and childless uncle after whom he had been named. He had just come into the possession of his new estate, when he was roused by a letter from Paulina's aunt, informing him that she had just received, by an extraordinary opportunity, a very affecting communication from her niece; who was confined in a dungeon and treated as the worst of criminals,—threatened, moreover, with a lingering death in her dark cell, if she did not pledge herself to take the vows at the expiration of her novitiate, immediately after Easter. She held out so far against these threats; but her case seemed to be desperate. The letter concluded in these words:

"My poor niece thinks that you were slain by her father on that terrible night; and, perhaps, it is best that she remain in this error; for if she knew that you were alive, her imprisonment and condemnation to the veil would be intolerable to her feelings. I see no possible way in which she can, without a miracle, escape her doom. My family all take her part so far as they can; but we are utterly unable to cope with the mighty families of Leoni and Orsini, and dare not offend them even by remonstrance. I attribute my escape from their wrath for my past conduct, solely to your supposed assassination in sight of my door. Alas! my friend, what can any of us do, but leave my dear, sweet niece to her fate, and mourn for her as one dead and buried? It was mere accident that enabled her to inform me of her sad condition, and I have no means of conveying her a word of intelligence. She says that she will not take the required vows; but they are cruel enough to torture her

into compliance. Oh! my dear Ellingford, what can you or I do for poor Paulina? Nothing! nothing!"

But Ellingford, though he saw no prospect of success, resolved to hazard every thing in the attempt to rescue his beloved, who for love of him had exposed herself to such a miserable fate. It was indeed a forlorn hope at best, and whatever was done must be done quickly; for he had but one hundred days till Easter, by which time he must be in Rome, prepared to witness the public ceremony of her taking the veil, and strike then for her rescue, or forever lose the opportunity. After that hour she would be immured for life, either as a veiled nun or as a contumacious offender.

Ellingford was well qualified for such an undertaking, by his native intrepidity and sagacity, his knowledge of the Italian language, the city of Rome and the institutions of the Popish church. He must succeed, if at all, by deception and stratagem; force could avail nothing, unless employed at a critical moment, and rendered successful by surprise and celerity. He soon devised a scheme of operations, and lost not a moment in preparing for its execution.

Let us now return to Rome. The Easter holidays were just over, the year of Paulina's compulsory novitiate was completed. Notice was given a week before, that the ceremony of her taking the veil would be performed by night in the church of the nunnery. The night was chosen in preference to day-light, perhaps, to conceal the emaciated condition of the novice, and to render any hesitancy or unwillingness on her part less observable.

The convent was situated near the Tiber in a dilapidated and thinly-peopled quarter of the city. Connected with the nunnery was a convent of monks; the church was situated between the two establishments, and on public occasions was occupied by the inmates of both. On one side a narrow passage or gallery led from the nunnery into that part of the church which was occupied exclusively by the nuns. This part was separated by a balustrade, and partly by a screen from the rest. It was on the left of the altar and bishop's throne, near the back wall of the church. On the right of the altar was another balustrade, enclosing a similar space for the monks of the adjoining abbey. The floor of these parts of the church was raised two or three feet above that in front of the altar, where the promiscuous congregation stood or sat on benches. The only way in which a person could pass directly from the choir or nun's compartment in the main body of the church, was by steps and a gate in the balustrade near the wall on the nunnery side of the church. It was customary in this establishment for the novice, when she was going to be veiled, to come forth by this gate, conducted by the abess and some two or three old nuns, and present herself to the bishop before the altar, where the public part of the ceremony was performed. It was usual for her parents if alive, or some one representing them, if they were not present, to meet her as she approached the altar, and leading her up to it, to give her to Christ, as a bride is given to the bride-groom; for the Romish church treats this ceremony as a marriage between the novice and Christ. Hence nuns are accustomed to speak of Christ as their husband.

