

THE GREEK MAIDEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a summer afternoon, and the murmur of bees came drowsily to the ear. The light wind scarcely stirred the leaves, and the sea heaved up and fell lazily. On a bold promontory, overlooking the Aegean, sat a Greek maiden, her eyes now straining across the distant waters, and now watching the narrow mountain road which led up to the summit where she stood, as if on the lookout for some one, but uncertain by what way he would approach. At length her eyes caught sight of an athletic form bounding up the rocks, and in the splendid costume of his race she recognised her long looked for lover.

"You have come at last, my life," she said, in the passionate language of the east, embracing him, "never to leave me again, I hope." "Would God it were so," he answered sadly, "but while our native soil is profaned by the foot of a Turk, every true Greek must be up and in arms. Pray heaven, love, that this scourge may be over soon, and then we can be happy."

Tears filled the maiden's eyes, but she knew her lover was inflexible; and indeed how could she ask him to desert his country's cause, even if he would consent.

"I have watched for you, day by day, from this spot, but I forget every anxiety now that you are here. Let us to the house, for you look weary." "I am indeed so," was the reply. "It was through a thousand perils I reached you, for the whole lower country swarms with the enemy, and I had more than one narrow escape."

The maiden started in alarm. "What if they should track you here?" she said, with tremulous tones. "Oh! there is no danger of that," said her lover, reassuring her. "I eluded them too adroitly, and they are now looking for me on the other side of the plain. But let us to the house."

It was one of those mountain homes where alone security could be found during the late struggle of the Greeks for freedom; and when the young soldier entered its neat walls, he felt a sense of security that had been a stranger to him, in that wild and predatory warfare, for months. The family consisted only of the aged father and mother of the maiden; and their delight to see him was only equalled by that of the daughter. So all were happy; and as they sat around the evening meal, they forgot for a while even the wrongs of their country, and pictured years of happiness in the future yet in store for them.

The sun was just setting, and the young Greek and his mistress had walked to the door to see the blue Aegean smiling under his departing beams, when suddenly the noise of a rock tumbling headlong, as if dislodged from some neighboring spot and dashing down the precipice, attracted the quick ear of the lover. He looked hurriedly around. The head of a Turk was just rising above the level of the rock, and immediately two or three other turbans were seen following him as he sprang on the little plain where the dwelling stood.

"We are betrayed," he cried, "s-c-ret yourselves in the house, or seek some spot for concealment. The enemy are on us." He drew his yatagan as he spoke, and at the same instant, the enemy recognising him sprang forward with loud shouts.

"This way," eagerly said the maiden, "they are too many for you. Fly, oh! fly," she exclaimed agonizingly, as he hesitated, "we have a sure place of refuge if we can gain it unseen."

Her lover cast a bitter glance at the foe as he counted their overwhelming numbers, and then reluctantly yielded and with quick steps followed his mistress into the house. Her parents had already disappeared. Hastening thro' the back door, she led her lover into a small grove of trees, and in a few minutes stood before the mouth of a cave, completely concealed from sight by the thick underwood growing over it. Here they took refuge.

For half an hour the fugitives remained in their retreat, though the lion heart of the young Greek chafed to hear his enemies so near, and he unable to strike a blow. At length the sound of their voices died away. Many minutes now were suffered to elapse; but finally the young soldier insisted on his going forth to see if the enemy had departed. His mistress begged him to wait longer, and her entreaties for a while prevailed, but when another half hour had elapsed he cautiously left the cave.

With trembling anxiety they waited his return, and every minute seemed an hour to the maiden. At length even her parents admitted that his absence was unexpectedly long, and could not conceal their fears. The daughter would listen to no entreaties, but insisted on leaving their retreat to ascertain the cause of his absence, and notwithstanding her mother's prayers finally set forth.

What a scene presented itself to her eyes as she emerged into the open air. The night had set in, but the whole heavens were illuminated with a lurid glare, which her heart told her, even before she approached it, came from her burning home, once so happy, and where she had so fondly hoped to spend her wedded life. But a greater sorrow than the destruction of the roof under which she had been born was before her. In vain she searched every where for her lover. The little plain, on which the house stood, was circumscribed at the most, and a few minutes was sufficient for a thorough search in every part of it; but no where was her lover to be found. With tearful eyes and fainting heart she approached at last the edge of the precipice, where the enemy had first appeared. She almost fainted when her eyes met the broken yatanag of her lover, and saw the ground wet with large drops of blood and dented with hurried footsteps as if a deadly struggle had taken place there. She sank on the rock, and leaving her head on her hands, while large tears rolled quick and fast down her cheeks, looked across the darkened sea, over which the still burning embers of her father's house threw a fitful glare. All at once her eye fell upon a snail. It was that, she felt, in which her lover, if alive, was being borne away into captivity, and burying her face on the rock, she gave way to convulsive sobs.

Oh! the first sorrow of the young and innocent heart. How it crushes the soul, and makes us wish for death. Long wept the helpless maiden, her only thought being that life was now worthless, and that it would have been better if she had not been born. It would in that moment, have been a relief to her to have found the corpse of her lover, for she could then have enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of paying it the last rites of sepulture; but now, that it was not here, she knew he was a prisoner, and reserved, perhaps, for the dreadful death of impalement. Long she wept there hysterically. Once or twice she looked up, but her eyes were so blinded with tears that she could see no thing but a dim waste before her; and when she fixed her gaze on the spot where the snail had been it was no there.

