THE WEEKLY SUN. SHINES FOR ALL

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR—NO. 1251. NEW YORK SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17 1859. ONE DOLLAR FOR 10 MONTHS.

POETRY.

Written for The Sun.

My Only Boy.

BY S. A. KING.

Thou art not here, alas! I hear no more
The patter of thy footsteps on the floor:
Nor thy young voice that filled my heart with joy;
Thou art not here, alas! my only boy.

Thou art not here. In vain I look around,
No more thy playthings glitter on the ground.
All gathered up and carefully laid by,
Lest they should chance to meet my weary eye.
Ah! needless forethought; can I lose repine,
Tho' I behold no more what once was mine?
Is time more soothing? Do I miss thee less?
For setting out, thy little cap and dress?
Oh! no, there's not an hour, but brings to me,
How much, my darling, I have lost with thee:
The hopes far reaching, even to old age,
That saw in thee, their glorious heritage:
The lamps of light, along my pathway set,
That have gone out with thee—can I forget?

There's not a sound that echoes round my hearth,
But brings me back, thy baby joy and mirth;
There's not a shadow falls within my door,
But brings to mind the one that falls no more.

I see the children in the street, go by,
With health and pleasure sparkling in each eye:
I hear their voices in their childish glee,
And turn away to weep, and think of thee.
To think of thee—to think, how still and cold,
The little form, laid in the churchyard mould,
Thy sweet voice hushed, thy wondrous beauty hid
Within the grave, beneath the coffin lid.

Ah! weary heart, and dark and weary day,
When shall my tried soul o'er find strength to say,
Thou knowest best. Oh! God, thy will be done:
When shall my rest be found, my peace be won.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written Expressly for the New York Sun.

THE

SPECTRE

OF

INGLETON;

OR

THE REST MYSTERY.

By Christine H. Carpenter.

CHAPTER IX.

"Force made conquest, and that conquest law;
"Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made."
Pope.

"The greatest crimes remembered are
But for a moment, by the world
So wrapt up in the vanities;
It wonders, grieves, but for the time
It takes one to relate the tale!" Anon.

Early in the morning of the following day, Julia Cranliffe despatched a note to Harry, desiring his immediate attendance upon her, with his friend, the Colonel.

"I wonder what it is now," said Harry, as he took the delicately-perfumed billet from the hand of the slave.

"Dunno massa, please read de note."

"Are you waiting for an answer?"

"Yes, massa; missus tole me to see what you said."

In a few moments Harry had perused the missive, and tossing a leave from his memorandum, he wrote—

"We will be with you immediately.

"HARRY."

and giving it to the waiter, bade him hasten to give it to his mistress.

When he had gone, Harry proceeded to the adjoining room, where Colonel Peeling was seated in morning gown and slippers, his feet upon one chair, himself on another, a tigar between his teeth, from which the wreaths of blue smoke were slowly enveloping his head in cloud; the morning paper completed his outfit.

"How now, Harry?" he lazily yawned, as the other entered.

"A note from Julia."

"From Julia?" he exclaimed, putting his feet down upon the floor, and shaking the ashes from his cigar. "By George, so it is! from the charming widow, eh?"

"Exactly; there, read it."

The Colonel slowly unfolded it, a smile curled the corners of his mouth, as he concluded its perusal.

"Yourself and your friend the Colonel. Holy Peter! I feel flattered," and he stroked his moustache.

"What answer did you send?"

"That we would be there immediately, so we had better hasten—of course, you'll go?"

"Go? Bucalems go? why certainly I will. Hope I shall always have so good a chance."

The Colonel arose, and both proceeded to the outer room, where they were not long in arranging their toilettes, and in about an hour from the reception of the billet, they were at Cranliffe Hall.

As they entered the parlor, they found Julia awaiting them; she gave her hand graciously to Harry, then turning to the Colonel, remarked, "You were good to come so soon."

"When so fair a lady commands, 'tis a pleasure to obey," he gallantly responded.

She acknowledged the compliments, while Harry exclaimed.

"You see the Colonel is expert at flattery."

Julia resumed, "I suppose you are anxious to know the reason of my sending for you?" They bowed.

"Well then, to the point. One of the most valuable slaves upon the place is missing, it is supposed he has made his escape."

"Ah," said Harry, "which one?"

"Pompey, he was one of the strongest, ablest negroes belonging to us."

"This must be attended to immediately; when did you first ascertain that he was missing."

"But a few moments before I sent for you."

"Have you questioned all the others."

"Closely, and they deny having any knowledge of the affair." "Do you think it is the truth?"

"I, of course, cannot tell with certainty; but I think it is."

