

Spirit of the Age

BY E. A. KIMBALL.

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SONG OF THE WILD-BIRD.
There are birds that gilded, shine
In glittering plumage dressed,
But their song hath a tone not heard in mine,
Which speaks of the heart's unrest.
Me thinks they are pining to rove afar
When the moon soles fresh and bright,
O'er the landscape fair where the wildwood are,
And the clear streams flash in light.
No golden bar my wing shall check,
My flight shall be bold and high,
'Till my lessening form seems but a spark
In the broad blue summer sky.
When the night steals on I will seek my rest,
And my heart shall laugh at ease,
As I fold my wing in my woodland nest,
Away, where the dear ones are.

I tarry not here when the Winter's snow
Lies cold in the leafless bowers,
But away to a sunnier clime I go,
Where no frosts blight the springing flowers.
But I come again when the sunlight warm
Infers the dancing rills,
When the howling blast and the angry storm
Are not heard on my native hills.

I will follow her steps as she trips along
To the banks where the wild flowers are,
For I love to list to her merry song
And her laugh, so free from care.

I will sing by the lonely convicts cell
The song that he loved in youth,
And every note to his heart shall tell
A tale of that heart's true truth.
The he'll think of long and the joyous days
When he sported as free as I,
Ere his feet had trod in the darkened ways
Of guilt and its misery.

I will sing where the child in sickness pines
And the weary watchers are,
As I perch, when the rosy morning shines,
On the vine wreathed lattice there,
My wish to sing to the dawning light,
Shall be welcome unto those light,
Who have sought in vain through the long, long
For one moment of sweet repose.

I know that the darkest cloud may lower,
At times in the clearest sky,
That, oft in the brightest and gayest hour,
The tempest is then most nigh;
But no fear of the coming cloud shall cast
A shadow upon my glory,
To sport in the sunshine while they last,
Is wisdom enough for me.

I love all things that are fair and gay,
The Summer with its rich flowers,—
Its morning blushes, its moonlight ray,
And its quiet evening hours.
My heart is light, and my wing is free
O'er the fairest scenes to roam,
But the dearest spot on earth to me
Is my own sweet woodland home.

THE SERENADE.
'Twas night! creation fair in silence slept,
In darkness deep, was mantled o'er;
The stars of Heaven their vigils kept,
And shone like sparkling gems on azure floor.
'Twas twelve! and on that quiet midnight hour
Was heard rich notes of music—strangely sweet—
Which through the latticed window came with power
To fill the soul with happiness repeat.

'Twas when I music of fairs drawing near,
Dancing with sportive glee in midnight air,
No, no! 'twas something sure for no dear,
'Twas heard from elfin hand most fair.

'They came! Ah, yes, two friends in stillness came
To steal beneath the casement high above,
And blend their voices in a friendly strain
Chanting sweet songs of purest peace and love.

They went! the music ceased, the air was still
And every zephyr hushed, went breathless by;
The chamber with celestial joy was filled,
For music's own pure soul seemed lingering nigh.

AGNES.

The Five-Side.

THE TWO CLERKS,
OR
THE ORPHAN'S GRATITUDE.
A Tale of Honor and Crime.
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.
[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.
O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our souls as homelike and our thoughts as free,
Far as the breeze can bear the billows flow,
Survey our empire and behold our home.—Corsair.

The Halcon left the waters of New York, with the conspirators on board. Captain Lewis, her master, was a blunt, careless seaman, who took the world as it came. He had sailed long in the minor grades of the merchant service, and this was the first ship he had commanded.

"Mr. Richards," said he, addressing one of his passengers, "was you ever at sea before?"

"No," said our friend Dick, "it's my first voyage. It was at the urgent request of my friend Nichols here," continued he, pointing to Stimson, who walked the quarter-deck, "that I came on board. He fears for my health."

The sailors had their schemes well. The crew of the Halcon consisted of eight men. Of these, four were leagued with Stimson, and three more associates, in the character of passengers, occupied with Stimson and Martin in the after cabin. The chief rascal had taken the name of Nichols, and Martin was called by that of Richards.