On this occasion, prince Leoni and the step-dame, with a number of their relations, occupied seats before the altar at the distance of ten feet. The nuns and monks were seated in their respective compartments, being each about fifty in number. The bishop was seated on his throne behind the altar; and a promiscuous congregation was irregularly disposed on the lower floor towards the front of the building. The number assembled on this night was much smaller than might have been expected when so noble a lady was to be veiled. The cause of a thin attendance was chiefly the inclemency of the weather. A heavy rain had begun

before sunset, and continued to pour down in torrents during three hours. The streets in this part of the city were thinly inhabited and infested with robbers, especially on such intensely dark nights as this happened to be. Hence few came except such as were personally interested in the affair.

Most of those who stood or sat behind and about the relations of Paulina, seemed to be monks or other ecclesiastics who did not belong to the abbey. Among these, the most remarkable, was an old-looking, stoop-shouldered man, with large spectacles, a long gray beard and a staff. He stood leaning on his staff near the gate by which the novice would come down to present herself before the altar. He seemed by his habit to be a pilgrim on a visit to Rome. The bishop noticed him before the ceremony began, and bending over towards the abbot who sat near his side, asked,

"Who is that venerable looking man yonder, with the long beard?"

"A brother from New Orleans, in America," said the abbot; "he has come all the way over the ocean to visit the shrine of St. Peter. He is a most interesting and holy man; he has lodged in our abbey most of the time during two weeks, and has delighted the brethren with his conversation. We offered him a seat here among us, but he declined it; saying that he was not worthy to set with us on so solemn an occasion."

"Present him to me after service," said the bishop.

"I will," said the abbot.

The service now began. After the usual preliminaries were gone through, the novice was brought down to the lower floor and led by the abbess on the one side, and an old sour-faced nun, called sister Margaret, on the other, till they stood before the altar. The unfortunate Paulina was so feeble and emaciated by long suffering, that she could scarcely walk or stand without support. When it came to her to answer questions and to take the vows, she astonished all who heard her, by declaring in a feeble voice, yet distinctly and firmly, that she could not conscientiously take the vows, because she could not reconcile her heart to the seclusion and duties of a nunnery.

"What," said the bishop, with seeming astonishment, "do you refuse, daughter, after passing through your novitiate, and coming forward now to complete your vows?"

"Father," said she, "I never consented to be a novice; I have been imprisoned during thirteen months in a dungeon under ground, and treated by the abbess with great cruelty, until I have been reduced to the borders of the grave; and I appear before you, only because I cannot resist the will of those in whose power I am. I now make a last appeal to you, my lord bishop, and to you, my once kind parent. Oh! for God's sake, release me from these unmerited sufferings!"

Prince Leoni, who had taken his position by her side, instead of being melted by this affecting appeal of his daughter, had been wrought by the wicked step-mother into such prejudice against her, that he burst out at once into the following angry denunciation, "My lord bishop, she deserves no pity, and she shall have none. Two years ago, I unwarily suffered her to take lessons in English from an artful young heretic, to whom she wickedly attached herself, and from whom she derived principles of heresy and contumacy, as her present conduct shows. My worthy spouse here, and myself, in order if possible to restore her to the true faith and save her from destruction, put her under the care of our holy sister, the abbess here, who found her so rebellious that it was necessary to keep her confined. She is yet, I fear, as far gone as ever in heretical pravity and contumacious obstinacy. I now renounce all parental care over her, and cast her out of my protection. She is left in the hands of the church to be dealt with as she deserves. Here, my lady abbess, let her be taken back to her cell, and there kept in a state of severe penance, such as the

church may prescribe, until she renders due obedience to the church's authority."

So saying, he handed her again to the abbess and sister Margaret, to be led away.

Paulina having expected some such cruel sentence, bore up under it as well as her feeble strength would permit; yet in returning towards the entrance into the nun's apartment of the church, she evidently began to sink under her misery, so that the abbess and old Margaret had to carry almost her whole weight. When they attempted to ascend the steps that led to the higher floor of the nun's apartment, old Margaret stumbled and fell, bringing Paulina and the abbess to the floor with her.