"What do you think of this Colonel?" said Harry, turning to his friend.

"Well, I think one of the slaves has taken the liberty to walk off."

"Come, come Colonel, what's to be done? No raillery now."

"Well, I suppose he must be searched for."—"Do you think he can have gone a great distance, he was missing so recently?"

"No! he can either not have left the village, or he is only a short distance from it, and the sooner we proceed to work, the sooner we will catch him."

"That's my opinion exactly, so we'll be off."

In a few moments Julia was alone. "Some more of that fiend's work," she muttered between her shut teeth; "but I'll be revenged yet! Ha! when I see him, how loving I'll be! his bride in six months! Yes, his bride will be the gallows; if I forfeit my last breath, I will have vengeance! I'll teach him to tamper with Julia Cranliffe! The penalty of aiding a runaway slave, is heavy; that of an assassin, heavier and he shall know them."

When the two gentlemen reached the end of the avenue the Colonel spoke.

"Gad-zooks!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Colonel, where did that speech come from; did you learn that in Mexico? a war cry is it not?"

"One of my peculiarities, that is all Harry; but as I was going to say, what possessed that nigger to run away."

"Not knowing, I can't say, to make it a rhyme; but one thing, we must find him before nightfall, or we won't get him at all."

So saying, they hurried off to instigate a search for the runaway slave.

Twilight fell around, and unsuccessful, the party returned to the hall; they had found no traces of the black, for as Bradford had calculated, none thought of searching the haunted house, if it was thought of at all, they rejected the idea of a negro's going there, for they were known to be very superstitious, always avoiding suspicious places, lest they should be confronted by some supernatural appearance.

Superstition always finds a home in the breast of the ignorant, whose minds are incapable of grasping the wondrous mysteries of nature, in the right sense, but attribute them to spiritual agency. What tales are circulated about the Will o' the Wisp, and the *ignis fatuus* of the grave yard; how a face glowed in a pane in utmost flame, or how it always rests upon the grave of the murdered, how it beckons the traveller to his doom, etc. These phenomena, it is true, are strange, and unaccountable, but are they more so than the wondrous life within our frame, than our own intellects, than the very fact that we live and die.

No sooner had darkness descended upon the earth, than Bradford sallied forth, and stole slow thily along, until he reached the deserted house; it was not without many misgivings that he set out, but he knew he must see that the negro did not want food, lest he should be tempted to give up the idea of escaping and return to the Hall; but he determined to hasten back, ere it grew late, hoping thus to avoid his tormentor.

He reached the place without anything occurring to disturb his equanimity, he found the slave expecting him, and after simply giving him the food he had brought, and continuing him to be careful, took his leave, and was soon again in his own room; a week passed on in this manner.

The search for the runaway, although assiduously made, was in vain.

Meanwhile, the latter had found no suitable time to consummate his fell purpose, and Bradford began to grow uneasy, lest his plan should fail; besides, he was tired of having the black upon his hands, so he resolved to hurry things to an end.

Many and deep were the plots and plans, which he devised and rejected, some improved upon, until at last he hit upon one, which apparently suited him, from the demonstrative expression he used.

It is a strange fact, how soon the most startling incidents transpiring around us, are in a measure forgotten, or, at least, buried in the memory for a time, until some circumstance equally strange, shall raise it from its ashes. So it was with the murder of the supposed George Cranliffe, for awhile it was the theme upon every tongue, but it gradually died away, and only when some new event recalled it for a moment, it was entombed in the past, his virtues, and his wrongs, alike buried with him.

CHAPTER XI.

TREACHERY. A DENOUEMENT.

"Evil is abroad, with gloomy brow,
Darkening the still air!
God in his mercy, shield us now;
From harm; and woe, in the direful hour
When Treachery leagues with the grim power—
To bring us grief and care." Anon.

"Where is the heart that has not bowed,
A slave, Eternal Love, to thee?
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
And is there one among them free?" London.

Near the close of a beautiful day in the first part of the week, following the search for the slave, as Harry stood on the balcony at Cranliffe Hall, a servant placed a note in his hand, the directions of which were in a strange hand writing.

"Who brought this?" he inquired.

"Dunno, Massa, found it lyin' in de walk dar."

"Did you know who it was for?"

"No sah. I seed writin', so I guv t' to you. Still I take it to Missus!"

"No, it is for me, you may go."

As the slave quitted his side, Harry broke the seal; it contained but a few lines:

"If Harry Cranliffe would hear from an old friend, who has prepared a surprise for him, let him be at Grun Brook, an hour hence."