The vessel was three days out from the harbor of New York, when the rising took place. It was all over in an hour. Captain Lewis was stabled in his berth; two of the crew joined the pirate; the mate and one seaman, as Stimson expressed it, "carried the news to Neptune."

In eighty hours from the time the Halcon left the wharf, a fearful crime had been committed on her deck; a bloody deed planted a new banner on her topmast—the flag of the pirate-captain Spunker.

Richard Martin had well-nigh attained the topmost round in the ladder of villainy. He had plunged his knife to the heart of an innocent man, and given his hand to the chief of an outlaw crew. Truly he was an apt scholar.

Six months the pirate cruised on the Spanish Main, and gained a harvest of blood and gold—but Richard was not one to play the second to a greater villain. Twice had his temper broken out, when the pirate captain's aims clashed with his own, and already had the crew taken sides, Richard's promises had snatched the regard they had for their commander.

There was an old Spaniard on board who had joined the ship at Florida; a dark designing man, forever plotting, who had passed his life in acts of villainy; and with him Richard Martin had impregnated, till they had conceived a new conspiracy.

In the memory of the young there still shone the star of a better day—the image of one whom,

when a boy, he had loved, as far as his had heart was capable of affection. It was his orphan first-sister, Fanny Fowler. It was she who had first attracted his eye when the budding of her youthful beauty had made her a rich object to possess. He could not bear her the sweet orphan the absorbing love of a brave and generous soul, but the passion of a wild heart had nourished itself into intensity, and as he hourly dwelt on the recollection of the young maiden, he resolved that one day he should possess her. This had prompted him the night of the assault on the Mexican captain, to wrench from Fowler's neck the token which he knew his fellow-cruiser held dear and sacred—the locker of his hair. And mingled with the dark plots with his Spanish associate, came the thought of possessing the lovely orphan girl.

It was the third watch, and the lights were out in the fore-cabin of the pirate bark. Stimson lay asleep in the after cabin, his pistols, as was his wont, beneath his pillow, and his cutlass chained to his wrists, for such is the happy security of successful crime.

At once a slight noise aroused the watchful captain; his quick eyes twinkled, and heaving over him was the form of Richard Martin; he sprang from the bed, grasped his pistols.

"What mean you, Martin?"

"Nothing, but that I command this craft, now."

"Rebel—take that!" cried Stimson, as he discharged his pistol at the head of his lieutenant.

Richard laughed. "You forget to charge with ball cartridge," said he.

"Mutiny, by heaven!" shouted Stimson, and grasping his cutlass, he sprang upon the traitor.—But a swift blow met his. The dagger of the Spaniard sailed perched his heart. The pirate chief fell dead at the feet of his treacherous lieutenant.

"Ha!" cried Martin, springing to the door of the magazine, as the crew, aroused by the pistol-shot poured into the cabin. "My boys! behold Spunker, who would have murdered me but for this brave man. Will you sail with me, or shall I load the ship to hell, by firing my pistol there?" and he levelled it at the open magazine.

"Hurra! hurra! for Captain Martin," cried a voice.

"The booty we take is the crew's; the booty shall be your captain's. What say you my hearties?"

"Hurra for captain Martin our brave commander," was the response.

"Then chuck this dead dog over the board, and let the liquor run. What say you, we'll make a night of it."

"Hurra for Captain Martin, and death to mutineers."

CHAPTER XXIX.
Brave comrades, we wait for the evening gales,
With a spring on our cables, a bend on our sails.
She is won! we are free!—Scott. The Buccaneers.

It was a beautiful Spring-morning, and Fanny Martin, as the sister of Henry Fowler was now called, wandered, flower-gathering, with her dear friend, Lucia Abbot, along the banks of the Merrimack river. Lucia had been for a month on a visit at her aunt's; and the two girls had conceived a strong affection for each other. Together they had climbed the dark old Pines, but together they had glided over the smooth waters of the bay, and together they had talked of the lost Henry.