The scene at the altar, so extraordinary and so surprising, caused no little excitement and disturbance through the church. The abbot, as soon as Paulina was delivered back to the abbess, signed to his monks that they should retire by a door on their side into the abbey. They rose in great trepidation and began to press out. Paulina's relations in front of the altar, also rose in confusion and began to move towards the front door; to which, also, some of the promiscuous audience began to direct their steps. The nuns in their quarter, also began to stir with no little agitation. Thus a general commotion was visible on all sides, and no one noticed a particular movement going on amongst about a dozen persons, who seemed by their habits to be monks and pilgrims. The old gray-bearded pilgrim, who first took his station near the steps, as before mentioned, had moved nearer to the altar after Paulina had been led up to it. There he stood intently observing what was going on, and occasionally turning his face upon the company of monkish looking men, who kept near and behind him, making them occasionally some slight signal with his hand which caused them to arrange themselves in a particular manner. As soon as Paulina had been put back into the abbess's hands, he retreated again towards the steps as if to make way for the females, while the company of monks who attended on his motions retreated the same way; but so far from the female party as not to interfere with their motions. When the old pilgrim got to the wall a little beyond the steps, he turned about, and in doing so waved his staff in a particular way so as to be observed only by those monks who began with quicker steps to gather near him. Just as the females began to mount the first step, he moved towards them from the wall, and when old Margaret stumbled and brought them all down, the old pilgrim with a quickness wonderful in a man of his years, snatched Paulina up in his arms and pushed briskly towards the front door with her, surrounded and hidden by the company of monks.

Some of the nuns who saw the lady abbess fall with Paulina and old Margaret, being already frightened out of half their senses, could contain themselves no longer, but fairly screamed out "Jesu Maria!" and rushed down the steps to help the abbess up with her charge. The action of the old pilgrim increased their fright; they supposed that he meant to help the sacred person of the abbess from her prostrate condition; but to think that a man, yes, a real male man, should take a Holy Virgin mother abbess in his sacrilegious arms, even to lift her from the floor! It was awful—they uttered a shrill scream of horror—"Sancte Maria! Misericordia!" rang through the church. The nuns behind them, not knowing what was the matter, instinctively pressed towards the steps with ardent curiosity to see; the hinder pushed those before, the foremost were tumbled down upon the abbess and old Margaret, just as Paulina had disappeared, and the abbess and the helldame attendant began to strain their throats with screams of terror. The crowd of nuns became frantic, they rushed and pushed like mad, and came tumbling over one another down the steps, till a pile of twenty or more lay kicking, scuffling and shrieking wildly on the floor.

This prodigious hubbub of course recalled the congregation. Prince Leoni and his friends ran up to see what was the matter; but for some time could learn nothing. The monks rushed to the same place, and so did a good many of the promiscuous audience, all trying to get near enough to see and hear what was going on in the centre of the disturbance. So great was the confusion and uproar that the old pilgrim and his monks would have got off unobserved with their prize, if a priest who had gone out before he heard the screams, had not in returning met their party coming out from the front door into the portico, where a number of lamps were kept burning before an image of the Virgin Mary. By the light of these lamps he perceived that the old pilgrim had a female in a nun's habit in his arms. This he happened to see as the party came out by the door, which was too narrow to let them keep their thick array. The priest was so astounded at this sight, that he thought only of gazing at it, until the party in the portico again resuming their close order moved out briskly into the pitch-dark street, where the rain was still falling. Then he ran in, bawling as loud as his lungs would let him, "Sancta Maria! Help! Help! Sacrilege! Sacrilege! Jesu! Maria Sanctissima! Help! Help!" Somebody happening to ask him what made him cry out so, he then first thought of telling that the old pilgrim had carried off a nun. At last, when the pile of screaming nuns was somewhat disengaged and quieted, and the priest's story was understood, nearly all the male part of the congregation set off in pursuit of the fugitives. The street was a good deal blocked up with carriages, of which some had lamps which shed a dim light over a small space around. Twenty voices at once asked the servants in the carriages, what way the party of monks had gone; half a dozen servants bawled out, answering at once, some pointing one way and some another. The pursuers took different ways; one party was in the right track, they went down the street towards the Tiber. They saw at a distance the glimmering of a light; when they arrived at the river side, they found this light proceeding from a boat by the shore, and the party of monks standing near it, while the old pilgrim, who had carried in his prize, was giving orders for the rest to embark immediately. But the foremost of the pursuers, three or four in number, ran up at the instant and commanded them to stop and deliver up the stolen nun, at the same time seizing hold on some of the monks. What was their surprise when instead of a tame surrender, as might be expected from men in their garb, they were suddenly knocked down by stout cudgels, and the next instant the rest of the party they came up, were ordered to stand back at the peril of their lives; an order which they saw was not to be despised, for swords and pistols were instantly drawn to enforce it. The pursuers having halted a moment, the old pilgrim called his men hastily into the boat, ordered them to push off from the bank and cross to the opposite shore. The boat was accordingly turned in that direction, and a few strokes of the oar carried her beyond the reach of the pursuing party. The light was extinguished, and the sound of the oars soon after ceased to be heard. Hence it was supposed that the pilgrim had landed on the opposite shore. A few minutes soon after set out to cross the bridge some distance off, that they might pursue the fugitives on the opposite bank. By this time a dozen church-bells were ringing the alarm, the police guards were assembling, and thousands of people were in the streets with flambeaux, inquiring what had happened. The awful news that a nun had been abducted from a convent spread like wild-fire. So great was the alarm and indignation at this unexampled sacrilege, that in an hour had elapsed, more than ten thousand men were running about in search of the ravishers. Prince Leoni and the pope's secretary offered great rewards for apprehension. But all in vain; the search was con-