"An old friend," mused our hero. "By gracious, I believe it is some of the Colonel's mischief. Ah, old fellow, I'll be square with you. I'll go, and if you are playing a trick, I'll not forget it."

It wanted yet an hour of sunset when Harry set out for the brook.

The appointed place was a small stream about a quarter of a mile to the east of the haunted house. It was a picturesque, romantic spot, distant from any dwelling, and a resort for small pic-nic parties. On one side, the ground arose in hills, covered with evergreens, and the feathery locking pine; the other was open country, gentle and undulating, with all the variety of coloring, peculiar to the country. Wild flowers of every hue, dipped their leaves in the rippling water, or nodded playfully to the whispering breeze, which ruffled its smooth bosom, russet ferns, and the meek eyed lily, flourished in sombre grandeur, the other in modest loveliness, while trailing over the soft sward, were the starry myrtle, and strawberry vine.

Harry sauntered leisurely along, absorbed in reflection, until he reached the bank, where after gazing around for a few moments, he threw himself upon the emerald grass, to enjoy the loveliness of the hour. The sun was just sinking behind the distant mountains, flashing them with a roseate hue; tinging the sparkling water with silver, while the clouds like guardian angels, waiting to receive the weary soul in their embrace, hovered above him, tinted with all the melting colors of the rainbow. In the East, far, far, in the distance advanced the twilight, enveloping the earth, in its gentle fold.

The birds twittered overhead, as they hastened to their rest; the murmur of the insects fell faintly and dreamily upon the ear, while the zephyrs moved noiselessly among the flower bells, invigorating and soothing to rest. There was grandeur, sublimity in the scene, and Harry did not gaze unmoved upon its beauty.

"How mean," he exclaimed, "is man! how insignificant his works, compared with Him who gave the coloring to this scene, whose master hand created Nature! Where is the painter who could portray her, robed as she is now, in the misty veil of sunset? How great must be the mind, to realize the extent of the power of the Omnipotent; how small a mite am I in this glorious world? When I dwell on thy works, O God, I feel my littleness, and yet I am permitted to enjoy the mighty creations of thy will. My God! I cannot portray the infinite majesty, the wonderous grace, the incomprehensible wisdom with which my weak brain invests thee! Feeble is speech, poor my powers to give utterance to it."

Lower sank the sun, onward stole the twilight but in the contemplation of Nature, Harry had forgotten the mission that had called him to the brook; he still reclined with his face to the West, when he was startled by a crushing of the grass behind him, and he was about to spring to his feet, when a wild cry arrested the motion.

The next instant he heard a heavy fall, and he sprang up. What was his astonishment, at the spectacle before him!

Directly in front of him lay the form of a man, while another enveloped in a heavy black mantle, was kneeling upon his breast; at a short distance from them, her hands stretched forward, in an attitude half of supplication, half of intreaty, stood a fair slight creature robed in white, her broad brimmed hat had fallen from her head, and she resembled some pleading angel, as the evening breeze toyed with her golden ringlets, and kissed her snowy brow. Near her was a youth noble and manly looking, who also seemed spell-bound where he stood. Harry's gaze rested upon them, and a glance told him it was Virginia Remson and her brother

A stern voice at his feet attracted his attention.

"If I spare your life will you answer my questions?"

"Yes, massa, I will! only spare dis child dis onest. O, de Ler! my breff is almost gone."

"Promise me."

"Yes, yes sah, only git off ob me!"

The stranger arose from the chest of the fallen man, who quickly gained his feet.

"Go on!" and he held a pistol to his head, and before Harry could question the meaning of the strange circumstances, they had disappeared in the waning light; he hastened to where Virginia stood, in the same terrified position.

"Miss Remson."

"You are saved!" and she fell forward. He caught her in his arms, and discovered she had fainted.

For the first time, Edward spoke, "Virginia, Jennie!"

"She has swooned, quick to the brook."

Harry bore the fragile form to the bank, and hurriedly dipping some of the clear cold water endeavored to restore consciousness to the affrighted girl; at length the soft breath tumbled up on her lips, and unclosing her eyes, she beheld Harry bending over her, while her head rested upon his arm.

"Virginia."

With a half fearful air, she raised herself from his encircling arms, the blood rushing to her cheeks, dying them crimson; Edward had turned away at that moment, and Harry murmured,

"You are not strong enough yet."

"How came I to faint?"

"I do not know."

"Ah, I remember now," she replied, passing her hand across her forehead, and staggering under the force of the remembrance. Harry caught her hand.

"Miss Remson, you are in the cold."

"No, I feel better now; but, oh! I shall never forget that fearful moment."

"I am yet at a loss to understand what I witnessed upon springing to my feet."