"You late had Mr. Abbot learned his error, when the confessions of Frederick Johnson, and the flight of Martin, had revealed the true villain. Lucia had wept and mourned as much as she could, and now she had returned to her mother; Henry would never commit such a crime."

Mr. Abbot had taken every step to punish the offender. But he had escaped, and the merchant could only regret his too easy credulity. Frederick Johnson had made a full and free confession, and through the influence and exertions of his friend Rifton, and Mr. Abbot, he had been pardoned.

"And William has come home again?" said Fanny, inquiringly, to her young friend.

"Yes, but he is soon to leave again. Oh, Fanny, I wish every one we love would stay with us, but I suppose that is impossible."

"Where is he going, Lucia?"

"To South America, he is to be supercargo. I believe they call it, of one of father's ships. Father says his health requires a sea voyage."

"But he will soon return, dear Lucia."

"Yes, in a few months. Oh, I wish our dear Henry would come with him."

"The orphan sighed. "But perhaps he will meet with him."

"Oh, yes," cried Lucia catching eagerly at the thought; "would it be delightful if William should bring him home?"

At this moment, a man approached the speakers. He came from towards the water and was dressed in sailor garments, apparently a seaman belonging to one of the numerous craft that nestled in the snug harbor of Newburyport. Doffing his hat, he made a low bow and looking at the astonished girls, said:

"Mayhap I address the sister of Henry Fowler?"

"Henry, Henry!" cried Fanny, darting forward and seizing the man's hand; "what of my brother, sir, Oh, tell me!"

"He is alive and well. The captain has a letter from him. I've been watching you since you came from the great house in the hill," said the sailor pointing to the mansion of Mrs. Merton, which stood on a high point on the east side of the town, overlooking the waters of the harbor.

"And why did you not bring it to me asked Fanny, anxiously.

"I don't like to overhand those front doors," answered the man, rolling his quid of tobacco in his mouth, "and captain said I must see Miss Fanny herself, and give her this; he said you'd know what it meant; and he took from his pocket a little packet."

Fanny eagerly seized and unrolled it. It was a little lock of hair, and a lock of her own hair, which she had braided when she last parted from her brother. It was the same lock which Fowler had missed from his neck the night of his rescue of Capt. Mina. Richard Martin had snatched it, as he retreated from the crowd.

"Oh, Lucia! brother sent it. Where is he when will he come, sir?"

"As to the matter of that I can't say; but the captain has got a letter for you."

"Oh, tell him to bring it to me, do; can he not, to-night?"

"He said if I saw the young lady to ax her to walk down to the shore to-morrow, and he would meet her and give it to her."

"There is some mystery in this business," said Lucia, advancing; "why does your captain come to the house, and deliver his letter?"

"Why, to tell you blunt, 'tis the man with an apparent air of frankness. 'our ship is a privateer in the South-service, and the captain doesn't like to come on shore much; it's rather dangerous. But he's a friend of your brother. I take it, Miss, and won't stop to serve him. At my rate I'll ax him to go to the house, if you won't tell what the craft is."

"Thank you, sir," said Fanny, "won't you say a word."

"But you'd better come down to the shore how- somsoever," said the sailor. "Mayhaps I can get the letter myself," continued he, as he took a new plug of tobacco, and turned away.

The girls hurried home together, to talk and dream what would be the contents of the letter.—Also for golden anticipations!

Mr. Abbot was seated in his parlor, leisurely smoking a cigar, for, like all sensible old gentlemen, he knew what was good to settle his dinner. All at once a carriage drove to the door, and the next moment Lucia was in his arms.

"Bless me returned, my child! and what is the matter?" said he, observing the traces of tears on his daughter's cheeks.

"Oh, father—father—poor Fanny!" was all she could utter.

"What of Fanny, my child; what has happened?"

"Oh, I cannot—here, here is aunt's letter; Fanny is murdered!"

"Murdered! bless us murdered. What do you mean, Lucia! Let us see the letter." Lucia with a trembling hand produced it.