tinued several days without discovering the slightest trace of them. No wonder; for the boat did not land at all, but was suffered to float silently down the swollen current of the Tiber, until the outskirts of the city were passed. Then the oars were gently plied to hasten her progress to Ostia, a small port at the mouth of the river, sixteen miles below the city. A swift sailing schooner had come to Ostia two days before, to take on board some boxes of pictures and stationary which a gentleman had purchased in Rome. The Tiber being high and the weather rainy, he had bought a stout boat, larger than schooners were usually furnished with, and having put a covering on it, he sent it up the Tiber for his boxes. One load had been taken down; a box or two remained, for which the boat was sent again to the city. The box was put on board of the boat on the evening of which we are writing; and the boat had left the landing where she had been laden, as if on her way to Ostia. But the rain fell so rapidly as to make her take shelter under the bridge of St. Angelo; from which she dropped silently down after dark to this place, where the old pilgrim found her in his flight from the church.

The good aunt of Paulina did not attend the church on that night; but her son, the surgeon, was there. When he returned to his mother with the strange news of what had happened, she expressed great joy but no surprise. She explained to him that he had scarcely left the house on his way to the church, before a monk called and left her a note, which contained these words:

"Should the princess Paulina be snatched away from her persecutors to-night, rejoice, for she will be in the hands of a friend who will make her happiness the study of his life. She will be taken far from the reach of her enemies, to a land where civil and religious tyranny are alike unknown. The enterprise has been kept secret from you and your family, that you might not be justly accused of any participation in it by the tigers who will doubtless rage for the loss of their victim. Heaven bless you and your's. Burn this when you have read it."

The good lady and her son had no difficulty in conjecturing who wrote this note.

The next morning at the dawn of day, the schooner before mentioned was almost out of sight from Ostia, bearing away for the straits of Gibraltar. The old pilgrim with his prize and his companions were on board. All but himself had put off their disguise and were in the common garb of sailors, except two who had the dress and manners of gentlemen.

Let us now return to Paulina. She was so emaciated, feeble and nervous, that although she had gone through the scene at the altar with astonishing fortitude, yet when it was over and she was remanded for life to her gloomy cell, her strength gave way and she fainted at the instant when the old pilgrim snatched her from the floor and carried her off. She had not sufficiently recovered to know any thing going on about her, before she was laid on a couch in the covered boat, and was floating silently down the Tiber in total darkness. When she revived, and neither saw nor heard any thing, she groaned and said in a complaining voice, "Alas! here am I again in this deep and lonely dungeon, condemned to linger out the short remnant of my days in misery. Oh! Merciful Father in Heaven, sinner as I am, and worthy of thy displeasure, thou canst not approve of this cruel treatment from those who ought to be my friends and protectors. Be thou my friend, O Lord, since no other can now befriend me!"