"I shall then endeavor to explain it to you."

Throwing her arm, for support, around the trunk of the tree, under whose boughs they were standing, she began:

"Early this afternoon, Edward and I came hither for a walk, I bringing my sketch book and pencils, for the purpose of taking home a slight resemblance of the lovely spot. At last, growing weary of drawing I laid my utensils aside, and was soon absorbed in a reverie, Edward amusing himself not far from me. I had remained thus long, when I was startled by some one speaking aloud.

"I did not recognize the voice, so I arose from my shaded nook, and advanced to where I could ascertain whence the voice proceeded; at a little distance from me, reclining upon the grass, was the figure of a gentleman; for a few moments I knew not who it was, but closer inspection proved it to be—"

She paused in embarrassment as she encountered his eyes, which were fixed upon her face in searching earnestness.

"Is there something so formidable in mentioning me that you thus pause?"

She blushed deeply, but did not reply, and then archly exclaimed, a smile dimpling her mouth, at his misconstruing her hesitancy: "Since you have discovered who it was, 'tis unnecessary for me to tell you"—then hurriedly continued.

"I had stood but a few moments, when Edward suddenly hastened to my side and whispered mysteriously in my ear, at the same time directing my attention to where a large negro crouched in the bushes some distance from us; he had not seen us, for his gaze was fastened upon you; to my terror I perceived a broad knife flashing in his hand. Edward saw me in the shade, but still in a position where I could watch his movements, while you were still unconscious of your danger. He crawled stealthily forward, with his knife raised, and drew near to where you reclined, with your face still turned from me; he raised softly up on his feet—the knife was poised ready to strike. I stepped forward, but had no power to warn you—my voice was gone.

O! I shall never forget the suspense, the agony of that moment!"

Her emotions overpowered her; she bowed her head upon her hands; when she had somewhat recovered them, she resumed:

"As the blade was descending, a tall form, enshrouded in black, rushed out from a concealed spot, and, throwing up the assassin's arm, bore him to the ground, thus saving your life. The spell was broken, and I screamed aloud, which aroused you. My story is told."

Virginia was aware that she had spoken fervently, and fearful lest she had gone beyond the bounds which reserve prescribed, she turned away her face.

"Do my danger affect you thus, Miss Remson?" asked the young man, as he drew nearer to her, and took one of the hands resting against the bark of the tree, clasping it firmly within his own.

She bowed her head, to conceal the tears sparkling in her eyes. How meek, how gentle she looked, with the soft rays of the new moon resting upon her golden hair, as she clung to the sturdy pine for support, even as the ivy clings to the oak.

"Miss Remson—Virginia, weeping," he said, in lower, and infinitely tender tones, as he beheld a diamond drop rest upon her hand.

She raised her head, and, drawing from him, threw back the damp hair from her face.

"Mr. Cranliffe, do not take advantage of my weak emotion! The sight of a fellow creature in danger, life hanging upon a thread, is enough to shock the nerves of a stronger person than I."

"Do not leave me thus, Miss Remson," and he regained the hand she had withdrawn from his grasp.

"I would tell you, before we part, what I have learned in gazing upon your lovely features—what my heart prompts my lips to say, but I would first ask, am I so disagreeable to you? Dare I hope you will look more favorable upon me?"

She raised her eyes, and playfully asked:

"Pray, who told you, you were so disagreeable?"

"Virginia. I must call you so, do not frown at me! I love you dearer than my life."

His darkly beautiful eyes were bent upon her face with such an unmistakably fervent expression, that it called back the truant blood in torrents, to her cheeks.

"Trifle! do you deem me capable of such a thing? you do not love, or you would not speak thus."

"Forgive—forgive me; my feelings overpowered me. You are too good, too amiable for that; therefore, I ask you candidly, could you love me if I expended a lifetime in striving to make you happy? Could you feel for me a deeper affection than for angel else besides—look up to me *alone* for protection and happiness? Tell me, dearest Virginia, do I ask what is impossible?"

In the fervor of his feelings, the color had fled from his countenance, leaving it white as marble. 'Twas a beautiful scene—a holy one—those two young beings, both strong in moral goodness. Harry, with his dark hair's glossy curls lifted from his brow by the breeze, his attitude as devout as if pleading with an angel—Virginia in her fairy robe, her beautiful head turned aside in maiden modesty, one lily hand lit his, the other listless at her side, her loose tresses floating like a halo around her. 'Tis something not for common eyes to see, the young man, nature's true nobleman, asking the love of his first affection.

Virginia's head drooped lower, as she murmured "I could!" as low that none but a lover's ear could have heard it.