MY DEAR BROTHER!—Providence has seen fit to afflict us in a peculiar manner. Our dear Fanny has been abducted; carried we know not whither. A message, purporting to be from Henry Fowler, came to her a few days since. The man who brought it gave her a locket from her brother and requesting her to meet him on the shore not a hundred rods from our house, and receive a letter from her brother. The thoughtful girl without consulting me, repaired there. Lucia accompanied her. She will tell you the rest. My poor Fanny! I can write no more. Will you see every means to regain her. Lucia tells me that Richard Martin, your clerk was the man.

Your afflicted sister,
MARIA MERTON.

Mr. Abbot for some time was silent with amazement. "Martin!" cried he at last, "Lucia, tell me more of this, what are the circumstances? What have the villains done?"

As soon as Lucia could, she related her story.—"They had met the stranger on the beach, accompanied by another man. He gave the delighted Fanny a letter, and ere she could read a line, she was seized by his companion and borne shrieking to the boat. Lucia mingled her cries with Fanny's and fled to the house for succor. When she returned with assistance, the boat was no where to be found."

Martin and her friends made every effort to recede the lost girl. Boats were immediately dispatched down the harbor, but the villains had escaped to their ship, and with a smart breeze were already standing from the bay. Pursuit with the heavy and unprepared craft then in the harbor was useless, and the boats were quickly left behind. There was no cutter to overtake them, and the pirate bark escaped with her prize.

"And why do you," said the father, when Lucia had finished her narration, "why do you think Richard?"

"I saw him father. It was he who seized my dear Fanny. I knew him and he knew me."

"Knew you, Lucia?"

"Yes, father; he gave me a terrible look. It was Richard Martin. I knew it, father. Poor Fanny! he will murder her."

"What a thing is crime. Successful and glorious. It carries all before it. The murderer obtains his object. I gave Dick Martin money, power, freedom, and he has remained an honest clerk, he might have starved on his politics salary. Ho, ho, for your Robinsons, your Averys, and your Edwardses. Ho, ho, for the merry hell-dance."

CHAPTER XXX.
A sail, a sail! promised prize in hope—
Her nation, flag—low speaks the telescope.—Corsair.

The vessel, in which William Abbot, nominally as supercargo, had sailed for the benefit of his health—which long confinement, to close study had impaired—left the port the day on which his sister returned with the sad intelligence of the abduction of the orphan Fanny. He knew not of it, nor suspected; for a long time he had assured him of the health and happiness of his cousin, as she fondly called her.

William remembered, with affection the sweet sister of his exiled friend, for he had heard her light laugh in his summer holidays spent with his aunt, and her bright smile had often rewarded his venturesome ascent of the tall chestnut-tree, to shake the ripe fruit into her outspread hands.—Rifton and Henry would his heart have been glad to know of the orphan's misfortune.

The good ship Garland lay tossed in the Gulf-stream, and ten days the weary mariners beheld the swift sails passing and repassing before the favoring gales, while their own were forced to lay becalmed, or driven at the mercy of the current in a perpetual circle. But at last a breeze sprang up, and before it the ship stood gallantly on her course. William had passed the monotonous hours in thoughts of his distant friends, and bailed with joy the time when the wind bore the ship on her homeward passage.

"A sail, a sail!"

"Where away?"

"On the windward."

It was a Baltimore-built vessel, and she bore down on them with the speed of a race-horse, while her fore-foot dipped in the high waves, like a dolphin in his gambolings.

"A pirate, by heaven!" cried the captain, as a heavy lee-gull sent its iron messenger across his bows, and a black flag rose slowly to the top of the stranger's slender foremast.

"We must fight," continued he, as he turned and beheld at his side the youthful supercargo.

"We must," said William.

Another gun sent its ammunition from the pirate's quarter. Captain Dalton sprang upon the taffrail, and hailed the stranger through his trumpet.

"What ship is that?"

"Lay to, or we sink you," was the thundering response, and a shot struck the bow of the Garland.

"Boys! do you hear that?" cried Captain Dalton; "shall a Yankee ship be taken by a bloody pirate?"