She had no sooner uttered these despairing words, than a soft voice spoke kindly in her ears, "Here, dear princess, drink this cordial; it will revive you." At the same time her head was gently raised and the cup was applied to her lips. In obedience to what seemed to her an angels'

voice, she drank and was revived. Then all was silent a few minutes. She seemed to meditate awhile, and then she whispered to herself, "God must have sent him down from Heaven to comfort me." Again the same kind voice softly whispered, "Drink a little rice-milk, my love; it will strengthen you." She drank. "Now, dear Paulina," said the voice again, "sleep in peace; you are rescued." She asked the question, "Art thou his happy spirit, sent down to visit me in my hopeless state?" The voice only answered, "Sleep now in safety; you need refreshment; to-morrow you will know more." So much was she exhausted, and so soothing were these words of kindness to her desolate heart, that, after murmuring a brief thanksgiving to her Heavenly Father, she sank to sleep, and continued to sleep soundly until morning; for an anodyne had been mixed with the cordial. So sound were her slumbers that she was not fully awakened, even by the operation of lifting her in her couch from the boat to the deck of the schooner, and then putting her into the place assigned her in the cabin.

The sun had not risen when she awoke. The cabin was yet quite dark. She saw nobody; but hearing some strange sounds, she asked, "Where am I?" Whose voice should then salute her ear but that of her former maid, Theodora. This girl had been driven from the Leoni palace on suspicion of having assisted her mistress in her correspondence with Ellingford. The surgeon had procured her a situation with a friend of his. Here she lived until the evening of the rescue, when she eloped with a man who put her on board the pilgrim's boat. She had been met by the pilgrim in the street some days before and recognized; hence the elopement.

Now when Paulina heard her voice, she knew her immediately. "O, Theodora!" she exclaimed, "you here too in this dismal prison! Is it through mercy to me, or cruelty to you, that they have shut you up here?"

"My dear mistress," said the girl, who had been instructed what to do, "I am to be your maid again, thank God; I hope you will be happier now."

"Certainly I shall if they let you stay with me. But where are we? This is not my old cell, where they kept me so long. What strange rumbling sounds are these that I hear?"

"The sound of waves, my dear mistress; your prison is now on the waves of the sea."

"Why, how came this change? Then it was not all a dream that I experienced last night. Methought a venerable pilgrim came towards me in the church, as if he would speak to me. Then I remember nothing more until I woke in a dark silent place, very sick and faint. When I groaned to think that I was again in my dungeon, a sweet voice—I thought it was the voice of my murdered Ellingford—spoke kindly to me; and that he, or an angel from heaven, gave me to drink an elixir as delicious as nectar, to revive me. Then after a short interval, the same sweet voice—I thought again it was the loved voice of my murdered Ellingford—spoke to me; and after a kind hand had given me refreshing drink a second time, the voice told me to sleep in peace; that I was free, and would hear every thing explained to-morrow. But I am afraid now that it was all a dream. But then where am I, and how came I here?"

"My dear mistress, it was not all a dream. You are in the cabin of a ship at sea; and though you are still shut up, you are not now in the power of the abbess, and of your cruel step-mother."

"Thank Heaven for that. But how came I to be taken from them? Did my father relent at last?"

"No; the old pilgrim whom you saw coming towards you in the church, snatched you out of the abbess's hands and brought you here."

"The old pilgrim! Well, I thank him with all my heart;—

but the sweet voice that I heard: who was it that sat by me and watched over me in the night? Or did any body?"

"Yes, the old pilgrim was with you."

"The old pilgrim? But was no one else with me?"

"No one else was by your couch, except myself."

"The old pilgrim? Oh then, the sweet voice—so like the voice of my Ellingford; it recalled his dear image so brightly to my mind. I could not help thinking that his blessed spirit was sent from heaven to comfort me. But that lovely vision, that charming voice of affection—all was but a dream! Alas! alas! it was but a dream!" She sighed deeply as she uttered these words.