"God bless you for the answer!" he exclaimed, as he wound his arm around her unresisting form, and drawing her face to his shoulder, pressed his lips to her rosy mouth.

For a long time they stood silent, their souls holding communion, hearts beating in unison, while the guardian angels dipping their wands in holy light, rested them lightly upon their bosom, and soared upward to God, shouting a glorious anthem, for the true beings still on earth.

At length Harry was startled from his waking dream, by feeling the fingers clasped in his, shiver in his warm grasp.

"Dearest, you are cold, I am cruel, thoughtless, to expose you to this night air." He regained the straw hat from the ground, and hastened to restore it to her, and now for the first time she thought of Edward; but on looking round; no signs of him presented themselves; a sudden fear crossed her mind, which she imparted to Harry, but he greeted her doubts, saying it was more than likely he had returned home, and Virginia happy in her new love, forgot her fears.

On reaching Rose Villa, Virginia insisted that Harry should enter, and after leaving him in the drawing room, she went to seek her parents.

Some time previous to this, the latter had began to grow uneasy concerning their children, as it had grown dark, and they had not returned, and they knew not which way they had gone. Mr. Remson was about setting forth to find some traces of them, when Edward entered with a mischievous smile curling his mouth, his mother started upon seeing him alone, and hurriedly enquired. "Where is Jennie?"

"In good company be assured, mother dear," replied he. "I left her down by the brook, in conversation with Mr. Harry Cranliffe, you have hears so much of, she will be here soon. They appeared to be earnestly engaged, so I thought I would steal off without disturbing them." He then related the occurrence of the afternoon, and concluded by exclaiming:

"I hear their voices now! For their selfishness, they deserve to think I am lost," and he hid in a small closet in the room.

By this time, Virginia entered. "Is Edward here," she asked.

A smile overspread Mrs. Remson's face, she answered. "Why my dear what has detained you so long, and why do you ask if Edward is here. I heard you talking with some one, as you entered the hall, is he not with you?"

"I was talking with a friend, Mr. Cranliffe, whom I left in the parlor, but is Edward *not here?* he did not return with me, I concluded he was home." And her tone began to assume a shade of alarm, when a voice from the closet exclaimed: "How terribly thoughtful the child was!" and much to the satisfaction of the maiden, the boy emerged from his hiding place, and immediately after all adjourned to the drawing room, where her parents received Harry with welcome cordiality.

The latter bore the impress of a true gentleman upon his face, and Mr. and Remson, if they had had any fears respecting their daughter's companion, were speedily as much prepossessed in his favor, as she had been. After receiving their heartfelt congratulations on their escape, merry in a subsequent conversation, mentioned Colonel Peeling.

"Peeling," said Mr. Remson, I have heard the name before, but I do not know where or where."

In the excitement and succeeding incidents of the afternoon, Harry had entirely forgotten the note, which called him to Green Brook, until Mr. Remson mentioned a circumstance, which brought it back to his mind; drawing it from his memorandum, he handed it to the other, and asked if he thought the villian, could have had any connection with the attempt upon his life. "We do not know, whether it was premeditated," replied he, after he had perused it, "but this seems to confirm my suspicions, that it was. 'A surprise for you.' As I live I believe it was all a plot, to ensnare you there and murder you!"

"Yes, to murder me!" said Harry, with something of a shudder, at the recollection of his escape. "I suppose Mr. Remson, you are aware of the tragedy enacted here, not long since?"

"The assassination of your brother. 'Twas a sad affair—ah, sir, you have narrowly escaped, did you catch a glimpse of the face of the villian?"

"No, neither of him, nor my mysterious preserver, as they were in a position which precluded that possibility."

"Who could have been the strange rescuer? 'Tis very singular!"

CHAPTER XI.

BRADFORD'S SURPRISE.

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals." [Emerson.]

"'Tis now time for us to return to the thwarted black. When the stranger so effectually surprised him, he was so taken aback that he yielded immediately, as we have stated; his conductor spoke not, until they were far out of the sight and hearing of those they had left behind, and at the entrance to a small cave in the side of an immense rock."

Pushing the negro in the aperture, the stranger followed him; as soon as he entered he turned threateningly upon the cowering wretch, and in stentorian tones demanded to know who had hired him to do the deed he was about to commit.

"No one, massa, no one."

"You lie! Tell me this instant, or your's a dead man!" and he brought the revolver in close proximity to his head.

"Don't shute—don't shute! take dat thunder an lightnin' macheen from dis chile's head. I can't tell when I see dat mazzel."

"Hurry, you black rascal!" cried the other "Will you tell?"

"Well dan—well dan, it was—'twas—"

"Quick!"