"These cheers rose from the merry crew, and in the twinkling of an eye the signal-guns were hoisted from the hold, and their muzzles ran through the ship's portholes. At the same time the arms were distributed, and a dozen men stood on the ship's bows, to repel the boarding attack which they knew the approximation of the two vessels would bring on.

The Garland had not slackened her course, but the light craft of the pirate was already abreast, and in the wind's eye, was banging her broadside to bear.

At once the heavens grew dark with clouds and a heavy, loud, distant peal of thunder shook the coast. There was a heavy flapping of the ship's sails, as the breeze which had borne her along died suddenly away, and she lay motionless upon the water. The Gulf-stream was at hand, and a mantle of thick fog fell around them. At the same instant the pirate bark heaved headlands to the westward, and a peal of musketry from a score of her fierce crew, rattled through the ship's rigging.

It was returned—and the cheering shout of the brave Captain Dalton, inspired his willing men.—The pirates were two to one, and their captain, waving a cutlass over his head, led them to the attack. Three times the grappling tongs rang against the Garland's side—three times the cry of the pirate chief—"Boarders away!"—impelled his followers to the bulwarks—and three times—while the thunder rolled above their heads, and the thick darkness was only lit by the vivid flashes of lightning that burst from the low clouds around them—did the brave Americans beat back their ruthless foes.

The pirate captain gnashed his teeth, as for the last time he fell upon his quarter-deck.—"Once more!" shouted he; "there's not a dozen left, to drive beneath the hatches. Halcyons, away!" and the shrill boarding-whistle was again applied to his lips.

On they bore, and like a torrent poured over the Garland's side. Dalton and William fought side by side—the pirate chief sprang first upon the quarter-deck, and his cutlass crossed with the sword of the Yankee corsair. Dalton, a strong and powerful man, bore down upon his antagonist; his blows fell like rain upon the pirate bold; and the latter retreated step by step towards the middle-ship masts. At once a bright flash, and a quick

clap, gleamed and rattled above them, and the ship's topmast, with its rent flag, came crashing to the deck; she had been struck by lightning. Dalton, astounded, ceased his strokes, and the pirate's sword fell upon his head. He sunk upon the deck, while the shout of the pirate, as he rushed forward, gave new vigor to his victorious crew.

Another flash—another peal—and the dark clouds fled away as suddenly as they had risen; a still breeze filled the unfurled sails, and bearing down upon them, the mingled combatants beheld a Columbian privateer. The flag of the republic stood out from her white topmast, and William, springing from the throng, upon the quarter-deck, waved his own torn flag in his hand, and beckoned to her crew.

But they had already beheld the scene, and with a sudden bend, the privateer bore down and gave to, beside the Garland, and while the iron grapples fixed themselves in the side of the Yankee ship, a crowd of Republican sailors poured over her bulwark, and attacked the pirate victors.

The pirates were taken almost by surprise, and a vigorous rally of the Garland's crew, forced them to retreat to their own vessel. William engaged hand to hand with the corsair captain. Exerting by the fall of Dalton, he resolved to revenge it, and pressed bravely on his opponent. A well directed thrust the pirate warded off, but as he did so, his hand slouchy had fell off, and revealed the face of Richard Martin.

"Ha!" cried William, and thunderstruck, his arm fell by his side. The pirate saw his advantage, and rushed upon him. William raised his sword, and caught the descending blow; but his sword flew shivered from his hand, and he sunk upon his knees.

Martin raised his arm. A shriek was heard—a woman's cry—a light airy form sprang up on the companion way. A pistol shot rang in William's ear and he beheld Richard Martin, red, and full upon the deck. The bullet had struck his sword-arm, even as it was descending on the supercargo's head. The next moment, the sister of his lost friend was in the arms of William Abbot, and a loud shout from the Columbian sailors told the pirate crew's surrender.