After she had risen and breakfasted, she felt herself much strengthened, and considerably cheered at her deliverance from the abbey dungeon; but still she could not comprehend her present situation.

"Tell me, Theodora, what sort of man is the pilgrim? Why did he rescue me from the abbey? And what does he mean to do with me? I do not understand my situation."

"The pilgrim," said the maid, "looks like a decrepid old man; for he has a long grey beard, and walks with a staff. He calls himself brother Thomas of New Orleans; says that he came on a pilgrimage to Rome, and pitying your unhappy lot, he embraced the opportunity of snatching you away from your persecutors and putting you on board of his ship. He says that he will take you to America; but what he intends to do with you there is best known to himself. You will have to let him tell you that himself."

"Well," said the princess, "he seems to be a merciful old man, and I thank him with all my heart."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the door of the inner cabin where the women were. Theodora went out, and soon returned, saying that the old long-bearded pilgrim asked if she would favor him with an interview in the outer cabin.

"Certainly," said Paulina, "my deliverer has a right to see me, though his beard were a yard long." She rose therefore, and, leaning on Theodora, walked into the outer cabin, which was sufficiently lighted to show objects distinctly. When she entered, he was seated with his face bent down; but on her entrance he rose, and bowing to her with profound respect, asked her in a constrained guttural voice to be seated, and then inquired how her health was.

"My health and spirits are much better," said she, "since I find myself no longer imprisoned in a dungeon and persecuted by cruel enemies. Accept my humble and hearty thanks for my deliverance."

The pilgrim again bowed respectfully as he answered—
"Most welcome are you, noble princess, to the aid which I was so fortunate as to give you. Consider yourself now as in the hands of a friend who will ever delight to promote your happiness."

"I thank you again, with all my heart, venerable father; but I fear that you will find me a troublesome burden on your hands; for you have rescued a poor destitute wretch, cast off by her natural protectors, and unable to requite your kindness."

The pilgrim was so affected by this speech, that for a minute he could not utter a word. Lifting his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, he happened to throw down his large green spectacles, by which the upper part of his face had been much concealed. The princess seemed to be struck with surprise on seeing his features thus exposed; and when he began, with an altered voice, to speak kindly in reply, she started, as if she had seen a spectre, and exclaimed—
"Oh, that dear voice again—the voice of my last night's dream—the voice of my murdered Ellingford! Tell me, sir, are you a relation of Robert Ellingford?"

"Not exactly a relation; but—if I did not know that the young man you mention was the cause of all your sufferings, I would acknowledge myself his friend."

"No, no!" said she quickly, "he did not cause my sufferings, but I was the wretched cause of his death."

"I am happy to relieve your feelings on that subject: he recovered from his wounds and is yet alive."

"O God be praised!" exclaimed the princess, with great emotion; "this is indeed happy news: such as I had not hoped for."

"Why, my dear princess, that rash young man caused you so much suffering, I wonder that you would now rejoice at his recovery."

"Rejoice at it—yes, nothing could have given me such joy; and as to my sufferings, they are nothing now that he is alive: I would die for him."

"Yes, dear princess, and he would die for you," said the pilgrim, casting off his slouched cap and cloak.

Paulina having thus a better view of his person, said—"Were it not for your long beard, I could almost hope that you are yourself my Ellingford."

The artificial beard flew off in a moment, and in another moment they were in each other's arms.

Paulina, feeble and grief-worn as she was, bore, without injury, the excess of her joy. In the course of an hour, they were calm enough to converse more at their ease.

"Tell me, dear Ellingford," said she, "how did you contrive to stay two weeks in Rome undiscovered, and to learn so much of my situation and feelings?"

"My disguise," said he, "was sufficient to hide me from all eyes, since it hid me from your's. I gained ready admittance into the abbey by your convent, being as I told them a pilgrim-brother from New Orleans—a place of which but few of the monks there had ever heard, but of which they had a curiosity to hear something, seeing that so venerable a brother had come from so strange and so distant a place.