"Massa—Massa Bradford!"

"O, I was right," said the stranger, in an under tone "Now then, scoundrel, you are to remain here; dare not to quit this spot until I give you leave."

"O, sah, is you de debil himself, or one ob de imps, in dat long black ting that, cos if you am, please good Mass Satan, gib dis nigga time to say his pray'rs, afore—afore—you pitch him heels an all in de pit ob lastin darkness."

"Peace, be quiet, or I will soon show you who I am. To make assurance doubly sure," he added to himself, "I'll render him insensible," and drawing a snowy cloth from his garment, while the negro continued his splashings, he held it forcibly to his nostrils, its effect was soon visible, his head sank upon his breast, his limbs relaxed, and a lethargic slumber came over him. When the other had become satisfied of his inability to arouse, he turned and strode from the cave.

In the interval, Nelson Bradford, the engenderer of the fiendish plot, was anxiously awaiting the return of the slave, who it was arranged, was to steal back from that brook at night-fall, and meet him in the haunted house.

Hours passed on, and still he came not, and fearing that his compatriot, has retraced his steps to his room, grinding his teeth with vexation, and cursing the fool for not keeping his word; a supposition of the failure of his design, once crossed his mind, but he banished it as impossible; imagine his consternation then, upon the following morning, on sallying forth to find some traces of them, when Edward entered with a mischievous smile curling his mouth, his mother started upon seeing him alone, and hurriedly enquired. "Where is Jennie?"

"In good company be assured, mother dear," replied he. "I left her down by the brook, in conversation with Mr. Harry Cranliffe, you have heard so much of, she will be here soon. They appeared to be earnestly engaged, so I thought I would steal off without disturbing them." He then related the occurrence of the afternoon, and concluded by exclaiming:

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"You lie! Tell me this instant, or your's a dead man!" and he brought the revolver in close proximity to his head.

"Don't shute—don't shute! take dat thunder an lightnin' macheen from dis chile's head. I can't tell when I see dat mazzel."

"Hurry, you black rascal!" cried the other "Will you tell?"

"Well dan—well dan, it was—'twas—"

"Quick!"

"Massa—Massa Bradford!"

"O, I was right," said the stranger, in an under tone "Now then, scoundrel, you are to remain here; dare not to quit this spot until I give you leave."

"O, sah, is you de debil himself, or one ob de imps, in dat long black ting that, cos if you am, please good Mass Satan, gib dis nigga time to say his pray'rs, afore—afore—you pitch him heels an all in de pit ob lastin darkness."

"Peace, be quiet, or I will soon show you who I am. To make assurance doubly sure," he added to himself, "I'll render him insensible," and drawing a snowy cloth from his garment, while the negro continued his splashings, he held it forcibly to his nostrils, its effect was soon visible, his head sank upon his breast, his limbs relaxed, and a lethargic slumber came over him. When the other had become satisfied of his inability to arouse, he turned and strode from the cave.

In the interval, Nelson Bradford, the engenderer of the fiendish plot, was anxiously awaiting the return of the slave, who it was arranged, was to steal back from that brook at night-fall, and meet him in the haunted house.

Hours passed on, and still he came not, and fearing that his compatriot, has retraced his steps to his room, grinding his teeth with vexation, and cursing the fool for not keeping his word; a supposition of the failure of his design, once crossed his mind, but he banished it as impossible; imagine his consternation then, upon the following morning, on sallying forth to find some traces of them, when Edward entered with a mischievous smile curling his mouth, his mother started upon seeing him alone, and hurriedly enquired. "Where is Jennie?"

"In good company be assured, mother dear," replied he. "I left her down by the brook, in conversation with Mr. Harry Cranliffe, you have heard so much of, she will be here soon. They appeared to be earnestly engaged, so I thought I would steal off without disturbing them." He then related the occurrence of the afternoon, and concluded by exclaiming:

"I hear their voices now! For their selfishness, they deserve to think I am lost," and he hid in a small closet in the room.

By this time, Virginia entered. "Is Edward here," she asked.

A smile overspread Mrs. Remson's face, she answered. "Why my dear what has detained you so long, and why do you ask if Edward is here. I heard you talking with some one, as you entered the hall, is he not with you?"

"I was talking with a friend, Mr. Cranliffe, whom I left in the parlor, but is Edward *not here?* he did not return with me, I concluded he was home." And her tone began to assume a shade of alarm, when a voice from the closet exclaimed: "How terribly thoughtful the child was!" and much to the satisfaction of the maiden, the boy emerged from his hiding place, and immediately after all adjourned to the drawing room, where her parents received Harry with welcome cordiality.