Before the swift homeward breeze sped the rescued ship, to the home of William Abbot. And to her brave deliverer Fanny told the story of her capture; how the villain had talked to her of love and had sworn she should be his; how she had resisted, and how the cry from the deck of "a sail"—ho! had summoned the pirate from his prize.—Then she told how the loud roar of the thunder, the din of the fight, and the wails of the wounded pirates had appalled her. And then, how she flew to the deck, and beheld the pirate aiming the death-blow at the head of William Abbot. And William clasped the fair girl in his arms, and expressed his gratitude for the timely shot that had saved his life. Oh, a happy voyage was the homeward-passage of William Abbot and his betrothed Fanny!

CHAPTER XXXI.
First came the trumpet at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang.
On prancing steeds they forward pressed.
The meadow's green in the hall
Wood not have been their prey.—Scott.

The streets of Bogota were thronged with exulting crowds. Bolivar, the president, was about to receive his entry into the city, and the voice of the head of the Republic, and then, proceeded by the bravest of his officers, came Bolivar. By his side was Cedeno and Anzures, and the brave fresh captain, now Major O'Neil, followed by the Battalion of Carabobo, brought up the rear. Henry Fowler, in the white plume and starry scarf of the general's guard, rode on one side of the coach of Bolivar, while Mina recovered from the wound he had received on the plain of Tinaguillo, occupied the same position on the other.

"Viva la Libertad!" "Viva Bolivar!" were the cries of the mighty crowd, and from the balconies, white flags waved the flag of the Republic, and fairy figures scattered flowers on the heads of the virtuous troops. But Henry felt not the joy and the exultation. Though his heart beat high at the shouts of liberty, as he felt that his own arm had fought for it, yet his thoughts were of his own distant and happy land, of his sweet orphan sister, and of the bright and loving Lucia.

At the great square of Bogota, a band of the city's guards drawn up around the gate of a large building, attracted the attention of the youthful captain. In their midst were a dozen men chained together, and awaiting their fate, some of them contrasting with the joyous countenances of the shouting populace.

"What means this?" asked Fowler of an officer of Bogota, who rode beside him.

"Prisoners, senior, taken in a sea-engagement, off Cienega. There are Americans among them, of the North."

Fowler answered not. His eyes were riveted on one who appeared to be the captain of the pirates. The prisoner raised his head, as Fowler's horse tramped by him. Their eyes met.

"Richard Martin!"

"Henry Fowler, by heaven!"

And such they were. The one a condemned pirate—the other the favored officer of the chief of a free nation. The thoughts of the rutilant chief ran back through his dark career of crime, and he gnashed his teeth in rage.

Henry Fowler rode on; but the form of his fellow-captain was before his mind's eye, and the thought of the first benefactor—of his death-bed—And Richard argued with Henry could not desert the son of his more than mother.

Bolivar had returned from the council-chamber, and was alone. A page appeared. "Captain Fowler desires admittance."

"Ah, the brave young American; let him enter."

Henry advanced, and the general grasped his hand; "always welcome, senior."

Henry bowed; "I have come to ask a favor, senior President."

"Speak; if in my power, it shall be granted."

"Some pirates have been brought hither from the sea-board where they were taken—the captain, as I suppose, is one who was once my friend—my school mate. I would save him. He is sentenced to the mines."

"These men have become dangerous to the Republic. Pass, ere you press your request."

"But this may reclaim him, and I owe a debt of gratitude to his mother, which I can never sufficiently repay."

"Enough, senior! I am convinced you will request nothing that is wrong. He shall be pardoned; his name?"

"Richard Martin."

"The President wrote an order for the release of the prisoner. Henry enclosed it in a letter to

Richard at the public prison. He besought him, as he valued his life and liberty—by the memory of his mother, and his brother—by everything he held dear, to renounce his lawless course. And he requested him to visit him and inform him of his distant friends. Then despatching the pardon by a trusty messenger, he awaited the appearance of Richard.

But hours passed on—a day—a week, and Henry heard no more of the pirate, but the keeper of the keeper of the prison, that he had been liberated.