Having indeed spent a month at New Orleans not long before, I was able to tell them many amusing stories about things there and in other parts of America, of which continent the good souls knew precious little. I soon became a favorite; and being in my turn naturally inquisitive about things in Rome, particularly the monasteries, they strove to entertain me with all the information and tattle that were going on in their idle community. I soon got them started upon your case, of which they had heard a good deal, as it was every way somewhat extraordinary, and you were shortly to take the veil. I soon found out, too, that Father Anselmo was your confessor; I wormed myself readily into his confidence, and unsuspectingly extracted from him all the information necessary to my purpose. I ascertained that you were cruelly treated, and not willing to become a nun. I then laid my plan; got disguises for my sailors and friends who came with me; and so arranged the movements of the large boat, purchased at Ostia, that all was ready for action. God mercifully favored us with a dark and rainy night, or we could hardly have succeeded without considerable bloodshed, for which we were prepared in case of necessity. And now, dear Paulina, you are free to choose your future mode of life. If you desire to be a nun, I will conduct you to the altar of any monastic chapel that you may designate; or if you desire to live in celibacy in the open world, I will secure you a comfortable situation according to your desire; or if you would prefer to look out any where for a matrimonial engagement more agreeable than any yet offered you, I will try to find you an honorable match: but finally, if you think your English teacher worthy of your acceptance as a husband, I will only say that I will in that case make him very happy."

"Since my English teacher is pleased to say so, I have hesitation to answer that I have had enough of nunnery; that I have no preference for a life of celibacy; that there is no necessity for his meditation to procure me a husband—for I will have none but himself; and that I shall

be happier when I can call him my husband, than I ever expected to be in this world."

The rest of the story can be soon told. Paulina rapidly recovered her strength and spirits. By the time that they reached Gibraltar, she was again in full health and beauty. Here they staid ten days. On the fifth of these ten days, they were married by an English clergyman. On the same day Paulina heartily renounced the popish faith, and as heartily embraced the Christianity of the Bible. Ellingford had given her an English Bible when he was teaching her the language in Rome: this she privately read with his assistance; and it was the discovery of this book in her desk at home, after she was imprisoned, that caused her to be suspected of heresy and to be more cruelly treated by the abbeys.

After his happy return to his own country, Mr. Ellingford settled with his stolen princess on a large estate in Louisiana, where they lived happily and prosperously for many years; and for aught that we know, they may be still living there in a good old age.

The cruel father died soon after. Neither he, nor the malignant step-mother, nor the hard-hearted abbeys, ever again heard of the rescued novice. But the good aunt and her son received letters from time to time, and once or twice some valuable presents. They rejoiced at each successive account—first of the marriage, and then of the increasing wealth and increasing family of Robert Ellingford, and the beautiful princess who would not be a nun.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

No. III.

MY DEAR GALITON:

When I am in the midst of interesting scenes, an inveterate propensity often prompts me to commit the impressions which they produce to paper. A result of this practice will appear in the following sketch from my portfolio. It is an ungainly imp of the brain; it hath a halting step; it is shabbily dressed. Have mercy, and look at it only by twilight.

SABBATH ABROAD, vs. AT HOME.

It is Sunday morning in the Old Dominion. The peaks of the Blue Ridge have put on their caps of vermillion and gold at the sun's bidding. The breeze is abroad in the woods—and the leaves, like those of Dodona, speak bright oracles. It is the day of rest. Gaiety restrains its laugh. Music and the dance have a holiday. Slavery forgets its burden, and Despair puts on a smile.

It is the third Sunday of the month, and consequently we have preaching. There is no bell to disturb the religious stillness of the mountains, and yet the people are gathering from hill and wooded glen like the clan of Roderick Dhu. Our good horses—we rarely use carriages among the mountains—amble along the bridle-path, at a gentle, Sabbath gait, and in a short time bring us to the church. It is a humble, unpretending building, with no turret or spire, save its chimney. A fine grove of old oak trees surrounds it, which, with their huge arms and waving branches, seem like an army with banners.

The crowd is still gathering. Husband and spouse, father and child, lover and the loved, come from the far-off valleys which seem sleeping under the protecting wing of the hills. The horses are tethered at the skirt of the grove to the pen-