The latter bore the impress of a true gentleman upon his face, and Mr. and Remson, if they had had any fears respecting their daughter's companion, were speedily as much prepossessed in his favor, as she had been. After receiving their heartfelt congratulations on their escape, merry in a subsequent conversation, mentioned Colonel Peeling.

"Peeling," said Mr. Remson, I have heard the name before, but I do not know where or where."

In the excitement and succeeding incidents of the afternoon, Harry had entirely forgotten the note, which called him to Green Brook, until Mr. Remson mentioned a circumstance, which brought it back to his mind; drawing it from his memorandum, he handed it to the other, and asked if he thought the villian, could have had any connection with the attempt upon his life. "We do not know, whether it was premeditated," replied he, after he had perused it, "but this seems to confirm my suspicions, that it was. 'A surprise for you.' As I live I believe it was all a plot, to ensnare you there and murder you!"

"Yes, to murder me!" said Harry, with something of a shudder, at the recollection of his escape. "I suppose Mr. Remson, you are aware of the tragedy enacted here, not long since?"

"The assassination of your brother. 'Twas a sad affair—ah, sir, you have narrowly escaped, did you catch a glimpse of the face of the villian?"

"No, neither of him, nor my mysterious preserver, as they were in a position which precluded that possibility."

"Who could have been the strange rescuer? 'Tis very singular!"

CHAPTER XII.

FATALITY OF EVENTS—SAD RECOLLECTIONS.

"Heroes, my God, like waters,
With me their curse bear on,
And widening, deepening, spreading,
To the hour's point have run."—TAPPAN.

"He drew his last breath with me by his side;
A hero he lived—a hero he died."—OLD SONG.

"Well, Harry, we must to Central Clump tonight," said Colonel Peeling, some evenings after the events of our last chapter.

"At nine o'clock, colonel."

"At nine my boy. Do you know, Harry, ever since you told me of that narrow escape from being murdered, I have felt rather shy about your going out alone? Lucifer! what if the villian should make sure work next time? I can't get over that note—did you ever see the handwriting before? I know you have whispered a suspicion about that villian Bradford, but we might be mistaken; it seems almost impossible for man to become so vicious a wretch. We must relate the adventure to George. I should have liked to had a glimpse at your preserver."

"I was so much astonished that I did not obtain but a passing glance at his form; the negro, I feel sure, was the missing Pompey; he eluded our vigilance in the search, one mark em, Colonel, if Bradford was engaged in this, he has *arbored that slave!*"

"You are right! We have him in our fingers completely, if ever George gets ready to expose him. By the way, I wonder where he stays all the time, it cannot be very far off."

'twas not long before they were mounted on their horses, and galloping at a swift pace toward the meeting place, where they found George had superseded them, alighting and leading their steeds to the usual ambush, they retired beneath the tree.

"Well, Harry, my affairs are almost to a crisis, have you any news?"

"Yes, George, startling news; an attempt has been made upon my life, at Green Brook." In a few words Harry related all that had befallen him; in a previous meeting his brother had been informed of the run-away slave.

"George," said he, when he had concluded, "I know of but one, whom I think would commit the deed."

"And that is?"

"Nelson Bradford!"

"Right, Harry, none other than that deeply dyed villian, could have attempted it."

"'Twas easy work now," exclaimed the Colonel, "to make the poor slave, his tool, for we are assured the negro was Pompey."

"He dares not do it himself for fear of detection," rejoined George, "so he doubtless played upon the black, promising to aid in his eventual escape, should he conform to his will."

"By St. Angelo!"

"That's a Mexican oath, Colonel!"

"Ha, ha, Harry, *that's so,*" laughed he; "but as I was going to say, I have seen villians, deceitful, skulking, venomous ones, but he is worse than all!" And according to habit, the Colonel picked up a stone lying at his feet, and threw it up into the tree.

It was a favorite amusement, and he could not resist it; with considerable rustle the stone descended again, but with it came a dark looking object, which, striking the ground, bounded directly in front of them; the Colonel took it up, and giving a prolonged whistle, exclaimed:—

"By Jacob! *a knife!*"

And he turned to his companions.

"A *knife!*" repeated Harry. "It fell from the tree, you are surely mistaken."

"See for yourself, my boy," and he placed it into his outstretched hand.

By my faith, it is! A singular place for such a thing to come from, eh George?"

"Yes, knives don't grow on trees," said the Colonel, meaningly. George Cranliffe took the article from his brother's hand and found they were right.

"I have a match in my pocket; I'll light it and take a better view of it." So saying, he struck the match against a stone, and holding the knife toward it, discovered that the blade was covered with a dark crust; he looked at it for some moments in silence, and throwing down the expiring glimmer, spoke in low, deep tones.