Richard was alone in his cell, when the jailer came with his pardon, and delivered to him the letter of his injured friend. Richard read it; and a feeling of shame struck to his heart, as he reviewed the wrongs he had heaped upon the orphan's head. "I cannot meet him—I dare not, and he, and crumpling the paper in his hand, he rushed from the prison.

It was night. The windows of the city were illuminated in honor of the arrival of Bolivar.—Music sounded from the balconies; gay throngs beneath an October Moon, pronounced the grand square. Richard wandered on—alone; no warm hand grasped his own, and his companion was his lawning and evil conscience—his consoler, the thought of an ill spent life.

But the night wore away, and the morning broke; yet the freed prisoner, the escaped convict found no shelter. And the broad sun rose up in the heavens—the drum of the troops on parade rang in his ears—the trumpet that called them to the general's quarters. Another sight, too, met the pirate captain's eyes; the men who had fought and bled with him on the high seas—the men whom he had led to crime and ruin—he beheld them marched in manacles, by their guards, to their dismal home for life—the mines of Bogota.

He fled from the sight.

But the pang of hunger assailed him; hunger, the gnawing demon, that brings the proud spirit down to earth. He was a stranger—where?—Again the night came on, and Martin grew desperate.

"Bread," he cried to a man that passed him, "give me bread."

"Away beggar!"

"Hell seize you," exclaimed Martin, and sprang upon the speaker. But his frame weakened by confinement and abstinence, was little able to cope with the man he attacked. Quick as thought, he was disarmed in the ground, and the stranger's weapon was at his throat.

"Spare me! I am starving," shrieked Martin.

"Ha! a bold beggar. Up with you!"

Richard staggered to his feet.

"Follow me, said the stranger, and he led him to an obscure tavern, in one of the narrow streets of the lower town of Bogota.

"Ho, wine and meat," said the stranger to the host; "be speedy."

Richard Martin ate as if he never expected to get another meal; and the stranger watched him with a quiet smile, contenting himself with a draught of wine.

"Well, senior," said Martin, as he finished his repast and pushed away his plate, "what do you want me to do?"

"Do?" echoed the stranger.

"Yes, a man don't feed a starving beggar for nothing especially when the beggar has just attempted to throttle him."

"Ha, I see you are the man I want . . . you want civilization?"

"The pay shall be princely. To a man of your mettle the job is slight! Listen, and he bent his head to the ear of Martin, "Bolivar's death!"

Martin started back! "How?"

"The death of the tyrant. He who achieves it will merit the death of all true republicans. Say, shall it be done?"

"In what manner is he to fall, senior?" asked Richard.

"Shoot him when he reviews the troops. There are a hundred windows on the Plaza, behind which you might be concealed."

"But if I am taken? No, no, senior: some safer mode than that."

"What say you to striking the tyrant in his own palace?"

"And his guards?"

"Ay; do you fear? The palace can be entered."

"But I am told that Bolivar invariably sleeps with an officer of the guards in his ante room."

"With an officer sleeps with him, senior. We have more to fear from Bolivar's wakefulness than that of his servants. But the plan is feasible. You shall enter the palace, ay, the president's chamber. One blow will change the destinies of the Republic; and you shall be nobly rewarded."

"And I do not succeed?"

"You must. But you shall be safe. This purpose give you as an earnest; it shall be trod upon when the deed is done; speak."

"And who are you, senior, that are empowered—"

"The stranger bent down and whispered a name in the ear of Richard; a name that was high in the roll of the republic's bravest.

Martin sprang to his feet. "I will do it; when?"

"The sooner the better; to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night?"

"Remain, then, here," said the stranger. "I will visit you to-morrow and you shall know more.—Farewell."

CHAPTER XXXII.
Wan trenchers,
With his thirty dagger drawn.—Scott.

THAT night was a fearful one for Richard Martin. Sleep came not to his glazed eyes, nor rest to his troubled conscience. The distant strokes of the cathedral clock struck to his heart like a death summons. He gasped the howl, and poured out the red wine, until his hand shook, and his brain danced madly.