"It has vanished in the gloom," she murmured, "and I shall never see him more. Would that I were dead!" The terrible conviction was more than she could endure, her weak nerve gave way, and she fainted. Ah! wisely does heaven, when our sorrows become too great for endurance, fling the veil of insensibility over them.

"Morning dawned heavily and slowly, and on that now desolate promontory, the weeping parents watched over their dying daughter. The dreadful shock had destroyed her, and during the night she had passed from one fainting fit to another. The agonized hearts of her parents almost broke to see her sufferings, and as they watched over her couch on the hard rock—for the conflagration had left them no better repose—the tears fell thickly from their eyes.

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AUDITOR'S OFFICE, WOODSFIELD, Nov. 22, 1844. Agreeably to the provisions of an act entitled "an act prescribing the duties of County Auditors," passed March 23, 1840, and of "an act to amend an act prescribing the duties of County Treasurers," passed January 3, 1843, I hereby give notice, that the whole of the several tracts of land, and town lots, and parts of lots, contained in the foregoing list, or so much thereof as will be necessary to pay the taxes, interest and penalty, charged thereon, will be sold at the Court House, in the town of Woodsfield, Monroe county, Ohio, on the second Monday in January next, being the 13th day of said month, by the county Treasurer, unless such taxes, interest and penalty be paid before that time.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a decretal order to me directed from the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public outcry at the front door of the court house in the town of Woodsfield, in said county, on Saturday the 7th day of December next, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described real estate, to wit: Three town lots lying and being in the town of Graysville, in said Monroe county, and numbered on the plat of said town as follows, lots Nos. 13, 14 and 28. Ordered to be sold as the property of George Henderson and wife at the suit of David Kirkbride Jr. Sheriff, M. C. O.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a decretal order to me directed from the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public outcry, at the front door of the court house in the town of Woodsfield, in said county, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on Saturday the 7th day of December next, the following described real estate, to wit: Two town lots lying and being in the town of Graysville, in said Monroe county, and numbered on the plat of said town as follows, lots Nos. 76 and 78. Taken as property of Matthew Walters at the suit of Isaac Baker. THOMAS MITCHELL, Jr., Sheriff, M. C. O. Sheriff's Office, Nov. 8, 1844.

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S SALE. By virtue of a decretal order to me directed from the Court of Common Pleas, within and for the County of Monroe, and State of Ohio, there will be offered for sale at public outcry, at the front door of the court-house in Woodsfield, in said Monroe County, on Monday the 20th day of November next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon on said day; all that tract of land situated lying and being in said county and being the same tract of land purchased by Alexander Ferrel from James Atkinson, (now deceased,) on Spanish creek, near Jamestown, and on which Ferrel's Mill was erected, and more particularly described as follows to wit: a part of the south west quarter of Section number 7, in township number 4, of range number 4, beginning for the same at a white walnut twelve inches in diameter, thence south twenty six degrees east, thirteen links; thence north forty six degrees east, to a sycamore, twenty six rods; thence north eleven degrees west, twenty eight poles and twelve links; thence north fifty four and one half degrees east, sixteen poles; thence north eighty five de-

gree east, twenty two rods to a lynn; thence south forty four degrees west, twelve rods to a white walnut; thence south twenty two degrees west to a white walnut, nine rods and seventeen links; thence south, sixteen degrees west, to a buckeye, thirteen poles and eleven links; thence south two degrees east to a buckeye, thirteen rods and twelve links; thence south eight degrees west to a stake, nine poles; thence south eleven degrees east to a beech, twenty seven poles and twenty two links; thence south seven degrees east to a white oak, twelve rods and nineteen links; thence south four degrees east, to a stake, five poles and five links; thence north eleven and one half degrees east to a lynn, seven poles and twenty links; thence to the place beginning twenty six poles. Also beginning at the white walnut as above, thence north, thirty three degrees, running thence south forty eight degrees east, thirteen rods to a buckeye; thence north, forty four degrees east, twelve and a half rods to a beech; thence north, forty six degrees west, thirty poles to a lynn, number seven of the above described piece, containing thirteen acres and forty seven and three fourth rods of land the same more or less, ordered to be sold as the property of said Ferrel at the suit of Jeremiah Smith and others. WM. O'KEY, Mas. Com. Monroe C. P. October 25, 1844.

ROAD NOTICE. THERE will be a petition presented to the Commissioners of Monroe County at their next session in December next, praying for a County Road to begin at a County Road running from Summerville to Bates' Mill at the mouth of Peter Danford's lane, thence to said Danford's tobacco house, thence to the Guernsey county line north of Emmanuel Moore's house, to the white road at the corner of the above mentioned road, thence to the corner of James Kent's land, thence to intersect a county road running from Summerville to Senecaville near Samuel Large's. October 23, 1844.

ROAD NOTICE. Notice is hereby given, that a petition will be presented to the Commissioners of Monroe county, Ohio, at their next session, praying for the vacation of so much of the State Road leading from opposite the Flats of Grave creek to Woodsfield, as runs through Switzerland township; commencing at John Kropp's on Cat's run, thence up said run near to Daniel Gates'. ABEL BROWN, DANIEL STUKEY. October 26, 1844.—41*35

TOWN LOTS.

Table with columns: Owner's Names, What Town, No., What Part, Value, Tax, Int. & Penalty, 1843, Simple tax, 1844, Total Tax, D. C. M.