"Harry, and you, Colonel, remember that the murdered man was found a short distance from this spot; the blade which had been sheathed in his heart *was gone!*"

"Yes," replied both in a breath, a new light breaking upon them.

"This knife, I feel assured, was the one used! It is crusted with a dark, hard substance, which, I think is—"

"*Blood!*" whispered the others.

Nothing more was said for a short interval, when the Colonel asked:

"How came it to be in the tree?" and he looked above, where the thick branches of the pines intertwined so closely as almost to shut out the blue heavens.

"Ays, there's the rub!" rejoined Harry.

"Nothing easier to explain," said George. "The murderer has flung it away, thinking it the best plan, or in the excitement of the moment, after the deed was committed, and by chance it has lodged there; the stone brought it from its resting-place."

"Well, after all, my old habit has been of some use. If I hadn't thrown the stone, we should never have found this instrument."

"Pleading excuses for your weaknesses, Colonel?" said Harry, pleasantly.

"No raillery, my boy, or—" and he fixed his merry dark eyes upon him in such a manner as to bring the tingling blood in rivers to his cheek and brow.

"I see the hand of a mighty providence in this discovery," now interrupted George. "It seems predestined that a villain should be unmasked, and we the most interested parties, have found the very instruments with which the foul, cruel murder was done."

And George Cranliffe was right. The allwise Almighty surely was visible in the singular escape, both of Harry and himself. As it was, the brothers felt the wisdom of His ways, more at that moment, perhaps, than at any other in their lives; even the jovial Colonel was impressed with awe, at the succession of circumstances, and each remained buried in his own reflections for some time. George was communing with his own soul, upon his unworthiness of the protection of the Father of the Universe, who had suffered him to live, while *another* perished for him. He felt his weakness—his ingratitude, and the strong man was bowed down by the force of his conflicting emotions. Blessed moments, when man feels his humbleness, feels that he is but an atom in this whole world, the purest, the noblest elements of his nature then rises in his bosom—*humanity!* his greatest virtue, to acknowledge his own faults, he is much nearer perfection.

Let not this sermonizing weary the reader. We need, in the midst of romance, some *stern reality* to bring us to a remembrance of our *true life*.

Some time had elapsed when Harry remarked:—

"Well, brother George, I suppose you are going to retain the knife. Give us our instructions as to how we are to proceed."

"You must remain silent for a short time yet," answered George. "One more final trick, and the villian has played his last."

"You shall be obeyed," cried the Colonel and Harry in a breath.

"George," continued the former, "the more I think of that knife, the more probable seems the surmise, that in his excitement the assassin has flung it away, and as I think of it, will you take summary vengeance or do you give him into the hands of the law?"

"The latter, Colonel. I would not have his blood upon my hands by any foul means, against which my soul would revolt. Nor is it with the desire for *revenge* I arrest him; but *justice to the dead* requires it! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood! He shall be delivered to justice, together with the facts attached to the case."

Some three weeks subsequent to this meeting, as Harry was drawing on his gloves, preparatory to setting out for Rose Villa, he turned to the Colonel, who was standing near, regarding him with a quizzical smile, and exclaimed:

"Colonel, what say you to going with me tonight? Come, no excuse. You refused before so you must not disappoint me, for I told Mr. Remson I should gravely upon you to overcome your bashfulness for once."

"My bashfulness, Harry? Aha, you think to ridicule me into it! Well, as you seem determined I shall go, I will accompany you."

It did not take him long to complete his outfit, and they were soon in the open air. The night was dark and sultry, presaging rain, so they hurried on, and soon reached their destination, where the found the family quietly ensconced in the parlor. Virginia, with some light embroidery, which she laid aside as they entered; Edward with a sketch of Green Brook, upon which he was depicting Harry as he fay with the negro at his back, the murderous knife poised in the air. It did not take long to render each perfectly at ease, for the well-bred affability of Mr. and Mrs. Remson, the merth of the Colonel, and the pleasantries of Harry, were all well suited to each other.

The Colonel was prevailed upon to relate some of his adventures, and with his accustomed readiness to please, he narrated one he had met with in crossing the mountains in Mexico; from this he passed to others, from those which convulsed his hearers with laughter, to those of a more serious character, and his delighted auditors listened with breathless interest to his rare descriptions.

At last he touched upon a skirmish that took place about six miles from Vera Cruz, in which he had been taken prisoner, and the friend of his youth stretched lifeless upon the ground. His eyes filled with tears, at whom he was not ashamed, as he spoke of the fearful strife, in which two others be