Morning came apace, and at last sleep stole over the frame of the pirate-captain. Sleep, the soothing, the invigorator, came upon him. But in the visions of his sleep came conscience, and the dark form of the night-mare fear perched on his heart, and gnawed his rest away. He tossed restlessly, he breathed hard, and strove in his dreams to wrestle with it.

Then came a short, calm dream—a dream of childhood; when he played with his brother, and the orphan. The form of his mother bent over him with a placid smile, and the light laugh of Fanny Fowler rang in his ears. And Henry came, and the scene of his first detection, and the form of the friend he had betrayed, in a distant land.—Richard Martin lived over his wretched life.

Then, in his slumber he beheld the stranger of the preceding night, beckoning him with a purse of gold, and his mother was weeping over him, and praying him to return. He awoke, and the stranger was indeed beside him.

"You have slept well, 'tis a high noon. Are you ready to accompany me?"

Richard gazed around with a wildered glance; "whither?"

"We will instruct you."

"I cannot go."

"Ha! fear you?"

"No, but—but—Saniard, I am deep in blood; another drop will drown me."

"In gold, senior, then. Come, come; if you must stay, the soldiers of Bolivar shall be your companions."

"Do you threaten me? I know you, senior, and may denounce you."

"Ha, ha! where are your witnesses; no, no, you must come, amico."

The stranger turned away, and—Richard followed him.

In one of the chambers of a building whose windows overlooked the Presidential palace, where gathered a dozen individuals, whose military garb bespoke their officers of the Republic. On a ta-

ble, gleamed and rattled above them, and the ship's topmast, with its rent flag, came crashing to the deck; she had been struck by lightning. Dalton, astounded, ceased his strokes, and the pirate's sword fell upon his head. He sunk upon the deck, while the shout of the pirate, as he rushed forward, gave new vigor to his victorious crew.

Another flash—another peal—and the dark clouds fled away as suddenly as they had risen; a still breeze filled the unfurled sails, and bearing down upon them, the mingled combatants beheld a Columbian privateer. The flag of the republic stood out from her white topmast, and William, springing from the throng, upon the quarter-deck, waved his own torn flag in his hand, and beckoned to her crew.

But they had already beheld the scene, and with a sudden bend, the privateer bore down and gave to, beside the Garland, and while the iron grapples fixed themselves in the side of the Yankee ship, a crowd of Republican sailors poured over her bulwark, and attacked the pirate victors.

The pirates were taken almost by surprise, and a vigorous rally of the Garland's crew, forced them to retreat to their own vessel. William engaged hand to hand with the corsair captain. Exerting by the fall of Dalton, he resolved to revenge it, and pressed bravely on his opponent. A well directed thrust the pirate warded off, but as he did so, his hand slouchy had fell off, and revealed the face of Richard Martin.

"Ha!" cried William, and thunderstruck, his arm fell by his side. The pirate saw his advantage, and rushed upon him. William raised his sword, and caught the descending blow; but his sword flew shivered from his hand, and he sunk upon his knees.

Martin raised his arm. A shriek was heard—a woman's cry—a light airy form sprang up on the companion way. A pistol shot rang in William's ear and he beheld Richard Martin, red, and full upon the deck. The bullet had struck his sword-arm, even as it was descending on the supercargo's head. The next moment, the sister of his lost friend was in the arms of William Abbot, and a loud shout from the Columbian sailors told the pirate crew's surrender.

Before the swift homeward breeze sped the rescued ship, to the home of William Abbot. And to her brave deliverer Fanny told the story of her capture; how the villain had talked to her of love and had sworn she should be his; how she had resisted, and how the cry from the deck of "a sail"—ho! had summoned the pirate from his prize.—Then she told how the loud roar of the thunder, the din of the fight, and the wails of the wounded pirates had appalled her. And then, how she flew to the deck, and beheld the pirate aiming the death-blow at the head of William Abbot. And William clasped the fair girl in his arms, and expressed his gratitude for the timely shot that had saved his life. Oh, a happy voyage was the homeward-passage of William Abbot and his betrothed Fanny!